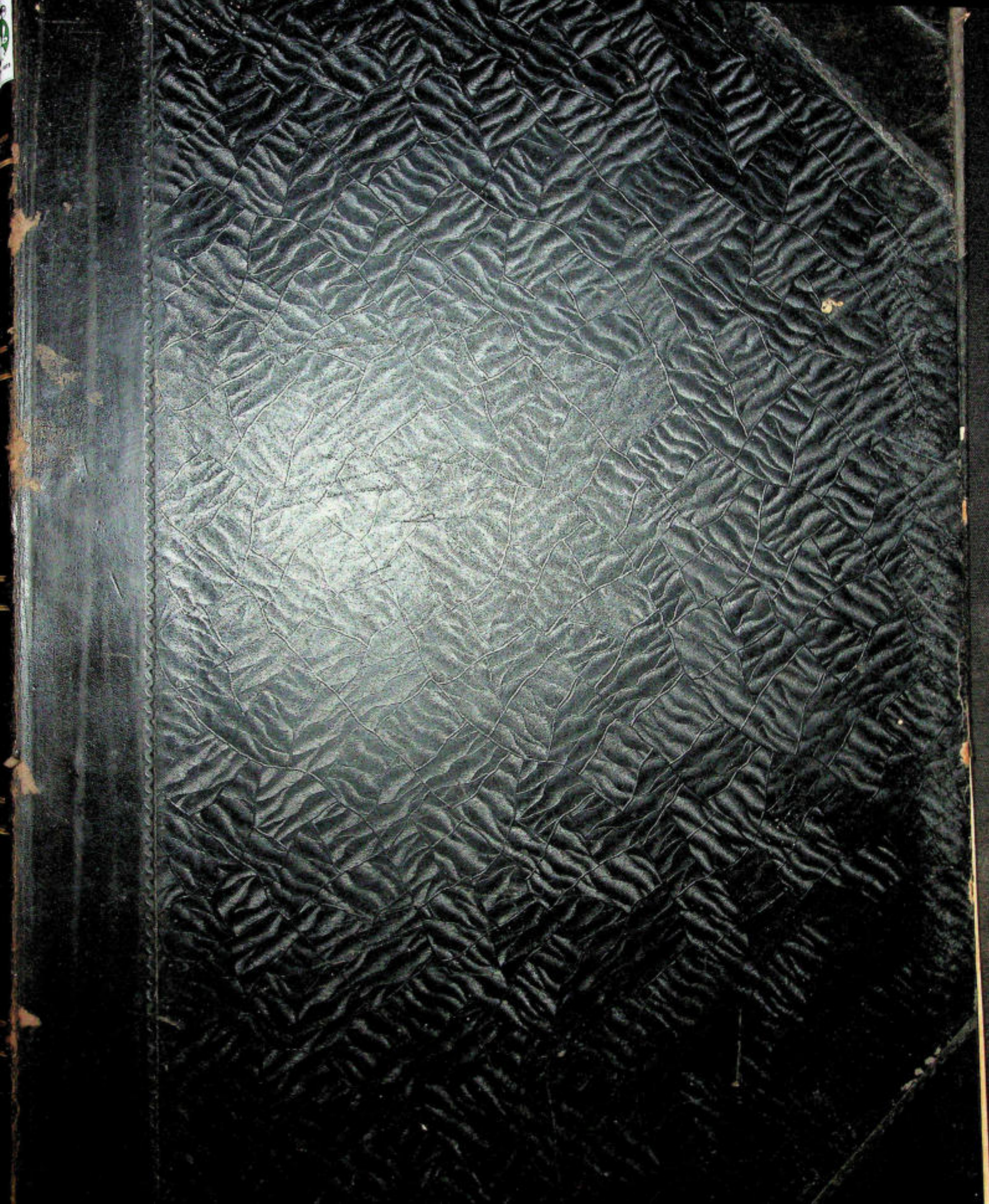

THE FIELD

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Mrs. HOSEGOOD, MASTER OF THE MINEHEAD HARRIERS

A photograph taken at a meet on Oway Top

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THE FIELD

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - 5
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL - - - - - 7
FARMING DREAMS AND REALITIES - - - - 7
OVIS KARELINI: HUNTING THE WILD MOUNTAIN SHEEP - - - - - - - - - 8
THE NEW YEAR'S RACING HOPES AND PLANS - - 10
LAST VISTAS OF THE SHOOTING SEASON - - 11
COLONEL HAWKER AND HIS JOE MANTONS - - 12
KEEPING DOWN THE RABBIT - - - - - 13
WEIRD NIMROD - - - - - - - - 14
A WALK ON LANGNESS - - - - - - 14
GOLFING MEMORIES OF 50 YEARS - - - - 15
GREAT FOREST HOGS OF THE ABERDARES - - 16
ENGLISH BLOOD IN FRENCH KENNELS - - - 18
AN OUTLAW OF THE ISLANDS - - - - - 19
THE PRODUCTION OF TROUT IN NATURAL WATERS 20
BLACKCOCK COURTSHIP - - - - - - 21
HUNTING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - 22
MODERN FLOAT FISHING - - - - - - 24
GREAT DURYARD HOUSE - - - - - - 25
ZOO STOCKTAKING - - - - - - - 26
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - 26
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 26
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - 27
NEW BOOKS - - - - - - - - - 29
FIRST HERALDS OF SPRING - - - - - - 30
THE PRUNING OF ORCHARD TREES IN GRASS - - 31
WISE USE OF THE LAND - - - - - - 32
BERRIED SHRUBS FOR THE GARDEN - - - - 33
A MODERN SAWMILL - - - - - - - 33
TREKKING IN ICELAND - - - - - - 34
GERMANY ON THE BRINK - - - - - - 34
CARDS, CHESS, CROSSWORD - - - - - 35
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - - 36

SHOOT THE PIGEONS

SIR REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH, Minister of Agriculture, has appealed to all farmers, landowners and shooting men generally to get together and organise a country-wide offensive against pigeons.

In these days of slogans, a slogan was essential and the appeal has been issued under the title "Kill the Pigeons and Save the Crops." An excellent *cri de guerre* too: for in war-time we need all the food we can grow for ourselves and our livestock, and we can ill afford to let the pigeon, a bird of large appetite, share it. We shall hear much more about "Kill the Pigeons and Save the Crops" in the immediate future.

The appeal has the support of the National Farmers' Union, the British Field Sports Society, the Central Landowners Association and the Forestry Commission, who are, of course, the largest owners of woodlands in this country. County and local branches of the National Farmers' Union have taken the lead and are enlisting the help of all the shooting men they can approach.

But, for success, concerted action is essential. And we most sincerely hope that Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's suggestion that every Saturday, or some other convenient day in every week, for the rest of the shooting season should be set aside for pigeon shoots. These shoots, obviously, should be arranged over as wide an area as possible to make them really effective. If that were done and one day in each week over a really wide area were set aside for the shooting of pigeons then indeed would some result be seen. The thing, to be successful, must be done on a large scale. The Minister hopes that covert owners and shooting tenants will allow properly organised parties to go into their woods where necessary. Few such men, we believe, will refuse permission.

There must be many expert pigeon shots in this country who will be only too glad to lend a hand in this very useful form of National Service, a form which combines pleasure and usefulness in an altogether unusual degree. And there must, too, be many men, good or competent shots, who have not yet sampled the joys and trickeries of pigeon shooting, men who would like to join any parties that are being formed. All these men should get into touch with the nearest branch of the National Farmers' Union. If they experience any difficulty the Ministry of Agriculture will gladly help.

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith gave an assurance in the House of Commons that he would call the attention of shooting parties to the need for protecting homing pigeons. This war has been declared on wood-pigeons, birds which do an immense amount of damage. Homing pigeons should be regarded as benevolent neutrals.

We wish to lend all the support in our power to the Minister's appeal. The pigeon has an appetite quite out of proportion to its size, and likes eating for eatings sake. There is, moreover, an enormous, and growing, population of pigeons in this country regularly reinforced by large numbers of migrants.

The importance of our agriculture to our national well-being has been stressed often enough in these pages. Ploughing-up schemes, drainage schemes, fertilising schemes—all these have come from the Government, if in some cases rather tardily. Here is a way in which the ordinary sportsman can help—and in doing so render his country a real service.

THE LOST YEARS

WHAT is to be done with the "sixteens to twenty"? This is one of the problems facing us to-day as employers are not too anxious to take on youngsters they are likely to lose as soon as they are becoming useful. Various tentative solutions have been put forward. "Place them on the land" is one of them. If a "Woman's Land Army" why not a "Boy's Land Army"? it is asked. Then there is the suggestion that it would do the lads a heap of good if they could be conscripted from the ages of eighteen to twenty, receiving combined military and educational training while forming a home defence reserve. It has not taken long for others interested in the calls of youth to appear on the scene. The need for technical instruction in engineering and mechanical trades is stressed, and one very excellent idea advanced is that the universities who will be losing so many of their older students should double their entry next October and provide special non-degree courses, the Government assisting with scholarships.

The land scheme is a sound one for it will serve a great national need, provide a healthy life for the youngsters and probably imbue them with an enthusiasm for the country and the simple things of life which will remain with them after the war. But while we are second to none in advocating a return to the land, agriculture must hold out some sort of hope for an ambitious boy. At present it offers to those without capital to risk the prospect of a "career" as farm labourer, and small incentive to progress. A proper future for farming should be the Government's concern.

Certain it is that these boys at a most important age must not be allowed to rust while the army has all its work cut out to absorb its service-drafts it cannot be expected to provide military and instructional centres at the same time, so that probably this scheme would not work, at least not rapidly. But there is no reason why alternative schemes should not be prepared under various headings.

WAR AND THE BRUSH

Art is again to play its part in handing down impressions of war when it would be more profitably employed in presenting the delights of peace and the joys of peaceful pursuits. Nevertheless our Nevinsons are required to perform a duty for future generations—to show, as a moral lesson, what can result when a race for a second time within a span of a quarter of a century runs amok, to portray for posterity the character of those sons who, as their fathers before them, did not hesitate to stake their lives in defence of liberty.

Some of our artists might draw inspiration from the weird gloom of the blackout which modern warfare imposes on us; the darkened streets and the eerie lighting of our great railway termini, with phantom-like figures hurrying to and fro. Somewhere in London there is an arcade which makes a subject well worthy of the brush. Lanterns cast their dim yellow light upon the paving and barely outline the vaulting of the arches, while against a brighter distant background are the black outlines of a 12in. shell, now serving a peaceful purpose as a money box for a charitable organisation. In contrast the artist could turn his attention to a scene of great beauty—London bathed in brilliant moonlight. This is a gift the blackout has bestowed upon us.

HARD PUT TO IT

Sometimes, or rather more often than not, the enemy wireless announcers, to whom we are allowed to listen, and in fact delight to hear, are hard put to it for material. It must be exceptionally difficult to sow dissension among our troops who are travelling home on leave by trying to persuade them that they have had to pay for the free passes issued to them. Also it must be equally unsatisfactory to commiserate with them upon their lack of facilities for sport and amusement and, in face of Lord Nuffield's generosity, their dearth of wireless receivers. It may be asked if the Germans are as well served or likely to be so well looked after when the entertainment service for our troops gets right into its stride. Dominion aviators, by the way, will be highly flattered at the attention bestowed upon them by German broadcasters even if it is done at the expense of our own flying men.

BOXING CONTROL

At a recent meeting of the British Boxing Board of Control Mr. Sydney Hulls, the promoter, and Mr. Jack Solomons, the manager of Eric Boon the lightweight champion, were asked to answer charges of having broken regulations. Both men resigned the membership. This means that Mr. Hulls will not pay the Board's 5 per cent. "tax" on boxing tournaments, but it does not mean that Mr. Hulls will stop promoting. It does mean, however, that everyone associated with Mr. Hulls—boxers, managers, referees, seconds and so forth—must be people who do not hold one of the Board's licences or, if they do hold one, they must immediately forfeit it. Mr. Hulls does not forsee any difficulties. If that is really so then it means the end of the British Boxing Board of Control. Its life has been remarkably undistinguished but some form of control is essential. The Board should not be allowed to fade away.

MASTERS OF THE CUE

To look in at Thurston's, Leicester Square, is to enjoy as complete a relaxation as may be found anywhere in London in these days. The professional masters of the cue have been busy preparing for the Snooker Championship, accomplishing masterpieces of magical touch under the watchful eye of the "High Priest" of Thurston's, Charles Chambers. There is to be no professional Billiards Championship this season, but the usual Amateur Billiards and Snooker Championships have been organised. Though the amateur standard of play has improved out of all knowledge in recent years, the effect seems to have been to spur the professionals to higher skill, so that there still remains a big gulf between them. But the gulf is not so marked in this country as Walter Lindrum seems to have made it appear in Australia, where he played a novel match for charity against 12 amateur opponents. Receiving 24,000 start, the amateur players could total only 27,988 while Lindrum ran up 36,352, scoring at an average rate of 909 points an hour. But the amateurs might at any rate claim to have stimulated Lindrum to the making against them of a world record break under the new baulk line rule of 2,466.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR-TIME

During the War the London Offices of the *Field* will be at 114, Fleet Street (a few doors from Ludgate Circus). All communications to the Editor, contributions, advertisements and photographs should be sent to this address.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 36.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

CHANGE

This is no time for sighs, for backward glances
  Into a past you treasure in your mind—
No time for tears, while history advances
  To change the older things you leave behind.
No use to mourn, with memory regretting
  Those precious hours of peace, those halcyon days
On river, moor, and loch—in dreams forgetting
  That other men were treading stranger ways. . . .

Cast it right out, this backward useless yearning
  For days you loved. They'll surely come again—
But only if you strive for their returning
  With heart and mind, with strength and sweat and brain.
So, if you stored your saddles in December,
  Or sadly bade farewell to guns and rods—
Take heart—have courage—in your soul remember
  You fight a foe who serves more dangerous gods!

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ON my way home from visiting my old friend, Samuel Rockall, the chair-leg bodger, I felt a renewal of spirit, an expansion of heart. When, as Wordsworth says, "the world is too much with us," I always go, if I can, and see Samuel Rockall, and I always return in some mysterious way recharged. It is in a sense returning to the fountain-head of mortal being, not exactly to nature as the mother, but to nature and man, the mother and child, the great figures not only of Christianity but of many very much earlier religions before Paganism became ossified and corrupted.

Samuel has not only worked hand-in-glove with nature all his life, but that way of working is in his blood. He is a descendant of craftsmen who not only made useful and aesthetically satisfying objects but were woodmen as well, cutting their own timber before they shaped and fashioned it. And he lives, too, with nature in a cottage built of local materials, facing a primitive heath girdled by beech-woods. Every year he can watch the tide of life swell and ebb in the branches of the trees and the cycle of the bracken and centaury and harebell below them, and this intimacy alike of work, habitation and descent with nature has made him a totally different kind of person from the worker in a factory or at a desk. He is like what people were, not what they are, and though these last would probably think him their inferior, he has what they lack—the happiness, stability economic independence of the masterman together with, as I say, this quality of being an *alumnus* of nature. By an instinctive scholarship he is wise about nature and her processes and nature in her turn has conferred upon him a child-like serenity and a kind of creative virtue which I find it impossible to describe. I only know that when I go and see him I find that he gives me something I am equally at a loss to analyse, but I think it is that he is a kind of intermediary between me and the woods and heaths and hills and fields in the midst of which he lives and has his being.

And what do I find when I get back to the world from this secular shrine among the woods? That science which professes to know all that there is to know about nature has once more taken up the old scientific cry of the seventies of last century—that nature is a savage rapacious force that has breathed all the fury of her being into her loftiest creation, man, and that his frightful wars, atrocities to and enslavements of his fellow-beings are the consequences of the heritage of nature. This idea of course proceeds from the now hoary delusion that the further back man goes towards nature the worse he is, while the further forward he goes away from nature, the more moral and elevated he becomes.

It is quite useless to point out that the evidence is all the other way—namely that primitive man (an irresponsible child living in family groups and totally different from the tribal savage with which he is invariably confused) is and has been universally peaceful and good-natured until he comes into contact with an expanding civilisation which teaches him its bellicose habits. It is useless to point in the other direction, namely to the most mechanised, that is to say, denatured types of men like the Russians and the Germans with their completely unnatural idolatry of the State, men who act in a way compared with which the performances of the most ferocious of rogue-tigers would be kittenish. It is useless to give chapter and verse for the conduct of genuine primitives, to quote the field-records, to adduce example after example. The learned men will not listen, while meantime what they say deepens the despair of the world in ever finding a way out of the infernal mess progress has got it into.

There is a passage in T. S. Eliot's "The Idea of a Christian Society" which is very pertinent to what I am saying:—"A wrong attitude towards nature implies, somewhere, a wrong attitude towards God, and the consequence is an inevitable doom. For a long enough time we have believed in nothing but the values arising in a mechanised, commercialised, urbanised way of life: it would be as well for us to face the permanent conditions upon which God allows us to live upon this planet." To save ourselves, he says, we must "struggle to recover the sense of relation to nature, the recognition that even the most primitive feelings should be part of our heritage." That is why I find myself drawn again and again back to Samuel Rockall, nature's natural aristocrat. In him the natural, the primitive and the spiritual coexist in perfect harmony. I do not idealise him in the least, but I know that the secret of life is in him and that modern Europe must rediscover it—or perish.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

FARMING DREAMS AND REALITIES

FIFTY years ago the industrial era was getting well into its swing and our politicians had little time to spare for the problems of the British farmer. Anyone taking up a copy of the *Field* in those days and reading its farming columns might be excused if he imagined the text referred to the early months of 1939. Almost the same situations were being dealt with as in the recent "Land and the Nation" and "War and the Land" series of the *Field* showing the danger we were faced with in the decline of agriculture should we at any time be called upon to rely on home supplies of food for our population. One bright Parliamentary light proclaimed that it would be time enough to put schemes for cultivation into operation when a war came, ignoring the fact that the earth cannot be made to produce food with the same facility that a factory can be made to turn out "tin hats."

In time of war it is to the farmer politician and business man turn with an appeal for super-human endeavour to make the land produce fruits it will only yield through years of unremitting labour by those skilled in its service. When the danger is past, the farmer, having made his effort, will be as easily forgotten as the sailor or soldier, and expediency v. quick profit will once more be the order of the day.

Farming has now come so much into the news that it affords inspiration for novelists. Not that the struggle between man and nature has ever failed to inspire them, but there is a new theme to be developed in the opposition man puts up to the land that feeds him. Miss Naomi Jacobs has published a book written by her mother (*Look at the Clock*) in which the coming of the reaper and binder is heralded. The American inventor is enthusiastic about the possibilities of his child, but a shrewd north countryman sees that it will still further help to drive agricultural workers into the towns, there to obtain a dubious freedom from what the American describes as "serfdom."

As Mr. Massingham so often stresses, we have yet to learn of the greater benefits of mechanisation. The machine chases men off the soil and vomits oil in place of the fertiliser nature supplies from its own form of traction. But, having let down the land for generations, we must pay fair acknowledgement to the machine which can speed up its initial recovery, and also make the machine do what it was intended to do, increase production and, with that increase, add to employment.

One of the finest and steadiest investments in the world should be based on the land and its products, but taxation, chicanery, fine dealing and industrialists have done their best to destroy it. Listen to the pre-war ideals of Leon Carson in Joan Sutherland's *Thirsty Law*.

"I want to arouse as great an interest in the land, and in making every foot of land healthy and fertile; as in the town . . . the nation is willing to pay for warplanes, battleships and re-armament generally: why don't you believe it willing to pay for the food they'll get if they ever have to use these means of defence? If you could take 'em and show 'em the nettles and the weeds, and the empty East Anglian farms, and have cinemas ram home not only the necessity of re-stocking and re-feeding the land, but the tremendous interest of it you would re-awaken the desire to put things right. I don't believe the Englishman is proud of his mistakes. . .

"Look at it from my point of view. The taxpayer is told by the Minister of Agriculture that we must grow more food. He is also told that the Government has set up Milk Marketing Boards and Pig Boards and the rest of it. Fat lot of notice he takes. But if each county town was organised by the Ministry of Agriculture to absorb, as it were, all it could take from the ring of country round it, if the people in the streets knew that the produce—everything perishable except fish—was coming from the fields, the cattle, the farm, and greenhouses for a ring of 10 miles or 20 miles around, or more or less, wouldn't the householder begin to be interested? Wouldn't he begin to see a future in it for his sons? Money to be earned in it? . . .

"'How get interested,' he is asked, 'if the young can only exist, if there are no shops and cinemas, crowds and houses?'

"By example, by better wages, even by showing profit if necessary. You see the whole farming industry—for it is a great industry and it's got to be regarded as such—will have to be organised and specialised if we are really going to aid agriculture materially or use every acre we've got. I don't believe the nation as a whole dreams how big an industry farming is and must remain. After all, the land, England, this earth—it's the one thing that remains always. It's all we really are sure of—the earth—the land that gives us everything."

And yet with all Leon Carson's enthusiasm the obstacles in the path of agriculture were too strong for him.

Now look beyond England and read what Weston Martyr had to say in *Blackwood's Magazine*. "The most important man in the world is the farmer. We could get on nicely without lawyers, politicians, stock-brokers and the like. Without the farmers we would die. Since I have been living among farmers it has become clear to me that the cause of the mess in which the nations find themselves is that we allow city men to lead us. City-bred men are smart, but they are not wise. They are like precocious children—cocksure, they know better than their more discreet and experienced elders.

"The decrees and utterances of our recent Ministers of Agriculture, for instance, made the farmyard cats laugh and the farmers cry."

He goes on to show that in the case of the U.S.A. there are 800,000,000 acres of once productive land from which the soil has been eroded, and that dead area is increasing. "The fertile soil of America will be in 50 years a fourth of what it was. Africa will become less able to feed her people owing to rapid soil erosion, Canada will have to restrict her food production to 75 per cent. if she hopes to save what is left, while Australia's case is worse and New Zealand holds no hope. South America is wasting her resources and the exploited prairies of the Argentine will go the way of the plains of the Middle West—dust in the wind, salt in the sea."

Thus writes Mr. Weston Martyr and he adds a remark which many will appreciate, "Laugh these facts away, my hard-headed business man."

In the meanwhile Britain is going through its agricultural experiment to see if its soil can provide for the 30,000,000 of its population fed from other lands.

BIGHORNS IN THE ROCKIES. FINE SPECIMENS OF *OVIS CANADENSIS*

Canadian Pacific Photograph.

OVIS KARELINI: Hunting the Wild Mountain Sheep

By MAJOR KERMIT ROOSEVELT, M.C.

Major Kermit Roosevelt is the son of the famous "Teddy," former President of the United States, and a relative of the present President. He joined the British Army long before America entered the last war, served in the Mesopotamia campaign and won the Military Cross. When this war broke out he was living at his Roosevelt home on Long Island. He immediately left for England and is now with the Middlesex Regiment. The photographs with this article do not refer to incidents described but are mainly associated with the introductory paragraph.

WHERE sheep are found in definitely isolated countries such as Kamchatka it is not difficult conclusively to pigeon-hole them and label them, but where there are long stretches of mountain ranges adjoining each other the method and success of differentiating is not so simple. This is true in the Rocky Mountains with regard to *Ovis Canadensis* and its allies. In 1910 I went to Mexico on behalf of the Smithsonian Museum in Washington in an effort to establish the southernmost range of the bighorn, and to me as a layman it was very difficult to come to any conclusions on the series that I brought back.

The same holds true of what might be called the Central Asiatic wild sheep. It is easy enough to distinguish between *Ovis Hodgsoni* and their cousins in far-off Mongolia, but when it comes to delineating the range of Marco Polo's sheep from that of Littledale's or Karelini's it is by no means so simple a matter.

Douglas Carruthers, who had vast experience with wild sheep, contributed a most interesting article to Volume 4 of that monumental work *The Gun at Home and Abroad*. In it he places both Karelini and the sheep named after that great hunter and explorer, St. George Littledale, in the Tian Shan. Severtzoff, the Russian scientist, says that *Ovis Poli* are also to be found in the Tian Shan.

Be that as it may I was fortunate enough to collect *Ovis Karelini* in what appears to be recognised by all as the type of locality for this species named after the great Russian naturalist.

In the beginning of August, 1925, my brother and I entered the Tian Shan, having trekked over from Kashmir, by way of Ladakh and Yarkand. In my mind the Tian Shan shall always live as the paradise of big game hunters, a veritable "happy hunting ground." There is abundance of water, and forests of every size and nature, with the great snow peaks always present. The natives, Kazaks and Kalmuks and Kirghiz, were a cheerful, friendly lot, and game abounded. The shotgun was always in demand for adding either to the Museum collections or to the pot, or both. Of big game we collected sheep, ibex, wapiti, bear and roe. We were never able to develop definite information regarding tigers, but I once saw two snow leopards. Unfortunately, it was at dusk, and there was no time for the long and circuitous stalk that would be required.

It was toward the middle of August that we reached the Kargaitash, a group of butts so named by the natives because of their resemblance to huge stone trees. We were now at an altitude of over 9,000ft., and we hunted at between this level and 12,000ft., according to the game of which we were in pursuit.

We had with us two Kashmiri shikaris, Rahinia Loon and his brother, Khalil, from the village of Bandipur, and two hunters of local fame who were, like the curate's egg, "good in spots."

The natives came to this country only to benefit by the summer pasturage for their cattle or to collect marmot skins for home use or for barter. The Kazaks and Kalmuks were in continual feud, and we had to watch carefully to see that our Kazak hunters did not avail themselves of our protection in order to pillage the wandering bands of their foes. They once made a vigorous attempt to persuade us to allow them to confiscate the rifles and ponies of a Kalmuk hunting party on the grounds that the party in question had been disturbing the country over which we planned to hunt. These hunters had old single-shot rifles of the model of 1876. They rested the barrel on forked sticks preparatory to shooting at their game. It was marmot that we always found them shooting, for the pelts found a ready market. As far as we could ascertain they never went after sheep or ibex, for to do so entailed hard work and little or no reward. The skins were no better than those they could readily obtain from their cattle.

MAJOR KERMIT ROOSEVELT, M.C.

The chief enemy of the large wild game was the wolf; in winter, when the snow lay deep and heavy, horns made progress slow and difficult, it was easy for the wolf to kill, and it was these pick-up horns that we saw adorning many a yourt.

Quite naturally, the advent of the herdsmen with their stock, and the hunters with their rifles, drove the game farther up into the mountains, and made it more difficult to find them and to pick out desirable specimens. Still, all in all, we were little troubled by them, for they were but few in number, and it was easy to reach untroubled valleys.

The country was variegated in nature. There were great plateaux stretching for miles, with occasional deep ravines furrowing them. There were grassy hills, up which we would cautiously climb to spy out the land, and high above us were mighty snow covered peaks.

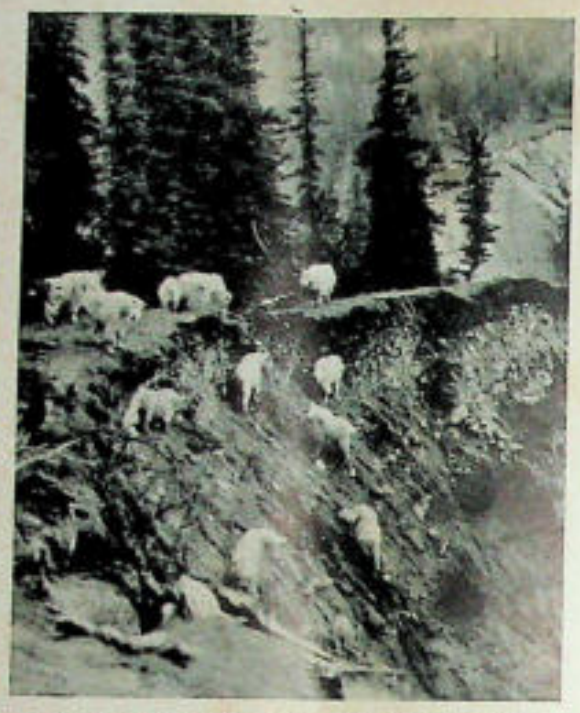
If we wanted ibex we had to climb high up among the snowy mountains, but for sheep we could keep to the lower hills, and examine carefully the valleys leading down to the rivers, for it was there that they could find excellent pasturage.

We could count with almost certainty on sighting from two to three herds of sheep in the course of a day's hunting. On a number of occasions I came upon bands of 20 or 30 ewes, but only once did I see a group of rams and that was on what was destined to be my red-letter day in sheep hunting.

It was on August 15th, but at that altitude the air had already the tang of early winter. My Kashmiri shikari, Khalil, was with me, and also an old Kazak, Tula Bai. He claimed to be of great age, but years often pile up very quickly upon natives, and we none of us could hazard a guess as to his actual age. At all events he knew the country thoroughly, and this knowledge more than offset the keener eyesight of some of his younger tribesmen.

His costume was weather-worn leather; and seemed almost as old as he. His trousers were stiff and so bagged at the knees that when he was walking he looked as if he were crouched ready to jump. They reminded me of father's story of how, on the railway station platform at Medora, North Dakota, a slightly intoxicated stranger walked round and round his ranch foreman eyeing his leather trousers, and finally broke out with: "Well, if you're going to jump, jump, damn you!"

It was not often that we saw old Tula Bai walking. He lived in the saddle, and with the utmost composure would ride over country where I had all I could do to clamber up and down with the assistance of an alpenstock.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT

On this particular morning we were all three of us mounted, and rode cautiously along, dismounting below the crest of each hill and crawling to the top, field glasses in hand, to spy out the country.

The first wild animal we sighted was a marmot sitting on the mouth of its burrow and looking like a larger and darker edition of the American prairie dog. One adult female that I measured ran 30in. over all. The next sight of game from a subsequent rise was a roe-deer. Tula Bai informed me that it was a tika-illik—an ibex-roe—that its mother had been an ibex and its father a roe; but as a careful examination through the field glasses failed to show any sign of this remarkable mésalliance in the offspring, we decided to leave it alone for fear of disturbing any Karelini that might be within hearing.

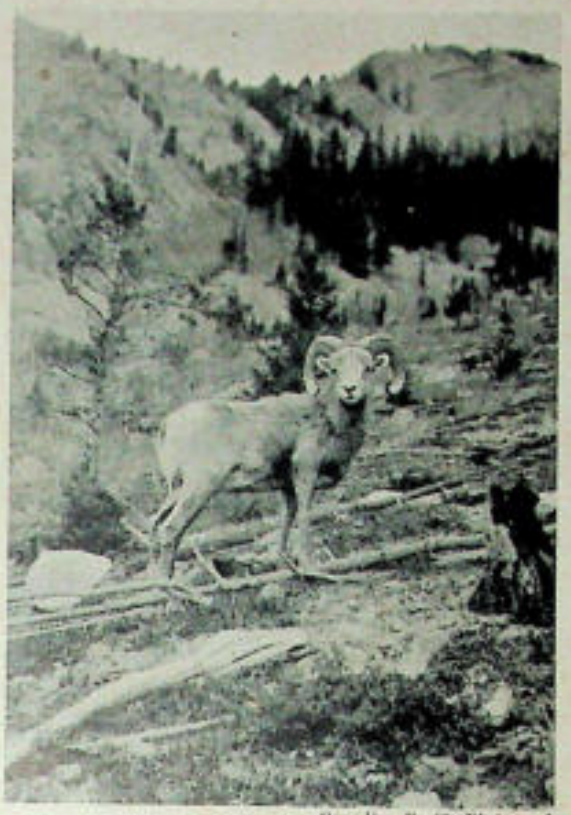
It was not long after this that Khalil made out a small ram climbing up a steep hill. When it had topped the crest we hurried after it. There were a great many crows on the hillside wheeling and clustering most agitatedly. It was evident that there was some disturber of the peace in the offing. As we got nearer we found that a brown hawk, lighter in body than any crow, was endeavouring to make a kill. He invariably attacked the crows on the ground; six times I saw him swoop unsuccessfully. Half a dozen crows followed in his wake, attempting to mob him, but he paid little attention to them, avoiding them with the greatest of ease whenever they seemed to be uncomfortably close. Our way led through the scene of the combat, so we dispersed the gathering.

At the brow of the hill, Khalil and I were ready with our field glasses, and soon picked up three Karelini rams feeding on a patch of grass a mile or more away. Our first stalk was a failure. Verily, in this country "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and a sudden eddy made our quarry suspicious. They could have got only a very faint whiff, for they trotted off slowly while we watched them from behind a rocky ridge.

We found that in addition to the three marked down there had been as many more hidden. One was Khalil's small ram, but the others were clearly big fellows; Khalil and Tula Bai estimated them as all having horns more than 50in. in length. Although they were between 500yds. and 600yds. from us, Khalil was eager for me to open fire, insisting that I would get no second chance. His judgment of the proper time to shoot was very often faulty. It always seems a much easier shot to the man who is not handling the rifle. In common with most shikaris, he was also invariably eager to make too rapid a stalk, for although he might be panting and misty eyed it was not he who required a steady arm and clear eye when the moment for action arrived.

Feeling certain that I should have a better opportunity, I decided not to fire, so we watched the rams trot across a narrow valley and climb a long, easy, sloping ridge. As they crossed a stretch of snow their horns stood clearly outlined, and we realised that those of the last one were larger than the others; but it was when he climbed upon a rock on the ridge crest and framed himself against the blue sky that we saw him in his full glory and appreciated his true size. Khalil turned to me: "If master get him, I give God twenty rupees at Bandipur!"

Tula Bai, as I have said before, was not of much use on foot; in addition he was inclined to be crochety or opinionated, so I sent him back to the ponies. When the sheep were safely out of sight, Khalil and I made all speed toward where we had last seen them. Upon cautiously poking our heads over the ridge, we found that they had stopped 700yds. or 800yds. beyond. They were undisturbed, some lying down and others feeding.



Canadian Pacific Photograph.

BIGHORN MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Careful study of the terrain showed that the only way to get within range would involve a long detour which included some stiff climbing. It was an hour's hard work; the most disagreeable part of which necessitated the crossing of two wide and steeply inclined snowfields. In cold blood I would not have taken them on, even with the excitement of the prize ahead. I felt in a very precarious and uncomfortable position when we started two miniature avalanches.

Once across we came to a ridge running down near where the sheep lay. Now was the time to make haste slowly, for a mis-step and a loosened boulder would give us away and ruin everything.

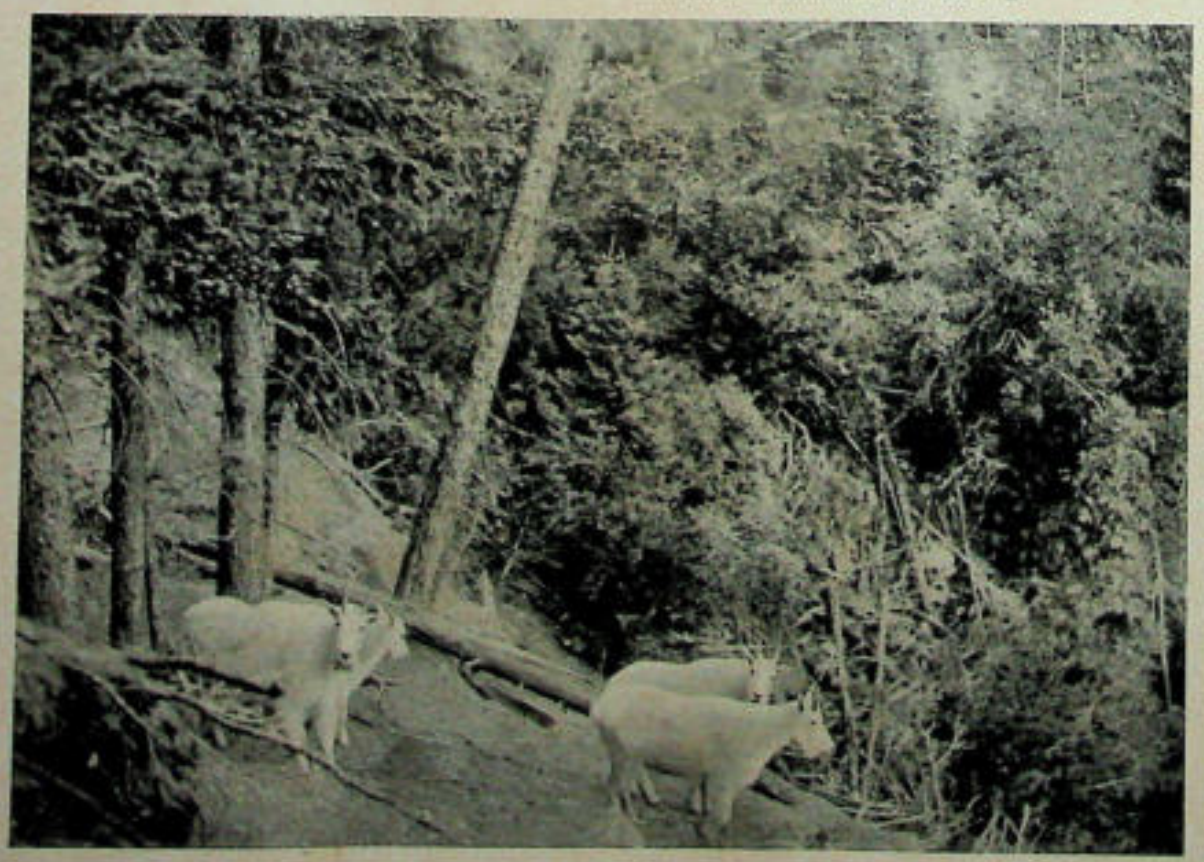
All went well; at a short 150yds. from the sheep I crawled cautiously to the top of the ridge, and picked out the old ram. He was lying down facing away from me, and a bullet entering from behind and ranging forward is almost inevitably fatal. Therefore, after my shot, although he got to his feet and ran, I felt sure he could not go far, so I turned my attention to his companions. We wanted four rams to make up the museum group. The others ran off quartering and then swung round, uncertain whence the trouble came. The country was broken with many deep gullies, and the snap shooting was difficult. In all I fired fifteen shots, and when we hurried down to take stock we found that I had bagged five instead of four, since one had fallen in a ravine without my knowing it. Only the small one got away.

Upon measuring the heads we found that, although the four smaller heads were not so large as we had hoped, ranging from 44in. to 46in., the largest one was bigger than we had dared think possible. Around the curve these horns taped exactly 61in., more than an inch longer than any head yet recorded.

There was a great difference in the coloration of these sheep. Our Kashmiris and the native shikaris said that the darkest sheep were the largest, but in this case the biggest one had the lightest coat; three of the others were dark and one light coloured.

It was four o'clock by the time we began the measuring and the skinning. We made out three Kazak herdsmen in a valley two or three miles away. Tula Bai gathered them in and we were very glad of their help. Rain and sleet set in; but eventually we had everything ready, and packed them all over to the ponies across some very broken ground.

On the ride back to camp old Tula Bai took the lion's share of the load. Upon his pony he piled two whole skins, leg bones and all, roping a head on each side of the saddle, and perching himself on top. It was a quarter to seven, very dark and cold and wet, but he set out undaunted in the lead. In places the ground was boggy and the ponies sank and struggled; elsewhere, there were only rocks and holes and dimly discerned precipices, along the very edges of which we skirted, but through it all Tula Bai's white pony "like the crested plumes of the brave Navarre" glimmered in our van.



IN JASPER NATIONAL PARK

Typical specimens of mountain goats of Northern Canada

THE NEW YEAR'S RACING HOPES AND PLANS

HOPEFUL though we all must be that this year's flat-race season will be conducted in peace, one is not encouraged at the moment to give much thought to its prospects in detail.

War or no war, the Stewards of the Jockey Club have been making, and will continue to make, every effort to ensure that the usual fixtures, arranged for 1940, will be carried out. If hostilities are continuing when the time comes for racing a considerable number of race-courses may not be available, and of course no thoughtful person can ignore the possibility of the necessity for further restrictions. In the meantime programmes are being prepared and entries opened for most of the principal meetings, and we know that the Lincoln and Liverpool spring meetings, each of three days, are to be held as usual, except that this year they will not fall in the first week of the season.

That is not because of the War; the day on which the season starts happens this time to be Easter Monday. The flat-race fixtures on that day, March 25th, are the customary ones for this holiday, Kempton, Birmingham, and Newcastle. In 1913, the same three meetings opened the season for the same reason, and the Lincoln fixture was begun on the following Monday. That was the year that the late Lord Carnarvon's Rivoli won the Queen's Prize (now of two miles, but then a mile and a half race) at Kempton on Easter Monday. Berrilldon took the Lincolnshire Handicap for Mr. A. E. Barton, after finishing second to Cuthbert, who was disqualified, on an objection for bumping and boring.

The Lincolnshire Handicap in those days was run on the Tuesday. It was changed to Wednesday—the third day of the meeting—the following year, as the departure of many people after having seen the big race depleted the last day's receipts. The alteration may have been successful, though in recent years a large number of regular racegoers have either cut out Lincoln altogether or merely dropped in to see the Lincolnshire Handicap while on their way to Liverpool. However, the city fathers have now taken over the course and the races will be conducted by a committee of councillors, as at Doncaster. They realise fully the great scope that has long existed for improvements and if it had not been for the War a new straight mile would be in course of construction and alterations made to the stands.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have expressed to the management of the Epsom meetings the hope that every effort will be made to run the Derby there this year. All depends on local conditions, connected with the War. As they are at present, a Derby-day would not be possible, but there is a chance that existing obstacles will be overcome, as they have been at Liverpool, in preparation for the Grand National.

War-time flat-race meetings will beset many managements who present them, with financial problems. The classic races and many other rich prizes arranged for this year closed in peace-time and commitments executives made in the matter of added money were based on peace-time standards. If these events are run as planned, these substantial sums for prize money will have to be found, though receipts may be drastically reduced.

If for instance the Epsom authorities stage the Derby and the Oaks (for which the total added money is £5,000), but are unable to hold their Spring meeting, they will lose much of the annual revenue ordinarily derived from rent of boxes, reserved seats, and members' subscriptions. Shortly after the war started the members of the private stand at Epsom were informed that, as racing was improbable during the war, subscriptions need not be paid until further notice. Most of the popular courses where no racing is possible at present are charging their members a small fee for this year, with the assurance that it will be credited to them when circumstances permit the resumption of the normal subscription.

Entries for the classics of 1941 closed recently. Here are races, planned for a date sufficiently far ahead to warrant the reasonable hope that they will take place, though to add "under normal conditions" would be to express an optimism which the present rates of income-tax and sur-tax and the prospects of future financial legislation strongly discourage.

Two hundred and eleven entries have been made for the Derby of 1941, and 182 for the Oaks. There is in these figures a striking similarity to those made in 1917, during the last War, for what proved to be the first post-war Derby (won by Grand Parade) in 1919, and for the Oaks of that year. The entries for the Derby of 1941 are four less and for the Oaks three less than were made for the corresponding races of 1919, though these latter closed not after three months of war but after three years.

The Duke of Westminster's renewed active interest in breeding and racing extends to eight nominations for the Derby of 1941. They are Yearlings by Figaro, Fair Trial, Bold Archer, Mannamead, Bosworth, Colombo, Fairway and his old Cambridgeshire winner, Twelve Pointer.

GAINSBOROUGH'S WAR VICTORY IN THE NEW DERBY STAKES AT NEWMARKET IN 1918

Of Lord Derby's four entries, one is Moonlight Run, a colt by Bobsleigh out of Selene. This youngster is bred on very similar lines to Hyperion. When mated to Gainsborough, Selene produced Hyperion. Bobsleigh, the sire of Moonlight Run, is a son of Gainsborough.

Among other Derby nominations whose breeding is particularly attractive there are Lord Rosebery's Neptune, by Hyperion out of Fancy Free, the dam of Blue Peter; Miss Dorothy Paget's recent 2,600 guineas purchase Bakhtawar, by Windsor Lad out of Friar's Daughter, the dam of Bahram and Dastur; and Lord Durham's Bright Arrows, by Bahram out of the Oaks winner, Beam.

Sir Abe Bailey has made six nominations. Among them, the Derby star is by Hyperion out of Sister Stella, the dam of Ankaret and Stardust, and there is another Hyperion product belonging to Sir Abe, out of Book Law, who won the St. Leger of 1927. The latter is called Sun Law. Hyperion is represented by another son out of a mare who was herself a classic winner, Sir Victor Sassoon having nominated Camperdown, by that famous sire from Campanula, who has the One Thousand Guineas of 1934 to her credit.

These classic nominations reveal that when Mathew Peacock bid 2,200 guineas at the Aga Khan's sale for Samanga, by Solario out of Badr-ul-Molk, he was acting on behalf of Sir Eric Ohlson, while Firoze Din, by Fairway out of La Voulzie, bought by George Todd at the same time for 1,200 guineas, is now nominated for the Derby of 1941 by Sir William Jury, the cinematograph pioneer. Sir William recently made a modest but lucky venture as an owner with the sprinter, Grecian Urn.

YEOMAN.

SEEING THE FINISH OF THE OLD YEAR AT WINDSOR

Roman Chief puts his foot in the water when leading in the Boxing Day Handicap Steeplechase. The other runners are Straight Larch (grey), Knight of the Border (7), and Bel et Bon (1). Asterabad was the winner

The Gun Month by Month

LAST VISTAS OF THE SHOOTING SEASON

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

ANOTHER shooting season is drawing nearly to its close in circumstances strangely similar to those of just a quarter of a century ago. Each week absorbs a few more of our shooting satellites into the war machine, and so for most of us this month will offer little more than "mop up" shoots of ancient cocks, and by-days in the by-ways of marsh and moor. For who, with a vision of well filled nests come May Day, would kill hen pheasants or partridges about to pair?

For all that, often a lot more fun attaches to these January pothunts than to the great occasions earlier on, which, however exciting, deny in retrospect much more than a rather confused impression of birds counted by the hundred and the all-importance of the bag. What, in fact, one chiefly recollects is one's painful awareness of cynical, if unspoken, criticism on occasional (or possibly frequent) days of indexterity, whereas there is no such tension at the back end. No one is interested in the ratio of kills to cartridges, and the nervous shot, no longer envisaging an outraged host, may even put up quite a star performance. Though if he doesn't no one cares.

Even the most captious critics will be quite lenient, as well they may. For the January pheasant is a bird of parts which has assimilated more of the strategy of covert shooting than is contained in all the Lonsdale Library. Guile must be met with guile, for the old guard, back streaking through the benters' legs whenever possible, gets not on the wing until he must. Hens as a rule fly straight until the umpteenth time of asking, but only when old cock pheasants of experience are up-ended by efficient stopping will they come over at a height to puzzle the professors. Though when they do, they surely are the test birds of the shooting year: birds which I like to see a youngster, more possibly by good luck than sound judgment, crumpling in mid-air and in the process wiping father's eye.

Good days these may be, but some there are to my mind better still. Perhaps because so much of my shooting life is linked with Irish bogs, some of my happiest memories are of woodcock and wild geese. Many a New Year has been associated with ideal 'cock weather, clear crisp days when the ground is iron underfoot and the birds flight into covert from the snow-clad hills. Though whether you will find them in the morning in their snuggeries of the night before is problematic. The authors of the classic "Badminton" were wise in their generation when they wrote that the day *not* to issue a shooting invitation is—"Come over on Tuesday; my woods are full of cock." It is more appropriately worded—"Come *without fail to-morrow*; cock are in *store*, but on Tuesday they may be gone."

Yet I often think that half the charm of woodcock shooting lies in this uncertainty. For hill-side and covert birds are equally incalculable. In the soft, mild climate of Western Ireland you may find them anywhere from the holly-bush in the garden to the wind-swept whins and heather in the mountainside. Sometimes you see as many in the open bogs as in the woods, an inconsistency puzzling in birds usually addicted to the snuggest cover, though what next after food a woodcock craves is solitude. Once on a Galway mountain, when two setters had stood rigid for some moments, and two or three beaters had concentrated their energies on a tangle of bramble and stunted birch without any result, I lobbed a heavy stone into some nearby whins. No bird appeared, but as the dogs were still insistent, we parted the tangle and looked right in to find a 'cock crouched in a fissure of large rocks, and quite unmoved by these little attentions. And again, as we moved up a narrow glen, a bird rose before us out of range. It dropped in full view, and, carefully marking the spot, we went on and beat the surroundings patiently, but without success. Thinking the bird must have carried on, we gave it up, but when about fifty yards further on I fired a shot at a snipe, we saw our elusive friend rise from almost exactly the spot in which we had marked him down.

Countless incidents of a like nature come to the memory and doubtless much of the inconsequence of woodcock is due to causes other than climatic variations. After a flight to a distant feeding ground it is possible that the 'cock, fully gorged, may often drop at dawn into the first spot likely to afford the seclusion it loves, irrespective of its immediate surroundings. Whether this explains why we sometimes come upon birds in exposed and unlikely places is a moot point, but at least it makes us wonder how many 'cock successfully hide themselves for every one that we dislodge in the course of a season. Probably every couple we bag in a day's march in the open represents another half-dozen walked over, for it is not until a really hard spell drives the birds to covert that we can attempt a census of the population.

But this might be easier to take than any census of the wild geese. There is a little peninsula I know, of zostera and plots of tillage, reaching into Blacksod Bay, where I have seen such congregations that I would not dare to estimate their numbers. Bean geese I have never seen there, but brent, white fronted, and greylegs are always in winter residence. With its treacherous currents and even more dangerous submerged rocks, this fringe of the Atlantic is no punt gunners paradise. And so far off the beaten track is it that few shore shooters care for the heart-scalding job of stalking the birds in a country utterly devoid of any scrap of cover. And yet it can be done, by making use of the deep dykes, by which the bog is intersected. For at least the geese are regular of habit, you could almost set your watch by their in and out flights to feed and rest.

Even so, your progress will be like unto that of the Biblical "serpent on its belly." For although I have tried most stratagems, even to posing as a component part of a turf-stack, I never found a wild goose yet that did not know a trick worth two of mine. Once we had constructed a most realistic cow; it was artistically jointed so that it grazed and did everything else to order except uplift its voice and increase the population. But the only effect of that was to incite the curiosity of all the cattle in the parish, to the disturbance of a wide acreage, and by the time they had finished nosing round the geese had once more tumbled to the fact that things are rarely what they seem. Only once did I get right into a resting gaggle in open day, and that was when, crawling along a drain on a lower level of the bog, I aroused the curiosity of half a dozen donkeys, which trotting alongside, screened me like a body-guard. The geese, accustomed to their presence, took no notice, and I managed to crawl within forty yards of the resting flock, getting an easy right and left.

But such luck does not often come one's way. For mostly on the after-dusk and pre-dawn flights the odds are against the shooter. It so seldom happens that every circumstance combines to favour him. Nine times out of ten, if the wind is right the direction of the skeins is wrong, or the moon obscures itself or else shines out too brightly at the critical moment. For even with a gale against them, grey geese travel pretty high and much faster than one thinks; they are the sharpest sighted of all wild fowl; the slightest movement, an upturned face, or even the glint on the barrels of a gun will deflect and send them cackling right into the stratosphere. And I verily believe that they can almost smell tobacco! Be that as it may, they are most fascinating birds. To watch them in the steely grey of a winter's dawn across the storm-tossed waters, battling with their mighty pinions in the teeth of an Atlantic gale, is to realise the full majesty of flight. Or to hear their music rising to crescendo over the moon-flecked bogs is of all shooting sensations the most exciting. You may not see a single bird for nights on end. You may never shoot one in a month of lonely vigil. But:—

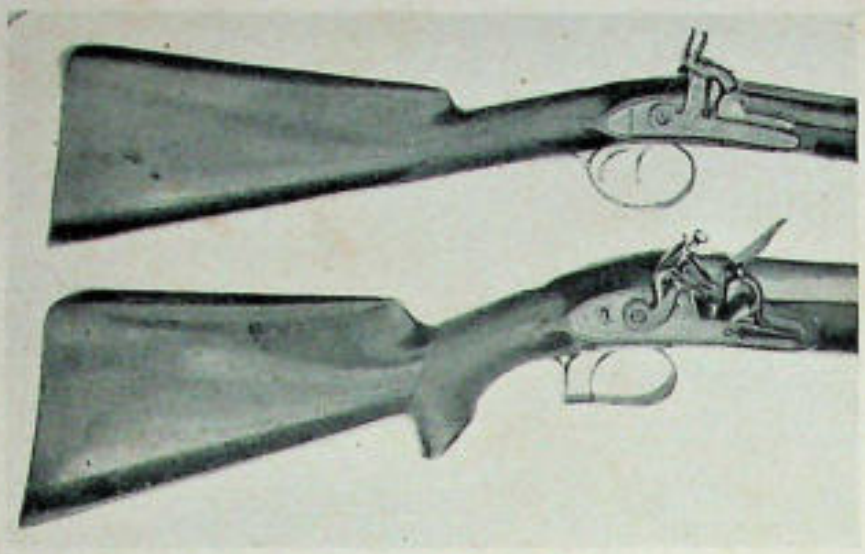
> "Still the flight shall work its magic and the breathless stalk shall hold you,
> When the grey geese come calling off the tides."

* Patrick Chalmer's "Green Days and Blue Days."

IN HAPPIER TIMES
The Duke of Marlborough takes a high bird

COLONEL HAWKER AND HIS "JOE MANTONS"

By W. KEITH NEAL



THE MODERN DESIGN OF STOCK INTRODUCED BY JOE MANTON, DATE 1807
The pistol grips on the lower gun were invented by Colonel Hawker

I HAVE been shooting with one of the most famous guns in the world; it is the original double-barrelled gun made for Colonel Peter Hawker by Joseph Manton. The record in his Diary reads thus: "20th Nov. 1807. 'Received a new double gun from Mr. Joseph Manton No. 4326.'"

Previous to this the Colonel had his "Mantons," but they were guns made by the firm of John Manton, an excellent but much less famous firm than "Joe," and it is remarkable that from the advent of his first "Joe Manton," Hawker never again refers to his "Manton" guns. It is always "My miraculous Old Joe," "My splendid cripple stopper Big Joe," or "My favourite Joseph Manton Gun," etc.

This gun bears the number 4326 engraved upon the trigger-guard and Hawker's crest and initials, P.H., upon the silver escutcheon. It is in its original mahogany case, brass bound, and this also bears his initials and crest. After 132 years it is still in perfect condition, the locks work as sweetly as ever, and the "Stub twist" barrels have not a speck of rust upon them inside or out. They have been re-proved and are as sound as a bell. A splendid testimony to the craft and skill of the greatest gunmaker that ever lived!

It is a 20-bore gun with Joe Manton's Patent Elevated Rib. It was, of course, made originally as a flint gun, and used as such by Hawker in many of his greatest shooting exploits. Later on, when to use his own words he was "kidnapped into the constant use of detonators," he had it converted to percussion cap by Joe Manton. It weighs 6¾lbs. and handles and balances perfectly.

Hawker was a staunch supporter of the flint gun and defended it to the last ditch, but in the end he had to give way, and he had most of his guns altered. To the very end he contended that flint ignition was the best for a punt gun as the flash gave the birds time to rise and caught them on the wing instead of on the water.

No wonder that he thought highly of the best flint guns as perfected by Joseph Manton; when one reads of some of his exploits, how he would kill his 50 brace of partridges a day and frequently get what he called a "cannon shot," i.e. getting two birds in line and bagging them both with his first barrel and then taking a third bird with his second barrel from the same covey. This kind of shooting would be remarkable enough with a modern gun under similar conditions of long stubbles and walked-up game.

My gun of Hawker's has had an interesting career. After his death it was sold together with other sporting relics at Sotheby's and was purchased by a Wiltshire gentleman. After his death it was again sold and purchased at the sale of his effects by a Chippenham gunmaker. This gunmaker in turn sold it to a certain Mr. Cloudsdale of Ambleside, and I have a letter from him in which he writes before the last war to say that he has done a lot of shooting with the gun and that it is an excellent weapon for pigeons, he having obtained some long shots with it. The gun again changed hands and passed into the possession of C. Ridley Catling, Esq., of Walton-on-Naze, where it remained until his death, and it is through the courtesy of Mrs. Ridley Catling that it recently passed into my collection. And I should add the timely information given to the editor of the *Field* by a local resident and keen sportsman, Mr. John Postens.

GUNS BEARING HAWKER'S CREST AND DECORATED WITH FINE SCROLL ENGRAVING

It has a very honoured place in my gun-rack, and it is seen and handled by many gun-lovers. I like to think that in spite of its great age its shooting days are not quite over. It lies in front of me now, freshly cleaned and oiled after an evening's shooting at the young rabbits. And not such easy shooting either! Mostly snap-shots as the rabbits were bolted from the bracken by my spaniel "Conquer," and shot as they crossed a ride between them and their bury. I loaded it with 2¼drams of No. 2 Diamond Grain Black Powder and 1⅛ ozs. of No. 5 Shot. It shoots as quick and as well as any modern gun and both barrels can be reloaded in under one minute.

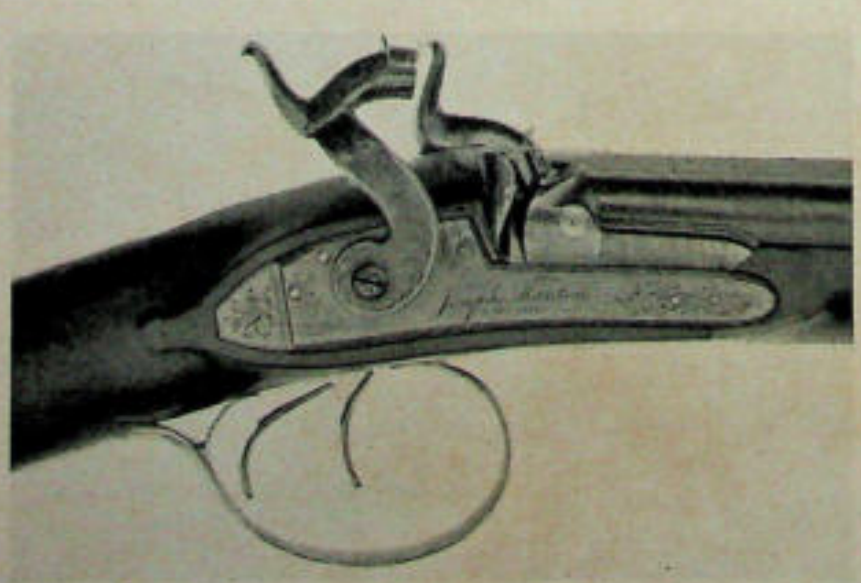
Together with this gun were the remains of another of Hawker's favourite guns, his immense flint-lock shoulder duck gun that he familiarly called "Big Joe." Of this gun the stock and lock only remained, purchased many years ago for Mr. Catling's collection by a well-known London gunmaker who was able to trace the history of it since the time that it belonged to Colonel Hawker.

It was Hawker himself who removed the immense barrel that he prized so much and took it along to Lancaster's to have him alter it and re-stock it with a detonating lock. No doubt the gun is in existence still somewhere, and fitted with Lancaster's patent copper primer tube lock. This took place in 1819 and Hawker records a trial of it in his Diary, in which he mentions killing: 2 snipes, 2 jack snipes, 1 rook, 1 moorhen, 1 dabchick, 1 fieldfare, 1 water wagtail, and 1 pigeon, all flying. The gun weighed 17½lbs.!

The stock of Hawker's "Big Joe" is in excellent condition and retains the original flint-lock by Joseph Manton. It seemed a great pity that such a famous old gun should be incomplete, so I set out to find a suitable barrel. It seemed a hopeless task at first, but at length I succeeded in finding a similar gun with a barrel of the same weight exactly as the original. Made about the same period by a local Salisbury gunmaker it was almost certainly patterned on the lines of the Colonel's famous gun; Hawker makes several references to the Salisbury gunmakers, and it is more than likely that they had seen the original gun.

The barrel was a fine stub twist in excellent condition, and a few alterations to the breech plug and barrel loops were sufficient to make it fit into the Joseph Manton stock. Now the gun is complete once more and looking very much like it was when Hawker first owned it and weighing exactly the same amount.

There is no doubt that Hawker set the fashion in the matter of guns through his book on shooting, and many shooters followed his lead and the various



Left.—HAWKER'S FIRST "OLD JOE." *Right.*—HAWKER'S FAVOURITE DUCK GUN "BIG JOE," WEIGHT 17½ LBS.

gunmakers copied his weapons as typified by his Joe Mantons.

It is interesting to compare the two guns side by side in the illustration. Both have the Hawker crest and his initials, "P. H.," on the silver monograms. The big gun is fitted with Hawker's pistol grip, which he claims to have invented, and always had fitted to his duck guns, and which has since become standard for such weapons.

This gun had many adventures and one day Hawker nearly lost it: he records the incident in his Diary for January 19th, 1820: "When I got up this morning the whole valley was inundated; almost every bridge and weir was washed away, and the valley was more like sea than land; all shooting was consequently put an end to. I went out with my favourite 18lb. gun (Old Joe), killed one hare and two rabbits, all I shot at having no chance at fowl. About eleven o'clock the waters lowered a little, and on sallying forth for a few ducks that appeared, away went the great weir at the moment that my boy Joe was carrying my gun Joe across it.

"The boy was all but drowned, but at last I saved him and brought him to life. The whole day to no effect, was absorbed in trying to recover my gun, which was washed away in the flood, twelve feet deep at least, and with more rapidity than any mill tail. Nets, weights, grapples, and the Lord knows what else were lost in the attempt to fish it up by their adhering to the part of the broken weir under the water. Towards evening however my old friend Benjamin, the ci-devant keeper, arrived with a dung prong tied on to a very long pole, and, by the most extraordinary luck, hooked the gun by the scroll guard and brought it up, to my greatest delight. I gave him a guinea in presence of the other lazy brute of a keeper who never exerted himself in the least!"

Apparently birds could be very wild and difficult to approach on the manors around Longparish, despite conditions of hand reaping being in favour of better cover, for Hawker records in his Diary for October 8th, 1847, further experiences with the big gun thus: "The birds would not let us get into the same field with them. Determined to serve them out, I loaded 'Big Joe' with Eley, started at five in the evening in the cart, and was in again by half-past six, with ten first-rate young partridges. Nothing like a duck-gun from a horse and cart on the road to fill a bag, when all pop-gunning becomes a wild-goose chase!"

Hawker was as delightful as he was unconventional in his shooting, and a little poaching when all else failed did not come amiss. On one occasion when he was travelling by stage-coach to Scotland he bribed the guard and driver to stop the coach on likely spots on the moor and kept his Joe Manton out of its cover, ready for a passing shot at the grouse he had heard so much about! This was his first visit to Scotland.

KEEPING DOWN THE RABBIT

By W. J. BROWN

OPINIONS on rabbits vary. If there are not too many of them, they are a valuable source of revenue and casual sport, and a potential food-supply. In excessive numbers, however, they are nothing but a pest.

It was to remedy the pestilential aspect that the Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, 1939, was passed. It provides that where there are an excessive number of rabbits on land in the occupation of any person, and because of them substantial damage is caused, or likely to be caused to the crops, trees, shrubs, pasture, fences, banks or works on land occupied by another, the county council or county borough council may serve by post a notice in writing on the occupier (of whom more later).

WHAT THE RABBIT CAN DO ON THE LAND. A WARREN AT THE EDGE OF A WOOD

After receipt of this complaint, the occupier must within the time stipulated (which must be reasonable and may not be less than 21 days) take certain steps. If the infested land is a warren kept for breeding rabbits, he must so fence it, as far as is reasonably practicable, as to prevent the escape of the rabbits. If it is ordinary land he must "take such steps as are reasonably practicable for the destruction of the rabbits." Failure to do so makes the occupier liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £25, and up to £5 a day for continued failure to do so after conviction.

If, as a result of one of these notices, an occupier incurs expense in ridding his land of rabbits or keeping them within bounds, he may go to the County Court to get an order that someone else should share the expense, if he can show that it is equitable.

Now, the Act defines "occupier" as including any person who, by virtue of any interest which he has in the land, is entitled to kill rabbits on it. This includes not only an owner-occupier, and a farming tenant (who is always entitled to shoot rabbits), but also a shooting tenant. If, for example, a tenant has to clear his land of rabbits, his landlord ought to help with the cost, for it will be to his benefit. If a shooting tenant has to do so, both the landlord and the tenant-occupier may benefit. It is to provide for contribution from these others that the provision mentioned in the last paragraph was introduced.

The council, when they have issued a notice, may in writing authorise anyone to go on the land to see what is being done about the complaint. They must give 48 hours' notice to the occupier, and the landlord if there is one. If the written authority is produced, any obstruction is punishable by fine up to £10.

The council may employ rabbit catchers with equipment to help occupiers of land, and make a reasonable charge for their services. But there does not appear any power in the Act for the council to do the work themselves if the occupier refuses their help. They must go to the Courts.

The second part of the Act amends in some respect the law relating to the killing of hares and rabbits. It is realised that probably the most efficient way to destroy rabbits is by poison gas. By sec. 8 of the Protection of Animals Act, 1911, it is an offence to place poison on the ground, except to destroy small vermin—which does not include rabbits. The present Act makes it quite clear that to use poison gas is not an offence under the Act of 1911 if it is used in a rabbit hole, nor is it an offence to place in a hole a substance which by evaporation or contact with moisture generates poison gas. Otherwise the use of poison is not sanctioned by the Act, and the prohibition under the Act of 1911 remains.

There is also a change in the law as to the setting of traps. Under the former law there was in general no restriction on the setting of traps for catching ground game by an owner-occupier, or by a shooting tenant not in occupation. Section 6 of the Ground Game Act, 1880, forbade other persons to set spring traps except in rabbit holes. This distinction is now abolished. If any person for the purpose of killing hares or rabbits (nothing is said about traps set for other purposes) uses or knowingly permits the use of a spring trap *except in a rabbit hole*, he is liable to a fine up to £20 for a first offence, and up to £50 for the second.

"In a rabbit hole" means that part of the hole which is roofed over. So a spring trap may not be set on the excavation outside, nor in a "scrape" under a fence. The distinction as to the use of poison, made by sec. 6 of the Ground Game Act, 1880, is abolished, leaving everyone amenable to the general law; but the law as to shooting rabbits by night is unaltered. The Act does not extend to Scotland, Northern Ireland, nor (even if it is wanted!) to the County of London.

Generally speaking, it is a most useful measure. It provides a remedy for extreme cases which were otherwise difficult to deal with, and it will no doubt result in the employment of experts of which the average person will do well to avail himself. The general provision as to spring traps is also excellent.

WEIRD NIMROD—JEMMY HIRST OF RAWCLIFFE

By W. H. A. LEAROYD

ABOUT 170 years ago, a grotesque figure was regularly to be seen following Lord Beaumont's hounds. This was Jemmy Hirst, clad in his arresting hunting-kit, an outfit which was the marvel of Yorkshire. It consisted of a lambskin hat of prodigious size, a rabbitskin jacket, a waistcoat of drakes' necks complete with feathers, breeches which were a nightmare combination of yellow, blue, black, and red stripes, and a pair of biliously yellow boots.

Extraordinary as were both the rider and his dress, the mount was even more extraordinary, being a young bull of the name of Jupiter. Jemmy had broken it to carry the saddle while still a calf, and so well did it respond to his training that it was soon able to jump any fences likely to be met. The strange pair put in an appearance at all the local meets, attracting many visitors who came to view this remarkable spectacle. A hearty welcome was always given to Jemmy and Jupiter, and whenever they came trotting up to the meet, Lord Beaumont used regularly to turn to those with him and say, "Well, gentlemen, if we are not destined to find game to-day, we may at least be sure of sport."

But it was not only in the hunting-field that Jemmy Hirst displayed his eccentricity. The son of a prosperous farmer of Rawcliffe, near Goole, it was decided that he should prepare for Holy Orders. He was therefore packed off to a boarding-school, kept by an elderly parson. Here he distinguished himself, not by his scholarship, but by galloping round the yard on a sow. A piece of rope through the ring in her nose served as a bridle; while for spurs he ran a couple of nails through the heels of his boots. The result of this and many similar escapades was that the idea of ordination was abandoned; and Jemmy was bound apprentice to a tanner.

On the death of his father, he settled down as a country gentleman, increasing the fortune which had been left him by shrewd speculations in corn and flax. When not fox-hunting on Jupiter, he devoted his time to the training of young pigs to act as setters. The experiment was hardly a success. Try as he might, he could not prevent the pigs from grunting at the critical moment.

All forms of sport appealed to him. He hunted his own small pack of otter hounds. For baiting he kept two bulls, also a large bear called Nicholas. The latter once attacked him, and it was due entirely to the courage of one of his hounds that he was not killed. As it was, he received so hearty a hugging that the hunting-field did not see him for several weeks.

Jemmy's appearance at Pontefract Races was even more spectacular than when hunting. He rode in a huge carriage made of basket-work, surmounted by a canopy resting on iron pillars. On the axle-case was one of the first attempts at a speedometer, a clock-face with hands recording the number of miles travelled. Four large Andalusian mules completed the extraordinary picture. Amongst those whose attention was drawn to the carriage and its occupant was a Sir John Ramsden. The latter, proud of his own two magnificent bays, challenged Jemmy to a race round the course. The challenge was accepted, the mules winning easily with a hundred yeards to spare.

The fame of this sporting oddity travelled far, reaching at last the ears of George III. The result was that Lord Beaumont informed Jemmy that the King wished to see him. The reply was typical of the man:—

"My Lord.—I have received thy letter stating his Majesty's wish to see me. What does his Majesty wish to see me for? I'm nothing related to him, and I owe him nothing that I know of; so I can't conceive what he wants with me. I suspect thou hast been telling him what queer clothes I wear, and such like. Well, thou may tell his Majesty that I'm very busy just now trailing an otter to fish; but I'll contrive to come in the course of a month or so, as I should like to see London."

For some time he was busy making his preparations, and at last he set out for London. His carriage had been repainted more gaudily than in the past; his dress was more extravagant. The rabbitskin jacket was replaced by a resplendent garment of otter-skin, and his shoes were surmounted with large silver buckles. After three days' smart driving he reached London, lodging at Lord Beaumont's town house. On the following morning he drove his mules to the Palace, and was ushered into the presence of the King, giving the royal hand a lusty shake, instead of kissing it. This he followed with a pressing invitation: "If thou ever comes to Rawcliffe, step in and give me a visit. I can give thee some rare good wine, or a sup of brandy and water." Towards the end of their conversation, the King asked Jemmy whether he had expected to find the streets of London paved with gold. "Mebbe I did," he replied, "but I've found out I was mistaken. It's nowt but a mucky place, after all."

On his return to Yorkshire, he busied himself with many strange projects. Turning to aviation, he made himself a pair of wings, and launched himself from the mast of a ship. It was not a success, and he ended his flight in the muddy waters of the Humber. On another occasion he discarded his mules, and fitted his carriage with sails, in this way making several successful trips to Pontefract. Next he constructed a coffin for himself, providing it with shelves, and using it as a cupboard in his sitting-room.

But in 1829 the coffin found another use, for Jemmy Hirst, at the ripe old age of ninety-one, had reached the end of his sporting career. Even in death he managed to furnish something of the spectacular, his funeral being so extraordinary that hundreds came to witness it. The procession was formed strictly in accordance with the instructions in his will. First there came a large number of local sportsmen on horseback, followed by a piper from Aberdeen playing Psalm chants, who was to receive £5 from the estate. Then followed twelve old spinsters, six carrying the coffin, and six the pall, each receiving £1. Last of all came the village fiddler, who had been left £5, his duties being to strike-up "Over the hills and far away" as soon as the coffin was placed in the grave.

A WALK ON LANGNESS

By CAPTAIN F. H. MELLOR

DURING recent years the natural beauty of the Isle of Man has suffered considerably. Not only have broad highways been cut through the length and breadth of the island, but even quiet country lanes have been widened and altered to such an extent as to lose much of their former charm and interest. Moreover the motor-car has made even the most remote spot easy of access so that as a general rule, even on a country ramble, it is necessary to walk far more delicately than Agag ever did.

This applies to the neighbourhood of Castletown just as much as anywhere else, but there at least the inhabitants have the consolation that on the nearby peninsula of Langness, which divides Castletown from Derby Haven bay, they may wander undisturbed.

One morning in August I started off from Castletown with the intention of walking round the peninsula, which has of late been declared a bird sanctuary. It was a lovely day. The castle, one of the most perfect specimens of mediæval architecture in existence, was mirrored in the calm waters of the lagoon and wild swans, always a feature here, came swimming under the bridge in proud leadership of their dusky cygnets.

Hurrying along the promenade, which has been made to look like Burnham wood en route to Dunsinane by the erection of innumerable electric light poles, I came to Hango Hill, the ancient execution ground where William Christian, betrayer of the Countess of Derby, paid the supreme penalty after the Restoration. On my left King William's College rose up above the playing-field and it was interesting to note that in spite of the exposed position tall palms flourished in the garden.

Coming to the golf links I wandered down on to the shore and walked along the sand. There were many sea birds at the water's edge; a large number of gulls, a bird which in the island becomes so tame as to eat out of one's hand, oyster catchers and sandpipers making up the party. Some little way out I noted two cormorants diving as one often does in the bay. On the edge of the shore wild flowers flourished and the sea marguerite seemed completely at home in the sand as did its rivals the neat looking sea pink and the rather uninteresting sea campion.

But it was when the sand ended and I left the shore that the flowers became really attractive. The gorse on the links was not yet in bloom, it is true, but the green turf seemed carpeted with blue hairbells whose fragility and delicate colouring appeared in vivid contrast with the more robust habits and vivid hues of the purple heather. I now joined the rough road that leads to the lighthouse on the point of the peninsula and found in the waste land bordering it many other varieties of wild flowers; there were bog pimpernels, blue vetch, the rather superior-looking cream-coloured meadow-sweet, wild geraniums, lady's slipper and lady's bedstraw—melodious names; "almost singing themselves they run."

After collecting the flowers and hurrying past a well from which headless warriors are reputed to emerge at midnight, I came to another cheerful place—a haunted house. Perhaps the ghost has been laid now and its place taken by starlings, for this point marks the beginning of the bird sanctuary and in front of the house a pedestalled bird bath has been erected to the memory of the late Colonel Madoc, a great authority on bird life in the island. It is a pleasant place in which to rest a while, for the view across Castletown Bay is magnificent—one sees the mediæval silhouette of Castletown itself, the volcanic stack rock, the chiken rock and over all the heather clad mountains of South Barrule and Cronk and Ny-Irey-Lhaa rising up until they seem to melt away lost in purple mist.

From this point as far as the lighthouse the land to the right of the path, in spite of the exposed position, has been turned into one vast cornfield. In and out of the corn swallows darted in their eager way, making the fluttering tortoiseshell and cabbage white butterflies appear the slowest of movers and, between the corn stalks, I caught a glimpse of starlike scarlet pimpernels—to me the most lovely of all wild flowers—and pale gold celandine. On the left the land was wild and unspoilt; the rocks rising up from amidst masses of gorse, which was here for some reason or other in full bloom, and purple heather. Over all rose a round tower of considerable age, picturesque relic of days gone by when the present powerful lighthouse had not been erected.

At the extremity of the peninsula I clambered down amidst the rocks, to the great annoyance of the gulls who cried out in angry protest, and made my way down to the sea under strange arches and through grottoes covered with lichen, moss and saxifrage; grottoes which have been carved out during the passing of the years by the incessant beating of the waves. There were many sea birds here, among them being black headed gulls, black throated divers and herons.

On the way back along the eastern side of the peninsula I collected numerous mushrooms in a field near the golf course and also found specimens of the Manx National flower, the yellow cushag, a flower dear to the heart of every Manxman, though viewed without particular interest by the English to whom it is known as ragwort.

Crossing the golf course, where the first Derby was run, I came to Fort Island, a tiny piece of rock-girt land reached by a causeway. I was now looking across Derby Haven bay, and the view of the village and the fields rising up to the distant mountains was just as enchanting in its way as that over Castletown bay had been. On one end of the island stands a ruined chapel, reputed to date from the 10th century and on the point there is a circular fort built by James, Lord of Man and Earl of Derby, during the Civil War, a block of red sandstone over the gateway still showing his coronet and the date in relief.

Apart from the antics of various golfers there was nothing very much of interest between Fort Island and the old smugglers home of Derby Haven. But as I entered the narrow village street I was delighted to see a black Manx cat, one of the famous tailless variety, cross my path. These cats, which are reputed to be fast dying out, present a distinctly leopard like appearance with legs longer behind than in front. Their origin is a matter of speculation; some say that they were brought to the island from Sicily by the Vikings; others that they came ashore from a wrecked galleon at the time of the Spanish Armada.

With an admiring glance at the fuchsia hedges—fuchsias flourish all over the island—I made tracks for Castletown, my ramble over. Three things, however, remain in my memory and will not lightly be forgotten; the yellow gorse on the peninsula; the purple heather on the golf links; and the plaintive cry of the sea birds near the caves as they hovered fishing.

GOLFING MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS

By J. J. STUART-EDWARDS

IN 1890 I went to Strathpeffer, the Spa in Ross and Cromarty, for treatment for rheumatism. The sulphur water was, however, too strong for me, and I had to give up taking it. But as Strathpeffer was such a lovely spot I decided to spend part of my holiday there. It possessed a small, very rough, nine-hole golf course, and, as there was nowhere I could play lawn tennis, I bought a cleek, an iron and a putter and began to play golf.

As I have said, the course was very rough, and one had to drive over stone walls, small barley fields and so on, but fortunately the greens were good. I played with a scratch golfer from Edinburgh who gave me first two strokes a hole, then one, and with the help of putting, which I have never equalled since, I held my own fairly well.

This was, of course, in the day of the guttie ball. The rubber-cored balls certainly made my long game easier, but I never played short approaches or putted so well with them as with the guttie.

This experience made such an impression on me that, as I was then 40 years of age, I gave up lawn tennis, and on my return to London joined a golf club and took up the game seriously, at the same time never missing a chance of watching the crack players of the day. In the newly formed club I joined practically all were beginners, and it may be of interest to present-day players if I describe how we initiates set about improving our play.

H. H. HILTON

As I mentioned my Scotch experience I was allotted only a handicap of 16 instead of the usual 36 of that time, and my first ambition in common with that of the other beginners was first to do a score of less than a hundred gross and get the almost universally worn red coat with the club facings, and then win enough monthly medal buttons to fit up the coat. After thus qualifying for a red coat a single figure handicap was aimed at. I soon attained my two first objectives, but the single figure evaded me for many years.

I have seen most of the leading professional and amateur golfers of the past 48 years, though I unfortunately missed Bobbie Jones. I was well acquainted with "the Triumvirate" Taylor, Vardon and Braid, and Alec Herd, the champion waggler (I counted thirteen waggles once), an unlucky player who was practically their equal.

Vardon was the acme of grace and controlled power, and a very quick player; his contemporaries called him "the greyhound." I have seen him play some wonderful strokes. Once at Northwood, his ball was lying within an inch of the club-house wall, on the opposite side of the house to the green. Vardon, standing with his back to the green, played the ball with a back-spin over the house and it fell close to the pin! Then he missed an easy putt! I cannot imagine Bobbie Jones, or any other golfer, surpassing or even equalling him in grace and style. Taylor was and still is the embodiment of solid, controlled consistency, scientifically applied. He is a man of great ability, and in my opinion would have made his mark in any walk of life. He has written a standard book on golf "on his own" and unedited.

JAMES BRAID

SOME GIANTS OF GOLF IN ACTION

From the "Book of Golf and Golfers," by Horace G. Hutchinson (Longmans Green & Co.)

Braid is force personified, and a fine character. He is generally spoken of as being phlegmatic. This is, I imagine, because he has cultivated self-control, for I recall seeing him, when playing as an amateur, become very excited about a lost ball. In his early days as a professional he was a notoriously bad putter, but by steady practice he became a mechanically sound one.

The most powerful driver I have ever seen was Braid's cousin, Douglas Rolland, who unfortunately became crippled with rheumatism at an early age. There remains in my mind a clear recollection of his play in a match with Willie Park on the old Tooting Bec course. Playing with the old guttie, he could equal the longest modern players with their wonderful new types of ball, and he was "streets ahead" of Park, who, however, was a very fine putter indeed. Tom Ball, another great putter, was professional to one of my clubs, and practised putting for hours daily. I must not forget too Tom Ball's great namesake, Mr. John Ball, who carried neither a mashie nor a niblick, and who positively conjured with his iron.

I remember seeing Andrew Kirkaldy play an exhibition match at Eltham. He was a "character" and certainly lived up to his reputation on this occasion. It may have been the Eltham course, now the home of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, or some other heavy inland course that he described as "naething but a sanguinary watter meadie."

Sayers, who it was said began life as an acrobat, was another "character." He was a tiny man who made up for his lack of inches by using very long clubs, which he controlled well in a very free swing. He knew all the niceties of the short game, and was an excellent teacher. He taught Mr. Arthur Balfour, as he then was, in what I believe is now the recognised way. He began with the mashie, and when that was mastered he went on one by one to the other clubs. He did not allow his pupil to play a game for six months, and then only a foursome. The result was that although Mr. Balfour began late in life he became a single-figure player. At Broadstone once I saw him play very well.

As a postscript to my recollections of famous golfers, I will give my impressions of W. J. Travis, the first foreigner to win a British Golf Championship.

Travis, an Australian by birth, had learnt his golf in the U.S.A. A dour, silent personage, he was as conspicuous on the course for smoking a succession of black cheroots as Harold Hilton was for his chain of cigarettes. His American thoroughness in sport and games—a thoroughness of which I saw many examples when I was in the States—was evident in the way he prepared his plan of campaign for the contest on the links of the Royal St. George's Club at Sandwich.

He spent some days in studying the course, and then returned to London and bought a set of short-shafted wooden clubs, his reason for this being that he knew he was a short if straight driver, and that he could not carry one or two cross bunkers from the tee though he might reach them, so that it was necessary for him to make certain of playing short of them. A friend of mine checked all Travis's drives at the first hole throughout the tournament, and a blanket would have covered where they all lay, just at the right spot for playing for second shot over the cross bunker.

JOHN BALL

Next, Travis studied the local rules, and the knowledge of them enabled him in an important round to claim a hole from an opponent who did not know them. This incident put the careless one off his game and Travis won. His marvellous work with his Schenectady putter—a new make of American putter—hitherto unknown over here—was, however, the main cause of his success. Throughout his career he remained one of the finest putters ever seen.

After Travis's success there was a rush to obtain Schenectady putters, which certainly were instruments "well adapted for the purpose," to vary the professor's oft-quoted definition of golf-clubs. They did not, however, conform to the standard specification, and after a good deal of controversy were banned by the Royal and Ancient authorities.

COMING OUT OF A BAMBOO BELT

GIANT FOREST HOGS OF THE ABERDARES

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY

IT was just 50 miles across the plateau from our house on the western flank of Mt. Kenya to the last farm at the north end of the Aberdare Range, and as the car topped the last rolling rise the 13,000ft. mass of Sattima looked down on the buildings in a wide grassy valley trending down from between two long forest-clad ridges, the southernmost of which we were to climb to our camp.

Our eight little mules were there, and we hoped to make camp some distance out before dark, but loading ropes had not been sent with them; it took time to improvise them from the coil I had brought, and the mules were as mulish as usual and threw every load as soon as it was on. So we only moved out a mile or so and camped for the night on the edge of the forest.

Bongo and the Forest Hog were what we were after; museum specimens of each and perhaps some pictures: though this last was only a faint hope, for they are dwellers in dense forest and a chance of a photograph is not to be expected but to be regarded in the same light as winning a first prize in the Calcutta Sweep.

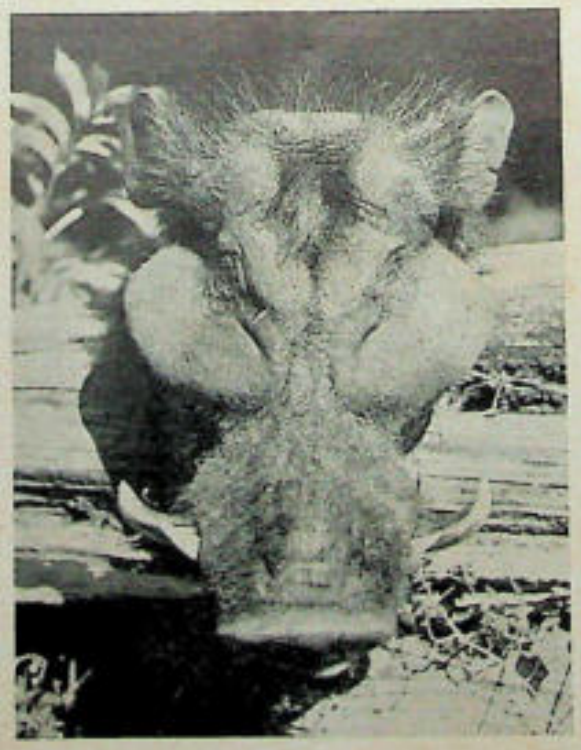
It was cold in the night and the mules were accordingly frolicsome in the extreme next morning. We rose with the sun and got away at about 10 o'clock already feeling at "outs" with the pack-animal world, and our tempers did not improve in the five hours it took to reach camp. Our rate of progress was just over a mile an hour, every 20 minutes a mule threw its load and took as long again to get loaded, and we had had to cut away branches throughout the climb of 2,500ft., except when we came out on to one or two patches of open grass after the first two thousand.

There the bamboo began, in belts separated by forests of huge camphor trees (*Ocotea usambarensis*), and not, as on Mt. Kenya, in one continuous zone. These belts began and ended suddenly; so that one pushed into a wall of feathery 15ft. green stuff, stumbled, grovelled, ducked for two or three hundred yards, then emerged as abruptly into colonnades of lofty trees, with bracken and lush grass in the glades between. Only the tops of the ridges were clothed almost continuously with bamboo between 9,500ft. and 10,500ft., which to a man of six feet-four (myself) was a back-breaking misery.

At half-past three we reached a flat place where we decided to camp and the rain began. We pitched the soggy tents in a downpour which lasted for six hours and retired to bed feeling clammy and unhappy in the increasing cold at 10,000ft. above the sea.

It froze hard and next morning when we left camp with three boys, Degwa the camera boy, Dixie the hunter, and Wawangi the carrier of lunch and other impedimenta, the grass in the open valley below where we got our water was stiff and white.

We climbed the opposite ridge through a lovely bit of forest, used an elephant path through dense bamboo for half a mile, and came out into a grassy glade uncomfortably close to a solitary bull elephant. Up went his trunk, out went his ears as the boys faded into the forest behind me, and then he swung round and departed majestically with the curious high-stepping gait they often adopt when alarmed, one 50lb. tusk sticking up at a curious angle from the other.



FRONTAL VIEW OF HEAD OF BOAR

We descended a bit to avoid his side of the ridge and came on a half-grown eland dozing on a sunny slope amidst the bracken; so oblivious to danger that I walked up to within 10yds. of his tail before he awoke and trotted away.

Up again on to the crest of the ridge and into the big forest on the other side, where under some great trees a pair of the rare Elgon Francolin paraded in front of us and would hardly get out of the way. Fifty yards beyond them two male bushbuck fed peaceably, and I thought that the photograph I have wanted for years was mine at last; but it was so dark under the trees that I could not focus them, and when I moved round to try for better light they saw me and fled, hurdling gracefully over fallen tree trunks.

A quarter of a mile on a waterbuck stood in a little open glade and we started to stalk him through a narrow belt of bamboo.

I had passed the rifle back and taken the camera when Dixie, who was leading and pushing bamboos out of my way, exclaimed "Guruwé!" in tones of horror and flung himself sideways to clear my front.

Now *guruwé* means warthog in Swahili, and the correct local name of the Forest Hog is *nunera*, while *kuru* means waterbuck and that was what I thought he said. Consequently I looked towards where the waterbuck had been standing and it was a couple of seconds before I saw an enormous hairy black mass standing 5yds. away on the little game track, white tusks curling up below two great flat warts like the fungi which grow out of the trunks of oak trees. Beyond the boar were more black splodges amongst the bamboos.

It flashed uncomfortably through my mind as I put down the camera and reached back for the rifle that the boar is reputed to defend himself and his family with great courage, and it seemed a long time before Degwa pushed the rifle into my hand. But the boar trotted off before I could level it. I met him suddenly round a clump as he stood beneath the arch of a fallen tree, hit a bamboo as he turned again to go and I swung the rifle up, and missed him at 5 yds.

The whole sounder of nearly a dozen bolted, disappearing down hill almost immediately, one sow knocking over a squeaker which got in her way and which gave tongue like an injured blood-hound pup; there was dead silence and my first encounter with Forest Hog at close quarters had ended disastrously.

We went on decidedly saddened and reached the fringe of the upper tree-line, so turned down another ridge, finding fresh bongo tracks in the first 10 minutes. We took them up and within a furlong they had been obliterated by a herd of buffalo. After long search we picked them up again on the opposite side of the ravine into which the beast had gone, climbed it and found at the top that more buffalo had walked over them and completely wiped them out this time. We got back to camp a little after midday when it began to rain, continuing long after dark and freezing hard again.

Next day we tried a long ridge farther to the south; bamboo nearly all the way, bumped into three different herds of buffalo in the first hour, had bongo tracks wiped out by them four times and found a herd of about 35 eland up on the edge of the tree-line, where elephant and rhino tracks a couple of months old were very plentiful. We got back after

IN THE FOREST AMONG THE CAMPHOR TREES

five hours of bending and stretching through the bamboo, soaked with sweat and muddied to the thighs, just as the rain began again.

Every afternoon for the first ten days of our twelve it rained, except one when it merely spat; camp never got properly dry and after the fourth day, when a large sow was bagged, I got a violent go of lumbago and had to stay in camp for four days.

The sow was the largest of five Forest Hog which were lying in the sun in a bracken-filled glade, and, after cleaning the entire body cavity, four men carried her on an improvised stretcher with the greatest difficulty less than a mile to camp, and I estimated her weight before cleaning as well over 300lb.

On the tenth day the sounder encountered on the first day was found again on the same ridge and the big boar bagged. I had often mocked at the "Giant" part of the Forest Hog's name, having seen pig of equal height in India and Mesopotamia, but I now learnt better as I marvelled at his bulk. No Indian Wild Boar approaches the bulk of a Forest Hog, and this one, admittedly an exceptionally big specimen, I estimated to weigh rather over 500lb.—about the same as a good average tiger. I have weighed many species of big game and feel sure I was not far out.

His height at the shoulder was 36½in., and the sow's 30in.; his length, nose to root of tail, being 72in. and hers 62½. All mounted specimens I have seen have had a flat back, like a warthog's, whereas these two had arched backs like those of bush-pigs and, on saving the skeletons, I found that the spine carries long flat processes, almost ankylosed they are so close together, to take the muscles which hold up the enormous bulk, for the legs are very short. The girth of the boar's neck was 36in. and his chest was 59½, the sow being 30 and 53½ respectively.

The sow has not the warty facial processes which, in this boar, measured 16in. from outer edge to edge, but her tusks were as long though not so thick; while another feature of interest in the boar was the bowl-shaped depression on the forehead, 3in. across and more than an inch deep, which, on skinning out, I found to be formed by a thick ridge of gristle on a shallow ridge of bone.

We saw but a glimpse of one bongo, a fine male which was put away by a bushbuck; but I came to the conclusion that with so many buffalo about one's chances of bagging one of these fine antelope, never rosy at any time, are reduced to an extent which makes hunting them as profitable as looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack.

When confined to my camp by lumbago we were visited, just after lunch one day, by another solitary bull elephant, which walked up to within 20yds. of where my wife was reading in a deck chair and then half circled the camp before departing. Our tent was pitched under a magnificent camphor tree, 20½ft. in girth 4 ft. from the ground, and we derived much comfort from its massive trunk until the old brute moved off.

Around camp we caught butterflies, most plentiful amongst which was the fritillary, *Argynnis Hanningtoni*, which lived much higher that I had found it on Mt. Kenya, and that miniature Red Admiral, *Antoecia sekoneia*, was also common: I found that several of the Mt. Kenya butterflies here went a 1,000ft. higher. Of birds the most numerous was the quaint dark-blue Wood Hoopoe, *Phæniculus purpureus*, of which there were always several parties climbing about the tree trunks probing the crevices for insects with their orange-red bills, and every evening flocks of stumpy green parrots flew over and pitched for a while on the tree above our tent. The rare Elgon Francolin I saw three times when near big game, and never got a specimen.

Lion I heard twice at night, but saw none. I would dearly have liked to shoot one; for, having seen the original skins of the so-called Spotted Lion, which came from the Aberdares and were immature, I would then, I feel sure, have exploded the theory of its existence.

Left.—THE GREAT BOAR SHOT AT 10,500 FT. IN THE ABERDARE RANGE. *Right.*—DEGWA WITH THE SOW

FRENCH STAGHOUNDS (SAINTONGEOIS x ENGLISH FOXHOUND) IN KENNEL

ENGLISH BLOOD IN FRENCH KENNELS

By J. IVESTER LLOYD

ALMOST every British hound has a French ancestor somewhere in its pedigree. France still supplies occasional fresh blood but, during the last few years, there has been a turn of the tide and British strains can now be traced in many French kennels.

Our modern foxhound bears little resemblance to the talbot of the Norman invaders, from which it sprang, crosses of greyhound and, probably, pointer, adding pace without any appreciable loss of nose. Many otterhounds have a fairly recent French cross and there is a strong resemblance between the lighter-marked otterhound and a griffon Vendeean. Some of the few remaining pure Welsh hounds are described as "white," although cream or grey would be more accurate, and here also the French influence is traceable. It may be a very long way back, even as far as the hounds presented by a French monastery to a similar institution in Wales somewhere in the middle ages.

The latest importations from France have been made by Sir John Buchanan-Jardine who has used Saintongeois blood in his Dumfriesshire pack to improve both nose and voice. He has also imported griffon Vendeean bassets to start a pack of these quaint, rough-coated hounds. One or two other British breeders of bassets have turned to France for fresh blood and, during the summer of 1939 I crossed the channel with a master of bassets to help him in his choice. I was surprised at the extent of British influence on French hound breeding.

The bassets remain pure but, in many kennels, their place has been taken by beagles of English descent. France has no native beagle. The old hands complain that their music is not to be compared with a basset's, but the younger men like their method of working, their activity and smaller appetites.

Their ideal of a beagle is one which stands about 15in. and is of good conformation and for this type they have to come occasionally to England for fresh blood as, after one or two generations on their soil, beagles seem to become weedy. They also like a natural round ear which is not characteristic of our best beagles. Since my return, I heard that most of the Bushmead pack had gone to France where these strong hounds should be an asset.

They also have the "beagle Elisabeth" which is none other than our old friend the pocket beagle which has now practically disappeared from this country. I could find no definite explanation of the name by which he is known in France and I can only guess that he has earned it because our own Queen Elizabeth owned a pack of pockets, then known as "singing beagles."

Roch-sur-Yon is in the centre of the sport-loving *bocage*, or wooded district, of Vendee and here, before the war, an annual hound fair was held. There are still small kennels of hounds in nearly every village and we were directed to a château whose owner, we were informed, kept a pack—*meute*, the Frenchman calls it—of Vendeean bassets. Instead, we found beagles.

The French equivalent of our harrier is the briquet, in size midway between a basset and a full-sized hound. Actually, in griffon Vendeean strains, it is often hard to distinguish between basset and briquet and one breeder admitted that sometimes both occur in the same litter. Briquets and bassets are both used for hunting hare and roe deer but another breed has become popular for this sport, the robust, active beagle-harrier of British descent on both sides.

Hound trials are held by the followers of *la petite venerie*, who may be likened to our beaglers. These trials are for entire packs on wild quarry. Bassets, briquets, beagles, beagles Elisabeth, beagle-harriers, all may compete, individual hounds being first judged for make and shape. Judging must be a long and difficult business and there is a risk that the quarry will be shot in front of hounds by some follower of *la chasse au tire*. For sporting rights are regarded as the property of anyone who cares to pay for a game licence. Close seasons are, however, strictly enforced by the *garde de chasse*, although vermin is, nominally, the responsibility of the *lieutenant de louvreterie* of the district. This "master of the wolf hunt" is a survival of the days when wolves were a menace and is usually a man of some standing. It is his privilege to hunt or shoot when and where he likes and to keep as many hounds or dogs as he pleases without licence. My own impression was that such an individual might easily be more of a nuisance than a blessing to a sporting district.

Even in the hounds used for *la grande venerie*, I again recognised a strong British influence. This is the mounted section of French hunting, *les grandes équipages*, and the quarry is red deer, wild boar or roe deer. At one time it was wolf, but the fox is usually dug like the badger, or bolted and shot. There were, not many years ago, several pure native breeds of hounds kept for *la grande venerie* but, through many causes, careless breeding, the war, masters dying and strains being lost, some of them became so weakened that, in a long hunt, relays of hounds became necessary. Now, in most kennels of size, an English foxhound cross is producing a bold, upstanding hound of fine stamina. It is impossible to miss the foxhound in these cross-breeds. Their quarters do not droop so much as those of most native breeds and they are straighter in front. Another result is that blue mottles are being replaced by tricolours with plenty of Belvoir tan.

I saw one very level pack near St. Hermine, composed of Saintongeois—foxhound crossbreeds, and another, the Rallye Poitou, near Poitier, made up of a very strong lot of Poictvin X foxhounds. A third pack, on a bank of the Loire, was chiefly Saintongeois X foxhounds, but also included about two couples of pure Gascon-Saintongeois hounds, leggy, roach-backed blue mottles with very long, pointed ears and standing almost 29in. at their shoulders. A pure English foxhound in the same kennel looked like a small harrier beside them. There were also a couple of St. Hubert cross which reminded me of thick-set Kerry black and tans.

One French huntsman—*chef piqueur*—found the pure French hounds supreme in noise and voice and handier in the field than the crossbreeds, but without the stamina of the latter.

These huntsmen were interesting. Their summer dress is the same as the gardeners'—blue overalls, straw hat, sabots—but their weather-beaten "foxy" faces, twinkling eyes and "hound" voices might have belonged to any English senior hunt servant.

A PACK OF GRIFFON VENDEEAN BRIQUETS WITH THEIR KENNEL-HUNTSMAN

AN OUTLAW OF THE ISLANDS:

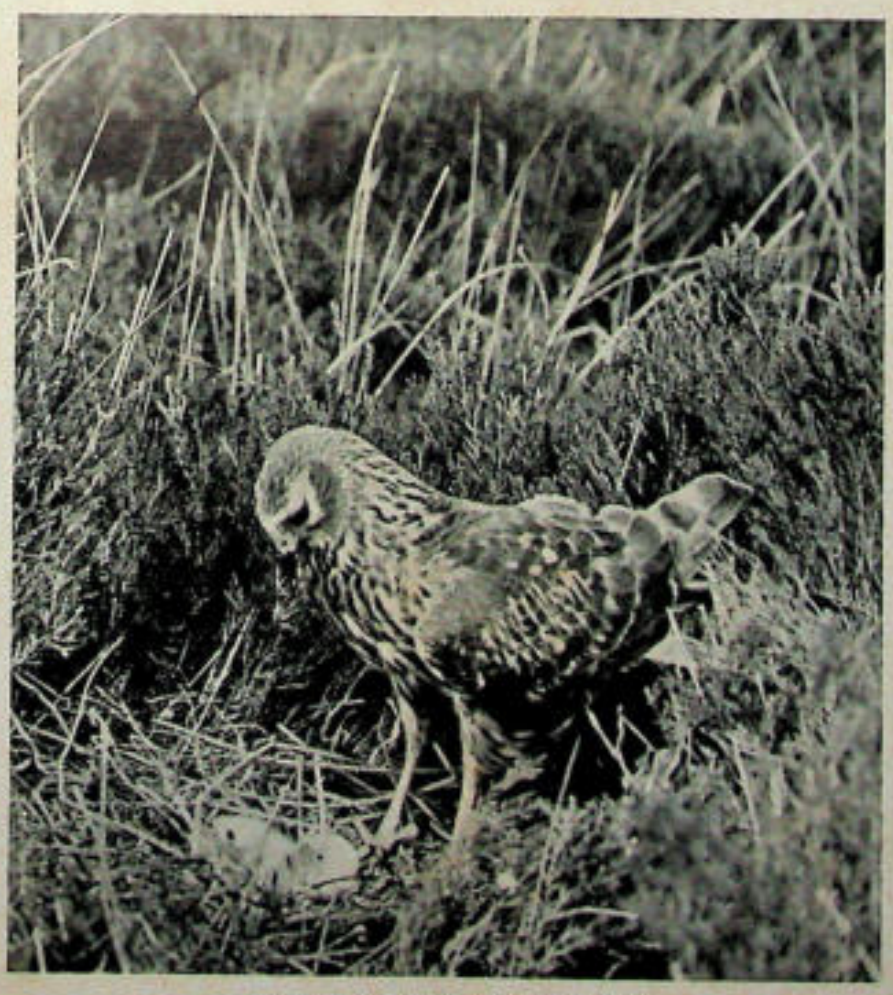
Photographed by VIOLET MAXSE

THE COCK IS VERY RARELY SEEN AT THE NEST

THE HEN AT THE NEST

Very uncommon at any time in England—and almost extinct as a breeding species—the Hen Harrier is very common indeed in Orkney and Shetland: so common, in fact, that there is some danger that the islanders may be compelled in their own interests to undertake wholesale destruction of the birds. One of the grandest, sights in nature is that of the harrier's pass. The male, astonishingly handsome in his silver-grey plumage, carrying his catch in his talons, soars over the nest on the moors and drops his burden in mid-air. The female, considerably less handsome in brown, buff and cream, having seen her mate while yet afar off, rises from the nest, executes a perfectly-timed somersault, catches the prey before it reaches the ground and carries it proudly to her young. Such a performance should be sufficient to ensure the birds' preservation. Miss Maxse's excellent photographs include a great rarity. It is strange indeed to see the male at the nest: and it would be interesting to know if there is another such photograph in existence.

THE HEN REMOVING AN EGGSHELL FROM THE NEST



A LOOK OF AFFECTIONATE PRIDE

THE PRODUCTION OF TROUT IN NATURAL WATERS

THE production of trout in natural waters is subject to such variety of conditions and to so many different factors that probably in no two areas is the result the same. There is first the fundamental difference between running and still water, between the streams and rivers and the lakes, mountain tarns and lochs. Geographical position may be of great importance and the long cold northern winter may exercise a restriction that is entirely absent from the milder, shorter and altogether less rigorous climate nearer the southern limit of the trout's range. Similarly altitude may be potent by reason of a comparable set of causes while finally the geology of the surrounding district may have an influence that exceeds the combined sum of all the others. The last mentioned factor, without any scientific although with a great deal of observational data, has in general terms been summed up as the presence or absence of lime in the country, and therefore the water, concerned. No doubt can exist that normally the presence of lime denotes large trout and its absence is nearly always an indication of small trout. To this latter part of the rule some exceptions recently have been noted, and perhaps undue weight has been attached to them, for it can still be said without fear of contradiction that normally the alkalinity or acidity of the water is a sure index of the size of the trout therein. A knowledge of the pH value of any water, running or still, will, with very few exceptions indeed, give an index of considerable accuracy of the average size of the trout which it contains.

The average size of the trout, however, is no index of the number of trout which will be found in any particular stream or lake or of the number which each water will provide in an ordinary year. Numbers depend upon an altogether different set of circumstances to size and, to mention no others, the quantity of breeding trout and the quality of the spawning grounds, the suitability of the accommodation for fry and the abundance or absence of predatory enemies must all exercise an exceedingly active influence on the final result. It is of course possible in certain circumstances to eliminate one or more of the factors by suitable artificial arrangements and still to obtain a production of trout which might be regarded as the natural crop of the water.

For instance in some lakes and ponds, often those made by man, spawning ground may be absent for practical purposes and yet by the introduction of fry the available food resources are utilised and the total weight of trout caught may still be regarded as the natural production of that water. Similarly spawning trout may be trapped, the eggs incubated and the resulting fry placed in greater numbers and in more suitable places than would have been the case had the trout been allowed to proceed naturally.

Quite apart from the complications involved it is seldom possible to arrive at an even approximate figure for the annual production of trout from any given area of water. Angling statistics are notoriously ill kept, weight is seldom taken with the accuracy that is desirable and finally, in the case of still waters, it is often, if indeed not usually, almost impossible to determine how much of the total area is effective for the production and utilisation of food for the fish.

It is quite commonly held that trout normally feed only in water less than twenty feet deep, and, in greatest number, in water less than fifteen feet deep. One does, however, often see trout rising in water the depth of which is known to be greater than this and in the surface layers of such deeper water food organisms suitable for smaller trout are undoubtedly to be found in large quantities; these organisms may well be drifted to more shallow areas where they can be used by the small trout feeding near the shores. Of the more important trout fishing lochs regarding which accurate statistics of all kinds are available Loch Leven is probably outstanding. The history of the loch itself goes back for well over a century and the catch of trout, is known for an equally long period.

To very many anglers Loch Leven is known as a large sheet of water in that flat Kinross table land, although few will realise that it is 360 feet above sea level. Its area was considerably reduced by a drainage scheme in 1830; since that time 3,543 acres of water have had a rise and fall over a total range of three-and-a-half feet. Much of the loch is shallow and normally less than eight feet in depth, by far the greater part is less than 15 feet and a limited area is between fifteen and twenty feet. Only two comparatively small areas, one near St. Serfs Island and the other further north, are substantially more than twenty feet deep. The water is for practical purposes neutral, the pH value is usually between 6.8 and 7.0, and while not encouraging excessive weed growth this does support shrimps in considerable quantities as well as a heavy population of flies of various species.

From 1812 to 1873 the loch was netted steadily by a tenant, or series of tenants, who paid a substantial rent for the privilege and from ten to twenty thousand pounds weight of trout were taken each year. The best reported year, 1819, yielded 32,000 trout weighing 26,000lb. This, however, was probably not the total toll since the local farming population seem to have made a regular practice of taking the spawning trout from the burns (which the trout ascend as early as August), and pickling them for use in the winter. If we assume for the moment that the higher of the range of net captures was the average total weight of trout taken and the useful area of the loch to have been 3,500 acres, then during this period just over five pounds of trout was produced per acre of water in each year.

After the stoppage of netting in 1873 man's war on the trout may have been less intensive but the pike, and probably the perch, stock seems to have increased and it is said that a material addition to the pike was made by the bursting of the dam of another loch about 1901. After this latter date matters were gradually re-adjusted by attack on the pike and by adding artificially to the trout population. It was not until these measures began to have effect in 1907 that the angling catches became noticeably greater than the earlier netting figures. Production was between twenty and thirty thousand pounds of trout per annum until 1929 when it rose to the high figure of 40,000lb. Since that time catches have continued to increase, the annual number of trout taken has on three occasions exceeded 50,000 and in these three years the weight of the trout caught has been between 40,000 and 47,000lb.

A feature of the Loch Leven trout is the extraordinary uniformity in their size. The annual average weight varies from twelve to fourteen ounces and most frequently does not exceed thirteen ounces. Two ounces on either side of these limits will cover three-quarters, and probably more, of all the trout caught, most of which are apparently in the fifth or sixth summer of their lives. Of all the many thousands taken each year less than a couple of dozen weigh two pounds or over. In this we can see the limiting factor imposed by the water and the environment which, as always, regulates with some nicety the normal maximum size of the trout produced.

Nowadays and for a number of years past Loch Leven is not, and has not been, artificially stocked. Consequently we can see the natural production of an area of water blessed by very ample spawning facilities in the burns tributary to the loch and by the very large area of feeding available in the loch itself. Perch are now practically the only predatory enemies and competitors in the water, although gulls take vast quantities of flies on the wing. Eels, owing to the grossly polluted state of the lower river Leven, are entirely absent. When commercial netting was in full operation the annual production, as stated above, was five pounds of trout per acre of water. Then later when angling developed it rose to seven or eight pounds per acre. Now in the last four years the production has been over ten pounds per acre and in 1938 it was thirteen pounds per acre.

Whether streams and lakes in the chalk and limestone areas, such as the south of England or Loughs Mask and Conn in Ireland, could do better than this with natural trout, or with trout placed in the water as fry, remains to be seen. It is probable that in such areas the figures of production would be higher just as it is probable that in waters of an acid type they would be lower. A point of practical importance is that the trout in each water grow to a definite average size in a definite period of time, the Loch Leven trout for instance in five or six years, and that to secure the most economical results as many trout as possible should be removed before they pass this point and cease to respond usefully to the quantity of food which they consume.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

ONLY TWENTY MILES FROM LONDON—A POOL ON THE RIVER LEA, NEAR HERTFORD

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN Kolkata Acc. No-5822 15/12/08

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE "LEK" SHOWING PROXIMITY TO KEEPER'S HOUSE

THE FACE-UP

BLACKCOCK COURTSHIP

By G. K. YEATES

OF all bird courtships few are more beautiful or interesting than the dawn meetings of the cock black game. This astonishing display, as remarkable for its music as for its antics, has naturally attracted considerable attention from field ornithologists, and many have attempted to describe it, notably Mr. E. Selous in *Realities of Bird Life*. Mere words, however, can give really very little idea of its appearance, and although this article may have little that is new to tell, the accompanying photographs showing the characteristic positions assumed may give a better idea of the performance itself than any amount of the most accurate description.

The "lek" or tourney-ground whereon the blackcock fight is a fixed site, that is to say, they use the same area every day during the spring months, and, wary though they are, it requires considerable disturbance to make them break with habit and desert their chosen spot. Leks vary from heather knolls and clearings in the forest to grass fields close to human habitation. The latter in my experience are selected by preference. Being an affair of dawn and sunrise, the proximity of human beings does not worry the display, for the birds are finished before most men are astir.

The first plate shows just such a lek, close to a keeper's house in the forest of Rothiemurchus. It will be seen how close to the buildings the birds are prepared to wander, the attraction, I think, being the corn which the keeper puts down for his chickens.

The remaining photographs illustrate various phases of the fighting. On arriving the birds greet the lek with a curious "bubbling" chorus—a singularly beautiful noise, which I can only liken to the deep coo-ing of certain tame pigeons. At the time I noted it down as "hoo-hoo-how-whur" (with the emphasis on the "how"). It is uttered with the tail held upright and full expanded, and the head held low and with throat rapidly reverberating.

This cry brings a rival on the scene. This second bird seems in no hurry to come to grips, but stolidly watches his challenger perform. His ire, however, roused, he leaps into the air with a fierce hissing note. Such a bird is depicted immediately after landing. After such fearsome noises one might expect hostilities to begin. But no, neither bird seems quite to like taking the first plunge, and for some time (often minutes) they stand facing one another, apparently sizing up the chances and looking most sheepish. One of the pictures shows this "face-up." At last the contest is on, and they run in swiftly. The two birds are seen just about to do this. The impact is only momentary, both birds seeming eager to retire as quickly as possible. I regret that I could get nothing satisfactory of the fight itself. It must be remembered that the birds are moving rapidly and that the lighting conditions at 6 a.m. render photography rather difficult. The more is the pity as the actual impact occurs so swiftly that it defeats the eye. The fighting, however, is quite desultory, and neither bird seems eager to carry things to extremes. After one or two clashes hostilities are broken off by one of the fighters quietly walking off. This act of cowardice is taken for granted by the other, which immediately resumes feeding until the urge of battle again seizes it.

THE BIRD ON THE RIGHT UTTERING THE BUBBLING NOTE

THE BIRD ON THE RIGHT HAS JUST UTTERED "THE HISSING NOTE"

THE TOP BIRD IS JUST BEGINNING TO MOVE INTO CONTACT. THE BIRD IN THE LOWER PICTURE IS STRAIGHTENING UP TO RECEIVE IT

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field

BEDALE.—The meet was at the Kennels on a fine morning which prophesied a scent. There was a small warfield and no scarlet except the hunt servants and master who hunted hounds. The pack found at once in the wood east of Oak Tree House, and went away with a grand cry. Just skirting the north end of Scruton Big Wood they bore left-handed for Kirkby Fleetham, but being headed near Lowfield Farm the fox came back in view of the field; being hunted fast into the east side of Scruton Big Wood. He regained the starting point, then going on by Old Harry, hounds crossed the Low Street and the Great North Road, near Little Holtby. The pack continued on through Holtby Willow Garth, and bearing left-handed, reached the Bedale Coverts at the east end.

Running through the woods, hounds came away over the road to Keeper's Wood, where the fox, making a ring by Bedale Hall Gardens and Rand House, was nearly caught. Coming back a second time to Keeper's Wood, hounds crossed the road, past Bedale Wood, and leaving Cowling Hall on the left ran on to the Old Wood near High Pond House. Continuing at a slower pace through Wild Duck Car, they crossed the road east of Stone Hag, then after running between Aysgarth School and Lindale Bog had to own defeat close to Newton-le-Willows village.

During the run other foxes were about in the Bedale Woods, and probably foxes were changed somewhere there. The point was seven miles and about 17 miles were covered as hounds ran. Up to Bedale they went fast and the time taken was about two hours. All horses had had enough and hounds went home.

B.

BELVOIR.—A hitherto remarkably open season was brought to a frosty halt at Christmas. After the temperature had relented sufficiently to allow the Boxing Day meet to take place, the thermometer descended with a rush and the Wednesday morning's prospect was far from pleasing. However, Lord Daresbury does not give in without a struggle, so he postponed the meet at Carthorpe from 10.30 to noon, hoping the sun would take effect by then. But a cold wind counteracted any softening influence and the going in the gateways would not have been out of place at St. Moritz.

Nevertheless, the Master decided to move off and a cautious though apprehensive approach was made across the fields to the Ricketts, to be rewarded immediately by an outlier jumping up in the fence short of the spinney. Hounds went well away after him and ran over the bottom and up the slope beyond, whilst horses slithered in their wake. The hunt persevered in the most remarkable way, considering the icy conditions, which might have been expected to ruin any scent. As it turned out, it would have been possible to see the best of it from the ridge by Wymondham New Plantation, as the pack described huge figures of eight around this point, running twice through the outskirts of Wymondham village before proceeding well into Cottesmore country. They hunted beautifully past the Roughs, and instead of carrying straight on into Stapleford Park as seemed likely, the line first crossed the brook and bore left-handed up the hill towards Edmondthorpe before turning back and finishing in the park. The order was given for home after hounds had been running for over an hour, luckily never fast but with great persistence. The ground had not given an inch and jumping each fence was an adventure, so everyone felt that they had been generously treated by the sporting decision to hunt at all.

UNBRIDLED.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—In spite of a cold nor'easter, this pack showed some good sport, after meeting at Shellingford Village. There was a quick find in the Wilderness, the fox leaving as if for Rosey Copse, but turning he pointed for Rogue Pits, which was held on the left. The pack forced him along, past Shellingford Vicarage to Kitemore (held on the right), then running away from the field were not picked up until Wicklesham Lodge was neared. From here the pace eased over the ploughs, hounds turning beyond Little Coxwell and coming back left-handed to Ringdale.

Scent was scarcely so good in covert, but the fox was pushed through to the Faringdon branch railway line by Colespits. A timely "holloa" towards Little Newbury got the pack on close terms once more, and running faster they came left-handed to Kitemore, breaking on the north side. The fox now chose to keep parallel with the Wantage road for some distance, and was viewed a couple of fields in front. Hounds were able to force the pace past Shellingford Cross Roads, over Mr. Gantlett's farm, and down to Rosey Brook, which was crossed. Going on to Balking they bore left-handed from the village, and marked their fox to ground on Balking Hill at the end of 60 minutes, and with a point of 3¼ miles.

On returning to Rosey Copse a fox crossed the brook to Balking Hill, any intention of going to ground being thwarted by digging operations already in progress. He therefore turned for Oldfield Farm and set a fair pace, turning right-handed and running parallel with the main G. W. Railway line back to Balking. Holding the village on his right he went down to Rosey Brook, and ran the brookside into Rosey Copse, gaining advantage on foiled ground. It was with difficulty he was hunted across the brook and over Balking Hill, and the fox was marked to ground beneath a haystack beyond Balking Village The time taken was 55 minutes.

O.B.

CATTISTOCK.—The bitch pack was at Henley Manor recently and better sport was provided than might have been expected, considering the conditions which obtained, a north-east wind, with frequent showers of sleetish rain, and a blue haze over it all that would have discouraged Peter Beckford, whose advice would probably have been to take hounds home. Henley Copse held a fox, but he went to ground at once, for although the main earth had been properly stopped it had been opened again by badgers, and served as a sanctuary, not only for the first fox found, but also for the third, who came from the nearby covert at Little Pecknore.

Clapton Court too, although it held a fox, provided an open earth for him to go to, and it was not until after one o'clock, when hounds went away with a stout customer from Swillets, that a good hunt was forthcoming. Crossing the Seaborough Road he ran the hill plantations to West Swillets Farm, and then with Seaborough Court on his right entered Rock Batch Copse. Running through Long Copse Belt he faced the open again, and with Howe Copse on his left, ran over the high ground to cross the Seaborough-Crewkerne Road just above Little Pecknore. Then he swung to the left towards Henley Manor.

Here hounds were at fault, but being held on, they worked the line through the gardens at Henley to Knowle Farm, where there was another check. The fox must have gained here, for scent was none too good when they eventually hit off the line again, across the South Perrott-Mosterton Road. They ran on, however, over the water-soaked meadows, and reached the lower end of Picket, where the huntsman had news of his fox about four minutes ahead of him. His informant (as is customary in every hunting country) said that the fox was "dead beat"; but somehow (as is also customary) he had strength enough to gain his earth, where he was marked, at the end of an hour, which ended the day.

On December 20th they met at Godmanstone, where Mr. Best extended hospitality to the field. Saunders Gorse, half a mile away, held a brace, and hounds going well away with one, ran hard across the pastures overlooking the Cerne valley. Swinging left-handed above the village of Cerne Abbas, they drove on toward Crown Point, marking their fox to ground in Mr. Colville's withy-bed. Crown Point Covert provided another fox, who promptly went to ground. The best hunt of the day came behind a pilot found near Bushes Bottom, who was killed in the open after a fast burst. The day was cold and scent, except with the last fox (never far ahead of hounds), was anything but good.

LINCOLN.

COTTESMORE.—When hounds met at Ridlington they had a first-class day's sport, said by some to have been the best scenting day of the season so far, though I personally thought the previous Thursday was an even better scenting day. Jimmy Finch's Ayston Spinney was the first venture, and it held one of the many good foxes he has provided for us. Scent did not seem too good to start with, as hounds ran only slowly through the adjacent wild gorse nearby to Quakers and Park Farm. Here scent improved, however, and hounds, once over the Ridlington Lane, began to run fast to within a short distance of Prior's Coppice, which the hunt seemed bound to enter, but suddenly the pack turned right-handed and, leaving Jubilee Lodge on our right, crossed the Ridlington Brooke Road, then passing Crow Spinney, killed the fox at Manton Gorse, after a first-rate hunt of 37 minutes.

Another went away from the gorse, and was run into on Mr. Chamberlain's farm not far off. Prior's Coppice, now called on, held several foxes, and an old friend of two previous occasions was soon away on the Leighfield side, but the bitches were close to another in covert. We soon broke covert on the Braunston side and ran fast over the Green Lane. There, with Heycock on our left, we crossed the Wisp, the line running through Chesseldyne Spinney. Here the fox was headed and turned back; recrossing the Wisp, he made the high ground above Coles Lodge, and continued on to Prior's Coppice. Running through a portion of this the pack left Brooke Priory on the right, and crossing the Braunston-Brooke road, ran on to within a field of Orton Park Wood, where hounds were stopped, after another excellent hunt of 70 minutes. It was a great day's sport and a hard one on horses.

Two days later saw the Hunt at Castle Bytham, where a small field enjoyed a good day's sport. Finding at least a brace at Cabbage Hill, hounds ran fast over a good line, marking to ground on Beaumont. Another nice hunt came from Hardys, to finish up with, hounds returning home earlier than usual, as the going was heavy and followers were all a long way from home.

From Oxey Farm on another day moderate doings were recorded. Scent was exceptionally bad in covert and in the open, but hounds found a good show of foxes in Loddington Redditch and Launde Big Wood. It was a cold day.

On December 21st, quite a good field turned out for South Witham, including some Yeomanry, who took a prominent part in the excellent gallop which ensued. At Woodwell Head, the one selected of a brace proved to be a real straight-necked fellow, and followers were soon bowling along at fast pace towards Market Overton. Leaving the church on the left, they crossed the road, pointing towards Cottesmore Gorse, but before bearing right-handed over the lane, hounds were running hard and horses had to be asked a question to keep up with them across the flat towards Teigh. Leaving this village on the right, the field ran on straight to Ashwell Spinney, which the fox went through without pausing, and the anticipated breather for horses did not take place. Continuing on, followers left Whissendine Village on the right, and crossing the Melton-Oakham road, ran to America Spinney, where hounds marked their fox to ground after a clinking hunt. It was a six and a quarter mile point straight, and done in 40 minutes.

FOXY.

CROOME.—It was a cold and foggy morning for the meet at Naunton Beauchamp on the day before Christmas Eve. On the way there I began idly speculating as to scenting conditions in view of the weather, remembering Peter Beckford had stated that in some fogs scent lies high, in others, not at all, it depending upon the quarter of the wind. And then, according to Mr. Budgett, if the earth is warmer than the air scent is good, and vice versa—but to-day both earth and air would have given a refrigerator points for cold. So that I came to no useful conclusion after all.

As usual Naunton Bushes did not fail, and almost as soon as hounds put in there, a fox was away. Unfortunately he chose to run to Grafton Wood, that vast and formidable stronghold of all the foxes in the world, where he was eventually left among fresh foxes without number. Hounds had divided, but, on being reunited, were taken back to draw the Bushes, where a further brace were found. Both took refuge in the drain and one was killed.

Now ensued the hunt of the day, with a straight-necked outlier from Cowsden. He was known to occupy a rough field adjoining the road and there, sure enough, he lay. On his rude awakening by hounds he slipped through the bottom of a great bullfinch as high as a house, and vanished, with the pack streaming behind. For the first three miles he ran in a dead straight line, facing the keen wind, over the Piddle Brook, near Frog Hall, going on through Naunton Bushes to Baynhall Farm, where he began to bear left-handed.

From now on the hunt lay over a most unusual line of country which has not been crossed for many years. The fox had made as if for Flyford Flavell and at the main Worcester-road turned towards Kington in Worcestershire territory, but a man at work hedging had caused the fox to wheel round to the right and hounds came to a check. Pavitt

cast them back in the direction indicated by the man and they hit off the line in an easterly direction. The fox was now pointing for the earths near Abbott's Morton, but a passing car on the road near Radford forced him to change his mind, and he came back in a wide left-handed sweep to the badger-earths at Nathan's Brake, where he found sanctuary from the pack, which had been pressing him close throughout. They had been running for exactly an hour and the furthest point measured 4¼ miles. The covert in which he was marked to ground lies in Worcestershire territory.

Meanwhile the field was scattered all over the map, for we had a bad start when hounds vanished behind that impenetrable bullfinch, and Pavitt, being on the far side of the fence when the pack went away, was alone with them for the greater part of the hunt. Never has any sight been more welcome than his scarlet coat, when, after a stupendous steeplechase, we at last came up with hounds again; and never has any sound been more welcome than that of the horn and the music of the pack. Less than a dozen were up at the finish and most of the horses had had enough. It was a great Christmas hunt.

D.M.M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—A short time ago this Hunt met at High Burton, the home of Mr. Clement Tory, one of the principal landowners in the South Dorset country, and who can always be counted on to provide a "resident" fox in every one of his countless coverts. He and his good lady always welcome the members of the field, as well as the Masters and the Hunt staff, and on this morning his dining room was crowded with guests.

Ten minutes later followers were riding hard behind a fox, which hounds had found not 200yds. from the meet. He ran towards Charminster, swung left-handed as if for Frome House gardens, but bore still further left-handed and ran on to Badger's Copse, where he went to ground and was marked at the end of 15 minutes.

He was the best fox found that day, for the next two were so far in front of hounds that the latter never had a chance, and the third had little difficulty in defeating his pursuers in Gray's Wood, at the end of a smart burst from the vicinity of Pigeon House. Captain Wellesley-Wesley then made a move to Waterstone Ridge, but although a pilot was forthcoming hounds could not do anything on the cold plough-land, and home was the order shortly after 2 o'clock.

The bonus offered by the Ministry of Agriculture to those occupiers of grass-land who plough it up, is a "lucky break" (as they say in America) for the South Dorset foxes; for, as was evident to-day, scenting conditions on the newly-ploughed land is nothing like as good as in the days when there were "acres and acres of grass" on the downs above the Piddle Valley; and even with a low-scenting pack like the South Dorset it is impossible for hounds to drive on as they used to do in the "good old days 'before the war.'" Hounds were at Basan Hill a few days later and had a fair day, though scent was catchy and they were unable to get hold of a fox.

A. H. H.

MORPETH.—An eventful day was enjoyed from Gallowhill. Moving off down the drive hounds struck a fresh line, and raced for the Racecourse Covert. Driving the length of this they broke at the west end for the Folly then, crossing the Belsay Road, hunted on by Shortflatt to the Croft. Here the fox was seen to enter the stable covert, where he went to ground. Later in the day a move was made for the neutral whin, where a fox was rapidly accounted for by Bolam Lake Wood. Working towards kennels another was viewed away from Angerton Station Wood. By this time scent was breast high and hounds took the field at a great pace past Angerton to Broom House. He did not face the river for Meldon but, swinging south, was last seen making for the Lake Wood. As it was now late it was decided to call it a day. The tally is now 27 brace.

Scott has got his hounds hunting beautifully for him. Coming out of retirement as he did at the beginning of this war he deserves every credit for the job he has done.

THE RUFFLE.

OAKLEY.—These hounds had a great hunt after meeting at Chicheley Brickyard. Finding in Thick Thorns they crossed Mr. Duncombe's farm to Sherington Wood, ran through Cross Alban's and, leaving Hollington on the right, almost reached Emberton village. Swinging sharp to the right, they crossed Mr Lyons' farm to Short Wood, and leaving Thick Thorns on the right and Hall Spinney on the left, continued towards the Newport-Bedford road. Here they again turned to the right, leaving Swans River on the left, and carried back into the Emberton Wood.

This time they left these woods on the Sherington village side, and raced through the small spinney at the top of Chicheley Hill, where hounds charged foxes. They turned back into Sherington Wood, along the side of Thick Thorns, over the main road, through Brandons Wood, and left-handed to Crawley Grange, where the fox was headed. Swinging sharp to the right, with North Crawley on the right, hounds crossed The Lodge and Hurst End farms and the Cranfield lane, ran through Moulsoe Old Wood, and leaving Moulsoe village on the left, entered Drake's Gorse. Without dwelling the pack crossed the Moulsoe-Newport road and, leaving Cottage Farm on the right, ran through Broughton Spinney to cross the Salford road into Wavendon covert, and they were stopped with difficulty in Wavendon village after running continuously for 4 hours 17 minutes. Mr. Brunskill, the Joint Master, was hunting hounds, and says it was one of the best days he ever remembers. Few people saw the end of this hunt, for horses were absolutely beaten, several being left out. Mr. Brunskill finished on one borrowed from a lady follower. The farthest point was nearly eight miles, but it is almost impossible to say how many miles our hounds ran.

O.

OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Hounds have had a first-rate season with some exceptionally good hunts especially in the Friday country, and have killed 40 brace of foxes, which is a lot for the hunt.

On Boxing Day they brought off what was probably the best hunt for many seasons. A good crowd met hounds at Thame, and finding at once in Scotsgrove a fox gave the foot followers full value, before he eventually escaped near Fox Hill, having run through the Tythrop coverts. Hitting off the line of another on Mr. Tibble's farm at Towersey hounds ran fast through Emmington Great Wood towards Chinnor, but swinging back left-handed they went on through North's Copse and over the Thame line.

Leaving Park Hill on the left, they crossed the line to Aston Sandford and the brook, and with Ford on their right, went into Old Berkeley country. Leaving Dinton on the left, they continued through Stone village and over the Thame-Aylesbury road into Arthur's Gorse. Without delaying here they ran down to the river Thame, where sheep caused the first check. A cast over the river set them going again, although the pace was now only slow, and they had to puzzle out every inch of the line through cattle and sheep foil to Fleet Marston. Once over the Bicester-Aylesbury road they ran on well past Buryfields (on the right) and Mason's Gorse, and over the top of Pitchcott Hill, where the few remaining horsemen had a job to keep with them.

Hounds were now running fast, and at the bottom of the hill they swung left-handed, and this gallant fox was killed in the open at the Hogshaw end of Quainton Hill, with every hound up at the end. The time of this really great hunt was 2 hours and 10 minutes, and the point just over 12 miles. Hounds ran through four different countries—the South Oxfordshire, Old Berkeley, Whaddon Chase, and Bicester.

"PETER PAN."

QUORN.—A cold east wind, low lying cloud, and at times impossible to see more than two fields saw hounds at the Keyham fixture. In quick time they killed a fox in Scraptoft Gorse, and a second was almost immediately followed away for the railway. Going well away the pack hunted to within a field of the N.E.R. line, and then turning short to the right the fox made his way back between Scraptoft village and the Gorse for Keyham. Scent was not good and the hunt fizzled out at the back of Old Ingersby.

Several foxes were then roused in Botany Bay and after a short hunt out on the Houghton side they returned to the Bay. Going away again on the same side hounds hunted slowly to Old Ingersby, and then once more returned to the Coplow. Fog by now had developed and the order was given for home.

From Diseworth on the following Saturday a nice hunt was enjoyed. Finding at Langley New Wood the pack ran nearly to Piper Wood before turning right-handed there, leaving Belton village on the left, they continued through Tonge Gorse to Langley Priory Court. Bearing left-handed through Breedon Cloud Wood, they left Osgathorpe village on the left to finish up by being stopped on the borders of the North Atherston county at Cole Orton after a capital hunt of 1 hour and 40 minutes.

The following Monday was bitterly cold, but not so the sport, which was first-rate. Hounds, after a short hunt got hold of their fox at Manchester Spinney, and then followed a lively hunt with another from Saxelby Wood. He started off by twisting and turning around Grimston Gorse, and back to Saxelby Wood, but finally set his mask straight for Welby Fishponds where hounds ran up to him, pulling him down in the open.

The last hunt of the day, however, was even better when, after finding in Old Dalby Wood, they ran fast through Thorney Hollow, over the road into Bridgett's and not dwelling went over the Six Hills Road through Lord Aylesford's without checking to Shoby village. Then the fox tried the earth, but pressing him hounds ran over the road into 100 Acre Field, and crossing a corner began to race through Musson's Spinney and over the Saxelby brook to the tunnel by Saxelby Top. Then for the first time they really checked. Hitting the line off again they continued to run at a great pace, leaving Saxelby on the left, into Saxelby Wood, where after 50 minutes of the best hounds were stopped. It was a real good day.

SCARLET RUNNER.

ZETLAND.—On Tuesday, December 19th, hounds met at the Kennels, found in Allans and from there started a great hunt. Running fast with Little Allans on their left and Petticoat Border also on their left, they bore left-handed over the Eppelby Road and ran straight through Mr. Lax's covert at Carlton, and went nearly to Dog Kennel, but before reaching this bore left-handed between Aldbro and Langdale. They crossed the Melsonby Road, and ran on, with Hang Bank just on their right, over Mr. Wall's farm, and crossed the Piercebridge Road. It looked a certainty here that they would go to the Barton Quarries, but they left them just on the right and crossed the Great North Road with Barton on their left.

Still hunting at a good pace, the pack ran through Middleton lodge covert, along the sunk fence, and then turning right-handed crossed the Middleton nearly reaching Scotch Corner. Before reaching this, however, they turned left-handed and run on, with Southfield Quarry on their left, and reached Church Whin. This splendid fox only ran through about 20yds. of the covert, and with Millbank on his right, set his mask for Moor Ho Farm, where hounds were one field behind. Luckily for him he was headed here and a few minutes elapsed before hounds were running on again. They continued on through Allan's Whin and with Barton on their right reached Middleton Lodge Covert. Here they lost their pilot. As the earths were open he probably went to ground. It had been a hunt of 1 hour and 50 minutes, hounds covering 14 miles of country and making seven mile point.

On December 23 hounds met a large field at Killerby on a bright sunny day after a weak white frost. The keeper had viewed a fox lying in the open close to the meet, so a start was made with him. The pack flew over the Staindrop Road and by Headlam to Dyance, where they were beaten after 10 fast minutes.

They next found at Fanny Barks, and a remarkable hunt began. With a good start they crossed Cock Lane and the Railway, and Mr. Stevenson's farm to the river, with Snow Hall on the left. Hounds never hesitated at the river, and were away on the other side before anyone realised that there was any hurry.

They flew up the bank, and bearing left-handed, ran by Little Allans, with the big covert on their left and left nine acres on their right. Crossing the Eppleby Road they ran parallel with the Piercebridge Road for a bit before crossing and running to Lucy Cross covert. They did not dwell here, but went straight through, and left Grunton Farm just on their right then to Brettanby Hall, also on their right, they crossed the beck, the railway and the Great North Road. They went on with barely a check as if for Allan's whin. But this good fox had a much further-off objective and leaving it well on his left, he led at a good pace between Bungalow covert and Moor Ho, straight over the main earth outside Milbank.

Hounds were still running at a fast pace across the middle of every field and from here they went straight to Uckerby whin in the Bedale country. They reached this stronghold in exactly 50 minutes, and during the latter bit of this hunt one could see the horses and cattle a field in front of hounds, chasing the fox. He seems to have been an amazing fox to have reached this sanctuary in time to save his life. The pack ran on through the covert and Botany Bay, and over the railway they made a small circle beyond and came back to Botany Bay, where they were beaten after a splendid hunt, making a point of 10¼ miles, all over the best of the country.

H.A.J.

(Some accounts unavoidably held over will be published next week).

MODERN FLOAT FISHING

By H. D. TURING

IT would be interesting, if one had time and opportunity, to study the effect of war upon angling. Have there, for example, been any noticeable effects on the practice of angling in such countries as France and Belgium which have had more of such disturbances in the last century than have afflicted our own soil. In England the civil war may be said to have produced Walton's classic—a curious result, if one comes to think of it, for if there is a spirit of untrammeled peace to be found in literature it is surely in the *Compleat Angler*. The last war produced the greatest expansion in the sport which this country has ever known; at all events the expansion followed so immediately upon it that one can hardly avoid attributing it in some way to its agency.

Whether it can be said to have produced the specialisation which has been such a notable feature of the expansion is a moot point. The movement itself had started some years before; but it had hardly got beyond the separation of fly fishermen from coarse fishermen, the sheep from the goats; though perhaps it might be injudicious to inquire which was which. Nowadays specialisation seems to have reached its apotheosis; one meets men who learned to fish the dry fly in their youth and know no other way of taking fish with an angle; men who use a spinning rod on any and every occasion irrespective of weather or water conditions and the size of the fish; men even who use a fixed-spool reel in this way; and there are specialists in float fishing who have adapted the method to the capture of trout but who regard the spring as a sort of preliminary canter to the real fishing season when roach may again be caught.

What will the present war do for angling? Will it perchance introduce a reversion to the older customs, when an angler really was "compleat" in the Waltonian sense? When he used fly or spinner, maggot or worm with equal skill and equal content, according to the season and the available type of water? Such an effect would be no bad thing for the trout fisher. It would tend to equalise rents a little, which on account of the demand for decent fly water have become almost prohibitive of late; for pockets, even well-lined ones, are likely to have a part-worn appearance at the end of the present crisis.

But even if the trout fisher has to take on a second string to his bow after midsummer I doubt if he will lose anything by it in the way of enjoyable sport. Modern float fishing, for example, is an extraordinarily attractive form of angling, if the prejudice against any form of bait can be overcome, and the reverence for trout made a little less of a formal religion. In truth there is much the same kind of excitement about float fishing as there is about the use of the dry fly. The float, with its bait attached, is cast into a likely run—a delicate art of no mean order—it lies dormant for a moment, inert and motionless; then with surprising suddenness it comes to life, sits upright like some live thing on the water and then, as if it had decided on its course, moves in dignified progression down the swim, just as one's fly moves slowly towards the place where a ring erstwhile disturbed the placid surface. And always there is the chance of that sudden dip which foretells, with luck, the thrumming line and the thrill of a struggle in the unseen depths.

Nor is the tackle any less "sporting"—to adopt that much abused term. The so-called "pith" float is a fairy-like object which requires a chemical balance to record its exact weight. I do not think they are made of pith, but it must be something of a similar nature for their buoyancy is wonderful. Whatever the secrets of manufacture the result is that the float can be cast from a fairly stiff fly rod almost as easily as from a rod designed for the purpose. With the older bait-fishing equipment the difficulty of casting from a fly rod always was that the tip bent too much with the weight of the float and the necessary lead required to cock it; in consequence one could not make a really satisfactory cast from the reel since the rod did not straighten out quickly enough to allow the free passage of the line. Casts had to be short; and even if a cast "from the coil" was attempted there was the same difficulty over the rod "hanging fire" just at the moment when the bait got under way.

All the same, one of the modern "wand" rods is a more efficient implement if much float fishing is contemplated. My own is a three-joint rod, the butt and middle joint are of whole cane, the top of split cane. It has a length of 10½ft. and a weight of 8oz.; its cost was something under £2. Thread lines are necessary for casting so light a float. On the whole I think the most convenient size is No. 0 which has a 5½lb. breaking strain, though the next size smaller with a B.S. of only half that figure can be used, if a fixed-spool reel with the usual slipping clutch is employed. Thus also may the difficulty of casting these light floats be overcome; but as usual there is a snag. The line in float fishing, of course, can never be tight. If a cast of any length be made some of it will be lying on the surface, and in any case there must always be a limp line between rod top and float to allow the bait to travel unimpeded down the swim. Anyone who has tried to strike a fish "from the reel" with a fixed-spool outfit when the line is slack will not need to be told of the danger of a hitch-up. Hence the advisability of keeping the finger on the line and using one which has a reasonable margin of safety strength. Even then I have found some difficulty in ensuring a proper start for the wind-in, since there is almost bound to be a loose loop between finger and reel.

Experts at float casting (apart from tournaments) seldom use fixed-spool reels. They use a light, and generally rather large-drum Nottingham. A spider-drum reel, such as the Aerial will serve very well, apart from the difficulty of casting. This is a very real difficulty. On the whole I believe the art of casting a light float from a revolving-drum reel requires more manual dexterity than any other fishing cast. There is not only the extremely light weight of the tackle to be considered but the much greater surface offered to the wind. All the same it is worth acquiring for, once mastered, there are no other difficulties to be faced such as occur with all substitutes.

The principle of the cast is the same as that used for spinning from the reel, but the drum must be made to start revolving at the same time that the bait is swung out. The bait itself is not sufficiently heavy to overcome any revolving reel's inertia. Some men achieve it by giving a flick to the rim of the reel, either by a finger of the hand holding the rod, or by the free hand. Others attain the same object by pulling a foot or so of line off the reel with the left hand while the cast is being made with the right. The difficulty in this case is to prevent this loop of line from snapping back as the bait flies out, thus giving a jerk to the reel and causing an overrun; only practice will acquire the knack in either case, but the use of the wrist only in making the cast will be found of material advantage.

One of the attractions in modern light float fishing is the small amount of equipment which has to be carried. Two or three one-yard gut bottoms ready soaked (and preferably ready shotted for the float being used); a tin of maggots and another of cloud bait (unless one is fishing fast water when maggots are better substituted as ground bait) is all that is really necessary, in addition to the rod and landing net. Maggots—or as they used to be called in more polite days, "gentles"—can be purchased either locally or from one of the firms in the Midlands which make a speciality of breeding them. Cloud bait can also be purchased but offers possibilities of ingenuity to the man who cares to experiment at home. Its basis is dried bread crumbs, such as the cook uses for coating fried fillets of fish. Raiding the kitchen cupboard is one way of obtaining it, but negotiation with the presiding deity is probably less liable to cause domestic upheaval. White crumbs are better than browned ones.

The crumbs should be crushed into fine powder with the rolling pin, sieved, and mixed with one-third their bulk of ground rice. This is, as it were, the staple of cloud bait. The late J. H. R. Bazley advocated the addition of malt in the proportion of half the weight of the ground rice. Castor sugar, if war rationing permits, may usefully be added—say the same amount as the ground rice. Sprinkle with milk till it is slightly moist. The object is to produce a powder which, when squeezed tightly in the hand will hold together just sufficiently for it to be thrown in the form of a small ball into the water but disintegrate immediately it goes under the surface. Flavouring and colouring to taste, as the cookery books say—and here one may experiment successfully.

The art is to cast your hook into the cloud made by the bait, so that the maggot, or small red worm, may appear as a substantial mouthful in the *apéritif* which is inducing a desire for dinner in the fish. It is not much use trying cloud bait in fast water, but there are many canals and slow-flowing streams where it makes all the difference in a day's sport—and canalised reaches of rivers too, such as the Kennet and Avon Canal, where the natural swiftness of the stream is toned down. In these days of petrol rationing nearby waters are well worth exploring for unsuspected possibilities.

IN TURBULENT WATER

The Black Pool on the River Dart, near Holne Chase

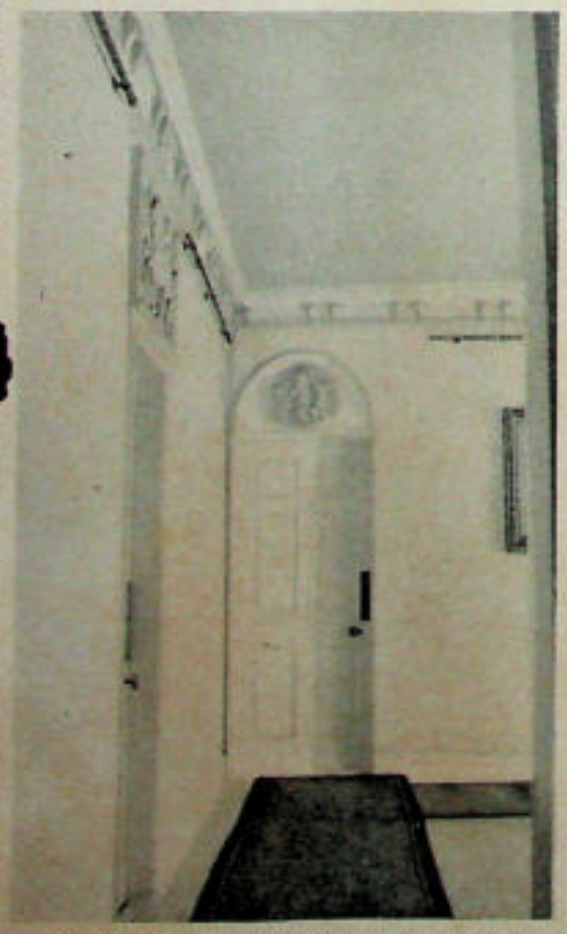
GREAT DURYARD HOUSE, NEAR COWLEY BRIDGE, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT BY SIR THOMAS GEFFORD IN THE 17TH CENTURY

GREAT DURYARD HOUSE AND ITS MISSING HISTORY

By W. F. JACKSON KNIGHT

ABOUT a mile and a half along the London Road from Exeter, near Cowley Bridge, and about a hundred yards to the right, or south-east, of the road, is Great Duryard House. It stands in its own grounds of about fourteen acres.

Through the generosity of Mr. C. V. Thomas, the house, now called Thomas Hall, is a Hall of Residence of University College of the South-West, Exeter.



MOULDINGS AND DECORATED DOORWAYS

Those who live at Thomas Hall, and many who visit the place, ask questions about the very attractive house which are hard to answer. As warden, I often wish that I knew more about it; but the search for information has not been very successful, and I am wondering if any readers of the *Field* would be kind enough to help.

The name of the house, or rather the estate, is not a difficulty. It is, of course, Anglo-Saxon, and means something like "deer park," or perhaps "animal yard." But the history of the existing house is obscure.

It is supposed to have been built by Sir Thomas Gefford, a dyer, whose death occurred in 1703. As Mayor of Exeter, he is said to have distinguished himself by presenting the City's Charter to the King, who at that time wanted to collect such documents. Naturally, the City was not very pleased.

The house is certainly not now as it was left by Gefford. On either side of the front door, in the corners formed by the projecting bays, are iron drain-pipes, carrying the date 1770.

Part of the interior, especially the very lovely hall and the panelling and fireplaces of rooms above the front door, might be about this date.

The façade does not seem as old as the drain-pipes. At some time the front projecting bays were added. There are signs of this alteration in the interior of some rooms. Either then or later two round bay windows were also added, and the rooms to which they belong were either built or much changed.

The flooring of the very large room, to which the round window nearest the front of the house belongs, has lowered the ceiling of the ground-floor room with the angular bay window, to the left of the front door as you look at it, so that the top of the window is higher than the ceiling.

There is another blind window immediately to the left of, that is behind, the nearest round window-bay, as you look at the house from the front in the photograph.

It has been suggested to me that these alterations were all done at the same time, about 1870; that the balustrade is also of this date; that the porch is about 1910; and that the original house, whatever its date may be, is concealed behind the much later façade. The idea is that the original house included the middle of the present one with the hall and rooms above the front door, and also the right corner of the house, again as you look at it from the front, but without the projection of the angular bay.

Perhaps the history of the house and its alterations may be clear at once to an expert in its styles from the photographs. My difficulties are mainly about the date of the earliest house and its main alterations, and also about the question whether the front and side seen in the photograph were added at the same time, or the front first.

I acknowledge my debt to two gentlemen, members of the College, who have lived at the house; to Mr. Garley for the photograph of the exterior, and to Mr. Douglas Price for the other photographs and further help.

THE STAIRCASE, DURYARD HOUSE

ZOO STOCKTAKING

By JAMES FISHER

THE last week of the year, as has been the rule for over a hundred years, was an extremely busy one for both the keepers and the office staff. They have been occupied with the annual stocktaking. A complete census of the vertebrate animals in the Society's possession has been made, and they have all been valued on a scale laid down by experience, and by the modern market value of Zoo animals.

Though there has been a serious diminution in the number and value of reptiles and fish—owing to the destruction of poisonous snakes and the draining of the Aquarium upon the outbreak of war—the comprehensiveness and number of the collection of mammals and birds has scarcely been affected. Last year there were about a thousand of the former and two thousand of the latter, and the decrease in number and value has only been about 10 per cent.

As a matter of fact, the actual number of animals is not a very good measure of the strength of the collection—particularly with the mammals, where a consignment of a hundred harvest-mice, such as

A LITTER OF MICE
This sort of thing makes stocktaking difficult

arrived on one day last summer, or a few new litters of domestic mice, may mean an increase of 10 per cent. of the whole. If it had been a hundred antelope or a hundred elephants the Society might have had cause for concern rather than approval. Likewise over a fifteenth of the bird collection is usually made up by the ever-popular budgerigars. If these were fish-eating pelicans there would have been a lot of trouble between the superintendent's and the accounts departments.

The total value of the animals in the London Zoo and at Whipsnade is to-day of the order of £50,000. Among the most valuable are the giant pandas, Indian rhinoceros, and Indian (riding) elephants. These are worth at least £1,000 each, and might fetch more if a strong demand existed for them at the moment. Giraffes are worth at least £600 apiece, and the breeding pair at Whipsnade much more than this. It is doubtful whether the Society would part with these under any circumstances. Tigers, at £80 apiece, are four times more valuable than lions, of which there is rather a glut on the market. But there are birds, even, which would fetch a higher price than either of these large cats. Some of the Zoo's very fine birds of prey, like Steller's sea eagle, the lammergeir, and the harpy and monkey-eating eagles, are worth £100 apiece; and birds of paradise and quetzals will fetch anything from £20 to £80. Some of the wonderful parrot collection are quite irreplaceable.

A measure of the comprehensiveness of the Zoo's collection is the fact that within it can be found the largest land mammal, one of the smallest land mammals, the largest bird, the largest flying birds, the smallest birds and the largest snakes. The male African elephant occasionally reaches 6 tons, and though the Zoological Society only now possesses a female (at Whipsnade), it has, therefore, an example of the species, though again, as Theodore Roosevelt says, the female of the African elephant is considerably smaller than the male—about two tons smaller.

The smallest mammal in the world is the pigmy shrew; it weighs about 45 grains—nearly ten go to the ounce. This animal has quite often been in the Zoo, but does not happen to be in the collection at the moment. The harvest mouse is, though, and this is so small that nearly seven go to the ounce, and a dozen can be sent through the post for 1½d.

Ostriches are the largest living birds. Extremely large males may occasionally reach a weight of about 250lb., and are 120,000 times heavier than the smallest humming-birds. Of these minute creatures, over 30 of certain species could be sent through the post for 1½d. Quite a number of the smaller sorts—pigmies and hermits—are in the Bird House to-day.

It is difficult to allocate the honour of being the largest flying bird. Some have claimed it for the condor, which has been stated to reach 45lb. It is more likely that the male great bustard occasionally reached this weight, and that the condor, which remains the largest bird of prey, seldom weighs more than 25lb., which is less than mute swans (up to 32lb.) and pelicans (up to 28lb.). If any readers of this article have first-hand, or well-documented information about the weights of birds I would welcome it for the Zoo's card index, which has already got information about the weights of a thousand species.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

GOOD WINE A NECESSITY

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

WITH Income Tax buff forms by way of New Year's greetings; with the Riviera out of reach for most of us and Florida out of bounds to all of us; there is a grave danger of letting depression sneak in and make our lives miserable. We must not let it. The depressed take to drink and are past human help. We must not be depressed. We must drink wine, the joy that is wine, the good wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

There are many unthinking people who class wine first upon the list of the expenses that they must cut down. They look upon wine as a mere luxury. But it is nothing of the sort. Wine is no more a luxury than joy is. It is only too true that many people live who drink no wine and know no joy, but to swell their numbers of our own free will would be folly indeed. We might as well never open our eyes to the light of the sun because of the many blind people who manage to live without seeing it.

Not that joy is found in a bottle. It is not. Joy is locked into the soul of every man and woman of goodwill, awaiting to be released and called forth. It must be set free and the keys that will open the gates of its prison are not to be counted in terms of gold: all the gold in the world is but dirt compared to them. The master key of all is Faith another is Love and yet another is Wine, not a master key but one that is nevertheless of the utmost value. You may be well dressed, own a large car and spend but half your annual income without having any faith, without loving anybody or without drinking any wine, but if you do you shall never know what joy is. Fine clothes, limousines and investments are luxuries which millions of happy people know nothing about; they are luxuries which should be cut down, if cut down they must, long before what little money will secure that joy that is good wine.

All wine is not good wine, and bad wine cannot do anybody any good. Good wine is the living blood of the grape; it is liable to sickness and doomed to death. Wine that is sick, and wine that is dead, are no longer good wines, and must be left alone, whether they be offered to you as a great bargain or as a well-meant gift. Good wine need not be old, nor bear an illustrious name, but it *must* be sound to be wholesome; it must also be genuine to be honest wine. This is really what matters most. A wine that is sound, wholesome, genuine and honest, may also be of great age and of a rare and excellent vintage: it will be all the better and all the costlier for it. But even if fine wine proves to be too costly in war-time, there are ever so many different wines of recent years ready to deliver their joyful message and worth far more than the few shillings which they cost to buy. How and where are such wines to be bought? From any of the wine-merchants whose experience and honesty render them worthy of your trust.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

VARIOUS commodity and metal shares have attracted a good deal of attention in stock markets. It is accepted that such concerns will experience profitable trading conditions during the war. There is, for instance, a very strong buying movement for Lancashire textile shares.

It is well known that this industry which has been in a most depressed state for many years is now enjoying far more prosperous conditions. This is reflected in dividend statements which are coming forward. The buying movement must, however, be described as of a definite speculative character.

There is, for instance, active buying of such securities as Fine Cotton Spinners £1 ordinary with a price in the neighbourhood of 5/–. Here is a company which up to 1930 was most prosperous. Since then losses have been suffered year after year.

This will be realised when it is stated that dividend on £3,000,000 of 5 per cent. Preference capital is in arrears from April 1st, 1931. There has been no ordinary dividend since the year ended March 31st, 1930. At the end of the year to March 31st last, the company had a debit balance of £180,157.

A scheme for the reorganisation of the capital was brought out some time ago, but was turned down by the preference stockholders. It must be obvious that a reorganisation of the capital is necessary before there can be much chance of a dividend on the ordinary.

Those buying the ordinary units must, therefore, be operating for a rise in the price of the security. That may of course, come under favourable market conditions, but investors as a rule purchase for the income which they receive from a security by way of dividends.

Some of the preference stocks in Lancashire textile companies appear to me as a more favourable purchase than the equities. It is considered highly improbable that the heavy arrears of dividend will be made good. At the same time the preference stockholders should have favourable treatment under any capital reorganisation plan.

Fine Cotton Spinners 5 per cent. Preference can be picked up around 14/3. There is also Calico Printers 5 per cent. Preference £1 units which look quite attractive at a price of 9/6 as compared with the ordinary standing at 5/9. In the case of Calico Printers preference dividends have been paid up to December 31st, 1935. There has been no ordinary dividend for years. I consider that some of these preference issues are worth the attention of speculative investors.

I also think there is scope for talent among base metal shares. Copper, lead and spelter are under Government control during the war period. Empire producers have agreed to sell their output to the Government during the war. Maximum prices have been fixed by the Ministry of Supply and such prices were raised to consumers a week or so ago.

The increase in the price need not directly benefit the producers. At the same time there is such a demand for the metals that output is certain to be increased. Benefit will thus naturally accrue to the mining properties. Many of these already pay good dividends and future prospects may be regarded as bright.

Some of the Australian Broken Hill shares should command attention. Broken Hill South 5/– shares have a present price around 23/3. For the twelve months to June 30th, 1939, the company paid 40 per cent. against 80 per cent. for 1938. Two dividends each of 10 per cent. have been paid on account of the current year.

It should be recognised that such dividends are paid in Australian currency. There is, therefore, loss on exchange when bringing dividends to this side. Despite this I consider the shares a very reasonable speculative purchase during the war. Demand for metals will undoubtedly continue after the war is over when work unavoidably held over will have to be tackled.

In the copper section, I select Roan Antelope 5/– ordinary with a price around 16/– each. Here is another company paying handsome dividends. All the Northern Rhodesian copper producers have low working costs. This is also a share which may easily bring very good results during and subsequent to the war.

SHIPPING PONIES.

A reader writes as follows: "In happier days when shipping ponies and horses, I always found that they could be loaded on trains very easily if their ears were filled with cotton wool. This may not be known to the younger officers in this motor age."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE FUTURE OF HUNTING

SIR,—I should like to say how much I enjoyed reading "Peter Wood's" letter in the *Field* of December 8th and congratulate him on an excellent letter, embodying what so many of us feel about the continuance of hunting in a simpler way. All who love hunting for the many pleasures of the countryside they can appreciate and enjoy when out for a day's hunting, will agree and see to it that hunting shall go on somehow.

Thank goodness, if the days of strings of motor cars and horse boxes following around, and often spoiling good sport are gone for ever.

Here in North Yorkshire in the outlying part of a large hunt many of the farmers and other friends are keeping "evacuee" hounds and sometimes we have an excellent day's hunting with the "trencher-fed" pack. They are brought to a convenient centre by their temporary owners, some on bicycles, some in cars and some with their owners on horseback.

Our Master has been good enough to let us have the services of our very keen huntsman to hunt them, sometimes there has been a spare horse at the kennels, at others, a member of the hunt has lent a horse.

The hounds are fit and very keen and several foxes have been killed in the open after good hunts. By this means a part of the country is hunted which could not be covered otherwise as this four-day-a-week pack is now reduced to two short days.

The farmers are very keen and welcome the hunt and those out do all they can to help landowners, over whose land we have been very good in replacing any broken rails, etc.

This seems to be a return to hunting in a simpler way and yet is very enjoyable and a welcome diversion in these days of stress and anxiety.

Yours, etc.,
"YORKSHIRE HORN AND BRED."

Ripon.

SIR,—Perusing Mr. Peter Wood's letter in your issue of December 9th, I feel confident that many people will agree with his views and hope that as the result of the present catastrophe hunting will once again become part and parcel of country life, and that the social and financial side will be founded on a sounder and more stable basis than in the recent pre-war era.

I have had the good fortune to enjoy many happy seasons in Leicestershire and with the English West Country packs as well as in the South of Ireland and I venture to suggest to Mr. Wood that he would find that the conditions he envisages, generally speaking, prevail to-day throughout Southern Ireland. This country, which has had its share of troubles, has been spared foot and mouth disease and some social and economic evils even more injurious to the true welfare of fox-hunting than that first-mentioned accursed scourge.

Yours faithfully,
Tullamaine Castle, A. C. VIGORS.
Fethard, Co. Tipperary.

HOME-GROWN TIMBER

SIR,—During the last war landowners were urgently requested to cut and supply pitwood, etc. At the same time they were advised to replant for future emergencies. I was one of those who did both these things.

Hearing that there is once more a great shortage of pitwood, I recently wrote to one of the largest timber merchants in the Midlands to whom I sent hundreds of tons of pitwood during 1914 to 1918. The following reply was received: "The price of props is now controlled, and the price includes delivery at the collieries. At the prices fixed it would be impossible to deliver from your estate and leave the grower anything."

On going further into the matter I find that the combined cost of railway rates, plus cost of cutting and hauling to railhead and loading etc., exceed the total control prices per ton, which the collieries are allowed to pay for delivered pit props, so that every ton would be sold at a loss. In another case where I own some timber within 60 miles of a colliery, after deducting haulage charges the price paid will return less than £1 per ton to the grower.

Having regard to the fact that we can now get a far better price than this for firewood in our local towns, the presumption is that owners will convert their pitwood into firewood and the collieries will go short. It is of course possible that the Government may come down and commandeer timber at any price they like.

In days when an Englishman cannot even call his home his own, but has to accept all and sundry kinds of evacuees, it is only one step further in Bolshevism if his timber is taken from him at prices which show him a loss. If, however, this is done, one thing is certain, namely that no landowner is ever going to plant again at the end of this war.

C. E. RADCLYFFE (Major).

Hyde,
Wareham.

BEAGLES FOR DISPOSAL

SIR,—I am wishing to dispose of four beagles. They have been hunted as a pack after rabbits, and I am willing to give them to anyone, otherwise they will have to be put down. No charge except carriage.

I would be glad if you could help me by publishing this letter in your paper, as I am sure that some of your readers would be pleased to have them.

Yours faithfully,
Glassingall, P. H. DICKSON.
Dunblane,
Perthshire.

THE B.E.F. HUNTS

SIR,—Being two members of the staff of the hunt started by certain officers at No. 1 General Base Depot, mentioned in a letter of a previous number, we should like to add further details that may be of interest.

The season opened with a good day. Having first killed after forty minutes bracken hunting, the Master proceeded to the next draw. This proved to be a thick hedgerow from which a fine rabbit immediately bolted and headed towards a small lake. To the amazement of all the quarry took to the water and swam for at least twenty-five yards across the corner of the lake to the other bank. The water, however, was too much for the "hounds," who very wisely ran round the lake and killed "Monsieur le Lapin" on landing.

We managed to have at least half-a-dozen days hunting before closing the season, which we may add had nothing to do with unfriendly farmers or the French law, but for reasons the censor cannot allow us to state.

And, finally, a word about the pack. All our sport would not have been possible, had it not been for one hound, "Monsieur Le Brun" by name, commonly called "Brown," who gave tongue ceaselessly from the moment of moving off until returned to kennel. Another, "Pluto," was a great disappointment to us, as being a promising entry who disappeared after one day in the field and was not seen again.

Yours faithfully,
Somewhere in France. "PLUTO AND BROWN."

WAR AIMS

SIR,—It seems inept so near the beginning of the war to discuss what is going to happen when it ends, as so much may ensue before that happy event takes place.

In December 1916, the late Sir Theodore Cook, then Editor of the *Field*, sent me a booklet entitled: "The Crimes of Germany," which I still possess, and it contains various accounts of atrocities, and in some cases photographs of the murdered and mutilated bodies of civilians.

Sir Theodore in his leading articles in the *Field*, under the title of "The Mark of the Beast" (later published in book form), dealt with constantly recurring acts of murder and terrorism practised by the Teutons.

To-day does any rational individual imagine that the Germans have changed their mentality, and that the same bestial habits do not exist in their methods of conducting war?

The German has any amount of physical pluck as he often proves, but he is often a bully of the most despicable description. The only thing he respects is power, and when he comes up against weakness there is an elemental trait in his character which inspires him to be cruel to the point of bestiality.

It is this feature which will always make him a menace to civilisation, and forbids the possibility of expecting a strongly armed Germany to settle any disagreement by peaceful arbitration. Therefore, there can never be harmony in Europe until the German nation is disarmed and controlled. After the last war the Versailles Treaty gave the Allies such power of control, but weakness in many forms dissipated the strength of action necessary.

There is one thing we owe the French, and it is that knowing the Germans thoroughly (as they have good cause to do, considering what the people and country suffered) they were taking nothing on trust; so they constructed the Maginot Line. Without that barrier where would the present Allies be to-day? After this war nations cannot cover Europe with such ramparts against an aggressive Germany, but when victory comes let those who have the settlement see that never again will the German nation be allowed to re-arm. No better or sensible war aim can possibly exist than this.

Yours faithfully,
Belmont, DENIS W. LYELL.
Moffat.

LEFT MASTER EYE

SIR,—As I once wrote to the *Field* on a previous occasion, I would like to inform "Perplexed" that many years ago I cured myself of his trouble by changing my "master" left eye into "master" right by a very simple system combined with what may be termed strength of mind and practice. The plan I evolved was to look intently at a blind cord hanging vertically in the centre of a window and to raise a finger and focus on it; with a little practice one can make the right eye focus on the line instead of the left as heretofore.

Yours faithfully,
Herriard Park, F. H. I. JERVOISE (Major).
Basingstoke.

OLD ENGLISH DRINKS REVIVAL

SIR,—It would be interesting to hear from readers of your newspaper who may have knowledge of any old recipes for nourishing winter foods or hot drinks in which ale or stout is used with benefit.

It would be to the public advantage, to say nothing of the interest, if such information could be brought to the attention of innkeepers, who could then use these recipes or advise patrons of their existence. Our forefathers believed that, when a man partook of malt liquor he drank and ate at the same time, just as when he took soup. If landlords were able to give some of these old recipes or themselves supply the hot drinks, they would be fulfilling in one more practical form the social service which has always been a time-honoured tradition of British inns. There is no reason why some of the old brews should not be adopted and made famous by different localities, just as certain foods—Devonshire cream, for example—have become famous in different parts of the country to-day.

As an example of the kind of recipes waiting to be discovered it may be mentioned that Mrs. E. Coate, of Taunton, Somerset, who died recently at the great age of 107, attributed her longevity partly to her habit of taking a glass of stout every night warmed and sweetened with sugar. Your readers may know of other "life-savers" such as this.

The French Government have been requested by 400 Deputies to arrange the distribution of hot drinks in cold weather in the form of hot wine to every soldier in the field—visions of mulled claret! Something of the same sort might well be done here, with beer, the wine of the country!

It is probable that the revival of the recipes of some of the old-time punches and brews would result in introducing more cheer and comfort into the long hours of those now facing arduous duties in the cold winter weather.

Yours faithfully,
Cobtree Manor, GARRARD TYRWHITT-DRAKE.
Maidstone, Kent.

THE USE OF VENISON

SIR,—Mr. Mortimer Balten is surely unaware that there is already a factory in Scotland that deals with venison. The prospects for such an enterprise were gone into a few years ago when a trial consignment of hinds from Rosshire was treated in London through the courtesy of Messrs. Poulton & Noel, Limited.

A very experienced chef was put in charge of the consignment, and the finished product was delivered in the following forms: Corned and pressed in glass, rolled, curried, hashed, soubise, roast, stewed, etc., and those concerned were pleased with the output and proceeded with the project.

Their endeavours resulted in the establishment of a plant in Inverness, and I think that after the surplus of deer (in evidence to-day in certain districts) has been dealt with supplies will dwindle and that then one plant could easily cope with all the red deer carcases available.

Yours faithfully,
East Kintrockat, A. G. CHALMERS.
Brechin.

RUSTIC BOWLS

SIR,—Closely allied as we are to France, I wonder how many of your readers are familiar with what must be regarded as the national game of the French—the rustic form of bowls called *boule*, played on Sunday afternoons in every village in the south. The photograph shows the end of a game at Pralognan-la-Vanoise (5,000ft) in the Tarentaise alps.

Here, as in many villages, there is a pitch of hard earth, completely free from grass, reserved for the game; but in many places it is played on what in England would be the village green, or on the main road, lines being marked on the ground by pouring water in the dust.

The two essentials seem to be an absence of grass and a naturally irregular *terrain*. The bowls are spherical and without bias, smaller than bowls or skittle balls, and are sometimes of wood, sometimes of metal. The surface of the ball is scored like that of a golf ball. The play is similar to that of bowls, but the technique is quite different. The ball is held beneath the hand, knuckles upwards, and is delivered after a short run. It is not bowled along the ground, but thrown a little way into the air

NO HAPHAZARD GAME THOUGH NOT PLAYED ON CUMBERLAND TURF
(See letter "Rustic Bowls")

CHOOLMOOGRA TREES AND (ON RIGHT) THE NUTS FROM WHICH THE OIL IS OBTAINED
(See letter "For Treating Leprosy")

with an under-arm swing, continuing its run to what corresponds to the jack by rolling along the ground.

When balls are grouped closely round the jack, one of the players "shoots" (*tirer*), that is, throws his ball higher in the air in an attempt to hit the jack, or the surrounding balls, full pitch. *Boule* is in no sense an old man's game, the vigorous hurling of the heavy balls having an appeal to the young which is not found in bowls. Also, it costs exactly, nothing to play, if you borrow your balls from a café. And yet it is by no means a haphazard game, as will be seen by the careful measuring taking place in the photograph.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD RICHARDSON.

West Bridgford,
Nottingham.

AGED BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—Our grandparents used to think that the life of a butterfly was a brief day, hence the old saying:

"Who'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Christened in a teacup, died in half-an-hour!"

But modern science has proved the fallacy of this "old wives'" tale.

The average length of life of a summer butterfly is ten days to a fortnight, but the hibernating species, such as Peacocks, Brimstones, Small and Large Tortoiseshells and the Commas, usually live to see their "children." The Peacock for instance, lives 10 or 11 months, going into hibernation in September and dying in June after it has mated and laid its eggs in the spring.

A friend of mine has had a remarkable experience with some Peacocks this year. It has been his habit for nearly 50 years to keep a cage of these lovely butterflies alive all the winter as "pets," feeding them now and then on a pad soaked in honey and water.

In the autumn of 1938 he had the usual "family" of Peacocks in his cage, and successfully hibernated most of them through the winter, but instead of

dying in June or July about half-a-dozen of them remained quite lively throughout the summer, and in September started to settle down for hibernation *a second time!* There was no mistaking it, as I saw them for myself—a few faded and worn Peacocks fluttering about amongst quite a lot of fresh ones that had only recently been put into the cage.

This length of life—seventeen months—is, of course, a record and quite abnormal, and there seems every possibility of their surviving a second winter and becoming grandparents!

The photograph I enclose shows one of these aged Peacocks, feeding from a pad and perfectly "tame."

Yours faithfully,
L. HUGH NEWMAN.

"The Butterfly Farm,"
Bexley, Kent.

A PET TOAD

SIR,—In the issue of the *Field* of September 30th, your correspondent, Mr. G. I. Willson, appears to have some doubt as to the veracity of the story told him of Toby the Toad. When living in Sussex, we also had a pet toad. He lived for two or three years down a long narrow hole in a grassy bank. We used to tap on the bank at the entrance to his house, and he would slowly emerge, to be fed on flying ants and such delicacies, which he took from our fingers.

Yours faithfully,
MARIAN DUKE.

Hadley,
Machadodorp, Eastern Transvaal.

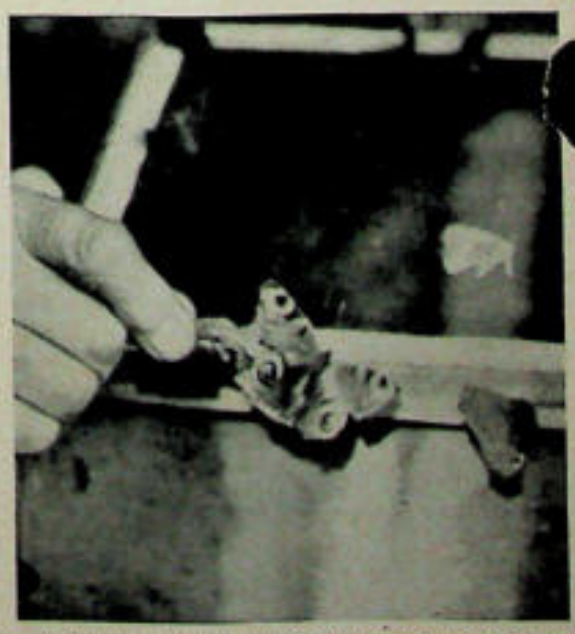
[Other readers in replying to our correspondent have supplied particulars of the tameness of toads.—ED.].

FOR TREATING LEPROSY

SIR,—No doubt most of your readers have heard of Choolmoogra oil, which is recognised as one of the most efficient agents for the treatment of leprosy. Pictures of the tree from which the product is obtained may be of interest. One of the accompanying photos shows a grove of Choolmoogra trees at the Government Experimental Station, near Rabaul, in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. The other picture is a close-up of the nuts, very similar to green oranges in appearance, from which the medicinal oil is expressed.

Yours faithfully,
S. ALTSON PEARL.

14, Linlithgow Road,
Toorak, Melbourne, S.E.2,
Australia.



A PEACOCK BUTTERFLY IN THE RUNNING TO BECOME A "GRANDPARENT"
(See letter "Aged Butterflies")

NEW BOOKS

FOXHUNTING FOR ALL MOODS

Full Cry. By J. Ivester Lloyd. Illustrated by T. Ivester Lloyd. (Gerald Duckworth; 10/6.)

"THIS is England, to be enjoyed, every moment, every inch of it." Mr. Lloyd's description of the countryside might well be applied to his book, for this book is England, the delightful England of the sportsman, the England which he knows and appreciates.

The author's sketches of England range from Exmoor to Leicestershire, but the majority of them are confined to his home country which includes Buckinghamshire and parts of Oxfordshire; in Buckinghamshire especially, he displays all the justifiable pride of the native and all the detailed knowledge of the true countryman. This book is chiefly about hunting, but is not confined to the hunting field, rather does it describe the scenes of England in the words of the hunting man who can see in any district those points which are of importance to his sport whether he visits the districts which he describes in summer or in winter.

Mr. Lloyd describes many hunting days from the point of view of the "foot-slogger," but he does not only treat with foxhunting; he describes stag-hounds, beagles, bassett-hounds, otter-hounds and blood-hounds; he goes to sales and even visits the Equitation School at Weedon; he goes ratting in a barn and once he even . . .; the reviewer should not give everything away. Enough to say that throughout these many and varied activities runs the same delightful strain, a strain which is seen at its best in "Old Rusty's Brush," which story is a little gem of its kind.

The illustrations are by the author's father who needs no introduction to hunting people.

* * * *

The Foxhunter's Week-end Book. By D. W. E. Brock, M.F.H. (Seeley Service; 8/6.)

The volumes which have already appeared in Messrs. Seeley Service's Week-end Book series have made for themselves a big reputation, and this is by no means belied in the latest addition in which Mr. Brock discourses pleasantly upon every topic which is in any way connected with foxhunting. This particular volume differs from its predecessors in that it is not so much an anthology, although many well-chosen extracts from other people's works are included, as an original and amusing commentary by its author, written in such a way as to provide convenient reading for the short intervals which are implied by the term week-end.

Mr. Brock's knowledge of foxhunting is encyclopædic and he manages to impart a great deal of practical and useful information in his 374 pages, though it is all done in such good spirit and with such a lightness of touch that there is no hint of instruction for its own sake. As an example we may mention the chapter entitled "Bitting for Babes" where the attitude of the super-horsey expert, as explained by Mr. Brock, is a superb piece of clowning, but is at the same time a very fair and correct estimate of the people concerned, as might be expected from a man who can describe a rubber as a horse dustee!

When reading this book one is reminded all the time of Mr. Jorrocks, M.F.H., "The Chase, the Chase"; the author has little patience for anything but real genuine "fox'untitiveness" but this he can and does provide in a most satisfying manner.

The bibliography which is included shows that a knowledge of the literature of the chase is not lacking although the very few and rather well-known extracts which are included are but a poor representation of it, though the idea of entrusting to a series of different authors from among the classical writers upon hunting, the task of describing a hunt, was a stroke of genius.

* * * *

Albion: An Artist's Britain. By Stephen Bone. (A. & C. Black; 15/-.)

Choose 40 illustrations and describe Great Britain, past, present (and have a shot at the future) in not more than 150 pages. How would you tackle it? You do not know? But he's done it, and all without a reference to Eros, Blackpool or the Turf. One hundred and fifty pages: a mere pamphlet though it takes a long time to read for Albion must be savoured bit by bit, not bolted.

In the first place the pictures will not let you get to grips with the text for a long while. And then, after every few pages, a picture crops up and you just stop reading and look through them all again. Perhaps that's not complimentary to the author but since he's the artist too he can't complain. In the end award 50 50 and you still cannot decide which picture you like best or which chapter enjoy the most.

The essence of all these lovely paintings is the sky and the spell cast by it over everything beneath. Even in "Boodles, St. James," where there is barely enough blue on the canvas to patch a pair of trousers, the whole façade radiates an unseen sky. Look at the graded blue behind the sunlit spars of the "Grainship Unloading Wheat"; the passage of clouds across Ben Wyvis, in "Dingwall," their movement reinforced by the arrangement of the trees; the grey chill enfolding "West Runton Farmyard"; and then, above all, the threat of more rain over the "Wet Roofs of Ardrossan." Many of us take the sky for granted. Unless held by the sheer compulsion of a brilliant sunset we gaze at a river or ruin less than half conscious of the spaciousness around and overhead.

With the detached but sentient surveillance of light swamping everything and also penetrating every detail of the landscape he intends to paint so, in the text, the artist watches Britain from its primeval shaping to the garden city: a birdseye view, but with the vision of an artist and not the casual acceptance of a bird. He slyly traces Britain's evolution to persuade us that man made Albion what it is—and very few corners seem to have escaped man's exploitation or Stephen Bone's exploration—rather than Albion made man. Without much plan and without a trace of pedagogy (he shows the way rather than beckons us to follow), by reminiscence, by quotation, by the selection of historical and geographical facts and, above all, by remarkably keen commentary of his own he points the milestones as he goes along. The whole of the first chapter (Geology and Ancient History, though you do not realise what you are swallowing) is superbly written, especially the bit about the speculative musings of a Martian on the riddle of London towards the end.

* * * *

South Sea Vagabonds. By J. W. Wray. (Herbert Jenkins; 10/6.)

This is the log of the Ngataki, 35-ft. cutter, 12ft. 6in. beam, round about 7 tons stripped. She was a "heavy, beamy ship, slow but safe in running"; otherwise she and J. W. Wray must have come to grief long enough ago.

Her creation—inside a crazy shed from driftwood and heaven knows how many odds and ends—is not less amazing than the adventures where "she proved herself in the severest of all testing grounds, the open sea." And it reveals a singleness of purpose, a refusal to be beaten, an ingenuity on the builder's part possessed by very, very few. There grew during those long workshop months not only the ship but also the man to make and take instant decisions which saved her more than once. Master and ship matured together.

The first few trips were curtain raisers, getting the feel of her offset and cudgelling navigation theory into practice. Wray's chronometer was a 4/6 watch; its vagaries often upset his calculations. But that doesn't stop him cruising when and where he will among his South Sea Islands—not even hurricanes, touch wood, stop that.

In the preface he says "I am not a writer, never was and never will be," meaning I suppose, that he does not know how to bloodcurdle the reader by hotting up thrills: don't you believe it—this is vital, heroic stuff.

* * * *

The Everlasting Hills. By J. Waller (J.W.). (Blackwood; 15/-.)

This is a lively, candid account of five years' climbing and there are 64 wildly impressive photographs of snowbound mountain scenery and climbers in action spread between the pages. The exploits range from "scrambles" in the Swiss and Kashmiri Alps to a more deliberate and mature attack upon the Masherbrum: it failed, if you choose to call reaching 25,000ft. and, by sheer bad luck, being denied the last 600ft. to the summit a failure. Actually it was a triumph if ever there was one.

J.W. maintains and, in a sense, proves that he who climbs the Himalayas need not be a superman backed by armies of Sherpas and vast resources to succeed. Spencer Chapman, in 1937, tackled Chomalhari with one porter and virtually a packet of sandwiches between them. But those who know Chapman can read a little of J.W's. quality between the lines. Neither of them are ordinary men. A picked, determined team takes a lot of beating and resourcefulness may, if the gods are kind, transcend resources. At all events this book must make the strongest possible appeal to men—young officers on leave in India for instance—to take up the challenge of the Everlasting Hills: the finest sport and schooling in the world bar none.

* * * *

Two Men in the Antarctic. By T. W. Bagshawe. (Cambridge University Press; 15/-.)

This book is the record of what must certainly be the smallest and least prepared expedition that ever wintered in South Polar regions. After the rest of the original expedition had decided, for various good reasons, to retire these two young men—Lester and Bagshawe—elected to stay on and trust to luck, without experience and without adequate supplies, gear or instruments.

One of them—T. W. Bagshawe—describes in the frankest possible manner exactly how they lived, "we sit and shiver and try to laugh at our discomforts; but it's not much use to moan and groan," and he records with equal candour almost everything they saw and did. They were never idle. Readings and observations had to be taken every four hours during the day throughout the best part of a year; day and night for three months; and for one whole month even an hourly tide log was kept. It was no fun lighting the lantern with damp matches and turning out into the frozen wind and dark to fumble with numbed fingers at the screen. As Professor Debenham says in the Foreword "never were there such devoted scientists."

Nearly a third of the book devotes itself to Appendices—summaries which the author very rightly insisted shouldn't be left out—about weather and ice and tide conditions; notes on Antarctic whales, seals and birds. These are as good to read as the story itself and give an even better idea of the amount of work these young men, for all their lack of tools and previous experience, got through. And it does not represent the total of their findings: most of the actual figures have already found their way into scientific journals, including a valuable memoir on Penguins published in the Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, 1938. They shared their Antarctic islet with a rookery of penguins, but not even the relish of fresh penguin eggs could tempt them to take any before sufficient had been laid to provide ample material for study: and this, mind you, after "the memory of our minces (ancient seal meat mixed with pemmican) is still more than enough to satisfy my appetite."

There are some good photographs and some exceedingly interesting pages about whaling. They spent part of their time aboard the floating factories and catchers and found the grim life led by these hardy whalers a lap of luxury compared to their own existence during that long Antarctic winter.

* * * *

Children, My Children. By Peter de Polnay. (Secker & Warburg; 7/6.)

Mr. Nicholas, chief character of this book, an extreme egoist has three redeeming features, his very amusing off-spring. The action takes place in Italy and later in Switzerland in the early part of 1914, and deals with the unfortunate suicide of the mother of these three children and the attempts of their very efficient English governess to bring them up to be thoroughly British (although living on foreign soil). It is interesting to learn that spinach (that much loathed dish of the present younger generation) played such an important part in the nursery menu in those days. We are introduced to the children disposing of this dish, and the book ends with Ivor (the son) asking his governess "that now they are really orphans—need they eat spinach." From that remark you will gather that Mr. Nicholas (after various amusing intrigues) meets his end in a very dramatic manner. This is a very amusing book and Mr. de Polnay is at his best when writing of the children, but I think he owes it to his adult admirers to dip his pen into a little sweetness next time when choosing his more mature characters.

* * * *

Red Pilot. By Vladimir Unishevsky. (Hurst and Blackett; 7/6.)

Russia happens to be to the fore in world news to-day, and possibly coming events will disprove some of the startling information put forward by the author—a late officer in the Red Army—on the prevailing conditions at the beginning of February 1938 in aviation, civil and military in Russia.

Vladimir Unishevsky and a friend escaped from the Soviet in a barely airworthy plane into Esthonia, and the book deals with the author's life from the time of his entrance in 1929 into the Leningrad District Glider School and his career as an airman until he fell foul of the Ogpu by a chance remark to a friend (a fate he shares it seems with thousands of others). A very interesting book purporting to reveal the very terrible conditions existing for the workers in the U.S.S.R. to-day.

* * * *

Ginger Charley. By Max Catto. (Martin Secker; 7/6.)

Major Beaney keeps a pub. in a tiny village called Raff-muir on the west coast of Scotland and, to quote him, "some of his villagers have got things in 'em physychologists just love to get their teeth into"; even if you are not physychologically inclined, you will find plenty to get your teeth into in this tale. As the author confesses in the first chapter, it is rather an indelicate affair, and deals mainly with the paternity of Annie Faggott's child and the rampagings of two tribes—the Mackinaws and the Menzies—two really sinister families cherishing undying hatred of each other. There is plenty of drama and rich humour in this story of the enforced holiday of a London playwright (fleeing, by the way, from a libel suit brought by an irate baroness) in this Highland village, to quote again, "fifteen miles from the last outpost of civilization." Splendid entertainment.

* * * *

Yorkshire Tour. By Ella Pontefract and Marie Hartley. (Dent; 8/6.)

Miss Pontefract and Miss Hartley have already described in prose and picture three of the Yorkshire Dales—*Scaledale, Wensleydale* and *Wharfedale*. Three very good books they were, too. Now they attack a wider subject—the whole county, too wide a subject, as they themselves admit, to cover within the covers of one book with anything like the thoroughness that characterised their three previous books. But they have made a very good job of it, and the intense love they must obviously have for their county has produced a book that will hold its own with any on Yorkshire. Indeed very little has been left out—industrial areas, holiday resorts, little known dales and open country, old tales and new, characters and legends, all find their place. We are given the life of the past and the life of the present, and we are given it in a readable form. The illustrations—a coloured frontispiece and 40 sketches by Miss Hartley and 16 pages of photographs by the combined authors—are excellent. There are eight good maps and a full index. A very good book.

FIRST HERALDS OF SPRING

Snowdrops and Aconites

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AMONGST the first welcome heralds of spring snowdrops and aconites, particularly the former, have for centuries been favourites. *Cyclamen Coum* and very early primroses such as Wanda often precede the older favourites but they have never attained the same popularity as snowdrops.

Aconites have been grown in our gardens at least since Elizabethan times and probably long before. They are natives of various parts of Europe but not of these islands. Our early winters are now so mild that the aconites are frequently in flower before even the first fall of snow, but there is an old county saying "Snow brings the aconites," and Gerard in his Herbal describes these flowers blossoming "many times bearing the snow on the heades of his leaves and flowers."

The true leaves of aconites do not appear till much later, but the involucres that surround the flowers enhance them to perfection and they are rather suggestive of Elizabethan ruffs. They are amongst the flowers that should be grown in mass and semi-naturalised or as an edging, in a cottage garden. In formal surroundings these flowers look out of place. Large sheets of them make a carpet of living gold in sunlight but in dull weather they close. No sooner does the sun break through, however, than the golden balls open wide again.

Aconites have a very long flowering period, usually six weeks, and when the flowers are over there is the beauty of their rich, abundant foliage. In one garden of which I know, the entrance drive follows the course of a small stream for some way and the banks of rather fine turf are thick with mauve and white crocuses. Long before these appear, however, the place is aglow with aconites. An old Lincolnshire name for aconites is "New Year's Gifts."

The various aconites all have their individual attraction. *Eranthis cilicia* is rather handsomer than *E. hyemalis* and best of all is *E. Tubergeni*, a hybrid of the two named above. In good rich soil the flowers of this hybrid measure nearly 2in. across. The foliage, however, is not so pleasing as that of *E. cilicia*, which is bronze shaded and more finely cut. Aconites do best in a rather moist soil and a little shade but they are accommodating.

Sometimes aconites are difficult to naturalise. The tubers are so tiny that, like those of snowdrops, they should not be kept a day longer than is necessary out of the ground. Tubers kept long out of the ground very often fail altogether, and it is better to obtain them locally if possible and move them as soon as the flowers are over. I have moved them in full flower and they have not resented it in the least.

Another mistake is putting them into dense turf, for in such turf they are almost certain to rot. Once established, aconites usually spread rapidly and they are so poisonous that they are absolutely rabbit-proof, so they are ideal for the wild or semi-wild garden.

I think that in the not far distant future semi-wild gardens will become as popular as they seem to have been in the Middle Ages when our ancestors rejoiced in "flowering meads." Instead of the laborious front gardens now almost universally associated with small houses we may perhaps see fairly fine grass planted with a few fruit trees and the grass with early flowering bulbs, also the commoner but very lovely columbines, lupins and irises. I know of one such garden where the only bare earth is that immediately round the fruit trees and at all seasons this small plot is a restful delight to the eye.

Snowdrops when they first peep through the soil are clothed in what looks like mantles of transparent silver. These silver sheaths look frail yet afford perfect protection to the tips of the leaves as they thrust themselves through the soil. Between the leaves shelter the flowers, but the flower-stalks swiftly outgrow the leaves. The flowers themselves remain in a sheath partly green and partly transparent. Until the buds unfold they are borne upright but directly the sheaths slit, the buds hang downward the sheaths remaining as a shield above the flower.

In full flower snowdrops look so fragile that it seems the slightest wind would destroy them but they sway with every breeze and bend in the fiercest gales and remain unharmed.

The old pretty names of snowdrops are seldom heard now. In Gloucestershire, in my childhood, they were sometimes called "Candlemas bells" by cottagers in out of the way parts of the Cotswolds. Their better known country names are "Fair Maids of February" and "Our Lady's Fair Maids." It is pleasant to recall that St. Francis blessed the snowdrops, which he called the emblems of hope. Possibly the saint had in mind the legend that when Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise it was bitter cold without, and snow was falling. Eve trembled with fear but an angel caught some of the flakes as they fell and scattered them as snowdrops.

Botanists have not decided whether the snowdrop is one of our native flowers, and if it is a true native it is strange that they are not mentioned by either Chaucer or Shakespeare. For centuries, however, these flowers have been naturalised in parts of these islands. They are sadly contrary flowers, for, as Sir Herbert Maxwell long ago pointed out, they can barely be persuaded to live in the Scilly Isles, yet 400 miles further north in Scotland they are to be seen covering the earth as with a mantle of snow.

There are some wonderful displays of snowdrops in southern parts but they cannot compare with the vast expanses of them to be seen in various famous gardens in Scotland and the North of England.

The species now grown are considerable. A few years ago the late Sir William Lawrence sent an exhibit of seventeen species to one of the R.H.S. shows. Amongst the species more commonly grown *Galanthus Elwesii* is the handsomest. This species is an exception to the rule that snowdrops like a moist soil and being planted in the protection of deciduous trees, for it is apt in such conditions to die out. It needs a hot dry position, such as a bank in full sun, and in such conditions in the rock garden it succeeds admirably and frequently seeds itself.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Aconites have been grown in our gardens since Elizabethan days and probably long before

IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

SPINACH can be sown on a very sheltered border. Large leaves can be secured by thinning from the first. The thinnings should not be thrown away but kept for salads. It is one of the most valuable early vegetables for it is rich in alkaline salts and contains vitamins A, B, and C. Many people who cannot eat cooked spinach find they can eat raw leaves with impunity. Clucas New Giant-leaved variety is first rate. It is very long standing.

Chicory this month is valuable both for salads and cooking. When grown for commercial purposes this vegetable is forced at this season by very complicated methods but even in small houses it is possible to keep up a supply with the minimum of trouble. All that is necessary is to lift as many roots as will fill an 8-inch pot or a small wooden box. When lifting, care has to be taken not to injure the roots. Cut off the tops just above the crowns, cram the pots or box as tightly as possible with the roots and fill up with fairly moist soil. Cover with another pot or box (the box with holes for air) and stand in a cellar or even a corner of the kitchen, if the cook is tolerant. In a temperature of even 50 deg. Fahr. the leaves will be ready in a fortnight, if in a cellar where there is no central heating or even a frost-proof shed, they will be ready in four to five weeks. In perfect darkness the leaves will be creamy white and very tender but a less good colour and not so tender if at all exposed to light. The leaves should not be cut but broken off as then a second crop can be taken, though never so good as the first. After this the roots are useless. By lifting in succession, supplies can be kept up till May.

Jerusalem Artichokes are in season now and they are amongst the vegetables that are either much liked or equally intensely disliked. Epicures assert that their real flavour is only to be had when they are served sliced cold with mayonnaise sauce. They can be eaten in salads grated raw, but like apples they turn colour almost immediately. Artichoke fritters make a good change from the ordinary method of boiling them. The raw tubers should be thinly sliced, dipped in batter and fried and served well peppered and salted. A soufflé made with this vegetable is delicious. To make it rub the cooked tubers through a sieve and make a sauce (preferably Bechamel) with the liquor. Take equal quantities of the sieved artichokes and sauce and the yolks of two eggs and beat well together. Put into a soufflé dish, folding in at the last the whites of the two eggs beaten to a froth. Sprinkle with finely grated Parmesan cheese, and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Personally I think the best Jerusalem Artichoke soup is that made with the unpared tubers.

As is the case with all the root vegetables the best flavour and the valuable salts lie both just and under the skin. Anyone can test this by steaming the unpared tubers in a bowl. The liquor that collects at the bottom of the bowl is dark brown, very sweet and if left to get cold makes a solid jelly. If the tubers are rubbed through a sieve and the liquor added with a milk or cream the result is a delicious soup in which neither flavour nor the health-giving salts are lost. Jerusalem Artichoke pie is also good. To make it rub the cooked tubers through a sieve, add a little lemon juice and cooked sieved onions (rather less onion than artichoke). Grease a pie-dish and fill it with alternate layers of this mixture and grated cheese.

Chinese Artichokes are still not appreciated as they should be. Where grown it is best to use them in early winter because if kept long they are apt to shrivel badly. Their lack of popularity may be due to this fact. I find that unless the tubers are stored not only in just the right temperature but also the right moisture the tubers shrivel so much that they are useless for seed. It is for this reason that it is inadvisable to order them until early April for the seedsmen store them in just the right conditions.

E.S.R.

THE PRUNING OF ORCHARD TREES IN GRASS

Open Centres and Well-Balanced Branches

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

AMONG the many economies that can be practised on the farm during war-time, fruit tree pruning should not be included. Unfortunately, there is pruning, and pruning! Some jobbing gardeners have an idea that the pruning of a fruit tree consists of cutting back as hard as possible all the young wood that has grown the previous season. Equally unfortunately, pruning to some farmers merely means the chopping off of

THE HALF-STANDARD TREE, REFERRED TO IN THE ARTICLE, AFTER PRUNING
Note the leaders and the laterals have been cut back

a branch here and there if it gets too low for the stock.

The pruning of fruit trees is one of the most difficult subjects to write about for each tree should be treated on its own merits—ones that are growing weakly may need encouraging by having the leaders (end-growths) cut back by three-quarters. Varieties whose branches tend to droop on the ground will need pruning back to an upward growing bud in an attempt to keep them upright. Varieties which tend to grow upright, on the other hand, may have to be pruned so as to keep them open.

The pruning of the standard or half-standard tree growing in grass is a far simpler proposition than the training of the cordon, the treatment of the fuseau tree, or even the pruning of the ordinary bush tree. The farmer should aim at giving each branch sufficient room to grow, so that the light and air may penetrate everywhere. It is said that in the case of cooking varieties the aim in the young stages should be to keep the branches 20in. apart and in the case of dessert varieties 16in. apart.

A well-balanced tree should be grown, a branch on one side growing equally strongly as the branch on the other side. A goblet-shaped tree should be aimed at—not a basin-shaped tree as so many writers suggest. An open centre, yes, but not such an open centre that a tremendous amount of valuable space is wasted.

Standards and half-standards are usually planted when three or four years of age and it is most important to prune these young trees correctly during the next four or five years of their life. As a rule it will be necessary to cut back the leaders by about half, so that next year's leader will be strong and a good framework of branches thus developed. Care should be taken to make the cut just above a bud so that a dead end will not be left at the head of each leader. These "snags" as they are called not only are useless to the tree, but they provide an entry for such diseases as canker, and a breeding ground for woolly aphis.

It may be necessary to cut out some of the young growths altogether. It is much better to concentrate on the vigorous shoots growing in the right direction than to allow all kinds of unwanted growths to develop, especially in the centre of the tree. As has been suggested, the head of the forming tree should be kept open. Sometimes on one side there are two or three young branches close together, competing one with the other. One of these may need removing so that strong branches may develop in the direction desired. Aim at a series of branches, evenly spaced, right round the head of the tree.

The photographs give some indication as to how the pruning should be carried out. Note how the leaders have been shortened and how some of the laterals (side-growths) are being turned into leaders so as to form new branches. Notice equally how laterals not required as leaders have been cut back to within 3in. from the main branches. It will be seen quite clearly how the goblet-shaped tree has been aimed at. The result of this careful pruning is shown in the third photograph, taken late in September, 1939, and it will be seen that though the tree is

THE SAME TREE BEFORE PRUNING
Note the efficient method of staking

young, it is bearing a valuable crop. The variety is Laxton's Superb, an excellent keeping dessert which does well in grass.

After the framework of the branches has been established pruning can be reduced to an absolute minimum. The less you prune a tree the quicker it comes into bearing and so after the first six years there may be a temporary cessation of tree cutting, with the exception of the removal of crossing or diseased branches.

When the tree has matured, the yearly pruning may consist of the removal of dead wood, the cutting out of infected wood and the removal of branches that are tending to damage one another by rubbing. Owing to heavy cropping, the branches of some varieties tend to droop on the ground and in these cases dehorning should be carried out. That means the cutting back of the branch concerned to another growth on that branch, growing in an upward direction.

Any large saw cuts made should always be cleaned up afterwards with the sharp blade of a knife. If they are smoothed in this way the cambium layer is able to cause a callous to grow and so heal the wound satisfactorily. All wounds thus made should be painted over immediately afterwards with a thick white lead paint. The formula consists of 1lb. white lead paint as bought, a teaspoonful of paste drier, and a tablespoonful of linseed oil. These should be mixed together well and a tablespoonful of turpentine then added. The whole should then be stirred thoroughly and may be kept in an airtight jar until required for use. This is the only dressing that prevents such diseases as Silver Leaf and Canker from gaining an entrance through the exposed

THE SAME TREE IN SUMMER WITH ITS CROP
Note the large size apples and where they are borne

tissues. Stockholm Tar which is often used does not prevent the entry of these diseases.

Without a doubt it is better to under-prune than over-prune and when in doubt, branches should be left in, rather than removed. It is always possible to remove them later, even in the summer if necessary, but once they are sawn off it is impossible to put them back!

Young trees always do better in grass if they are properly staked and tied. The photographs demonstrate the ideal method. Because they are firmly anchored in the ground the roots are able to develop properly and to feed the growing top of the trees. Further, because the stakes are not near the trunk, they cannot rub and damage it nor can they rock about in close proximity to the tree and let in the rain. Many young standard trees have died through having a stake driven in close to them, either through rubbing or rocking.

HOW A FAMILY CAN FEED ITSELF

HARD facts and figures prove how dependent we are as a nation on the importation of our vegetables. Every year, for example, more than 100,000 tons of broccoli and cauliflowers are brought here from the Channel Isles, Holland, France and Italy. Out of every 100 onions eaten in this country only nine are grown in British gardens; out of every 100 carrots only 48 are produced from our own soil.

Careful study has been made of the requirements of a normal British family of, say, five people as far as their vegetable needs go for a year. The figures are surprising. Those five persons eat roughly: 10cwt. of potatoes, 40 head of cabbage, 35 cauliflowers, 40lb. of beans of various sorts, and 100lb. of onions quite apart from other numerous items that can easily be home-produced. To grow these vegetables, less the potatoes, about 240 square yards of land would be required. Add potatoes, and a further 170 square yards would be required, making a total of roughly 400 square yards of productive soil properly balanced by nutritive fertilisers to maintain a self-supporting family of five for one year. Here at a glance can be seen the task before the home gardener, and how easily he can not only make his family self-supporting but healthier in the enjoyment of home-grown vegetables and happy in the knowledge of the important part he is playing in these critical times.

It is estimated that there are more than 3,500,000 gardens against 900,000 existing allotments and half a million proposed allotments, the superiority in the number of gardens being considerably increased by larger acreages. It is thus the garden owner who is the pivot on which the greater production of home-grown foodstuffs depends. The allotment holder is also a national asset, but he is well organised through the existing associations in almost every town, city and village up and down the country. It is necessary for the garden owners to be inspired with the same enthusiasm that is so splendidly displayed by the "allotmenteers." It can be done.

WISE USE OF THE LAND

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

TIME has now elapsed, since the outbreak of one of the strangest wars in history, for agriculturists to form some idea of what effect war-time legislation will have upon the land, and its cultivation, and upon livestock and its management.

Probably it is easier to forecast the future of the former than of the latter for what will happen to the livestock industry largely depends on what supplies of home-grown feeding stuffs we can produce, and how far our land may ultimately be needed to grow crops essentially for human consumption. At the time of writing it would appear as if the good work put in by the War Agricultural Executive Committees has largely simplified problems under both headings, and, while they are not laying down any hard and fast rules they are bearing in mind that if we are to prove successful, we have to view the available agricultural land as a whole, and see that it is put to the best and most productive use.

Some people I have talked with seem to imagine that unless land is at once ploughed up, or dug by hand as allotments it is "Not doing its bit," and they will persist in this argument whatever one may say. They do not seem to realise that there may be land that is totally unfit for ploughing, and that the Agricultural Executive Committees, armed with the practical knowledge they possess, of their particular county, are wise in laying down instructions that such land should be more heavily stocked (if that is their opinion) rather than ploughed up and probably wasted, for unless an average crop of cereals or roots can be grown, it must be obvious that such land is better left alone, and the State not involved in expense.

Moreover hay will be needed in increasing quantities if feeding stuffs are going to remain in fairly short supply in certain categories.

There is also the problem of certain adjustments that has to be well considered also, where possibly one of two neighbours may possess land fit to plough, and cannot plough as much as he would like to do because he is in need of grass for grazing, while his neighbour has no land fit to plough but more grass land than he can afford to stock.

Here, then, is an ideal case for suggesting that each could put his land to good use nationally if the one ploughed, and the other let a corresponding acreage to his neighbour to graze.

While in many cases it may appear hard to break up so much good grass land, there is no doubt that, provided these fields are reinstated with a first class mixture of grass seeds after the war, and such new pastures are intelligently treated, the pastures of this country should benefit and we might reasonably suppose that, given good luck our pastures may be very much better for having been under the plough for a period.

The scientific, and practical treatment of pastures has occupied much attention of late years, for it is obvious that in many a case the best was not being obtained from them, and, given fair treatment they should have been in a position to carry a much larger head of stock, for a longer period. This is an object we should try hard to attain, for no one dare predict what will be the financial position of this country when the war is over, or the position of its citizens. Obviously there will not be a great deal of money to spare, and thus grass, the cheapest and best of all animal foods, will be of inestimable value.

Then too, in planning the wise use of the land during war, which of course must include relentless war waged on rabbits and rats, we should be prepared so to reduce to their lowest possible population the rabbit plague, that never again do we see hundreds upon hundreds of acres merely one great rabbit warren.

It may be advanced that rabbits provide both food and sport and that they thrive on poor land unfit to crop. Such land, in many cases was used as sheep pastures not so very many years ago, but when the slump in sheep prices hit the flockmaster, rabbits multiplied by the hundred thousand on this grazing. Moreover, granted that such land is of little real value to the country for agricultural purposes, we must remember that the rabbit pest does not content itself on this land, but spreads out, infesting cultivated land, and destroying crops to the value of many thousands of pounds a year. Thus the drastic elimination of rabbits is one step further in the wise use of our soil.

It is, I think, not too much to hope, that as the result of the great efforts now being so successfully made to encourage increased cultivation wherever possible, if once the rabbit plague can be put down for good the Government may feel inclined, in later years, to continue the Land Fertility Scheme by allowing a subsidy on lime, basic slag, and on other appropriate manures with which to dress and treat these acres of poor grazing rendered desolate by rabbits, so gradually bringing them into a condition for stocking, and then encourage farmers to stock them once again with sheep.

BERRIED SHRUBS FOR THE GARDEN

By CARTHEW ALLARDYCE

SURELY this is going to be a very hard winter for I never saw shrubs more berried than they are just now. A walk around the garden on Christmas Day was indeed a pleasure. Nature has indeed been generous, and trees and shrubs are vieing with one another to produce a brilliant display.

Most gardeners find it difficult to remember things—especially amateurs! That lovely plant you saw at Lady So-and-So's that you meant to buy and you forget all about it until you see it in flower again. Now is the time for planting shrubs. They can now be ordered. It is therefore the right time to describe many of them and to make suggestions.

Why is the Strawberry Tree not more planted? The brilliant strawberry shaped and strawberry coloured fruits that are produced as the result of last year's blossoms, look well against the shiny olive green foliage. The cream coloured flowers, curiously enough, are out at the same time as the berries and they, together with the reddy brown stems, produce a wealth of colour.

The Butcher's Broom is a simple shrub to grow. When cut the branches can be used for Christmas decoration. For both the foliage and the berries are long lasting. When ordering be sure to ask for a female and not a male or you will not get the glorious display of bright red berries growing firmly in between the spiny dark green leaves.

The Darwin Berberis is valuable not only because of its purple coloured berries but because of the really dark foliage also. Another Berberis called Prattii has coral coloured fruits each borne on its own slender stalk, in fact each member of the berberis family is fascinating in its own way and particularly the Polyantha.

As females are needed in the case of the Butcher's Broom so are they with Skimmias. Here you get myriads of scarlet berries hiding among the fresh strong yellow green foliage. See that there is a male near by for pollination purposes and note how each bunch of leaves is tight with blossom buds. In the early spring, these will be in full glow giving forth much fragrance.

Cotoneasters should be planted more and will do well either in sunny or partially shaded borders, one called Frigida being particularly attractive. The flat heads of white flowers produced in abundance in the early summer are followed by clusters of red fruits which hang like drops of blood until well after Christmas.

Another named Franchetii bears largish berries which look like tiny little apples. They are orange scarlet in colour, and the dark green leaves with the soft grey underneath show them up well. When the berries have fallen the foliage turns to lemon yellow. A cousin, the Fishbone Cotoneaster is a favourite for the wall or fence. Its name describes its growth, and in addition to the bespangling of the branches with coral like beads, the leaves themselves turn almost crimson before falling.

It is wonderful the way the dark crimson berries of the Cockspur Thorn hang on month after month without being touched by the birds or harmed by the winter winds. Bunch upon bunch can be seen from one end of the branch to the other. The grape-like bunches of glossy black fruit borne by the Chinese Privet on the other hand are not so fortunate. Masses of berries will be borne but they do not last the winter through.

As a contrast to the small fruits already mentioned there are the large yellow fruits of the Japanese Quince, which have a scent of their own. The blue berried shrubs must not be forgotten. The David Viburnum for instance which never grows high and has such showy blue fruits. Several of the Cornels bear clusters of blue fruits at the ends of the shoots, while the Decaisnea introduced by the French missionary, M. Farges, bears large cylindrical fruits of a lovely powder blue shade. This shrub does best in a sheltered sunny border.

A MODERN ESTATE SAWMILL

By REGINALD DAVEY

IN the matter of sawmills, America has us at a disadvantage. Their mills are much larger and better equipped than ours, and they deal with a greater output of timber. Ninety per cent. of our consumption of soft woods is imported, most of it already sawn. It is not surprising that they have succeeded in producing a device for collecting the sawdust and using it as a fuel to run the mill.

It was at Old Warden, near Bedford, that I first saw one of these plants fitted out and working. It was on the estate of Mr. R. O. Shuttleworth, whose connection with the firm of Messrs. Clayton and Shuttleworth, placed him in an unusual position for securing modern equipment. The mill had been designed by the owner, and included a rack bench, push bench and planing machine, all powered by a second-hand steam engine fitted up in accordance with the American principle.

The boiler rested upon a concrete bed, with a brick built and fire-brick lined firebox immediately abaft. The flue from the firebox led beneath the boiler, through the position which would have been taken up by an ordinary pattern firebox, along the tubes and up the funnel, which was very high. Above the firebox was a galvanised iron tube, about 12-in. in diameter, which widened out into a funnel. Into this delivered a similar tube, which passed underground by the engine, and then branched to collect the sawdust from the machines. A fan was fitted to convey the dust along the tubes and deliver it into the firebox.

The plant worked smoothly, though I saw it only on its first trial. It is estimated that the sawdust will form 80 per cent. of the fuel, the remainder being made up by waste wood from the outsides of the trees, and useless tops. It is the advantage of steam power that the fuel is mere waste wood, so that it is normally cheaper than diesel engines of electric power. Also the life of a steam engine, if cared for, is well over 50 years, owing to the slow rate at which the wheels revolve.

Diesel engines, with their multiplicity of working parts, and the great number of revolutions per minute, have a much shorter life, a failing which they share with electric motors. Their more instant availability and rapid starting form their chief appeal for sawmill work.

In the Old Warden mill the rack bench was fed by rolling the next tree from its stack on four concrete walls, built at right angles to the feed end of the table, and at the same level, which obviated lifting. Another set of walls is in view to increase the timber storage capacity, and to deliver the trees to the end of the bench.

The rack bench, which will deal with all round timber, converting it into plank, scantling, posts, rails, or what you will, occupies one side of the shed. Beyond it on the feeding side are the concrete stacking walls. Plenty of room has been left so that a tree can safely be loaded without stopping the saw. Both sides of the delivery end of the rack bench are kept clear of obstructions, as it is here that the sawn material will accumulate prior to removal to the storage sheds.

Inevitably the shafting will cross the shed, and if it is not underground, the best place, then it ought, for safety's sake, to be bridged over. A man carrying a heavy baulk across an unfenced and revolving shaft is a menace to everyone. Overhead shafting is losing popularity. It is not very safe for men carrying long planks of timber which take up a lot of room when carried. If they touch a revolving pulley or a belt, an accident is very probable.

The position for the push bench should be near the firebox, as it is waste from this bench which forms most of the fuel. Its purpose is to cross cut small material and saw up waste into fire logs. The planer and thicknesser need not be near the push bench, but it generally occupies the odd corner. It will deal with material from both rack bench and push bench, but should not be so near either that the normal accumulation of processed material becomes a danger.

This careful planning and plenty of elbow room is at the root of design for sawmills. So often one sees a mill in which all the machinery must perforce be stopped when a tree is loaded on to the bench. This is due usually to installing too much machinery into an existing building, a procedure which has the result of crowding the benches together, so that when a plank is sawn it must immediately be removed to the storage shed. Economic labour organisation requires a certain accumulation, and then all hands to clearance, a result which has been secured at Old Warden.

TREKKING IN ICELAND

By ANNE DILLON-CLARKE

TWENTY-ONE hours of daylight, in the stimulating air of the Far North, are worth going in search of. If these can, furthermore, be enjoyed from the back of a sturdy Icelandic pony there is a trip to remember.

Ten of us set out for a fortnight's ride in Iceland; we were old college friends so, knowing the worst of each other, we were prepared to make the best of everything, and the best proved to be superlatively good.

At Reykjavik, as we were an organised student party, we stayed at the university, though there are one or two good hotels in the town for those not so favoured. Here we left behind our suit cases together with our money, as we knew that on the ride there would be nothing, either liquid or solid, to spend it on. Three pack horses carried all of our food as well as tents and bedding, and besides these and our own mounts we took three spare ponies in case of accident, for we were going beyond the region of telephones and safety into the region of self-reliance and adventure.

We went by bus to pick up our mounts on a plain, 30 miles out from the capital. On this plain the ancient parliament of the Vikings used to meet and debate their public questions. The preservation of peace would not appear to have been one of their chief concerns, for near by was the Oxalofoss, a waterfall in which the Vikings washed the blood from their battle axes.

It was in August that we rode out from the plain of Aalhur, in flannel shirts, sweaters, and coats, with heavy woollen stockings inside our Wellington boots. Two of everything we took in case we should fall into an ice-cold stream, and in our packs were oil-skins and sou'westers—for were we not travelling in the very home of "depressions"? The oilskins, however, were only used on our beds to keep us warm, for we had sunshine all the way, 21 hours of it daily with only three hours darkness at night. How rare this fine weather was we realised when we saw, at the only house we came to during our 12-day ride, two women drying some sheepskins which they had been trying to get dry ever since May.

The great size of this lonely house surprised us at first until we found it is the custom in the island for the different branches of a family to live together and to add on to the house as required when any member of the family gets married, until sometimes the building becomes almost like a small hamlet all joined into one. This, presumably, is for the sake of warmth and protection from the weather.

The spare ponies and pack ponies all followed us without being led, which saved a lot of trouble. The hardiness of these little Icelandic animals is almost incredible. We rode eight or ten hours a day, and once we were 14 hours in the saddle. In 12 days we covered a good 400 miles of rough country, crossing pumice stone desert and old lava beds, and fording ice-cold streams; on grassy plains the ponies would lope along at a good pace, and on sandy stretches they would take off at a gallop with all the eagerness of thoroughbreds. Once we crossed a stream too deep to ford, and we took to boats, driving the ponies into the water to swim for it.

A NATURAL GEYSER

FORDING A STREAM

ICELAND PONIES ARE HOBBLED AND TURNED OUT AT NIGHT

ICELAND HAS MANY WATERFALLS

At each end of our day's ride there was work for us to do. While the men pitched camp the girls blew up the primus, opened tins of sardines, tomatoes and fruit and made stew with rice, bully beef and some wonderful dried vegetables that "the skipper" had brought from Vienna, which, when gently cooked swelled out and became young again, even the brussels sprouts turning green.

The country was as varied as our experiences. Waterfalls thundered and splashed in the sunshine, glaciers shone in their iridescent beauty and on a chain of lovely lakes the remains of icebergs, partly melted, were floating. Smooth rounded hill tops gave evidence of the action of ice in past ages. The same climate that causes the houses to grow big keeps the trees small. When we heard that we were coming to a forest we looked forward to riding through woods for a change, but as we rode through the "forest" our heads stuck out over the tree-tops! Though our route did not lead past the active volcano Mt. Hecla, there were long stretches of lava beds and a region of natural geysers.

The first morning we had all washed enthusiastically in a glacial stream—but that was the last time we did it! Chapped skin and sore necks taught us wisdom and from then until we reached the hot springs, several days later, our washing did not go beyond the irreducible minimum. Those whose experience of travel is confined to hotels where a small "b" in the A.A. book signifies "hot baths included" can never guess what was our joy when we came to a boiling stream, walked down the bank, testing the temperature with cautious hands until we found it cool enough to be bearable, and then slid out of our clothes and into the water with large cakes of soap and gurgles of delight. We knew then if never before, what Rupert Brooke meant by "the benison of hot water." The beauty of the scenes in this region of geysers and hot springs is almost impossible to describe. The water wells up turquoise blue, the sulphurous rocks surrounding it are yellow, orange and vermilion, beyond are black crags of volanic rock topped with very bright green grass, while here and there in the fissures is clear green ice.

But the region had its perils, for the water comes up literally boiling. Sometimes small geysers would make their appearance with disconcerting suddenness, as when, one morning, we found one which had not been there the night before, spouting and steaming not far from one of our sleeping tents.

We survived all the perils, however, and met the difficulties with light hearts.

After 12 days we rode into Reykjavik again having made a circle of 400 miles, everyone in fitter condition than when they started and not even the ponies showing any signs of undue fatigue.

GERMANY ON THE BRINK—I

What I Learned and Saw during a Nazi-conducted Motor Tour

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE balloon has gone up and the fog of war obscures the Fatherland for how long, no one knows. That being so, it is not without interest, in the light of to-day's events, to cast one's mind back to August, 1938, when the writer made one of a party of motoring journalists who toured Germany under Nazi stage management.

The ostensible object of the trip, organised by the Cement and Concrete Association, was the study of the tourist trade to ribbons, a fact that was confirmed again and again in Germany.

One of the high spots on the train journey to Berlin was the passing of the factory then being built for the mass production of the People's Car at Fallersleben. The walls were just sprouting from the ground and although the sight was not particularly imposing at that stage one member of the party filmed it through the carriage window. We learned, too, more interesting was the sight of a tall and beautiful tower enveloped in scaffolding preparatory to its stripping and removal to another site where it would not interfere with the new highways. (See photograph.)

ONE HALF OF A MOTOR ROAD LAID WITH CONCRETE BY MACHINERY MOUNTED ON RAILS. THE OTHER HALF IS COMPLETED. THE CENTRAL PORTION, TO BE GRASSED OVER, CARRIES THE TEMPORARY RAILS

German motorway system. But as it took place at a time when one crisis was being succeeded by another it presented many other interesting aspects. Indeed so imminent did the current crisis appear to be that one would-be member of the party refused to participate in the tour at the last moment.

This was not my first trip in Germany, for the year before I had explored the Rhine Valley and some of the "autobahnen" in a Rolls Royce Phantom III on my way to the discovery of the Col d'Iseran, not only France's but Europe's highest through motor road. Incidentally this Col beats Napoleon's famous Stelvio by a few feet only. On this occasion, when approaching Heidelberg at about 98 m.p.h. at 1 o'clock in the morning, we somehow lost our way. The result was that we found ourselves flying along the wrong side of the motor road in the direction from which we had just come. Thereupon we struck a snag, for means of passing from the up track to the down were many miles apart and anyway the practice was probably forbidden. In the end we took a chance, invaded the central grass strip and set out for Heidelberg again.

Another point that impressed us on this first trip was the large number and size of dark ominous-looking lorries, often two or three in tow, that frequented the Rhineland. Their towering flanks bore no names which might indicate the peaceful tasks of moving furniture, food or merchandise. What we wondered did they carry, where were they going and with what purpose? To-day perhaps we know.

But to return to the second trip. We trained and boated from Liverpool Street to Hook of Holland, learning en route that even at that date the international situation had cut the of the plan to build 240,000 of these air-cooled, rear-engined cars every year, their purchase to be provided for by the enforced savings of the proletariat. We also heard of the people's wireless set to be produced and marketed in a similar way. As far as I know neither scheme has borne fruit and the people have got exactly nothing for their contributions.

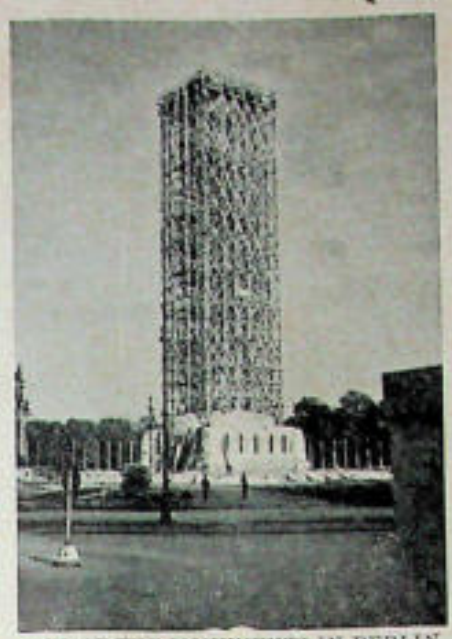
Our headquarters for the night were the Hotel Central near our arrival station. I have made a very careful study of hotels, purely from a visitor's viewpoint, and was impressed with the practical comfort and good detail work of this place. The bedrooms possessed everything one wanted and their scheme of decoration was modern without being ostentatious. Upon arrival we were presented with a card printed in English and entitled "Welcome to Berlin." I found the street map it contained most useful and set forth at once to explore the city on foot. I had heard so much about Unter den Linden that I was disappointed when I saw it. Despite its glaring decorations and mass of standards, flags and whatnots, erected in honour of Admiral Horthy, the street to my mind had neither the grandeur of the Champs Elysées nor the quality of Regent Street. The traffic moved briskly and both it and the pedestrians responded alertly to the control of the police at crossings.

I was particularly anxious to see what progress was being made with the great widening of the East-West axis road. For I had heard that it was intended to pull down buildings wholesale to build the new road a hundred yards wide. My walk west soon brought me to a point where the East-West and North-South roads would cross, but beyond a lot of hoarding and the beginnings of a tunnel I could not see anything. Much

That evening we were the guests for dinner of the Press Club where we were received by Dr. Goebbels' right hand man, the President of the German Press. The club reminded me of the R.A.C. in style and spaciousness. After shaking hands with our host we joined the 30 or 40 German journalists for cocktails which contained a goodly proportion of absinth. I sat beside a man who had just driven a German Ford Eight all the way from Hanover along the motor road in order to attend the function. Speaking English he told me that he had been one of the officials in the motor cycle six days' trial in England concluded a few weeks earlier.

Suitably fortified we repaired to a dancing place named Femina where after more re-inforcement the writer was persuaded to do a pas-seul. He chose the Sailor's Hornpipe which the band played with éclat. The dance was watched by the writer's son sitting modestly with a German boy friend at the back of the hall. While it was in progress he never acknowledged his relationship, doubtless embarrassed that his father could be so publicly skittish. But when his young companion remarked what a wonderfully good show it was the boy brightened up and confessed his kinship. My only note on the evening was the difficulty of the language and the expensive tastes of one's partners.

Our first day's run lay from Berlin to Dresden. In the course of it we inspected new sections of the motor road under construction and lunched at a labour camp at Kottbus. We left early in a fleet of black six-seater open Mercedes cars each under the guidance of an English-speaking Nazi. Leaving the capital we passed the immense new Air Ministry buildings just being completed and a few miles further the Tempelhof Airport. The first seemed to be about three times the size of our own. At the airport I was told they were building a covered-in departure and setting down bay nearly a mile long. Certainly the extent of the buildings we could see from the road was most impressive.

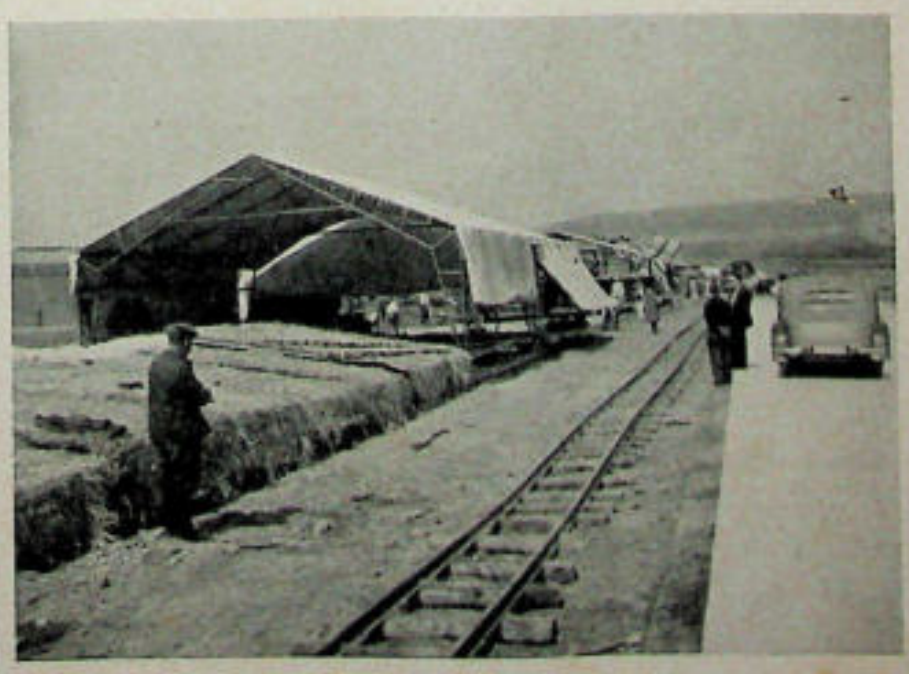


ONE OF THE MONUMENTS IN BERLIN ABOUT TO BE PULLED DOWN TO MAKE WAY FOR THE AXIS ROAD

Soon we came to our first motor-road inspection point where we were able to trace out every stage of its construction from the cutting or embanking to the finished twin tracks of concrete. As a great deal has already been written about these roads there is no need to go into details. But the facts that impressed me were the tremendous drive that energised the work, the speed of construction due to the employment of a great mass of specially designed plant, and the beautiful landscaping effects of the finished road. The general principle employs machines that run along rails laid on the rough bed of the road. These machines mix, deliver, lay and then pound the concrete in position. Some of them are practically travelling workshops complete with penthouse roofs and sides providing protection for the drying concrete. At that time they were building at the rate of three kilometres a day and organising two trips each month for visitors.

The roads are conceived and designed on the scale that we should use for a main railway line. That is the grading, curvature, bridging, and embanking flows evenly across country with an almost complete disregard for natural obstacles. The roads are of three types designed as regards visibility, &c., for speeds of 100, 90 and 80 m.p.h. But during our 800 miles' trip we never saw a private car doing more than 70 m.p.h. On the other hand many of the heavy lorries were hurrying along at 60 m.p.h.

(To be continued)



THE COVERED WORKSHOPS MOUNTED ON RAILS PROTECT THE CONCRETE DURING THE DRYING PERIOD. THE LARGE AMOUNT OF PLANT USED EXTENDS INTO THE BACKGROUND. ON THE RIGHT IS THE FINISHED HALF OF THE TRACK

BRIDGE

THE THREE MAIN SYSTEMS

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

WHEN Ely Culbertson won fame and fortune by inventing a system of bidding, and by investing bridge with a false halo of importance, he did the game no good service. For if Culbertson had had his way bridge would have ceased to be the pleasant, sporting, and unselfish, social recreation, that it is intended to be, and would have developed into a contest between controversial experts. Luckily for those who had the welfare of the game at heart, there arose in the wake of Culbertson a host of writers (some of whom, so far as I can gather, had never played bridge at all) who thought that to achieve immortality it was only necessary to put on to paper a system of bidding. It was these writers who, unknowingly, spiked Culbertson's guns; for the systems that they devised exposed the fact that bridge, with its important psychological factors, does not lend itself to bidding by rule of thumb. In the acid test of play most of these systems failed to come up to the expectations of their inventors, and ridicule completed their downfall.

With the fallacy revealed, arbitrary conventional bids and mathematical formulæ for bidding gradually ceased, and there was a reaction towards stabilisation. Thus, to-day, it is no longer necessary, when sitting down with a stranger as partner, to go through a catechism of the system that he uses; for nearly all players have recognised the fact that it is impossible to win by bidding according to the tenets of a rigid system, and they temper their bidding with common sense. The methods used by most players, then, are very much of a muchness, and all that a stranger needs to know is what forcing bids, if any, his partner uses, and what responses are expected.

Although a few players still make use of counting systems, in the main there are only three types of systems now in vogue: Approach Systems, in which the bidding is kept low at the start to facilitate exchange of information; Direct Systems, in which the bidding is kept as high as possible at the start in order to prevent the opponents interfering with partnership understanding; and Club Systems, in which an artificial bid of "One Club" or "Two Clubs"—irrespective of the holding in the Club suit—is made to indicate a strong hand.

In future articles I shall discuss important points in these systems individually. For the moment it is only necessary to say that even between Approach Bidders and Direct Bidders—who hold opposing views—there is not much difference in their bidding when it comes to normal hands. Witness the following deal, which occurred in the North v. South Match of 1938:—

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

At love all the bidding was the same in both rooms:—

B (dealer)	Z	A	Y
No Bid	One Spade	No Bid	Three No Trumps
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	

The feature of this deal is that, in Room 1, Z was playing the Approach System. No doubt a bad player, sitting in the Z position, would have passed; for although there are two and a half honour tricks in the hand the Spades are not a biddable suit according to the Approach System. But a pass, although not to be condemned, would probably result in game being missed, and the good player knows that with two and a half honour tricks in the hand a bid should be made if possible. Hence the bid of "One Spade." Such a bid is known technically as "shading the bidding." In reality it is, as I have had occasion to remark, merely that the good player, even though he professes to play a system, tempers his bidding with common sense.

I hold no brief for any particular system. Because of this I have been accused of advocating that a player should bid on a go-as-you-please style. This is not so. It is essential that every bid should be sound and founded upon well-recognised principles. But to bid only when you have the requisite number of tricks as laid down in "the book" is a certain way to lose. We get an analogy in chess. Staunton in his *Handbook* gives fixed values to the various pieces. "These comparative values," Staunton writes, "may be of service to the student in general cases of exchanging men, but he will find in practice the relative worth of his soldiers is modified by so many circumstances of time, opportunity, and position, that nothing but experience can ever teach him to determine accurately in every case 'which to give up and which to keep'." The same is true at bridge. Systems and mechanical methods of valuing the hand may help the beginner to value his hand, but only experience can really teach the player what to bid; for the worth of one's cards must be "modified by so many circumstances of time, opportunity, and position."

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ 7 ♡ K, 3 ◇ 10, 7, 5, 4, 3 ♣ 6	
♠ K, 8, 6, 3, 2 ♡ 5, 4, 2 ◇ 9 ♣ none	Y A B Z	♠ 10, 5, 4 ♡ Q, 10 ◇ 8, 6 ♣ 4, 3
	♠ A, J, 9 ♡ A, J, 6 ◇ 2 ♣ 5, 2	

Hearts are trumps. Z and Y to make all nine tricks.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT BUENOS AIRES

A good game by Keres. It was played in the tournament held at Buenos Aires after the congress there (*Field*, December 2nd).

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

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

(a) White should first play P to K R 3 to prevent B to Kt 5.

(b) An alternative here is P to Q 5. Black's reply is Kt to Q R 4, with P to B 5 to follow.

(c) If 10 . . . Kt takes K P, then, according to analysis by Dr. Alekhine, 11. B to Q 5, Q to Q 2; 12. P takes P (best. If, instead, B takes K Kt, then P to Q 6, Kt to Kt 4; 13. Q B takes Kt, B takes B; 14. P to K B 2, B takes Kt; 15. Q takes B, Kt takes P; 16. R takes Kt with advantage to White.

(d) Kt to B 3 is preferable.

(e) Not B takes Kt because then P takes B wins a piece.

(f) This is not good. In *De Schaakwereld* Kmoch suggests 28 better, but not satisfactory. 14. K Kt to Q 2, Kt takes Kt (if, instead, Kt takes B, then Kt takes Q Kt, threatening P to B 5, with advantage to White); 15. Kt takes Kt, Kt to B 2.

(g) Black has a very good game.

(h) A good move.

(i) Threatening Kt to Kt 5.

(j) White appears to have worked up a dangerous attack.

(k) This ends the attack. If now R takes Kt, then Q takes Kt.

(l) Finishing neatly.

(m) If, instead, K to B sq, then R to Q 8, ch and mate next move.

(n) He is helpless against the threat of R to Q 7.

The following game shows a strong attack by Keres.

(*Two Knights' Defence.*)

WHITE. Luckis.	BLACK. Keres.	WHITE. Luckis.	BLACK. Keres.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. P to K R 3	B to K R 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15. P to Kt 4	B to Kt 2
3. B to B 4	Kt to B 3	16. P takes P	P takes P
4. Kt to Kt 5 (a)	P to Q 4	17. B to Q 3	Kt to B 4
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4	18. P takes P	B takes Kt
6. P to Q 3	P to K R 3	19. P takes B	B takes P
7. Kt to K B 3	P to K 5	20. Kt to Q 4	Kt to K 5 (g)
8. Q to K 2	Kt takes B	21. P to K R 4	P to Q B 4
9. P takes Kt	B to Q B 4 (b)	22. Kt to B 3	Kt to Kt 6
10. K Kt to Q 2 (c)	Castles	23. Q to Kt 2	Kt takes R
11. Kt to Kt 3	B to Kt 5 (d)	24. Q takes Kt	B to K 5
12. Q to B sq	B to Kt 5, ch	Resigns.	
13. Kt to B 3 (e)	P to B 3		

(a) This move was roundly condemned by the late Dr. Tartasch. White wins a pawn but has to face an attack.

(b) This is considered to be better than either B to Kt 5, ch or B to K 2.

(c) In a game Grob v. Dr. Euwe (Zurich tournament, 1934) the continuation was 10. P to K R 3 (to prevent B to Kt 5). Castles; 11. Kt to R 2, P to Q Kt 4; 12. P takes P, Kt takes P; 13. Castles, Q to K 2; 14. P to B 3, P to B 4; 15. P to B 4, P to K 6 with advantage to Black.

(d) A good move.

(e) In a game Salwe v. Marshall (Vienna tournament, 1908) White played 13. P to B 3, the continuation being 13. . . . B to K 2; 14. P to K B 3, B to R 4; 15. P to Kt 4, B to Kt 3; 16. B to K 3, Kt to Q 2; 17. Q Kt to Q 2, Kt to K 4; 18. Castles, P to Kt 4; 19. P takes P, Kt to Q 6, ch; 20. K to Kt sq, Q takes P with advantage to Black.

(f) A good move, opening lines of attack for Black's pieces.

(g) Threatening Q to R 5, ch. White has no good move.

THE TWO BISHOPS

The following game, played in a recent inter-club match in Holland, shows the great strength of two Bishops in an open position.

(*Indian Defence.*)

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

(a) This is not very frequently played. The usual move is P to K Kt 3, with B to Kt 2 to follow.

(b) A trap to be avoided here is 6. B to R 4, B to Kt 5, ch; 7. Q Kt to Q 2 (?) (or after 7. . . . P to K Kt 4; 8. B to Kt 3, P to Kt 5 Black wins a piece, e.g. (1) 9. Kt to K 5, Kt to K 5, or (2) 9. P to Q R 3, P takes Kt; 10. P takes B, P takes P.

(c) After this move Black is able to keep his two Bishops. White should, instead, play P to Q R 3.

(d) 12. P to Q Kt 4, P to Q 4; 13. P to B 5 is better.

(e) This enterprising move leads to some very interesting play.

(f) If at once 15. Kt takes R, then 15. . . . Q takes B; 16. Kt to Q 7, R to Q sq and Black wins two minor pieces for the Rook.

(g) This move, which guards his Queen's Rook's pawn and threatens B to R 6, does not turn out well. In *De Schaakwereld* Kmoch recommends 18. R to K sq, after which Black cannot play 18. . . . B takes P because of 19. R to K 2, Q to B 6; 20. R to B 2, Q to Kt 5; 21. K R to R 2, winning the Bishop.

(h) There appears to be nothing better.

(i) A very good move. If, instead, 21. . . . B to Kt 7; 22. R to B 7, B takes P, then 23. R to R sq, B to Q 3; 24. R to Q 7, R to B 4 or Kt 5; 25. R takes Kt followed by 26. R takes B.

(j) Not 22. B takes Kt, P takes B; 23. R takes P because of 23. . . . B to R 3.

(k) Preparatory to closing the open Bishop's file by B to B 4.

(l) If now B to B 4, then Kt to Kt 3.

(m) Threatening R (B sq) to B 7, but White's Rooks can do little against Black's Bishops.

(n) Kt to B sq is better.

(o) Threatening either 38 . . . . B takes R or 38 . . . B takes Kt followed, if 39. R takes B, by 39. . . . R to R 8, ch and mate next move.

(p) If 40. Kt to B 6, then 40. . . . B to Q 7 wins the exchange (If, in reply 41. R (K sq) to K 2, then 41. . . . R to R 8, ch followed, if 42. K to B 2, by 42. . . . B to B 5, ch; 43. P to Kt 3, R to R 8, mate).

(q) White has no way of saving the game.

PROBLEM No. 4048

By N. EASTER.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at Q R sq, Queen at Q Kt 2, Rooks at K R 5 and Q B 7, Bishops at K Kt 2 and Q 4, Knights at K B 2 and K B 7.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at Q 4, Queen at Q R sq, Rook at K B 6, Bishops at K 4 and K R 8, Knight at K 5, Pawns at K 3, K B 3,* Q B 5 and Q R 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *British Chess Magazine*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4047

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 550

ACROSS.—1, Teetotaler in drink? (6). 5, Dwell in this (5). 10. "Oh, what a goodly outside —— hath" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (9). 11. "He jests at —— that never felt a wound" (*Romeo and Juliet*) (5). 12, Whether new or merely an old thing touched up, as I believe, really I don't like it (hidden) (4). 13, Detestation (10). 15, Filters (anag.) (7). 16, A high price once offered for a mount (7). 18, The ancients thought fire was a this (7). 20, The burglar does his job by this (7). 22, Clean river (anag.) (10). 24, Kipling's liner was a this (4). 26, "A dismal universal hiss, the sound of public ——" (Milton) (5). 27, Needlessly reserved (9). 28, Strict (5). 29, "The —— passion conquers reason still" (Pope) (6).

DOWN.—2, Inelegant (anag.) (9). 3, The man eagerly replied that he desired to state emphatically that he was not concerned in the robbery (hidden) (4). 4, This has four sides equal in length but is not a square (7). 5, A learned gentleman in the same condition as the person in 1 (7). 6, Keeper of the shrub? (10). 7, This homicist was two (5). 8, Bring about (6). 9, Is 3 (6). 14, Violated when 19 is committed (10). 17, Lad in a mat (anag.) (9). 18, "Qui s' —— s'accuse" (6). 19, A senator disturbed in a crime (7). 20, This writer obviously was never penniless (7). 21, A boisterous gist (6). 23, Out-of-the-way corners (5). 25, The man said Sam would have a lot of trouble and vexation (hidden) (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 549
Published December 30th

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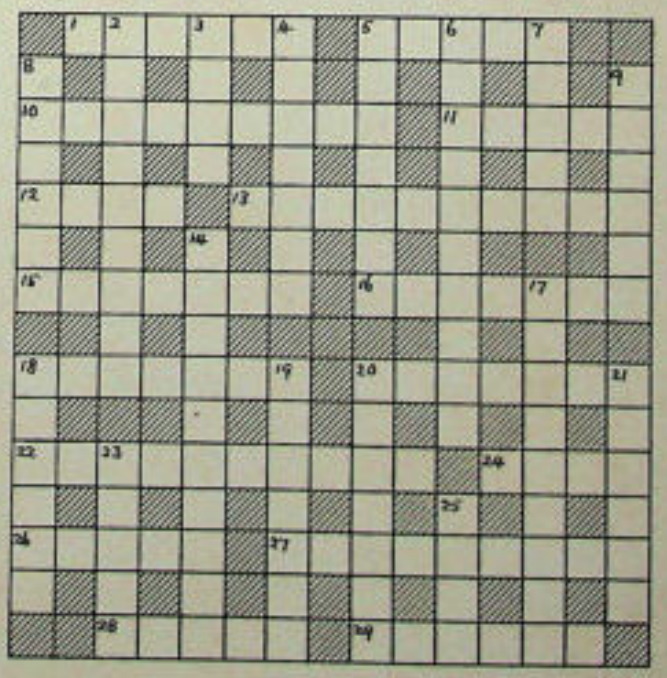

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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

Proper Call at Contract Bridge.—Holding Spades: A, K, Q, J, x, x, x, x, x. Hearts: None. Diamonds: K, x. Clubs: Q, x, an initial bid of Four Spades is the proper call. A bid of Six Spades is an unsound gamble as it requires two Aces in partner's hand to fulfil.—*F. H. R., Burley.*

Country House

Fish Dying After Severe Weather.—Death of the goldfish seems to have been caused by some gas liberated into the water by decaying plant life while the fish were confined under a sheet of ice. Probably in normal conditions, the gaseous exchange between water and air takes place freely at the surface, and during times of frost there is usually very little objectionable gas formed, but in this case it seems likely that there has been some combination of circumstances in which the gases have been liberated under the ice and the fish have suffered in consequence.—*D. R. F., Syston.*

Damp Walls.—If you do not object to the colour, ordinary tar is very effective in stopping driving rain. It is used by fishermen on their cottages and must be applied hot. The wall requires to be quite dry at the time of application, and is best well scrubbed to remove lichen and moss. An equally effective application and one that can be applied cold is one of the bituminous preparations, such as "Bitmarin" (Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company) or "Bitumastic" (Wales Dove Bituminastic Ltd., Collingwood Buildings, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1). This may be had in a variety of colours and is only to be avoided for work previously tarred, as the two substances do not agree very well. Both tar and bitumen may be expected to last for three years, and one coat is usually sufficient, though some people prefer two coats. Where the colour must not be altered, boiled linseed oil applied cold is very effective. Two coats are needed and it lasts two years. Two excellent proprietary compounds are "Trevelmey Solution" and "Duxbex" either of which can be procured by the local builder. They do not discolour brickwork. All the substances mentioned can be used to treat a damp wall at a very small cost compared with cement rendering, but you must be certain that the wet does actually drive through the face of the wall, and that it is not water sucked up from the ground owing to no dampcourse being provided.—*C. N., Beesdies.*

Farm

Pyrethrum Seeds.—You should read the long article on the subject in the *Ministry of Agriculture's Journal (Great Britain)* for January, 1927. It is obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, price 1/- and 3d. postage, we believe. Mr. C. T. Gollingham, of the Plant Pathological Laboratory, Harpenden, Herts, is the expert on the subject in England, and would no doubt be pleased to give you particulars. We believe that seeds are obtainable through Harata, of Hounslditch, London.—*E. P. H., Shanghai.*

Sugar Beet Culture.—You will be able to find much information on sugar beet culture—the machinery necessary and the processing, &c.—from the following publications: (1) Leaflet No. 122 of the Ministry of Agriculture, called *Sugar Beet Growing.* (2) *Report on the Sugar Beet Industry at Home and Abroad*, Economic Series, M. of A. Bulletins No. 270. (3) *The Report of the United Kingdom Sugar Industry Inquiry Committee*, published at 2/- by H.M. Stationery Office, No. C.M.D. 1871.—*C. C., Plymouth.*

Garden

Creeping Buttercup.—There is no weed-killer that will effectively destroy creeping buttercup without serious injury to the grass. The weed is very resistant to sulphate of iron and although spraying with a solution of chlorate of soda at the rate of 40lb. to 50lb. in 100 gallons of water per acre has given good results on ordinary pasture land, this must not be used on golf and tennis greens. Frequent cutting, combined with systematic fertiliser treatment, is the best way of dealing with the pest. A fairly heavy application of a complete fertiliser should be given very early in spring to encourage the grass before the buttercups are ready to start active growth. Thereafter, dressings of a lawn fertiliser containing sulphate of iron should be given at intervals of two to three weeks, except during very dry weather. If possible, the grass on the first occasion should be allowed to grow to a length of about 2in. before cutting back, in order to smother out the weeds and "draw" them up so that they can be undercut by the scythe and greatly weakened. At all other times, the grass should be kept close cut. It is most important that this close cutting should be combined with regular fertiliser treatment, otherwise the grass roots will decrease in size to balance the tops and give the buttercups a better chance to develop. Never allow the buttercups to flower, as they reproduce freely from seed, and always use a box on the mower.—*J. M., Banbury.*

Kennel

Diet for Cocker.—Give your Cocker bitch raw lean meat for a change with a little biscuit of the best make. Be sure that she is kept free from worms, which are a common source of eczema, and let her have a dose of Epsom salts occasionally. Leeks and carrots are useful with the food. We do not think that being overdue with her heat has caused the skin trouble.—*E., Bedford.*

Kennelmaid.—Some of the leading deerhound kennels are the Misses Loughrey, Rosslyn, Londonderry; Miss A. H. P. Linton, Great Crosby, Carlisle; Mrs. Dunlop-Hill, Charlesfield Lodge, Gask, by Auchterarder, Perthshire; Miss A. N. Hartley, Fletton Tower, Peterborough. Possibly you would hear of something suitable if you put an advertisement in *Our Dogs*, which has a column for kennelmaids. There are several excellent training schools.—*G. R. T., Oxford.*

Attacks of Sickness.—It is quite possible that the attacks of vomiting are due to worms in the stomach, but that could be decided by a microscopical examination of the vomit and faeces. It reads, however, as if these attacks are really in the nature of fits—namely, what is called "central vomiting"—and you would be well advised to have this dog very carefully examined by a specialist in canine diseases.—*C. M. G., Hatfield.*

Stable

Temper in Horse.—That excellent publication, *Practical Animal Husbandry*, by Miller and Robertson, devotes a small section to the subject you mention, which we quote herewith: "The signs of a really vicious horse are the laying back of the ears, a small sunken eye ('pig-eye') and showing the white of the eye. The latter should always be noted when writing a certificate of soundness. To prevent injury from biting when grooming a horse, the following may be used: (1) Side-stick or sword-stick; (2) muzzles. These, of course, must be removed at feeding-time. (3) Tying the horse up short by means of the side rings and chains ('short rack'), double halters or turning him round and using the pillar chains. (4) A gag in the form of a thick snaffle, usually of wood, but sometimes of rubber. This not only checks the vice but tends to cure it, as the horse will hurt the bars of his mouth if he bites on a hard wooden bit. For this reason a wooden mouthpiece, which may be octagonal in cross-section, is preferable to rubber. Stallions, except during the serving season, should be kept in constant work by means of the lunging rope or long reins, or, in the case of heavy draught breeds, by being made to work on the land—e.g., ploughing, &c."—*R. R. D., Chelmsford.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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 morning 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.

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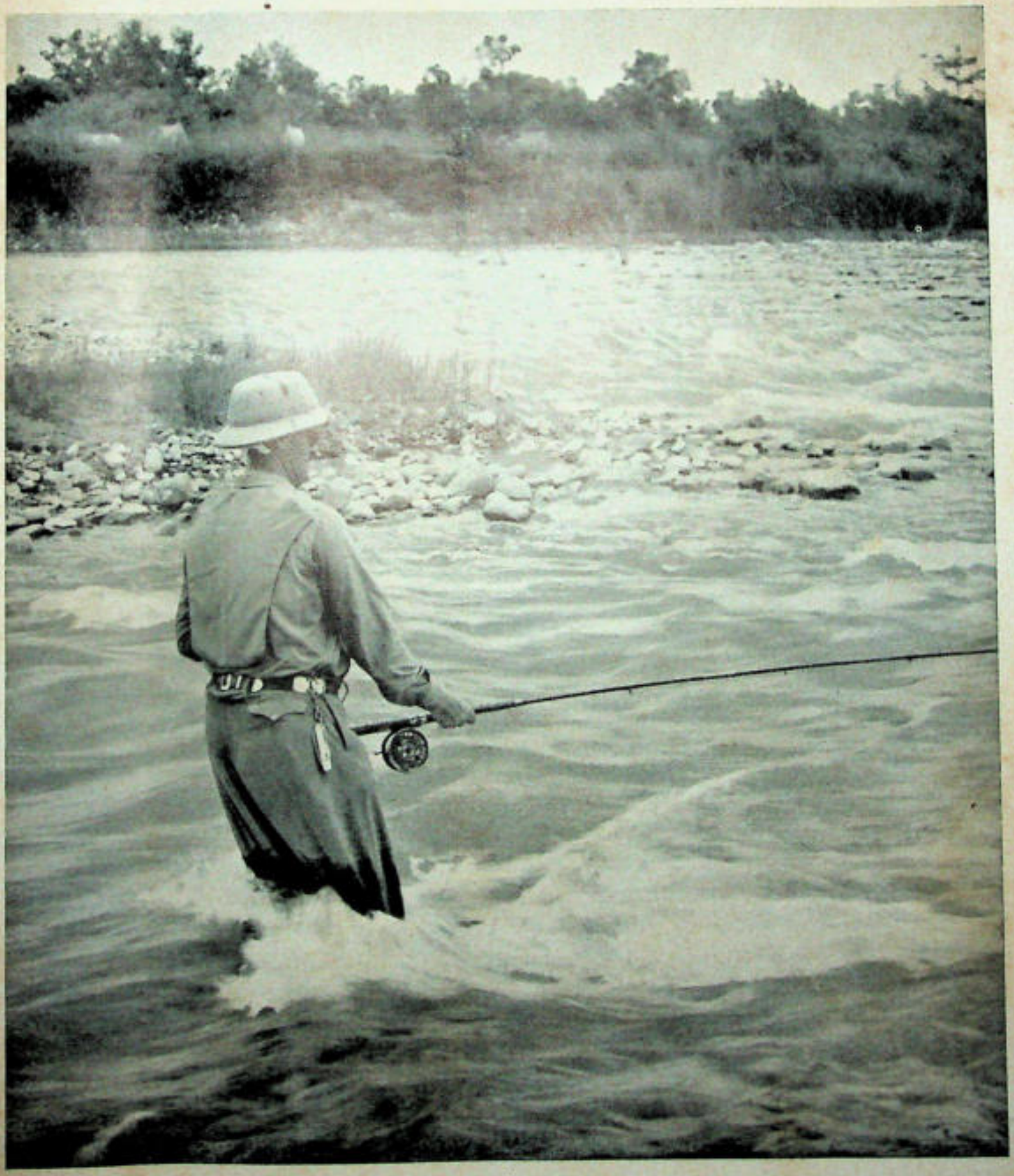

THE VICEROY ON HOLIDAY

A picture received from India showing the Marquis of Linlithgow fishing for Mahseer.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - 39
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL - 45
THE VALUE OF BACK-END SHOOTS - 45
AN ORNITHOLOGIST IN THE HEBRIDES - 46
A GRAND NATIONAL CURTAIN-RAISER - 48
THE WINTER WAR ON GREY SQUIRRELS - 49
A DAY ON THE WINNAL - 50
AN UNUSUAL SNIPE DRIVE - 51
A VISIT TO THE NEW YORK ZOO - 52
THOUGHTS ON ROUGH SHOOTING - 54
THE FIREPROOFING OF THATCH - 55
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION - 56
THESE ARE GOLFING MEMORIES - 58
"PIKE-TAKING" TIMES - 59
THE CONTROL OF RABBITS - 60
A HIGHWAYMAN OF THE HEDGEROWS - 61
ZOOLOGICAL RESEARCH WORK - 62
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - 63
HUNTING IN WAR-TIME - 66
THE WINTER FLOWERING IRISES - 69
LIGHTING AND FLOWERS - 69
LIVESTOCK OUR SHEET ANCHOR - 70
FRUIT FOR WALLS AND FENCES - 70
FOOD AND COVER FOR DUCK - 70
LARGE SCALE CELERY PRODUCTION - 72
IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN - 72
THE LAND OF OUR OLDEST ALLY - 73
GERMANY ON THE BRINK, II. - 74
CARDS, CHESS, "THE FIELD" CROSSWORD - 75
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - 76

FOOD RATIONING

AFTER four months of war we now have our first official rationing, and from last Monday consumption of sugar is limited to 12oz. per person per week. On that date, too, rationing of butter, bacon, and ham, which had hitherto been "unofficially" restricted came within the scheme. This will be followed shortly by rationing of meat.

It must be remembered that, while the Government was sufficiently far sighted as to purchase all the available Empire sugar crops, we consume more per head of this commodity than any other country and to keep up our supplies through a protracted campaign purchases abroad will be necessary. The more we conserve our food resources therefore, the more we leave our shipping free for the transport of more essential commodities, and of men and munitions of war. And it must not be forgotten—if it is possible to forget—that the primary object of all this business is to win the war, and win it as speedily and efficiently as possible, and for the sake of future generations if not our own as economically as possible.

This will apply equally to meat rationing when it comes into force, and here we can be economical by remembering we can make very good use of those "edible offals," kidneys, hearts, livers, tripe, etc., which will not be rationed, and by not being too exacting when we come to select our joint, bearing in mind that distribution will be by value and not by weight. As a necessary step to meat rationing, the Ministry will, as from January 15th, take all imported meat and all livestock for slaughter offered by farmers, and this will be distributed to the trade by an organisation in which the butchers themselves will play a large part.

This, at any rate should ensure a minimum of that clogging bureaucracy of which we have had some experience, and a fair price for the trade, but the Government must recognise that in this matter they have a two-fold responsibility, and not the least is to ensure that the consuming public do not have to add to the burden of food restriction—light as it may be at present—that of crippling expenditure.

As for us, the general public, we would do well to envisage the time when further restrictions may be necessary, and to do what we can now to conserve our supplies for the days that lie ahead. We have much for which to be thankful in this matter of food rationing, and, as yet little cause for real complaint. Economy with efficiency has become a trite saying, but it is none the less desirable, and never more so than at this time. Let us supply the economy and hope the Ministry will ensure the efficiency part of it.

There are several phases to national defence and we can play a by no means unimportant part by assisting the Government in their rationing proposals; for inasmuch as we carry out our part in this very essential scheme of things, we shall be doing what lies in our power to help to win the war. We have got to be prepared for further restrictions, and—inescapable—higher prices, and if we must grumble—and that is said to be the Englishman's privilege—let us do it with the best possible grace.

Meanwhile, at this initial stage of official rationing, we should do well to adopt the slogan "waste nothing."

MECHANISED CAVALRY

IN a special article under the above title in the Christmas number of *The Horse*, the quarterly journal of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, Captain Frank Hitchcock, M.C., who is well known to all *Field* readers, describes the changed conditions in modern warfare and the various other factors which have led to the replacement of the horse in the majority of our cavalry regiments by swift-moving vehicles. Captain Hitchcock in this article, by far the most detailed review of the subject that has yet appeared, urges the continuance of training men in animal management. He points to the use made of pack animals in Abyssinia and in Palestine. In certain types of country such animals are absolutely essential for bringing supplies to the men in the fighting zone, and equally so in the mobility of troops (this so far has been a remarkably immobile war) is still considered of importance.

The *Field* has always maintained that horse cavalry are essential to any modern army, and that far too many of our cavalry regiments have been mechanised. There are signs, faint but we hope unmistakable, that the authorities are beginning to realise that the horse position, and particularly the position of horse-breeding, in this country is far from satisfactory. Such an article as this—provided always that it is read by those who count, and is followed up by pressure directed in the right quarters—can do nothing but good.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 76.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

FEN SKATING AT ITS BEST

One of the compensations of severe frost is that it gives speed skaters an opportunity to show their paces under natural conditions, and nowhere is the tradition of English skating more worthily upheld than in the Fen district. Lingay Fen, near Cambridge, has been the scene of some of the finest performances in amateur and professional speed skating since British Outdoor Championships were instituted sixty years ago, and the recent competition there for the Duddleston Cup produced racing of the highest class. The winner, H. V. Tipper, of Aldwych Speed Club, covered the mile course in the excellent time of 3 minutes 1·4 seconds in the final, and did better still in a preliminary heat, when he set up a new record for the race of 2 minutes 58·8 seconds. But if the chief honours went to Tipper, the credit for one of the most gallant performances may be given to the amateur champion, C. W. Horn, who once again reached the final but retired after covering three-quarters of the distance. Horn has won the cup three times, first as far back as 1927. In his time he has broken amateur records at varying distances, and in the Fen country his name is symbolic of the best traditions of skating. All honour to his gallant effort this year in a competition of exceptional quality.

A LEADER OF YOUTH

When he led his expeditions of public schoolboys to Finland, Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick little thought he would be called upon to place his knowledge at the disposal of an ambulance unit going to the assistance of its gallant defenders in their struggle against overwhelming odds. There is no one better qualified to give advice on fitting out such a unit for Commander Levick was a member of Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition and his acquaintance with the terrain upon which the Finns are fighting and the hardships to be endured is second to none. The forests, lakes and expanses of wild country in Finnish Lapland and those of Newfoundland were specially selected by him as a training ground for his embryo explorers. Year after year he and his qualified assistants took large parties of boys through these regions and, while exercising every care for their welfare, taught the boys to meet difficult situations with fortitude and cheerfulness and to develop self-reliance in emergency. The boys thoroughly enjoyed their experiences and the movement went from strength to strength. On one occasion the leaders themselves were tested when they had to perform an operation for appendicitis by the aid of electric torches and lamps. The nation will have reason to be grateful to Commander Levick for the work he has performed in endowing young men with the qualities of leadership and initiative which will stand them in such good stead during the war.

FOX-HUNTING

Because this thing is England it will live
Long after we are done with War and Hate;
It is the bone and sinew that will give
To youth its triumph in the hour of Fate.

Because this thing is England, and because
It stands for those twin virtues she reveres—
Straight-going, and the keeping of the laws
Of chivalry built up through countless years.

Rough fields to ride, fierce fences to be faced
Will find no faltering and no turning back;
By the hard training of their boyhood braced
There is no courage that our sons will lack.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IN the old days there was nothing I enjoyed doing more than to wander about among the old Spanish chestnuts, limes and beeches of Hampden Park and to look up towards the mansion through that noble avenue of hoary trees which, I am sure, looks much finer to-day than it did when for grass it was a carriage-way. This part of the hills has by the grace of God largely escaped from the suburbanising influence of High Wycombe so dangerously close to these moderately wild uplands and woodlands where orchises and helleborines still grow and the mistletoe is uncommonly abundant on the great trees. But the period we live in to-day has killed those carefree pleasures and, when I last went to Great Hampden, the damnable cap of thought was screwed tight on my head, so that I looked through the woodlands and commons rather than at them and was full of doubts that had never previously visited me.

Those doubts were started by a statement that I read in a peculiarly fatuous guide-book, and what it said was that "John Hampden struck . . . a great blow for liberties that were never again to be in vital danger." Instead of being content to admire the twig-tracery of the trees against the cold-blue winter sky, I set myself to examine what truth there was in this plump and at the same time airy remark. What bearing, for instance, have the follies of King Charles upon what actually happened as a consequence of the Puritan victory in the Civil War? So far as country life is concerned, even a Whig historian cannot dispute the suppression of rural liberties. The festival and seasonal gatherings of the peasantry to celebrate the yearly events of sowing and reaping, of harvest and haysel, of Plough Monday, and Shrove Tuesday, and Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday, were put down with an almost Teutonic savagery, nor has that free expression of "Merry England" ever been recovered. We pride ourselves on our democracy to-day, but it is extremely dubious whether a democracy by the ballot can compare with the old democracy of the land wherein every land-worker had a stake in the earth that he tilled and the whole village co-operated in work and play and the lord of the manor was by no means the autocrat he is commonly represented. At any rate, the structure and traditions of the old open-field village community were democratic in essence, and the Puritans must bear as heavy a responsibility in its destruction as the squirearchy of 1688 which applied the fruits of the Puritan victory to the land. Do not let us forget that these liberty-lovers gaoled a sea-captain for kissing his wife on a Sunday after an absence of five years.

But the part played by the Puritan Revolution in depressing English liberties had far wider implications than putting the old spirit of ritual rejoicing into a strait waistcoat. The masterly studies of R. H. Tawney in "The Agrarian Revolt of the Sixteenth Century" and "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" have demonstrated not only the strong Puritan movement towards the enclosure of the common fields and the abolition of parochial liberties but the impetus given by it to the growth of commercialism and the removal of all ethical restraints upon it. The brilliant analysis of contemporary documents by which he shows how success in business and unlimited commercial enterprise became idealised by the Puritans is, indeed, one of the greatest achievements of our century. The Restoration did indeed make an attempt to revive the old rhythms of the countryside, but by that time the alliance of Puritanism with the money-power and the development of economic self-interest as the dominant policy had gone too far. Only the realisation of this historical background can enable us to understand why it was that the horrors of early industrialism were actually defended by the Manchester schools, the lineal descendant of the Puritan support for the economic machine.

The release of that machine from all moral restraints and spiritual considerations was inseparable from the expansion of the big towns which has proved so utterly disastrous to the life of the countryside and the maintenance of a healthy agriculture. The country ideal has always been that of self-sufficiency, an ideal opposed in grain to that of economic expediency and intensive urbanisation. So, when I last went to Great Hampden, the so-called "shrine of English liberties," I could no longer feel that there was no relation between the over-urbanised High Wycombe and this retreat of woods and heaths and hills. From Hampden emerged a force whose aftermath we feel to-day in the peril to the right and ample feeding of the nation.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE VALUE OF BACK-END SHOOTS

THIS is the season of what are known as back-end shoots. There are people who seldom shoot once the Christmas period is over, on the principle that the best of the sport with game being by now but an entry recorded in the diary, it is no longer worth while taking the field. Hunting, being at its zenith, may claim their undivided attention. But with a paucity of pheasants, and partridges as wild as geese, combined with possibly bad weather conditions, they put away their guns or despatch them to the makers for their annual overhaul.

Certainly the cream of game shooting has been skimmed by the time that January ushers in another year; but there is still plenty of nourishment left in the milk. Some of it, in point of fact, is actually better than the cream. For it is a case of quality rather than quantity. Partridges may be out of the picture altogether except in places where they have only been lightly shot, although should a little driving be still considered justified it will provide as exacting a test of marksmanship as any gunner can wish. The main sport will be provided by cock pheasants and there is no time when they are more likely to fly at their best. It is a time, too, when beaters' gun may get the best shooting of the party. If the weather is rough, some of the most difficult shots imaginable can be anticipated. On a windy day a pheasant is capable of performing aerial acrobatics that will ensure its safe passage though a barrage put up by even the professors. It may dive, climb, curl or plane at terrific speed and the man who thinks pheasant shooting easy will experience a rude shock. But apart from shooting, the pheasant will demand the exercise of real woodcraft before it can be circumvented thus late in the season. For it will not have survived so long without learning the cunning for which it is justly notorious.

There is usually a happy air of informality about these back-end shoots which may be reflected in better individual scoring. The importance of the big days in November and December seems to have the effect of putting some men off their stroke. They go out feeling that great things are expected of them and that the success of months of work and planning lives or falls by the way in which they acquit themselves. The result is that they do not perform up to their standard. But in January things are different. The atmosphere is no longer charged with tenseness. If one shoots well, it will all be very pleasant. But if one shoots badly, at the worst it will be no tragedy.

Here then is a chance to recover lost form and make up for earlier disappointments. You can go out in carefree mood and enjoy every moment. Every bird will be shootable, some will be really difficult and when you miss you have an excuse. Could conditions be more ideal for the rising shot? It is a time, too, when attention can be paid to chances at vermin. Wonderful opportunities are afforded to polish off jays, magpies and crows, opportunities such as a keeper dreams of but seldom gets. At earlier shoots when game is so abundant that it almost monopolises attention, vermin is likely to enjoy a safe passage. When a jay comes over just when you are expecting a rise of pheasants, you can hardly be expected to take the necessary action. But any such chance will generally be welcome at a back-end shoot when game is few and far between. Besides, on these occasions there should be some feeling for the interest of the estate as such and not merely a desire to shoot game. A keeper or owner will have these things at heart, as the question of preservation and stock will soon be uppermost. Guests who fall in with this spirit will always be welcome.

But it is not only game proper to which we need turn for good sport in January. Rabbits, if not perhaps quite so fat as in December, will be in good fettle and, cover being bare, will be more easily seen. Stunk out and driven across rides to provide shooting for a party, they may not give the best of sport but they certainly make an enjoyable day. The odd hare or woodcock will add variety and the pigeon snapped between the trees will bring a sense of satisfaction that may be needed among easier shooting. There may be snipe and duck and other varieties too, depending upon conditions. And now that duck shooting ends inland on February 1st, their presence in a January bag will be particularly appreciated.

Back-end shoots afford excellent means of bringing tenant farmers, keepers, squires and others together and of promoting the kind of good feeling which is essential if full measure is to be extracted from field sport. Those who merely descend upon some rural area from a far-away city for the purpose of an occasional day's shooting but who never stay long enough to get to know the inner side of the local life can have no idea what such shoots may mean to the people who are bound up with a place and who make their living from the soil. They promote fellowship and understanding and are particularly of value to the keepers whose business it is to maintain friendly relations between all who have an interest at stake. Beaters, too, enjoy the informality of such days, especially where rabbits figure largely in the bag. There seems nothing that quite raises their enthusiasm so much as the humble rabbit. It has the effect of a cock-tail. Everyone comes to life.

During these January days it is possible to take careful stock of a shoot and to plan for the future. It is a time when a clearer estimate can be made of the potentialities of a place, as it is viewed in its barest form. If it holds game in January, it will always hold game. The question is what improvements can be made to increase its attractions.

SCOLOPAX.

A ROCKY COAST WITH ITS SEA-BIRDS, AND IN THE DISTANCE ANOTHER HEBRIDEAN ISLAND, THE "DUTCHMAN'S CAP"

AN ORNITHOLOGIST IN THE HEBRIDES

By W. W. NICHOLAS

WHEN first I contemplated a visit to the Hebrides some years ago, I referred to a well-known guide, and found that in almost every case the directions as to travel read something like this—by rail and/or steamer to such a station, thence hire so many miles, thence by pony or walk so many miles further.

The actual reference was to some fishing ground, but it applied equally well to myself, the object of whose visit was the study and photography of wild birds in their native haunts. A hobby which, not infrequently, entails living under somewhat primitive conditions.

Although the main line trains and steamers to-day are excellent, as soon as they are left behind the same old directions seem to apply, particularly as regards the walking part of the journey.

One of my earliest recollections of travel in the Hebrides was a visit to Benbecula, a delightful island, abounding with lochs, sandwiched between North and South Uist, and connected to those islands by ferries.

As there was no port at which a steamer could call, access to the island was either by way of Lochboisdale in South Uist or Lochmaddy in North Uist—the former being the shorter route.

The direction that I chose was as follows: By rail to Oban, thence by steamer to Lochboisdale, thence hire to Carnan Ferry. This seemed delightfully easy, and even when a time-table revealed the fact that the steamer left Oban at 5 a.m. and did not arrive at Lochboisdale until 9 p.m. I still had high hopes of reaching my destination long before midnight. Upon arriving at Oban the night before I found the Outer Isles steamer to be the little old "Signet," a vessel as safe as a cork upon the water, and as active; the latter quality I found to my sorrow long before reaching Lochboisdale.

No proper sleeping accommodation was provided on board in those days, but by courtesy I was permitted to sleep on a settee, and so was all ready for an early start.

I was awakened next morning by the throb of the engines, and very soon afterwards made my first acquaintance with the rough water off Lismore.

Several calls were made in the Sound of Mull, and I remember passing one island on which were nesting some hundreds of terns, or "sea swallows" as they are sometimes called. A delightful sight and a pleasant welcome to a nature lover.

Owing to heavy weather and delay at various islands, it was long after 11 p.m. when we reached Lochboisdale, and I located the horse and trap that was to convey me the 19 miles to the ferry.

Summer days in the Hebrides are long, and unless the sky be cloudy it is not dark even at 11 p.m. By the time that we were under way, however, there was but little to see except the road ahead of us, as it twisted and climbed past large rocks, or traversed long stretches of land reclaimed from the bog.

It was while passing along one of these latter sections of the road that I witnessed the only interesting sight of the drive. Although almost dark, I could observe a large loch, upon the surface of which were hundreds of swans. They presented a most ghostly picture as they swam, like phantom ships in line ahead, upon an enchanted sea. Never before or since, have I observed so many of the species at the same time, nor under such weird conditions.

It must have been 2 a.m. when we reached Carnan Ferry, and I had visions of ferrymen anxiously awaiting my arrival—what optimism! My driver hailed the darkness, but received no reply. I asked him what was to be done, and he could not tell me.

I should have mentioned earlier, that several times during the drive I had tried to engage my driver in conversation, but without result. I now realised that he could only speak in Gaelic, a language of which I was entirely ignorant.

A stranger in a strange land, darkness, no ferry, and no chance of a solution from my foreign friend, the driver.

Fortunately I remembered that my map had shown an inn at Carnan, and observing a dark building not far away I searched until I located a door. After some little time had elapsed my knocking roused the landlord, who was good enough to come down and let me in. He did much more than that, and he did it cheerfully—he settled with my driver, housed myself and luggage for the night, and the next morning, after an excellent breakfast, saw me safely to my destination across the ferry.

I have made many visits to the Hebrides since then, but have never experienced anything approaching the travel of that occasion; even if the concluding stages of several later journeys have been made in springless farm carts over miles of rocky roads no better than cart tracks.

A little way back I referred to the primitive conditions under which I have lived on some occasions, particularly when in search of such birds as the golden eagle, peregrine falcon and buzzard. These birds are not usually associated with comfortable hotels and luxury travel; they have their homes on remote sea cliffs or wild moorland crags. The nearest dwelling may be a shepherd's hut or a crofter's cottage three or four miles away from the nest.

I have stayed at crofters' and other cottages on several occasions and have always found the Hebrideans to be kindly disposed, and anxious to do the best possible for you within the limited means at their disposal.

The food obtainable is usually good of its kind, even if a little rough, but it is the sameness of the diet that palls, as it consists mostly of eggs, milk and cheese, cooked in various ways. Meat and bacon are luxuries served sparingly. Green vegetables and fruit are almost unknown and fish is often in the same category as meat and bacon.

On the other hand milk, cream and butter may be of the very best, while at two cottages where I have stayed the cooking of cakes and puddings could not be surpassed anywhere.

The difficulty regarding food will be better understood when I mention that in some cases meat is obtained from Glasgow, perhaps 200 miles away, once a week, while in others, bread may be received from the same city once every ten days. The very remoteness of the dwelling and the absence of shops, render supplies from outside expensive and difficult to obtain.

The dwellings vary considerably. Some cottages have but two rooms on the ground floor, others have upstairs bedrooms in addition. While much has been

done to improve them, there are still in existence thatched cottages, with holes in the roof for chimneys.

The furniture is usually sufficient for its purpose, but that most important item, the bed, often leaves much to be desired. It may be of feathers but is more likely to be of flock. The worst feature about the beds is that they never seem to receive much attention from one year's end to another. The flock settles into hard lumps, and one is lucky to find a place that fits the anatomy with any degree of comfort.

The sanitary arrangements are invariably most primitive, possibly outrivalling anything to be found in our remotest farmsteads in England. It is here perhaps that one suffers the greatest inconvenience, for a bath is unknown.

The difficulty regarding supplies is experienced in directions other than food; most of the islands are treeless and timber has to be imported. It is not surprising therefore to see old iron bed heads, slung with wire, doing duty as gates, and used in the repair of fences.

I have mentioned the crofters, but would hasten to add that my remarks do not refer to them generally, for many of them are, I believe, prosperous farmers living under conditions very different from those of the dwellings described.

Fortunately also, many of my holidays in the Hebrides have been spent under much more favourable conditions. Whenever possible I have stayed at an inn, or at one of the fishing hotels. While they also are subject to some of the difficulties, the accommodation usually is very good, and the surroundings delightful.

I remember one hotel in particular, situated on the shore of a sea loch, where red-breasted mergansers swam in with the rising tide to within a few yards of the front door, where eider ducks and drakes engaged in courtship in full view of the hotel windows, or dived in the shallows for some luckless crab, which they brought to the surface in triumph to demolish.

Far into the night could be heard the solemn wow, wouw, wouw, or the aah-ou, aah-ou of the eiders as they forgathered; and with the coming of dawn, the stillness would be broken by the call of the cuckoo or the harsh note of a hooded crow engaged upon some thieving expedition.

Nor is my loch-side hotel alone in providing bodily comfort, and joy for the heart of a nature lover. I know of other hotels where the pleasant trumpeting

AN ANCIENT HEBRIDEAN DWELLING

note of the red-throated diver could be heard overhead, as it passed in from the sea to its nest on a not far-distant lochan. Again, I know of some other places where the corncrake, once so plentiful in our English meadows, but now, alas! so rare, could be observed running along the side of the road, within a hundred yards of the hotel. I have spent hours watching these usually shy birds, engaged in cock-fights, with no more secrecy than that afforded by the broken down walls of a ruined cottage.

Success in bird photography, however, is not dependent upon accommodation, be it good or otherwise. Not infrequently, failure is due to human interference in one form or another.

On a certain island it was my intention to photograph the manx shearwaters—birds which during the breeding season at least, are nocturnal in their habits. Nesting in burrows in the face of precipitous cliffs and adjacent slopes, they are not easy of access, nor always suitably placed for flash-light photography.

The shearwaters were present in thousands, but it was only with darkness that they came in from the sea and could be heard uttering their peculiar calls, which to me, sounded rather like the grunting, whining noises made by young puppies; but above all, the cliffs resounded with strange bubbling, humming notes, a babel of tongues which continued throughout the night in varying cadence, and only terminated with the appearance of dawn.

It was in vain, however, that I searched the lower slopes for nests situated where photography was possible; burrow after burrow was empty. The steeper parts of the upper slopes occasionally had occupied burrows, but these, like the vast numbers in the precipitous cliffs, were quite unsuitable for the means at my disposal; so reluctantly I gave in.

A RED-THROATED DIVER ON ITS NEST ON A LOCHAN NOT FAR DISTANT FROM THE HOTEL

The mystery of the empty burrows in such places as were easy of access, seems to be explained by the remark of one of the inhabitants when he said, that "boiled shearwaters make very good soup."

On another occasion when I was photographing greater black-backed gulls on a rocky, uninhabited island, set well out in the Atlantic, and as I thought, far from human interference, my work was interrupted by the birds taking wing, and the appearance of a man with large baskets.

I hailed him, but getting no reply, left my tent to investigate. I found him gathering all the eggs that he could lay hands upon—he told me that they were to be used as food for hand-reared pheasants, said he was under orders, and refused to desist, referring me to a lady on the other side of the island.

To my surprise, the lady was there, and a strange apparition I must have seemed to her, in my rough, half-clad condition, for it was a very hot day. After hearing my explanation she kindly called her man off, and left me in peace to finish my work on the few remaining nests.

It is not always other people that are to blame for one's failures however. On one occasion at least, that arch villain, the hooded crow, was the cause of my own undoing.

The scene was a small heather-covered island in a sea loch, and as I rowed towards it, a hooded crow was observed to overtake me and land upon the stone cairn which usually adorns the highest point of any Hebridean island.

Not then knowing the hoodie as well as I do now, I spent some time searching in vain for its nest. Upon turning my attention to other subjects, I soon found an eider duck's nest with eggs that presented a pleasing picture; unfortunately, I disturbed the sitting bird, but did not attach much importance to this at the time. Soon afterwards I left the island.

The next day I returned with my "hide," alas: only to find the eggs broken and scattered. The hole pierced in the side of each one left no doubt as to who was the culprit.

Subsequent observation of hooded crows has satisfied me that they make a practice of watching the movements not only of other birds but of human beings, in the hope that either may be the means of disclosing the location of a nest. Not that hoodies need any help from human beings; they have remarkable "noses" for eggs.

On one Hebridean island, once a naturalist's paradise, my holiday was ruined by the ravages of these pests who had been at their fell work before my arrival. Graylag geese, black-throated divers, merlins, and ducks innumerable had fallen victims, and all that I found was empty egg shells.

Failure with the camera, however, does not always mean disappointment; one of the most stirring scenes that I ever witnessed was associated with a failure.

I had been trying to obtain pictures of those most confiding and yet most elusive little sea-birds, the black guillemots or dovekies, which frequent the boulder-strewn shores and low cliffs of some Hebridean islands.

After repeated failures in my efforts to stalk them, I tried hiding myself among the boulders, and waiting for the dovekies to return to the ledges of the cliffs upon which they love to rest.

While thus engaged, I observed a lone dovekie speeding towards me, obviously very alarmed; an instant later there appeared as though from nowhere a Peregrine falcon in full stoop, with wings shut in and talons set, all ready for the final act.

Simultaneously, the falcon observed me and uttered scream after scream as it sought to check its downward plunge. With tail spread to its full extent, and with primaries standing out like the fingers of an open hand, it beat the air with heavy sweeps of its powerful wings—then with a sudden upward sheer, it was gone.

A GRAND NATIONAL CURTAIN-RAISER

Ireland's Great Leopardstown 'Chase

W. A. Rouch

ROYAL DANIELI STARTS WITH GOOD CHANCES IN THE RED CROSS STEEPLECHASE

The photograph shows him going out for the Grand National of 1938 when he ran second to Battleship

IRELAND has provided in the Red Cross Steeplechase, a race of international interest, to be run at Leopardstown on Saturday next, January 20th. At a time when there were scant prospects of a Grand National this year at Aintree, the Irish Red Cross Society, in conjunction with the Irish Hospitals Trust Ltd., decided to give £3,000 towards the prize fund of this new race in the expectation that it would attract the best steeplechasers of England and Ireland and, incidentally, to enable the organisers to make substantial contributions to the Red Cross Societies of England and Scotland. Entry was free and only the owners of those horses left in after the second acceptance on January 3rd became liable for £20 each, which sums collectively form a sweepstake. As 26 horses have been left in there will be with the added money £3,520 to be divided in first, second and third prizes. The winner will take 75 per cent. which, after deducting his own £20, will be £2,620. The owner of the second takes 15 per cent., and the third 10 per cent. of the total prize money.

It is a handicap chase for five-year-olds and upwards and the distance will be four miles and about 250 yeards. Several of the Leopardstown fences have been completely reconstructed and all conform to the regulation obstacles to which English steeplechasers are accustomed. The fences generally will be 4ft. 6in. in height, and 2ft. wide; no attempt has been made in this respect to reproduce Aintree conditions.

The accommodation for the public has been extended and otherwise improved for the occasion which will be quite exceptional in Irish racing, particularly if there are as many as 20,000 people present, as some expect.

Many steeplechase enthusiasts intend to make the journey from England. They are likely to return with some new ideas about the probable result of the forthcoming Grand National. There will be over 10 weeks between the two races and though owners, when they made their entries for the Red Cross 'Chase were not certain that there would be a "National" the subsequent decision in connection with Liverpool has not lessened public interest in the Irish race, nor affected owners' plans in many cases. With such a long interval between the two events, the preparation of a Grand National horse need not be disarranged to his detriment and if I had a good chaser of "National" pretensions I should not ignore the rare opportunity to pick up a prize of £2,620 with him in the meantime, whatever risks it might involve to his chances at Aintree. Here are the final acceptors:—

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Royal Danieli	12	7	Ballyhooley	10	7
Southern Hero	12	6	Birthgift	10	7
Rockquilla	11	12	Jack Chaucer	10	6
Droolargin	11	9	Sterling Duke	10	4
Antipas	11	6	Young Mischief	10	2
Bally Hopeful	11	2	Knockadrolfen	10	2
Arran Peaks	11	0	Knight of Venosas	10	0
West Point	10	12	Dalmatian	10	0
Goldarlough	10	11	Swindon Glory	10	0
Clare County	10	8	Tomlin	10	0
Shaun Peel	10	8	Dontagain	10	0
Russ	10	7	Asthore	10	0
Le Cygne	10	7	The Slasher	10	0

Of these, the following have also been entered for the Grand National: Royal Danieli, Rockquilla, Antipas, Bally Hopeful, Arran Peaks, Shaun Peel, Le Cygne, Sterling Duke, and Young Mischief.

Royal Danieli was beaten a head by Battleship for the Grand National of 1938. He has otherwise shown himself to be a first-class 'chaser, endowed with speed and stamina. Recently he has run twice over the three miles. On Boxing Day he gave 29lb. to Jack Chaucer and beat him by a short head at Leopardstown, and on New Year's day he was defeated at Baldoyle by Bally Hopeful. He was conceding 19lb. to the winner and finished three-quarters of a length behind him. Both Jack Chaucer and Bally Hopeful can meet him on the same terms as before, in the Red Cross 'Chase. Neither has yet proved that he can stay four miles, but Bally Hopeful's form over three miles is good. Royal Danieli's recent performances have not satisfied all the Irish critics, but I shall not be surprised if he wins.

Mr. J. V. Rank has supported the race well by leaving in Southern Hero, Arran Peaks and Young Mischief. Southern Hero is now 15 years old and though he was good enough as recently as last spring to win the Scottish Grand National under 12st. 3lb., I doubt his ability to succeed in this race. The old fellow does not like soft going. Arran Peaks is not a horse I know, and Young Mischief may represent Mr. Rank's best chance. This horse was fourth in the well-remembered National Hunt Steeplechase of 1938, when St. George II, Rudolph IV and Stalbridge Park fought their head and head finish. Shortly afterwards Young Mischief won the Scottish Grand National (3m. 7f.). The distance of the Red Cross 'Chase should not trouble him.

If Antipas and Rockquilla are sent over, they should represent English form creditably. They finished second and third respectively in the recent race at Windsor won by Lynaethis. Rockquilla was in need of that race and may be superior to Antipas when next they meet on similar terms.

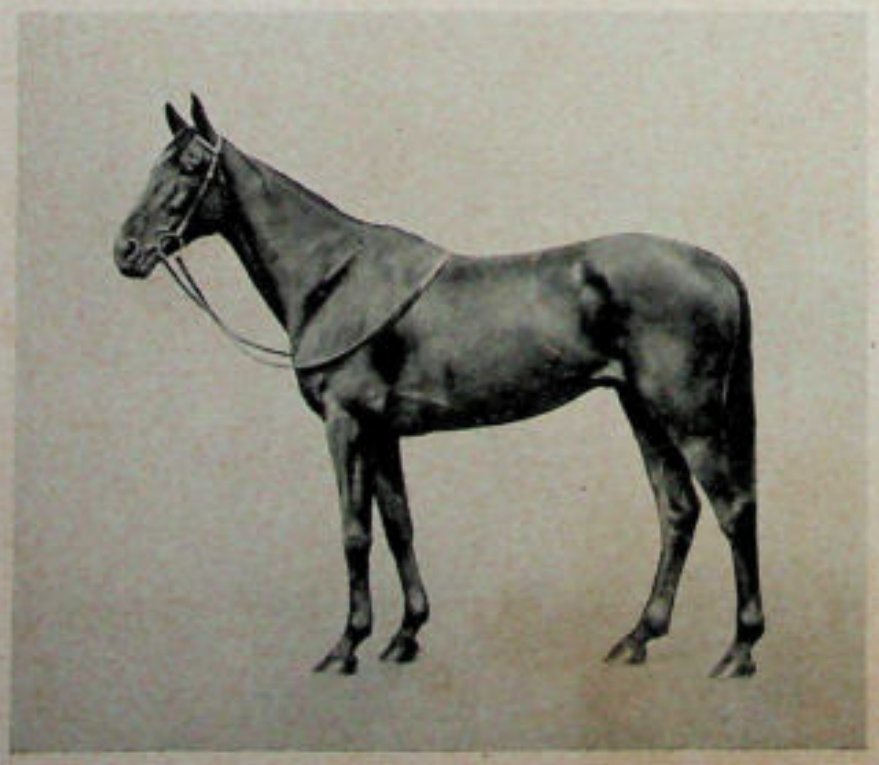
The Yorkshire-trained Goldsclough should run well, but any horse going from England will be subject to the trying effects of a long journey and sea passage.

Miss Paget has bought the Irish-trained Le Cygne from Colonel Hill Dillon since the entries closed. This seven-year-old is in the same stable as Royal Danieli. Since he won at Proudstown Park over a year ago, Le Cygne has shown himself to be one of the most promising young chasers in Ireland. He is by the Sunstar horse Cygnus out of Grisette, by Great Sport, and Colonel Hill Dillon bought him as a yearling at the Dublin sales for 100 guineas. Le Cygne is one of Miss Paget's four entries for the Grand National, but as he is now the only horse his owner has in the Red Cross 'Chase, that race seems to be his first objective.

As far as I can judge Irish form, Royal Danieli, Bally Hopeful and Sterling Duke (from the Workman stable) have the best chances.

Workman, the Irish horse who won the last Grand National, could not be trained satisfactorily for the Red Cross event and has been withdrawn. He has been entered for the Grand National, but it remains to be seen if he can be thoroughly prepared for it.

YEOMAN.



SIR ALEXANDER MAGUIRE'S STERLING DUKE

A recent winner in Ireland where he is trained by J. Rattle

W. A. Rouch

MISSING FROM THE LIST OF RUNNERS

Airgead Sios, winner of the Optional Steeplechase at Newbury

THE WINTER WAR ON GREY SQUIRRELS

By REGINALD ADCOCK

MOST rodents judged in the light of man's economy are accounted destructive; and not merely destructive, but exceedingly wasteful as well. It is common knowledge that when either rats or mice infest a granary or establish themselves in a storehouse, the amount of food they consume is only a fraction of the quantity that they defile and render unfit for further consumption. Given a choice of foods of varying qualities, rats will notoriously help themselves to the best. Yet in their own economy they are careful creatures, and if no fresh supplies are available, and provided that they are left undisturbed, they will finish a sack of corn down to the very last grain. The case is far otherwise with squirrels.

Squirrels are wasteful by nature and almost it would seem by intention. This deplorable state of affairs is largely the outcome of their arboreal habits, which render impracticable any good intentions they might have of picking up the fragments, which they inadvertently drop as they feed. Watch a tame squirrel sitting on your hand nibbling a nut, a slice of apple or a piece of cake. The waste crumbs and particles he lets fall amount to quite 30 per cent. of the whole. His jaws and throat in many ways are a miracle of efficient co-ordination: he can, apparently, nibble and masticate and swallow and breathe all at

A DREY LOW DOWN IN A THORNBUSH

the same time without intermission, and at a very high rate of striking—to borrow a phrase from the rowing world. But in the process a great deal of food goes to waste; it falls in a steady stream from his jaws and forepaws together with particles of skin or husk, which he intentionally discards.

That type of wastage, however, is unquestionably accidental, and, since all living creatures have a moral right to feed, presumably pardonable. But a squirrel is a greedy little guzzler; and while his incisors, molars, œsophagus, and larynx are all feverishly engaged in the continuous process of rationalised feeding, his sharp beady eyes are very far from idle. They are ever casting about, looking for the next juicy morsel that attracts them. Avidly they fasten upon some ripe nut or mellow fruit close at hand, and hold it in covetous gaze. But the little fellow's thoughts and actions outrun even the miraculous swiftness of his ever mobile jaws, and before the morsel in hand is finished, it is wantonly thrown aside, what time the little glutton hurries off to seize the cynosure of the moment. Such reprehensible habits are nothing less than sheer and wilful wastefulness, and are, unhappily, inherent in the squirrel's character. Both brown and grey squirrels are equally culpable. But the brown squirrel is our own native species; owing to his much smaller size his capacity for wasteful destruction is far less than that of his American cousin; and he is an altogether more dainty and charming little creature in every respect; moreover he has suffered a severe set-back wherever he has come in contact with his far too aggressive congener. For which reasons we are very naturally prejudiced in his favour and are prepared to overlook many of his short-comings and excesses.

But the grey squirrel in our eyes is still the brutal, assertive, presumptuous alien—though in point of fact he has now so firmly established his domicile in this country, that he may reasonably be considered to have taken out his nationalisation papers. We live, however, in an age of ideologies and doctrines of race purity, and there is less harm, probably, in trying to apply them to the beasts of the field and to four-legged creatures than in attempting to impose them on mankind.

Though the complete extirpation of the grey squirrel, short of an intensive and sustained effort on a truly nation-wide scale such as is impossible to organise in this freedom-loving country, is unlikely to be realised, there are happily many ways of keeping his numbers effectively in check. A variety of traps are available, which have proved successful in catching the vermin; and of course they may be readily shot. In either case a knowledge of the creatures' habits is essential, if a systematic reduction of their numbers is to be achieved. I am not here concerned with traps; I propose to deal exclusively with one or two ways of outwitting these crafty creatures with gun and rifle in the winter time.

The season of the year makes all the difference when deciding upon our plan of campaign. For squirrels are much more easily shot in summer than in winter. They are more active and more in evidence for one thing; for another there are many young ones about, whose lack of experience in matters of self-preservation finds them ill-equipped to look after themselves; and for a third the foliage on the trees, contrary perhaps to expectation, is an advantage in that it enables the sportsman to creep within range unobserved; and lastly it may be mentioned that a squirrel's fondness for raiding orchards and gardens and trees bearing ripening nuts or fruit renders him an easy victim to the patience of an ambushed watcher.

But in winter the case is very different. Squirrels do not hibernate, as is sometimes erroneously supposed; but they do spend a great deal of time sleeping in their dreys, particularly in hard weather. They must, however, come out to feed, and they are usually abroad for two or three hours in the middle of the day when the wintry sun is at its warmest. The prevailing temperature and weather conditions will decide just how long and at what time any particular squirrel decides to take his constitutional. On an average winter's day I should expect to find them out and about between eleven o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon. Early to bed, if not necessarily early to rise, is certainly the motto of most wild creatures in winter.

To attempt to shoot squirrels during their short hours of activity in winter I have never found very profitable—naturally, I'm referring to those that have developed a salutary respect for man and his ways with a gun. The fact that the woods are bare and man's approach consequently visible at a considerable distance, and that squirrels spend most of their time on the ground grubbing for nuts and other food combine to load the scales unduly in favour of the squirrels. Moreover, neither frosty nor muddy ground are conducive to quiet walking. The squirrel, therefore, usually has ample warning of danger, and prudently takes cover until the peril is past. Patient watching and waiting in a wood known to be frequented by squirrels will certainly be rewarded; but it is liable to be a tedious and chilly performance, for it is unlikely that the would-be watcher will have gained his post unobserved. Where a positive attraction exists, such as pheasant feed in covert, which is known to receive the unwelcome attentions of squirrels, the situation is immediately altered. One or two brief vigils should suffice to account for the audacious free-booters.

Without question the drey is the place to attack squirrels in winter time, if only for the reasons that they spend so much of their time there, and that the drey provides an easy focal point on which to direct one's activities. The disadvantages are that such attacks should be made preferably before ten o'clock in the morning or after half past two in the afternoon, which means in effect that on a short winter's day only a couple of hours at a time can be usefully devoted to the task. And it will soon be found that even at these restricted hours there are far more

SHOOTING INTO THE DREY

unoccupied than occupied dreys; but that should be no cause for discouragement; the factor of uncertainty is an essential element to all sport.

To convey some idea of the normal procedure let me quote a couple of extracts from my game book, which show in addition the sort of results that the pursuit may reasonably be expected to yield.

"*January 10th.*—Cold weather continues with a biting north-east wind whipping across the country like a flail. By eight-thirty we had disposed ravenously of our bacon and eggs, and taking a game gun each and a pocketful of cartridges, D. and I together with Tiny (the terrier) set out for Long Spinney to launch an attack on the squirrel population, which still remains far too numerous. The present arctic conditions seemed propitious to our hopes of finding the squirrels snugly ensconced in their dreys.

"As the trees in Long Spinney can nearly all be shaken by hand, we had no cause to take the air-rifle or the ·22.

"On reaching the edge of the wood Tiny promptly put up a rabbit, and vanished into the undergrowth yelping in merry pursuit. So much for our hopes of an odd pheasant. D. and I decided to beat the wood methodically through, working about fifty yards apart; whoever found a drey to whistle to the other. After the first four dreys, all situated in tall ash

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK

poles or birches, had been drawn blank, D. whistled me across to a particularly large nest at the top of a slender fir. Since he had found it, he stood by with his gun, while I shook the tree. My first tentative effort produced a faint stirring among the dead leaves that composed the nest; my second more vigorous shake caused the sleepy inmate to emerge slothfully in a semi-dazed condition, and a shot from D. fetched him to the ground. First blood to D. Further shakings were unavailing.

"Two more nests found in quick succession proved empty. Then I came across a largish structure in a birch half strangled with creeper, and stood by while D. applied his weight to the bole. Almost at his first touch a squirrel shot out; but catching sight of us, it promptly dived back into the nest, before I could pull trigger. Standing back about twenty feet from the tree I discharged my choke barrel fairly and squarely into the top half of the nest, knocking its inmate clean out and as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

"Thereafter we came upon a long succession of empty nests one after another—about a dozen in all, I should say—and we began to think that our luck for the morning was over. At the end of the spinney, however, I spied a solid compact looking drey, that seemed distinctly hopeful. Once again it was built at the top of a slender fir, a favourite situation. An extremely vigorous shake from D., who was glad, I think, of any excuse to stimulate his sluggish circulation, produced the most startling results: three squirrels burst out simultaneously like surprises from a Chinese cracker. While two leapt to adjacent trees, the third came straight down the trunk of the fir, and dropping the last ten feet, made off among the brambles. With my first barrel I accounted for squirrel number one; but missing badly with my second, I had the mortification of seeing D. grab his gun and wipe my eye, before I had time to reload, killing squirrel number two as it was making off at top speed in the neighbouring trees. The sound of the shooting fortunately brought Tiny hurrying back to join in the fray, and hitting the line of the squirrel that had taken to the ground, she yelped along its trail and marked it to an oak tree some fifty yards away. D. and I circled the tree on opposite sides, and D. spying it first, shot the skulking varmint down. All three proved to be youngish males, and almost certainly members of the same late autumn litter."

"*January 17th.*—The afternoon became overcast with heavy clouds in a louring sky, and a slight rise in temperature presaged a fall of snow. D., Tiny and I repaired after lunch to Peter's Wood to continue our campaign against the squirrels, and took as usual the Winchester ·410 and the Webley air-rifle. But luck was not with us at first, and we started by slugging seven nests without producing any apparent result. Into some nests we fired as many as three or four pellets, before we were satisfied that they really were untenanted; but even now I'm not wholly sure that an air-rifle is always sufficiently powerful to evict a sleepy squirrel, particularly from a drey built in an old magpie's nest or other equally well protected position. On the other hand a ·22 rifle bullet goes right through any nest, possibly killing the inmate without evicting it. And it is always unsatisfactory somehow not to know the results of one's efforts.

"With the eighth drey our luck changed. A pellet fired from almost directly under the nest took instantaneous effect: with the swiftness of an arrow leaving the bow, and almost as though it had been awaiting the signal, a squirrel leapt out of the nest and flashed like a streak along the bare branches. D. was awkwardly placed and had a scant view of the elusive little beast. His first shot was masked by an intervening bough; his second caught the creature a trifle aft, and failed to stop it; but he brought off a pretty long shot with his third attempt, and raked the squirrel to the ground, there to be grabbed by the highly excited Tiny.

"On reaching the big old fir at the corner of the wood containing the owl nesting barrel, which squirrels regularly fill with leaves every winter and turn to their own use, I climbed the tree gingerly and tapped on the barrel. There followed a hectic rustling inside, and two squirrels bolted together and shot straight up the tree amongst the thick obscuring branches. And there, unfortunately, we had to leave them; for no amount of banging on the trunk or hand-clapping would make them betray their position, and I felt disinclined to climb the tree to the top. The dense impenetrability of the branches together with the failing light combined to assure their escape. They live to run another day.

"In the fast dying light of late afternoon we attempted to deal with five more dreys. But only one bore fruitful results: a very lethargic squirrel indeed emerged grumpily from its retreat and peered doubtfully around. It fell an easy victim—a fat, prosperous, well-fed creature, that looked as though it had every intention of sleeping for several days on end. R.I.P.

"We did not have time to complete the whole of our intended programme before the light became too poor to continue. Not only descending night, but banked and threatening snow clouds hid the land as with a shroud, and cast about the woods a hushed and eerie gloom. Before we had reached the house and its cheery winking lights the first few flakes of snow began to fall."

A DAY ON THE WINNAL

By ERIC TAVERNER

IT was April 16th; and the grass on "Hills," that overlooks Winchester, was still burnt and brown, although, here and there, young blades were already forcing their way through the shallow soil covering the chalk. It had been raining that morning, a countryman I met on the road told me; and, as I drove down into the valley and across water-meadows, I was followed by a wind from the east with something less of the rasping bitterness that had shrivelled passengers and crew alike during the short journey across Spithead. The northern sky, over Berkshire way, was hung with black anger, and against this curtain cathedral and college chapel stood out in luminous, white relief. There was promise of evil to come, although the city itself was bathed in the sunshine of an early spring afternoon. I took note of these omens, for the next day my host and I were to open the trout season on Winnal.

Early the following morning rain fell very heavily; but it was fine at the time we seated ourselves in the familiar corner, preparatory to tying some flies, while we awaited the arrival of breakfast. It was still fine when we entered water-meadows, but dull with the rain-clouds that haunted us all day. No sooner were we outside the protection of the tall elms of Nun's Walk than we had a foretaste of the kind of wind sent us by those witches in Lapland, of whose honesty Walton's *Venator* was far more convinced than were we, who found ourselves assailed by a strong nor'easter for which we had certainly not bargained. The usual route to the boat-house, a traditional starting point, lay over pasture lands and was sure to be waterlogged. We chose, instead, to turn left-handed beside an overgrown carrier and to traverse a meadow with black, peaty soil, which brought us to where the side stream makes a sharp bend and broadens slightly, about 200 yards above a tall spinney.

It was exactly a quarter to eleven. Not a dimple could we discern within the few unruffled areas of either arm of the stream. We had, however, moved only a few paces upwards when my host stopped. "I can't see the fish," he said, without taking his eyes from a close study of the opposite bank, "but I am practically certain that's his shadow—just below that tuft"; and he proceeded to describe which tuft he meant. "You take first chuck." From where I was standing I could see no sign of a shadow, but, having complete faith in his astounding streamcraft, I knelt down and began a duel with the wind. The very first time my nymph swam close to the tuft that acted as an aiming-mark, I distinctly saw the gut draw and I tightened on the first fish of the season. Alas, it kicked off! A minute later there came from round the bend of the carrier the sound of a splash. Trout? or watervole? Who could say? I stood in front of the fringe of saplings and watched my companion searching the area with a Little Red Sedge—or, rather, as thoroughly as that unreliable nor'easter would permit. Of rising trout there was no sign. "Probably one of those damned rats, after all," he exclaimed. (What the earnest naturalist in us calls watervole the angling part of us apostrophises as rats!) "It's still a bit early for a spring day. They don't usually come on much before noon."

A short walk over two particularly springy planks spanning cross-drains, or *drawes*, as they call them in Hampshire, brought us to the main, which was running high and fairly clear. There we parted company; and I walked slowly upstream, very much on the *qui vive* for a rising fish and always fearing to tread right on top of a trout in position under my own side. But nowhere did I see the ring of a rising trout or the black, torpedo-like shape of a banker, all alertness and poise. At noon the wind blew still more strongly from the same quarter and with the same unpredictable strength; while black-headed buntings played unconcernedly along the line of the withered and crackling grasses of the past summer. At noon three snipe flashed downwind and a pipit slipped slowly out of heaven and bravely sang of the coming springtime flowers. At noon the first olive sailed down within the shelter of the far bank. At noon the first fish put up and took the first olive. Another pipit trilled sweetly overhead. And that was all.

An hour of uneventfulness ensued. Everywhere the wind was carrying all before it, except along a short stretch bordered by some willows that were just breaking into showers of golden rain. Here I found some respite and recovered control of rod and line; but all to no purpose, for this length rarely holds sizeable trout. Two rise-forms I spotted—very dace-like, but of a type often made by a trout taking quietly, because there is no need to hurry. The author of one, a 10in. trout, went back; the other fish kicked off in a fashion suspiciously like that characteristic of a grayling. As I passed through the railway-arch, the wind swung farther round into the north and somewhat strengthened. Occasional olives were being driven helplessly across the ruffled surface and martins, hawking at the bend, had hard work to pick them off.

When my host and I met for a belated lunch in the lee of a haystack, we had the same story to relate of searching likely places—the shaded edge under the opposite bank—the tussock points—the tiny bays—the shallow water passing over weed-beds close to the side; and how often we had been compelled by a sudden drop in the strength of the wind to slam the line down on to the water. Neither of us had a fish to show for his pains. We exchanged beats afterward.

About half-past three dark olives began to hatch to form a narrow procession down the lee shore of the main, immediately below the boathouse; but they were strung out as widely as are men towards the end of a long steeplechase. For a minute the wind dropped quite unaccountably and allowed me just time to place a dark olive nymph in front of the nose of a rising fish. Shortly afterwards, the wind and I each made a mistake simultaneously. An extremely ill-judged throw towards the opposite side was caught by a sudden gust; and the gut was carried round into a little bay under my own bank, precisely where I had, a minute earlier, given up trying to place it. That made up one brace.

I was struck by the way in which these olives were able to ride out the storm and concluded there must have been a sort of buffer of air that directed the wind clear of the bank. Two trout, one directly below the other, were standing out about six inches, to take toll of these duns; but, do what I could, I found it beyond my skill to achieve a shepherd's crook cast with the neatness essential to casting a fly round the overhanging grasses. If I cast the fly delicately, it was blown to leeward; while a cross-country throw was alike useless, because the gut was driven into the embrace of sedge or grass. A lucky cast with a Rough Olive gave me a leash; but the hope of a very late hatch soon faded out and, though I persevered for some time, no more fish came my way.

The side stream was but a few yards from where I stood. There I found a sparse hatch of pale wateries trickling down the shallow below the hatch. To prevent all this good food from going to waste, a garden warbler with an economical cast of mind was dexterously intercepting many of these duns; but of feeding trout there was no sign. It had been a day of vain endeavour to cheat a high wind that had been constant only in its inconstancy. And the willingness of the trout to take a fly made the handicap of the wind all the more galling.

In due course, my host rejoined me, not exactly staggering under the weight of two brace—best, 1lb. 11oz.—and through meadows glad with early kingcups we trudged home. On the way I stooped and picked some of these cuckoo-buds, as some men call them, and placed them with my trout. Why not? Had they not been granted the wish of the milkmaid, of whom Sir Thomas Overbury wrote, that she might die in the spring?

AN UNUSUAL SNIPE DRIVE

By GUY B. FARRAR

GETTING DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY

"REMEMBER, this is a snipe drive, not a duck shoot!" With these final instructions my host left me ensconced behind a thick screen of rushes on the shores of a small Welsh lake—Llyn something or other it was called, a jumble of consonants unpronounceable except to a Celtic tongue.

Before me stretched a pear-shaped sheet of water some thirty acres in extent bounded on all sides by low heath-clad hills, a dark and rather gloomy landscape on a winter's day. The only touch of warm colour came from the irregular belts of tall bulrushes, outlining the edge of the lake, now reduced to a mass of bent and broken stems dyed a rusty red with autumnal decay. At least a foot of water covered their roots—surely the last place one would have expected to find snipe in any numbers?

On the open water in the centre of the lake, a party of pochard were feeding, while four golden eye, one a male in brilliant magpie plumage, indulged in community diving in a nearby bay.

Settling myself more comfortably on my shooting stick and glancing down to make certain that my cartridge bag lay open at my feet, I murmured a cautionary word to Jock, an elderly retriever, a friend of many years standing, who sat beside me with the air of pleased expectancy he always assumes before the beginning of a drive. So we waited for the appearance of the keeper at the head of the lake, the signal to begin operations.

A snipe call from overhead announced the arrival of a single bird, his spiral descent ending in a patch of rushes not far from my hide.

Why should he choose as a nesting place these rotting bulrushes in preference to marshes close at hand? I was still pondering this question when four mallard approached my hide giving me a crossing shot at about forty yards range.

In most shooting articles the author is always allowed a right and left. I suppose I ought to have killed two, I like to think so anyway, but the sober fact remains I only got one, a fine fat drake, that struck the water with a mighty splash and lay floating, orange paddles uppermost, in the centre of the ever-widening ripples that marked his fall.

Like a covey of driven partridge, five teal came skimming low over the reed beds and like the celebrated Mr. Tupman I did little more than fire in the direction of the fugitives, with the same doleful result. They were followed a few minutes later by two more and, this time, my expenditure of ammunition was more fruitful of result, both birds falling dead in the rushes.

This firing caused the pochard to take wing, the flock leaving the water on a gradual upwind ascent like a squadron of miniature seaplanes. Once in the air, they flew high and fast, their passing drawing fire from the guns on the far side of the lake.

These preliminaries being ended, we began the real business of the day—the snipe drive from the belts of bulrushes.

If any lingering doubt still existed in my mind about the presence of snipe in those rushes, it was soon dispelled. They were there in dozens, springing on every side as the keeper's boat worked its laborious way through unseen channels, or nosed along the edge of the tangled mass of soaking vegetation.

Wisps of snipe came shrieking towards one with the rolling drunken flight of newly flushed birds, or passed high overhead on their way to pastures new.

After fifteen hectic minutes, I decided that the time had arrived to gather the slain and while Jock busied himself in this pleasing task I replenished my ammunition dump in readiness for the return flight. I had been told that the snipe would return, and, sure enough, while Jock was still splashing about in the reed bed enjoying every moment to the full, they began to return, dropping from the clouds, not as they had departed in wisps of eight or ten but in ones and twos.

Tumbling out of the grey winter sky, they circled round once or twice before finally diving earthwards to their chosen resting place. During this perpendicular descent they presented a most perplexing shooting problem. We have become so accustomed to firing at rising birds, or at birds flying on only a slightly descending plane, that the spectacle of an aiming mark dropping almost vertically from the heavens gives rise to new difficulties in both swing and allowance. How does one swing a gun downwards?

JOCK BUSIED HIMSELF AT GATHERING THE SLAIN

AT HOME AMONG THE RUSHES

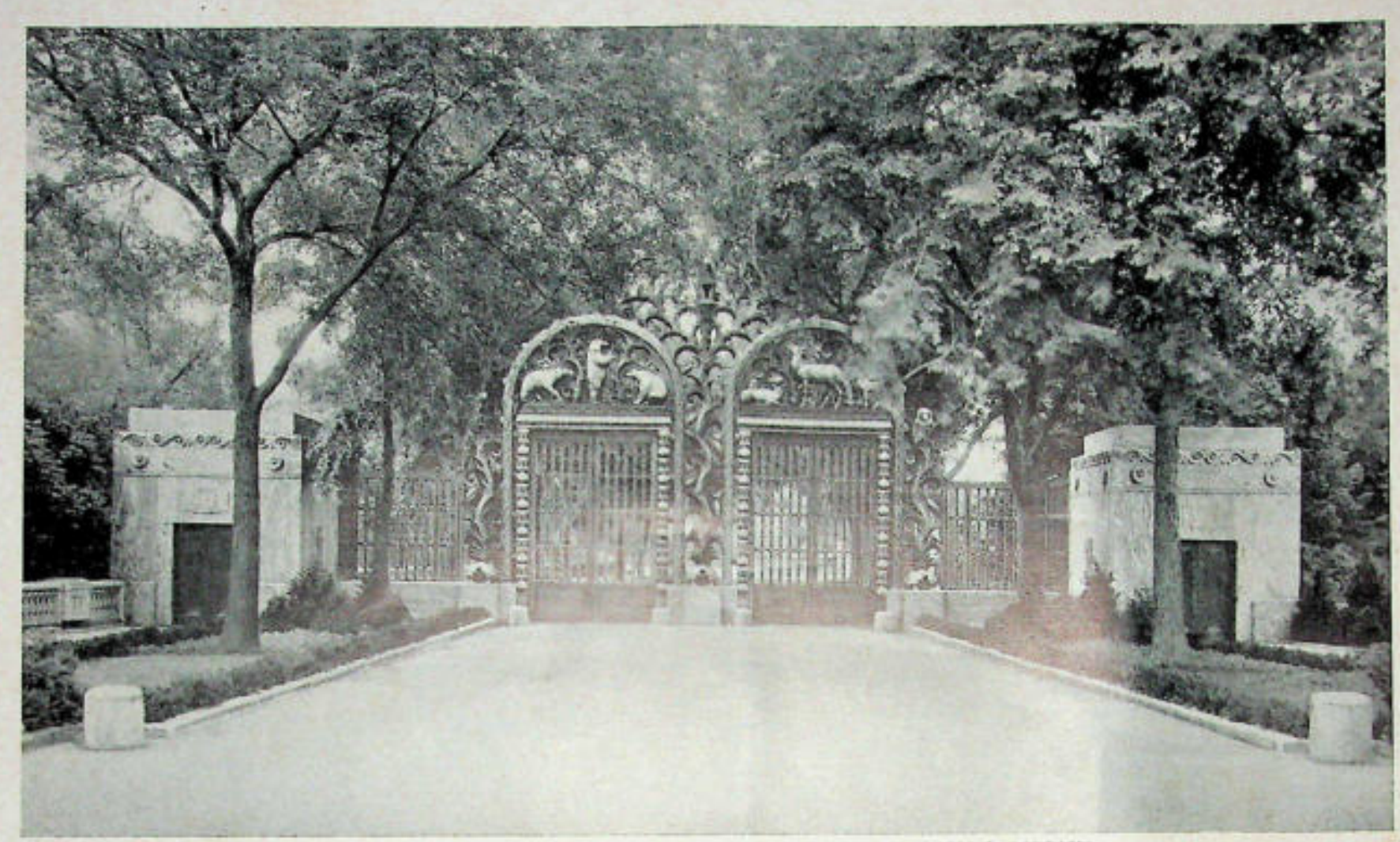
I remember one particular snipe who seemed to have decided to dive into the very muzzle of my gun or so it appeared to me as I unsuccessfully attempted to deal with this very unusual target. I can still see the outline of his set wings and fore-shortened beak as he, literally, hurled himself upon me.

I think my only successes on that return flight were at birds circling overhead; the nose divers baffled me completely.

At last the keeper's whistle sounded the "cease fire" and a most interesting and unusual drive came to an end.

As I waded through the water assisting Jock in his search for a lost bird, I wondered again what magnetic attraction existed in these decayed bulrushes for birds such as snipe that are supposed to prefer resting in dry places and to shun flood water at any time. But attraction they certainly had, for even as we walked back to our assembly point on the far side of the lake I would still see lone wanderers returning to their watery Mecca.

My bag consisted of a mallard, two teal and eleven snipe, but if rude and inquisitive readers wish to know exactly how many cartridges I used they must go and count the empty cases reposing in No. 2 butt on the shores of a lake with an unpronounceable name in the north-west corner of Wales.



A BEAUTIFUL GATE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

A VISIT TO THE NEW YORK ZOO

By MARTIN STEPHENS

Rarities in Profusion and an Organisation which never Stands Still

I VISITED the New York Zoo on a day so hot that it seemed to me that the mercury must have overflowed from every thermometer in Manhattan. It was only later that I realised that this was early summer's practice run and was as nothing compared to what could be done when that city of the superlative is really trying. Now a zoo, especially a zoo spread over an area of some hundred acres, is hard work, and the fact that I was as interested at the end of that long hot day as I was at the beginning seemed to me to be very significant.

The New York Zoo was founded in 1895 and it has had a remarkable record in the forty-three years of its history. More than five million people visit it every year, and of these at least a third come from beyond the confines of New York. Admittance except on two days a week is free. In those distant days before his first Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt was President of the Boone and Crockett Club which is the American equivalent to the British Shikar Club. At his suggestion a charter was obtained from the State legislature. A site was obtained in the South Bronx Park which bears the same sort of relationship to Central New York that Hampstead does to Oxford Street. It was laid down that the main object of the Society was the scientific study of living zoology and that the charter of the Society was to divorce it from all political considerations: and a sum of a quarter of a million dollars was raised towards the first expenses.

Personally, I confess I am much attracted by the rarities. Show me a First Folio, a Stradivarius, or a Rinoceros Sondaricus and I glow. I daresay this is not an altogether correct sentiment, but that's the way it takes me. The New York Zoo has an amazing quantity of rarities: temperature apart, I was perpetually glowing. First and foremost I suppose mention must be made of the first giant panda in captivity (the Harkness panda). Its story is so very well known that I need not enlarge on it here. First of the rare beasts to come to the zoo was a young musk-ox presented by Mr. William C. Whitney in 1899. This was the result of long and arduous toil. In 1895 that well-known character "Buffalo" Jones had been up to the barren grounds in the Arctic to see if they could capture a musk-ox. After many weeks of hard work they managed to take five calves, and drove them down two days' journey to the southward. During these two days Jones and his solitary companion, George Rea, were constantly harried by wolves, and when they eventually fought off their attacks they found themselves quite exhausted. That night while they were asleep a party of Indians stole up and killed the calves lest the other musk-ox should follow them out of the country. In 1901 Captain

THE GIANT PANDA

H. H. Bradford sent a party out from the whaling steamer "Beluga," then wintering in the Arctic Ocean north of the Great Bear Lake, and they succeeded in capturing four calves. Three of these were killed by sled dogs but the fourth became the zoo's first great rarity.

Then the New York Zoo was the first to profit by the Hagenbeck expedition to Central Asia which brought back specimens of Prjevalsky's wild horse. The members of it penetrated to the northern border of the Gobi desert, where they engaged 2,000 Khirgiz, and took with them 50 domestic brood mares to feed the captured foals. They caught 52 foals of this, the only wild horse. Twenty-eight of these died before the end of the journey to the Trans-Siberian Railway but the remainder reached Europe safely. I saw their descendants in their pens in the Bronx Park. They showed no particular signs of having grown tame. Other descendants of Hagenbeck's notable captures are the zoo's pygmy hippos, for which $15,000 were paid in 1910. Since they chose to increase and multiply this proved to be a very good investment.

Then there is an Abyssinian wild ass which cost the zoo $6,000. There is Colonel Percy Smith's first bongo which I saw and its coat in captivity has taken on a peculiarly lovely sheen. There is—or was—a Sumatran rhino, some pygmy marmosets, and Komodo dragons. There is a takin and an okapi. And unsuccessful attempts have been made with the duckbilled platypus and the Koala bear. Mr. Ellis Joseph who brought back the platypus took every possible step to rear it successfully. Streams, pools and submarine tunnels resembling its natural habitat most minutely were erected but his specimen only survived for forty days. The Koala bear should have proved as popular a draw as the giant panda. Mr. Joseph had relied on the Californian eucalyptus as a good substitute for the Australian one, but the Koala thought otherwise and no effort has ever been made to rear another.

The lion houses and the elephant houses much resemble the Regent's Park variety. I made particular friends with the great Indian rhinoceros, in so far as it is possible to make friends with an armoured fighting vehicle. When I arrived at about 10 o'clock he was having a good look at his bath. By noon he was sniffing the water. At 3 p.m. he had got his forelegs in, and by 4.30 he was right in with an expression as near ecstasy in his little old eyes as they were capable of registering. Only a patrician Roman could have got so complete a savour from his ablutions.

The bird house is a particularly pleasant one, boasting an extraordinary variety of birds of paradise and toucans. I think I saw no fewer than 16 species of the former. The cages are remarkably well coloured, and show off plumage to the best advantage. Here too I noticed how well the cages were labelled. It was easy for the unsophisticated to identify the species and learn something about them. And the western branch of the Anglo-Saxon race has an insatiable thirst for knowledge! I

THE OKAPI HAS A SPACIOUS HOME

THE BONGO LIKES CAMERAS

should like to mention also the little humming bird cage which in its own way is a real triumph.

The general lay-out of the zoo which covers more than 300 acres is to group the main houses together in the centre and to have the enclosures and paddocks round the edges. All the houses are very well spaced out, and the effect is "park-like," to use rather a dreadful expression. One is walking as it were through a wood in which there happens to be a zoo, rather than seeing a zoological gardens with trees in it. This is particularly noticeable in the case of the wapiti enclosure wherein the master stag, just having his first worries with his velvet, looked as if he were almost in his own forest. The accompanying photograph shows how well the illusion is sustained. The duck ponds are the calling point of several thousands of black duck during each migratory season, and a large number of these find that the Bronx Park is so good a "meat house" that they refuse to leave, somewhat to the discomfiture of the staff.

Mention must be made here too of the admirable veterinary hospital with which the New York Zoo is equipped, and in which a great deal of most useful research work is done. Here it is that once a year the zoo's wild turkey finds refuge. For three years' running the turkey has disappeared on the night before Thanksgiving Day! Each year he was replaced, but a sadder and a wiser staff now remove all possibility of temptation.

Nothing can stand still and the New York Zoo has certainly never stood still. There is to be a vast new auditorium with possibilities for lecturing. Research is to be placed on a much broader footing. The bird space is to be enlarged, the small perching birds and those of song and bright colours already fully fill the existing space. There is to be in the available land east of the Boston Park Road a large flying cage for native birds, breeding dens for the fox group, and a monkey hill.

I should like to mention here before I finish my article a few specimens whose friendship I would have liked to cultivate farther. There was the Zululand nyala. American zoos seem to pollulate with nyalas, a beast I consider as the rarest of rarities. This filled me with evil hatred, malice and a very great envy. There was the giant forest hog. There was the violet crested cassowary, wearing her republican head-dress with the abandon of a *tricoteuse*, and regarding me equally balefully. There were the American bison, which have never been crossed, and from which stock I believe the present bison revival is due. There were the wild sheep, carefully segregated and not allowed to interbreed, and present the public with a travesty of a magnificent species (Mappin Terraces take note). There was Clarence, a wart-hog of peculiarly vile aspect ("mean" is the American term) who answers to his name, and who was finishing dinner with a characteristic lack of table manners when I passed by. There were the grizzlies and the Kodiak bears which looked really remarkably fit, and had none of that bleary look which caged bears so often have. There were the Peruvian spectacled bears which I have always wanted to see and never have. And finally (and I am sure he will forgive me putting him with his charges) there was Mr. Bridges of the zoo staff who gave up a whole afternoon to showing me all these things.

M. T. S.

THE WAPITI MIGHT ALMOST BE IN A FOREST

THE AMERICAN BISON HAVE NEVER BEEN CROSSED

A SHOT AT A LONE BIRD WHILE ON THE WAY TO POSITION FOR THE EVENING FLIGHT

THOUGHTS ON ROUGH SHOOTING

Pleasures which the lone shooter is able to enjoy in the Hunting of his Game

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

SYNDICATE shooting owes its popularity to its several obvious advantages. It allows of the continued preservation of game over large areas which would otherwise be left to swarm with vermin, and enables many a land-owner with the co-operation of a few friends to keep his sporting rights in his own hands and give all the year round employment which could not be provided out of his own resources. Then, where expenses are shared, the cost of good shooting is reduced to the individual and many people who in these strenuous days have little leisure from business ties can get the sport they want without the attendant worry of management.

That is the brighter side of syndicate shooting; there is, of course, another view upon which it is unnecessary to dwell. Suffice it to say that complete harmony may not always endure—it would be strange if it did where possibly two or three strangers are recruited in place of guns dropping out from an original coterie of friends. So possibly many of us would admit that our less pretentious days with the gun have been among our most enjoyable: the tramp on the hill with a single companion; the solitary stroll with half-a-dozen cartridges in one's pocket; the lone vigil on salting and shore. In other words, memory often dwells more fondly on that three or four brace wrested with difficulty from the "rough" shoot than on fifty times that number bagged with the minimum of exertion at the covert-side or in the butts.

I am not sure that the term "rough" shoot is not rather a misnomer. It is usually taken to mean a small shooting with a correspondingly small head of game upon it, and although this description sometimes fits, that does not necessarily follow. A rough shoot may, and very often does, provide an astonishingly good bag, by reason of its variety. In such a case the qualification may be applicable to the wild or difficult nature of the surroundings, or even to the style of shooting—for want of a better term one may call it "rough-and-ready"—essential where game is not driven to the gun. For no matter how wild the country or the species of game it harbours, one cannot admit that it deserves the appellation "rough" if it allows of the co-operation of keepers and squads of beaters. The genuine article is such as provides employment and enjoyment for two or three guns at most, whose sport depends entirely on their own woodcraft and the working qualities of their dogs.

Doggy companionship is, in fact, one of the most attractive features of rough shooting. But the requisite animal is to be sought neither in the ranks of show-bench aristocrats nor from among the candidates for field trials. Rock steadiness may be a virtue at the covert-side, but it will not fill a bag, and like his master the lone shooter's dog must be possessed of initiative and resource. He must go out to find his game, not be coaxed to the finding; he must have a good nose and be equally ready to potter or range wide as the ground demands; he must face the thickest briars and whins with the same equanimity as he faces water; he must be as capable of retrieving the running bird as of finding the dead one, and he must be able to last out the longest day. A counsel of perfection, some may say; but such animals are by no means rare where there exists that perfect sympathy between man and dog born of constant companionship and community of tastes.

It is the survival of man's primeval hunting instinct that constitutes the joy of rough shooting; the knowledge that success depends on one's own unaided effort, the desire not to kill so much as to outwit wild creatures in their natural haunts. Game of all kinds has come to appreciate the range and power of modern weapons equally with those who use them. Grouse and partridges which provided sport over dogs for our forebears the season through, are nowadays well aware of the advisability of rising wild even on the opening day, and the man whose modest means do not permit of driving large areas of ground must exercise considerable ingenuity to fill a modest bag. The many-acred shooter views with indifference the covey swinging away out of shot; his beaters will bring it over him anon. But not so his humbler confrère. That covey may be his only hope; it may settle on his boundary, from which he must induce it to a safer pitch in order to catch it unawares later in the day, and a single false move will dash his prospects. But experience teaches the rough shooter the habits of the birds, and wherein lies the secret of their outwitting. He knows how frost and fog and rain will react on snipe and wildfowl; he knows the hour at which the grouse will come down to feed at the oat patches; he knows even the corner of the hedge which the partridges will top as they come to dust themselves in the sunshine.

So what he kills means less to the rough shooter than the variety of the chances with which his own stealth provides him. He would scarcely be human if he did not prefer a full bag to an empty one, and the man who enjoys a blank day has yet to be born; but his real pleasure lies in the hunting of his game. When opportunity offers he will enjoy to the full the luxuries of sport—most of us do—the driven birds, the beaters, the nice hot lunches and all the rest of it. Modern methods of shooting have much to recommend them, yet there is more—much more—in the "rough" shoot than the written word can ever convey. There are no big bags to record, no keepers to expect extravagant tips, but there is the element of surprise at every turn; the snipe flushed from the reeds, the mallard rising from the bog pool, the golden plover swinging high down wind. And even more than this there is a sense of freedom. The lone shooter is lord of all he surveys; he stands not on the order of his going and if at the end of a long day's tramp he brings back but a head or two of game, he has at least striven with that hope which is the sportsman's daily bread, and added to his store of knowledge of Nature in the raw.

FIREPROOFING OF THATCH: A Remarkable Discovery

By E. J. McNAUGHTON

THATCHING has been given a new lease of life now that science has discovered how to fireproof reed and straw. The method is so successful that it enables the treated thatch to pass the tests of even the most exacting local authority; and is, moreover, one that can easily be applied by any thatcher in his own backyard without any special apparatus.

Naturally it is not claimed that the process will convert thatch into a completely incombustible material. The term "fireproof" is purely relative. If a fire is sufficiently intense iron will melt, bricks and mortar crumble, and even asbestos be reduced to a structureless powder. No process has yet been discovered, or, indeed, is likely to be discovered, that will entirely prevent the charring and decomposition of straw, reed or wood under continuous severe heat, but the new treatment will assure that such effects are neither accompanied by active burning nor followed by smouldering, and make thatch no more subject to fire from the outside than slates or tiles.

When the temperature of straw or reed is raised sufficiently, volatile gases are first given off and take fire, the carbon left behind being consumed by glowing until only ash remains. The new fireproofing compound, which is a special preparation of monammonium phosphate, counteracts these effects. Before the heat is strong enough to decompose the reed, the chemical gives off non-inflammable gases which mix with the inflammable gases of the reed to yield a mixture that will not burn. This renders the thatch flameproof, and the inert gas also helps to dowse the attacking flame and to isolate any flaming on the thatch surface. Secondly, the fireproofing salts melt on heating to produce a glaze that excludes air and prevents smouldering. Thirdly, they absorb so much heat on decomposing that the flames are cooled sufficiently to be extinguished. In other words, treatment not only makes thatch fire-resistant but prevents the spread of fire and helps to put it out.

Treatment is simplicity itself. The bundles of reed are immersed for a time in a moderately strong solution of the chemical in water, preferably hot. They are then drained and dried. Owing to the hard impervious nature of the reeds solution cannot enter the fibres but a penetration accelerant is contained in the proofing compound which makes it possible for the reed to absorb about 60 per cent. of the solution, chiefly inside the stems and on their surfaces. Single reeds treated in this way are not completely fireproof, but if a small bundle is held in a flame it will not catch fire.

Just how effective treatment can be is strikingly illustrated by severe tests recently made on a small roof model, thatched with wheat reed, by the officials of a certain famous holiday resort. Being nothing if not practical, they first attempted to remove the impregnating compound by washing the roof with a pressure hose for twenty minutes, and, after drying it before a furnace fire, heaped red hot coals and flaming paper and shavings round the eaves in a vain attempt to set the thatch on fire. Finally, they drenched the roof with petrol and paraffin, but still the thatch would not burn. To the authorities this meant the fulfilment of a long-cherished hope, for only the thatched cottage could preserve the old-world atmosphere of the district, and they were now free to build without infringing their own bye-laws.

One might imagine that, since the proofing chemical is soluble in water, it would soon be washed out by rain. Experiments have shown, however, that only the superficial reed is affected, and, as this protects the inner layers and thatch is usually 12 to 15in. thick, the loss of fireproofing effect is small.

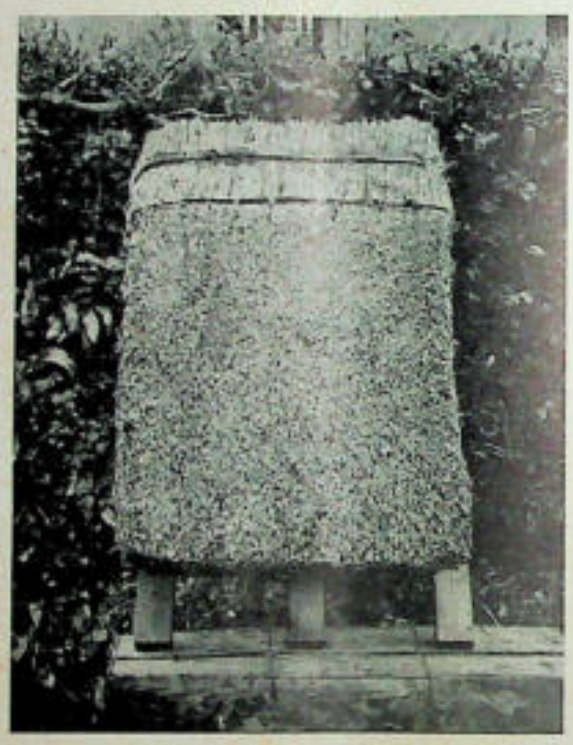
Apart from this the chemical is completely stable and will permanently retain its fireproofing properties. It is also odourless, non-poisonous and does not have any effect on the workability of the reed nor appearance of the thatch.

A noteworthy new point is that it contains valuable fungicides and insecticides. Tests carried out by the Forest Products Research Station have shown that treated timber is rendered immune from attack by fungi causing dry rot and other diseases. Although no tests have been made on thatch it may be presumed that fireproofing will also have a good effect in preserving the reed and moreover help to cut down insect pests which are sometimes a nuisance in old thatch.

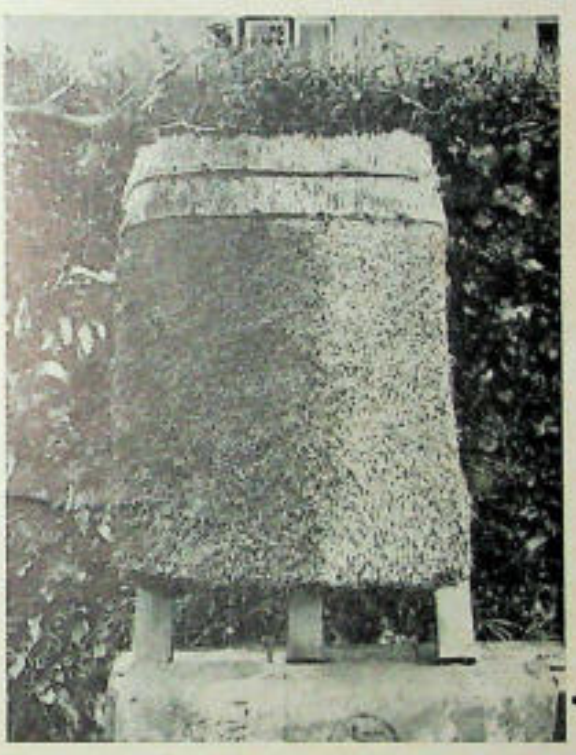
Now that the last serious drawbacks to thatch have gone, there seems to be no reason why it should not enjoy a more widespread use. It does not cost any more to have a roof of fireproofed thatch than one of slate or tiles, and thatch has several excellent features to recommend it. It keeps the house warm and dry in winter, and pleasantly cool in summer. If properly built, it stands wind better than slate, and there is no drift. Any defects are easily spotted and repaired.

Outweighing even these practical advantages is its appeal, for thatch gives an indefinable charm and homeliness to everything it adorns, whether it be used for the topping of a simple garden wall or summerhouse, or the roofing of a village smithy, roadhouse, or country mansion.

BLAZING PARAFFIN ON TREATED THATCH



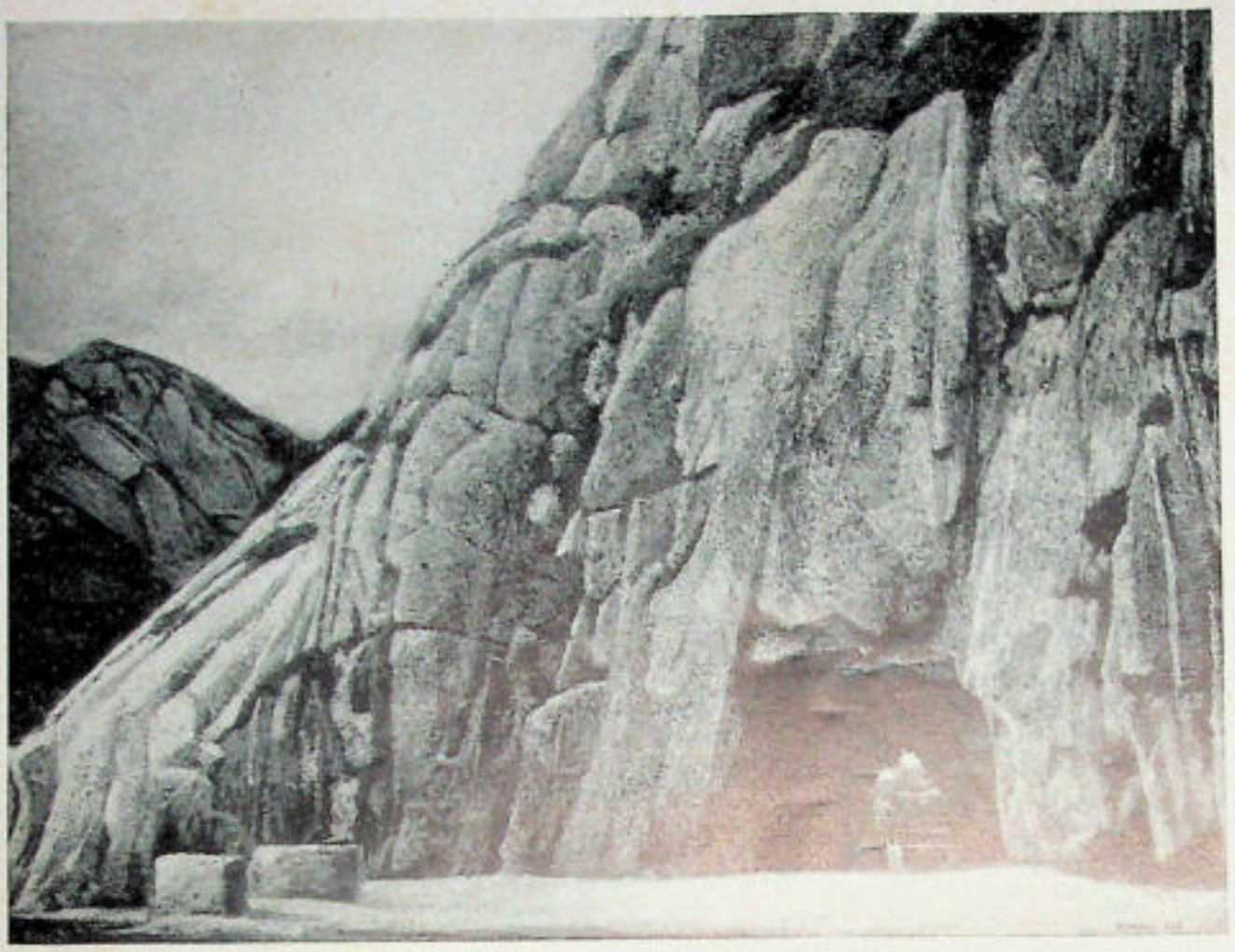
THATCH MODEL BEFORE BURNING



THE EFFECT OF FIREPROOFING

A THATCHER'S TOOLS

Dressing bat, shearing hooks, knee pads, bittle and hand leather



FROM THE UNITED ARTISTS' EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

NO less than twenty-four art societies have joined forces with the Royal Academy to stage an exhibition which is as diversified in interest as it can possibly be. Every visitor can indulge his tastes and has an opportunity of making acquaintance with various phases of art, from the works of Royal Academicians to the Surrealists. Half the proceeds from the sales at the exhibition are to be given to the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

THE PICTURES ON THESE PAGES

THE selection of pictures from the exhibition here given are as follows: At the top of the left-hand page is Sydney Lee's "The Road Through the Mountains," in which the overpowering mass of rock can actually be felt.

Below it is a fine skiing study by John Crealock "On the Wildstrubel."

On this page J. A. Munnings's "After the Races" even in black and white loses none of the virility of the original, and, below it, Gilbert Spencer's "Short Cut to the Village" breathes the stillness of a warm summer's day.

THESE ARE GOLFING MEMORIES

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

As I write these notes the sands in the hour-glass have run out. The old year, with all its attendant memories, has drawn to a close and we have entered upon a new one of uncertainty. For some, reminiscences will be sad; to others, they may be pleasant; but, for most of us, they are a strange blending of change and upheaval. The key-note is unreality. It is, therefore, all the more refreshing to sit back and recall the happenings of the past season, bringing as they do visions of our country at peace.

In retrospect the golfing year, without being unduly brilliant, produced several interesting features. Unfortunately the outbreak of hostilities caused certain fixtures to be cancelled, including the new competition by medal play over 72 holes for the English Golf Union Trophy presented by the ex-president, Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon.

Luckily only the tail-end of the season was affected. Most of the championships had already been decided, and fresh names were engraved on three of our major trophies, whilst promising newcomers had appeared on the golfing horizon.

In the amateur world leading place goes to Alex Kyle, the Anglo-Scot who played most of his golf at Peebles before settling near Leeds. Through his victory the die-hard's prayer for a genuine "amateur" champion has been answered, for business calls have made Kyle a purely week-end golfer. No one could regard him as a newcomer to the championship arena, yet before last season who would have fancied his chances in an Amateur Championship? His performances in the Walker Cup Trials sowed the seeds of public recognition, and as a result he was in the unique position of having played for Great Britain before he had appeared in a Scottish side—a similar distinction being shared by that small group of golfers who have played for their country before receiving their university blues.

BOBBY LOCKE, WHO WON THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FOURTH TIME, AND IN DOING SO SCORED HIS THIRD SUCCESSIVE WIN

Although responding to all that was asked of him at Hoylake by winning his matches, Kyle did not reveal his true form. He is a grand striker of the ball, but sometimes he swings just a shade too quickly with dire results. During the championship week he constantly found trouble and instead of his usual crisp iron play being the strongest feature of his game, people were more impressed by his accurate recovery shots from short range. True, these death-or-glory shots were played with fine judgment, but it was a little known side of his game, which is normally the essence of steadiness.

Several notable victims, including James Bruen and Bill Holt, fell before Kyle's fierce onslaught. Holt was an unknown quantity, but the quality of his play soon became apparent, and we breathed a sigh of relief when this American menace was beaten in the semi-final.

The last day was a fitting conclusion to a rattling good week. The issue was open and fortunes fluctuated in bewildering fashion. At one stage it seemed that the title might go to the Principality, but the gods deemed otherwise, when Lieut. A. A. Duncan, whose mother and father have both been

MISS PAM BARTON WITH THE BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP CUP WHICH SHE WON FOR THE SECOND TIME AT PORTRUSH

Champions of Wales, missed that vital putt on the 34th green, thereby giving Kyle an invaluable lead.

There are two men who must be disappointed with their last season's form. Both started as firm favourites for premier honours, but all titles eluded their grasp. The golfers in question are Hector Thomson and James Bruen. The Scotsman's display at Hoylake was surprisingly poor, but he made amends by reaching the Scottish final at Prestwick. His opponent there was Hamilton M'Inally, who won this title at Barassie in 1937 by what his harsher critics termed a fluke. Such criticism was peremptorily dealt with at Prestwick, where Thomson found himself up against relentless golf and was soundly beaten by six and five. In the Open Championship at St. Andrews, Thomson re-visited the scene of many former triumphs, but failed by a stroke to gain a place in the last day's play.

Bruen, likewise, experienced a barren season, but, even so, he must still be ranked as one of the most potential forces in British amateur golf. At Hoylake no one appeared capable of stemming his advance until Kyle donned the role of giant-killer. On several occasions the burly Irish youth started well—as witness his 66 in the Irish Open and the brace of 69's in the qualifying rounds of the British Open—but each time he faded out of the picture, although he held the distinction of finishing first amateur in the latter event at three strokes ahead of Kyle who, incidentally, would have tied with him had he not finished 5, 6, 5, in one of his rounds.

After watching Bruen on various occasions during the season I was convinced that he was sadly over-golfed. He loves the game, and, as a sign of his determination to advance, spends hours driving balls on the practice ground. For a boy of his age he is well above the average in strength, but this continual expenditure of energy, particularly before a championship, means that he is mentally, if not physically, exhausted half-way through the event. Still, at his early age, occasional set-backs will in no wise affect his reputation, and should, if rightly taken, improve his golfing education.

After a week's adventurous golf the English Championship went to Arnold Bentley, who has been there and thereabouts for several seasons, being in the last eight in 1936 and 1937. His brother, Harry Bentley, had hoped to have won this title for the second time, especially as it was played over the Birkdale course, which he knows almost as well as Thomson knows St. Andrews and J. B. Stevenson knows Troon, but, it was not to be, and a high temperature contributed to his defeat.

Both Birkdale and Hoylake produced surprise discoveries particularly among the younger school. Ronald White, who plays off the three-mark at Birkdale, although slight of build possesses the essential qualities for golfing success as was apparent in his win over the holder, Frank Pennink; whilst T. Hiley, K. T. Thom and John Graham are all youngsters who should go far if properly handled. The real surprise of the English event, however, was C. W. Mole, a golfer little known outside the Reading district, who included among his victims such experienced men as L. G. Crawley, the long-driving Nugent Head, and was only beaten at the 20th by Bentley in the semi-final.

In the ladies' sphere, Pam Barton won the Open Championship for the second time over the difficult Portrush course, but her game was not so impressive as when she won at Southport against a strong American invasion. Jessie Anderson maintained her high place by retaining her Scottish title and winning the East of Scotland Championship. The last-named event produced a most promising youngster in Jean Donald of North Berwick, who defeated two internationals on her way to the final.

The professional world produced a new Open Champion in Dick Burton, who, by his victory, set the seal of lasting fame upon an already impressive record. The Harry Vardon Memorial Trophy, however, which is awarded for the best average in the Open and four leading professional tournaments, went to Reginald Whitcombe, whose record for the past three seasons is the model of consistency. Henry Cotton naturally looms high in any retrospective survey, but I regard S. L. King, who finished runner-up for the Vardon Trophy, as the champion of the future. Time alone will show.

In overseas golf, two names stand out. One is James Ferrier, who was so narrowly beaten by Thomson in the 1936 Amateur final at St. Andrews.

ALEX KYLE RECEIVING THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY AT HOYLAKE. LIEUT. A. DUNCAN, RUNNER-UP, IS IN THE CENTRE

Last season he had to his credit the remarkable record of winning the Australian Amateur and Open Championships in successive years, but, in this respect he was challenged by Bobby Locke, who has won for the fourth time, and the third time in succession, the South African Open Championship. Locke set out last year determined to do two things—win the British Open, and defeat Cotton. He failed in the first through taking an eight at the 14th in the first round proper, and he was unable to arrange the second. Still like Bruen, youth is on his side, and his return will be anticipated with interest.

One of the unfortunate results of the war from a golfing point of view was the cancellation of the Ryder Cup Match which was to have been played in November over the Ponte Vedra course, in Florida. Speculation as to what might have been the result is difficult. The later date and seaside course would have been an advantage as compared with the climatic conditions and venues of previous matches. But, even so, our men would have had a difficult task in front of them.

"PIKE-TAKING" TIMES

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

ROACH and certain other coarse-fish, we know, consistently feed more heartily, in summer, during the very early morning and during that last precious pre-dusk hour, and, in winter, more during the midday hours. Trout, varying with season and locality, are found to be more active according to the "rise"—maybe all day, morning and evening, or only late evening. Salmon fishers are particularly interested in the state of the water—a push, and up come fish. But, what of pike? Can we formulate any really useful rule as to what are their recognised "taking" times?

Of the main considerations involved, I would unhesitatingly say that the current state of the appetite of our quarry is by far the most important. Predatory, and capable of consuming up to as much as his own weight of food in a day, the pike seems periodically—some folks say "about once a week," others "every six days"—to gorge himself to repletion, like the boa constrictor, followed by a period of more or less complete torpid lack of interest in food. Find a pike really on the feed, maybe, on and off, all day long, and he would probably take any type of bait, natural or artificial.

NETTING OUT PIKE IN A PRIVATE LAKE

When not disposed to feed, the angler's best hope must remain centred upon the outstanding physiological characteristic of the fish—its innate greed, its difficulty to resist food, and such a fish, by first arousing its interest, curiosity, "playfulness," has to be "lured," via its eyes, renowned for being bigger than its stomach.

Other considerations, however, there are, which, drawing upon our own, noted, experiences, afford some guide as to the prospects of sport, and the more likely "taking" times.

Heavily coloured water is obviously very much against sport. Pike cannot see the bait very well, unless it somehow comes almost right under their very nose. A big push of flood water, or water heavily charged with snow broth, also has a disturbing, unsettling effect upon fish. Ideal conditions are when the water is neither too coloured nor crystal-clear but is just nicely tinged.

Bickerdyke, it may be remembered, referring to summer pike-fishing, said "we wisely meet at the boathouse just as the clock in the old church tower chimes six . . . the dew still on the grass . . . the next best time is the evening"; while in winter, he said, 10 o'clock is soon enough. Bickerdyke also placed much store upon Jack Frost. "A hard frost," he said, speaking of river-work, "is favourable to jack-fishing," but "in lakes and ponds, pike do not, as a general rule, feed well during hard frosts." And again: "In frosty weather, pike usually bite for two or three hours only during the day—generally between 11 and 3."

Patrick R. Chalmers, in his *At the Tail of the Weir*, had rather different views. "And a suitable day," he said, "I have most often found to be a mild winter morning, grey and soft. Usually I think that pike take more freely in the morning than in the afternoon." But then, intentionally, he immediately eats his own words by quoting a catch "taken to the bite of an acidulous east wind—late afternoon."

To still further confuse the would-be gleaner of guidance from quoted authority, Edward F. Spence, K.C., author of *The Pike Fisher*, was of opinion that "generally the latter half of the day is the better, particularly on sunshine coldish days when the water gradually grows warmer."

Personally, I pin my chief hopes to the midday hours, especially around about lunchtime—a "movable feast" indeed, if pike be running. Many exceptions there are, however, and I remember a 14-pounder taken from the Wroxton Abbey, Oxon, waters a couple of seasons back just before dusk.

Extremely cold weather I have usually found detrimental to sport, and I particularly remember a day last season—literally, one of Bickerdyke's favourite days when "every few minutes the line froze to the rings"—but although the water was well stocked with pike, I did not get a single run the whole day through.

Nor, contrary to what is generally held to be the case with many other kinds of fish, do I think that the direction of the wind is a factor of much consequence with pike, except, that is, in so far as it affects water temperature, though any ruffling breeze over gin-clear water always has the advantage of screening the angler, his tackle, and his operations.

A theory one sometimes hears is that a full moon during the night before is not conducive to sport, it being held that pike are then steadily tucking-in all night and ere daybreak arrives they are gorged to repletion. I certainly have enjoyed, or rather had blank days upon such occasions, but likewise upon many others.

THREAD-LINE SPINNING ON THE HAMPSHIRE AVON—NOTED BOTH AS A COARSE AND GAME FISH RIVER

But, as I say, one experiences so many exceptions, including good "bags" on what had been thought to be bad days, and vice versa, due, possibly in part, to the fact that fish seem more sensitive of approaching climatic changes than man, or take time to recover from previous periods of unfavourable conditions. And I remember a day at Tring a year or two back which did not seem very hopeful but which produced nine pike, spinning, in about half an hour, all taken from the same deep corner of Marsworth Reservoir, doubtless one of those occasions which Bickerdyke had in mind when he said: "In winter, pike are sometimes found in shoals; but it would be more correct to say that a number of solitary individuals have chosen one spot for their abode, than that they have formed a shoal, the surroundings, not society, bringing them together."

So—what? Can we formulate any really useful guide as to recognised "taking" times for pike?

But the best answer, I think, is: relentless, painstaking, all-day, all-weather perseverance; dogged, never-say-die methods ensuring not only being right on the job and amongst 'em, when pike begin to move, but also accounting for many another fish—"lured" fish—at other times. In the exercise of this maxim we shall, too, be fortified by the knowledge that where there are pike there is always hope.

Anyway—always keep cheerful and hopeful.

FRITTON LAKE, SUFFOLK—A GREAT PIKE WATER

THE CONTROL OF RABBITS

By ANDREW DE LA LONE

MANY trappers are accustomed to trapping rabbits in open runs. Of such trappers a fair number will use the largest plates available and many will leave the trap either partially or completely without covering of soil or grass. All "open" trappers must, under the recent legislation, now adopt the method of trapping inside the rabbit holes, by which method there is little doubt that practice will give considerably better returns with less work and a much smaller quantity of traps. A rough comparison can be taken with the average of a good "hole" trapper's catch and that of a good "open" trapper. To return 300 to 400 rabbits per week from fair ground, a "hole" trapper will not need more than 100 traps, while an "open" trapper will run anything from 250 to 500 traps to secure the same results. Furthermore, a "hole-trapped" rabbit should command a better price from the dealer, since it can generally be offered in prime, dry condition.

It will be difficult, if not impossible, for the "open" trapper to take up "hole" trapping successfully without some consideration of the problems in front of him, and these notes are compiled purely to give such a trapper some of the essential points that he should consider in his early efforts with a new routine.

1. Traps should be thoroughly weathered before use to remove all traces of unnatural scent (this is more important than in "open" trapping).

2. Dependent partially upon the type of ground to be encountered will be the adjustment necessary to the releasing mechanism. A well-made trap comes from the factory with ample allowance (yet not excessive allowance) for such adjustments to the brass catches. The length of either catch can be shortened to individual requirements with a smooth file—the jaw retaining catch or "tongue" can be treated to engage more deeply with the plate catch or "till," either by "drawing" the tongue on an anvil or by bending the steel framework carrying the tongue slightly inwards with a hammer, with the base of the steel cross-piece gripped in a vice.

It is inadvisable to alter the angles of the actual engaging faces of the brass catches in a good steel trap, since these control the releasing pressures required for the trap and, in reliable brands, are adjusted accurately before despatch from a factory. For trapping in light soil or running sand catches should be adjusted to release with a minimum of plate drop from horizontal, while in heavier soil it is possible to permit a longer plate fall for release, and this will tend to increase the security of the catch by striking higher up the victim's leg. Some trappers may prefer to adjust their traps so that the plate is horizontal when pushed right up—manufacturers do not normally so adjust, since, with a trap adjusted for light soil, the actual catch engagement is so small that accidents may happen in setting which can be eliminated if traps are first set hard up and subsequently "tilled" to a horizontal plate level. A trapper should be able to adjust a hundred new traps to the requirements of his own district in under an hour.

3. Thoroughly inspect a bank or warren, propping a trap at each hole that is in regular use and offers no site difficulties for laying a trap in the mouth of the hole. All other holes in the bank or warren should be blocked so that rabbits will use the trapped holes. Blocking of holes should be thorough, but with a minimum of noise, and to that end it is better to use a spade extensively and to press, rather than to stamp, the soil well into the holes. After a few nights' trapping on the particular site lift all traps, block all holes, transfer traps to new site, where the process is repeated, and in a few days return to the original site with a few traps to lay in any holes that have been reopened.

4. In the actual routine of trapping in holes the first thing to remember is that operations are being carried out on the rabbit's doorstep. Make as little noise as possible. Push trap stakes home with the edge of the spade, and only hammer them home if it is impossible to push them home. Guard against "scent" even more than "sight," for while a rabbit is by no means blind to soil disturbance, his instinct to danger is largely calmed if there be no disturbing scent.

5. Do not touch the soil at the entrance of the hole with your hands. Do not touch the grass, nor let your clothing rub or rest on soil or grass.

6. Do not kneel in front of the hole, but stand astride at a point where experience shows you will be able to complete the operation of setting and laying the trap without moving your feet; it is permitted to squat on either or both heels, provided no clothing brushes the ground.

7. Look for the "beat" or mark made by the front feet of the rabbit on leaving the hole—rabbits use the same beats on leaving a hole, but do not always follow the beats on entering. The trap should eventually be laid so that this "beat" will fall either centrally with the plate, or if possible slightly closer to the edge of the plate nearest to the spring. In this manner the jaw area of the trap will be found to be under the roof of the hole in accordance with the recent Act of Parliament.

8. Having located the "beat," use a short-handled trapping spade to cut or scrape a cavity to take the trap, keeping the outer or spring end of the cavity somewhat deeper than the inner or jaw end, so that the spring is kept well down. In warren holes, where the holes descend at an angle, the spring end of the cavity should be much deeper, so that the trap is as near horizontal as possible and soil will not roll off the trap to reveal it. When not in use the spade should be stuck upright into the ground to keep hand scent on the handle from contact with the ground.

9. After preparation of the trap cavity, the trap dropped on the original inspection round (section 3) should be set and "tilled" as rapidly as possible in the hands, *which should not be gloved*. (Gloves will accumulate scent and transfer that scent to traps more strongly than bare earthed hands). Grasp the set trap firmly by the top of the spring and press into position in the cavity, taking care that no soil is touched with the back of the fingers under the spring. Push (or drive if found essential) the chain peg well home as close as possible in the angle formed by the spring and one jaw. This later allows the rabbit to withdraw deeply into the hole entrance where it will lie quiet and undisturbed by marauding foxes, &c. The breaking of the soil at the surface of a hole entrance will tell the trapper of a capture.

10. Test the trap for steady foundation by pressing with the spade edge on the jaw ends protruding from the jaw pivot that is encircled by the spring eye—any unsteadiness in the trap can generally be corrected by heavy pressure in this manner, but the trapper should watch to see that an unduly large mound of soil is not forced upwards under the plate by such action.

11. With practice this section becomes easy—a spadeful of soil is dexterously turned over the spring, catching it with the spade edge at the jaw pivot to prevent it running under the plate—in the early stages a trapper may find this difficult, and in some cases he may find it necessary to rake out soil or stones that have run under the plate—this can be done with a small stick. Having tipped the soil over the spring it should be pressed down firmly with the back of the spade blade, leaving a firm track without sign of spring, chain or peg.

12. The jaw area must be covered completely with fine soil, free from small stones or lumps. A sufficiency of such soil may not be present in the hole mouth in a suitable state of dampness, but as a general rule, whether heavy rains or long dry periods have preceded trapping, a supply of suitable soil can be found by cutting a sod in the vicinity or, in very damp weather, by scraping the bank where the hole is situated. Stones and lumps can be cleared by one of the two following methods:

(i) *The Sieve.*—A sieve measuring approximately 10in. by 4in. by 2¾in. deep, with ¼in. mesh is half filled with soil, which is then sieved on to the blade of the spade.

(ii) *The Stick.*—A spadeful of soil is raked rapidly and thoroughly in all directions until the trapper is satisfied that all small stones are removed.

By both methods the result is the provision of a quantity of sifted soil on the blade of the spade, untouched by hand. This soil should then be tipped in a pile over the tongue and right-hand side of the jaw area, and the small heap of soil thus formed is subsequently raked across the plate and jaws from right to left—experience will show how much sifted soil is necessary to conceal completely the jaw area with a minimum depth of soil over the plate.

In raking the soil from right to left the risk of blocking the plate with a mound of soil is minimised, and it is for the same reason that when trapping in light soils the release mechanism should be adjusted to the smallest possible plate fall from horizontal, so that any under-running soil under the plate will compress at least sufficiently to allow release of the trap.

13. Lightly disturb the top surface of the hard-pressed soil over the spring to match with the loose soil over the plate—this can readily be done by raking with the point of the stick used to rake the soil over the plate.

NOTE.—Reference is made to the use of a "stick" in sections 11, 12 and 13—almost any available stick will do, but it may be found better to carry a permanent one about 14in. to 18in. long, slightly bent so that a level raking can be obtained without the hand coming into contact with the run, and pointed at one end to stick into the ground when not in use, and so to retain the hand scent at one end only.

The foregoing description of the method cannot be expected to be as readily understood as a practical demonstration (one firm of trap manufacturers maintains a demonstration room where the whole procedure can be demonstrated in a few minutes by the use of dummy rabbit holes). In the early stages a trapper will be wise to check each detail as he proceeds, for speed will come with practice.

The writer is not able (as purely a practical amateur) to improve much upon a setting and laying time of two minutes per trap, but he has watched a skilled man setting up at the rate of two traps a minute, and has timed one such setting with a stop-watch at 20 seconds (leaving 10 seconds to pass to the next hole). This time rate, however, does not include the original inspection round and hole-blocking.

The chief advantages of these methods are that rabbits, bereft of "scent" warnings, can be picked up on new ground frequently within two hours of the first setting-up of traps. Returning to their holes on being trapped they block the exit or entrance, and the traps can be reset immediately to deal with newcomers. In resetting, the process is the same, except that the trap is already pegged down and should be set without disturbing the peg, which also acts as a guide for placing the trap.

The methods were demonstrated to roughly 2,000 visitors at the R.A.S.E. Show at Wolverhampton in 1937, and later to representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture, who favoured this form of trapping in their various rabbit control experiments in 1937–38.

It would be wise to close with a few words of warning on the quality of traps to be used. Reliable, well-designed, well-made traps are essential, since at the hole entrance a rabbit rarely travels at speed, and can therefore withdraw at the first sign of danger. It is perhaps a truism to recommend "advertised brands," but a trapper would be well advised to buy the best he can afford, with 4in. jaws, strong and quick-acting spring, and flat lie—all parts should fall into line on the upper surface when set, so that there will be a minimum of soil depth required to cover the plate and jaw area. The trap should be as compact as possible, compatible with strength and reliability of the spring and general efficiency of the trap. The chain and swivel should be without hooks or connections, of the "cold shut link" type. The swivel for the chain, and all other moving parts of the trap, should be tested for free action and should not be liable to tighten up in regular use. The jaws should have no sharp edges or points which will tend to cut or sever the victim's leg.

Many jaws are made with flat-topped teeth which in effect produce two points which strike the opposing jaw in a semi-circular hollow. Traps are obtainable with completely rounded teeth, from which all sharp pressed edges and points have been removed, and which are prevented from meeting fully the opposite jaw by special "dash-teeth" provided on the jaw legs—such jaws are actually more humane and more secure than perfectly plain jaws, since the gripping pressure on the animal's leg is spread over a greater part of the circumference of the victim's limb. Although such jaws were originally only obtainable in traps at excessively high prices, they can now be obtained in traps which retail at about 20/– per dozen, inclusive of brass catches, galvanized plates and suitable chains.

THE HIGHWAYMAN AT HOME

THE HEN BROODING NEWLY HATCHED YOUNG

A HIGHWAYMAN OF THE HEDGEROW

By GUY B. FARRAR

THE highwaymen of long ago, the Macbeaths and Dick Turpins in their velvet masks and fine clothes, the "gentlemen of the road," have always been endowed by writers with a halo of romance, so, perhaps, it is for this reason that the red-backed shrike, a highwayman of the hedgerow, appeals to all bird lovers.

A handsome villain he certainly is as he perches on the topmost twig of some bush, his bold brown eyes searching the surroundings for possible victims.

His slate grey head, black mask, chestnut back, pale pink under parts and long black tail give him a most striking and fiercely handsome appearance. No "gentleman of the road" was ever dressed in finer array.

In the distance a hen shrike might almost be mistaken for a song thrush, but a closer acquaintance reveals the reddish brown of her mantle and the barring of her breast and flanks. In some birds these crescentic bands are very indistinct and cases are recorded of very mature females assuming certain characteristics of male plumage, the grey crown and the black lores and ear-coverts.

Shrike watching is tremendous fun, whether its object be to obtain photographs or merely to study the ways of this most interesting summer visitor.

The nest at which these photographs were taken was placed in a low, isolated, thorn bush on a steep, scrub-covered hillside. Moss and bents formed the outer structure, the lining being of hair on which reposed five pinkish eggs freckled with red brown spots and grey shell markings.

After 15 days' incubation, five nestlings, pink skinned, downless little creatures, lay huddled at the bottom of the nest and the male began to bring food, mostly bumble bees, to his newly hatched family.

Individual shrikes vary greatly in temperament, some resenting any strange object near the nest, but this particular pair became accustomed to the hide in a few hours, afterwards treating it as part of the landscape.

I watched for five days, averaging about eight hours a day, and can honestly say I enjoyed every minute of my vigil.

The hen brooded most of the time and she it was who took the food from the male on his arrival at the nest. At his approach she always uttered a peevish, whining little cry, intensified to a chatter of disapproval if he showed any disposition to feed the young himself.

It is amazing how these shrikes managed to push a large bumble bee down the nestlings' throats. Sometimes the young are choked in the process and have been found dead with the food wedged in their gullets.

After each meal, the young eject food pellets about the size of a pea. Besides bumble bees, various larvæ were brought to the nest and also part of a mouse from an adjacent "larder."

These so-called "larders," generally situated on the dead branch of a thorn bush, are places where the male has impaled his victims, hence his name of butcher bird. This surplus food supply, often accumulated just before incubation, is not always used. Usually the "larders" consist of only one or two insects, mice, or small birds.

Jackdaws, magpies, and jays, are the chief enemies of shrikes, many clutches of eggs being destroyed each season.

The red-backed shrike is a bird meriting every protection. It would indeed be a tragedy if we lost our highwayman of the hedgerow.

THE HEN ABOUT TO FEED HER CHICKS

In the distance the female red-backed shrike is not unlike a song thrush

A HANDSOME VILLAIN WITH BOLD BROWN EYES AND VIGILANT ASPECT

A PAIR OF EGRETS UNDER OBSERVATION

RESEARCH WORK AT THE ZOO

TESTING THE TASTE OF APES

By JAMES FISHER

IT has always been the policy of the Zoological Society to take as large a share as is possible, and deserved, in the leadership of zoological science. Though the monthly scientific meetings have now been cancelled, owing to difficulties of transport and movement in the black-out, the publications of the Zoological Society—the proceedings and transactions—still continue, though the cost of printing and paper may compel them to appear with slightly reduced bulk. But the Zoo does not merely encourage scientific discussion and publications; it actually encourages research in the Gardens, when circumstances and opportunity permit. The long series of accurate and interesting observations which have established Dr. S. Zuckerman's reputation as an authority on the behaviour and breeding cycle of apes and monkeys, were carried out almost entirely at the London Zoo. The interesting experiments on the colour preferences of Bower birds, recently made by Mr. Morrison-Scott, were conducted in the Bird House. The first scientific observations of reduced temperature and torpidity in humming-birds were made by Dr. Julian Huxley and Mr. Alan Best in the Tropical House.

Even after the outbreak of war a party of geneticists carried on some considerable research into the taste-testing of anthropoid apes and other primates. About one in three of the human population of most western countries cannot taste a compound known as phenyl thiocarbamide. To the other two-thirds it tastes, so I am told, like quinine (I happen to be a non-taster myself). It is a comparatively simple matter to find out whether chimpanzees are tasters or non-tasters since their facial expressions and other behaviour can so easily be interpreted. The striking result of the tests was the fact that the proportion of tasters to non-tasters was much the same in the chimpanzee as in man, and that the distribution of these characteristics, which appear to be inherited in Mendelian fashion, must therefore have remained unchanged ever since the two animals branched off from their common ancestor, possibly in the Oligocene age.

The testing process is quite simple. Solutions of sugar are made up; one is left untouched and three others are doctored with phenyl thiocarbamide, in different strengths. It is interesting to note that those chimpanzees which taste the stuff react to it at about the same strength as that to which human beings react. It is interesting to watch the animals puzzle their minds between the delightful taste of the sugar and the objectionable taste of the bitter stuff when it is at strengths round about this threshold.

Perhaps the most important possession of the Zoo, from the scientific point of view, is its Occurrence Book. This has been kept daily for over 100 years, and is in fact a diary of birth, marriage, sickness, and death among the Zoo's animals. For the last twenty years or more the Occurrence Book has been combined with an index in which each animal is given an individual card. By use of these two sources all details of breeding season, gestation period, age of maturity, and length of life of Zoo animals can be established. For instance, the magnificent work of Major Stanley Flower on the length of life of animals has been very largely made possible by the evidence collected in the London Zoo.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THE greater the "field," the more difficult it is to spot a winner, and there are so many excellent foodstuffs still unrationed that the difficulty is not to choose something different for lunch or dinner, but to decide what we are to have, just for a change. As a suggestion for a simple, tasty and a little different luncheon fare at this time of the year, I beg to suggest the following:—

Beignets de Cervelle
(Brains fritters)
Bécasse rôtie
(Roast woodcock)
Doucette de Paris
(Corn salad)
Fromage
(Cheese)

Of course, did the occasion warrant it, and did the housekeeping money allow it, a dozen oysters to begin with would be most acceptable, without being indispensable. If oysters are served, a glass of cool dry wine, a genuine Chablis, if obtainable, or a young Alsace wine, should be forthcoming at the same time; if the oysters are left out, just one red wine, a Beaujolais of the 1937 vintage, for instance, should prove quite acceptable with brains, woodcock and cheese; a Pommard Epenots, a Corton Clos du Roi or a Nuits-St.-Georges of the 1929 vintage would be, of course, more remarkable and more enjoyable. Not that Burgundy is the only wine that would help this simple menu: there are many red wines of Bordeaux that would be admirable with it, such as a 1934 Clos Fourtet, or, better still and dearer withal, a 1929 Mouton-Rothschild.

The woodcock is an admirable bird which deserves a little more attention than it usually receives in private houses and less than it does in fashionable restaurants. It is dry by nature, in spite of its liking for marshy places, and it should be wrapped up in fat bacon or stuffed with *foie gras*, whenever possible, before it is put into a moderately hot oven where it is left to cook for 20 minutes. A better way with a woodcock is to leave it in the oven not more than 12 minutes, then cut it up into six pieces—two wings, two legs and two pieces of the breast—which you keep warm in a covered dish, in the oven. The intestines are then chopped up, the carcass is pressed so as to extract all blood and moisture there may be in it, and this is poured over the carved bird, together with a spoonful of meat stock and a glassful of brandy. Put on a tight fitting lid on top and let the pan stand just off the fire for 15 to 20 minutes so that the contents may be thoroughly hot, but never boil, and serve straight from the pan with just a little squeeze of lemon at the last moment.

TO A PATTERN BOOK OF IRISH TWEEDS

Colours they have from the Ireland I still remember,
Colours of peat and the blue of the Galway hills,
Of wind-blown pines and the heather of late September
And the shadowed gold of her daffodils.

Browns of the kalp-strewn rocks of the coastline of Kerry,
Dun of wet roads and of sands where the tide recedes;
While the greys are the greys of the dolmens of Derry
And greens that are matching Lough Corrib's reeds.

Patterns they have and designs that are man's achieving,
Colours made one with the moors and the birch-hung streams,
But the thoughts that they weave and for ever they're weaving
Belong to the stuff of an exile's dreams.

GEORGE C. NASH.
Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital,
Craigavon, Belfast.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

A VERY busy year is in prospect for the shipbuilding industry. Most shipbuilding yards were extremely busy before the actual outbreak of war last September. It will be recalled that in March, 1939, the British Government outlined a scheme designed to assist the Mercantile Marine. Under that plan shipowners were given financial assistance in constructing new vessels mainly of the tramp variety. It was known that in the summer of last year several shipbuilding concerns had their yards fully occupied up to the autumn of 1940.

Since then even greater demands have been made on the industry. Most of the firms building for the Admiralty are over-burdened with work. The shipyards which normally construct vessels for the Mercantile Marine are called upon to replace war losses.

Shipbuilding shares have been attracting much attention in stock market circles for some while. It should be realised that there are various factors in the situation to-day which may prevent excessive profits. Costs of all materials are steadily rising. Wage bills are much heavier. Then there is, of course, the problem of heavy taxation.

It is difficult to say what will happen when the war is over. Costs may then be prohibitive to the shipowner. Demand for tonnage following the cessation of hostilities will doubtless be very substantial, but from a shipbuilding point of view competition from foreign shipbuilders will become more acute. For the moment several shipbuilding shares offer reasonable prospects of activity and higher price levels. Cammell Laird 5/- units of ordinary stock may be regarded as offering reasonable prospects at their current price of roughly 8/-. Here is a company with Admiralty as well as private orders.

The company also has very important investments, particularly in English Steel Corporation. In conjunction with Vickers Ltd. it holds practically all the shares of Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage & Wagon Company. Dividends since 1935 have been steadily rising; total distribution for 1938 was 10 per cent. Report for 1939 is due in March.

Interest is directed to Harland & Wolff £1 ordinary "B" units. The price is in the neighbourhood of 12/6. No dividend has been paid by the company since the capital was reorganised. Prospects for a resumption of distribution are more favourable.

William Doxford & Sons £1 ordinary shares deserve attention at a price around 37/-. It is known that the company secured a fair proportion of the orders placed under the British Shipping (Assistance) Bill of last year. Ordinary dividends are regularly paid. The distribution for the year to June 30th, 1939, was 12½ per cent., from earnings of over 38 per cent.

Then there is Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson. It constructs battleships, cruisers, destroyers and smaller craft for the Admiralty, passenger, cargo ships and tank vessels. Ordinary dividend has been steadily rising since 1934. The 1938 distribution was 12 per cent. The £1 units are now about 34/6 each.

These concerns by no means exhaust the shipbuilding companies of the country. There are many others working very successfully to-day. An investment in the shares of the companies I have mentioned should, however, bring a measure of success over the next twelve months.

NEWS FOR THE NATION

It is to be hoped that some enterprising publicist is keeping a careful record of all the comments and "news" we receive over the German wireless from those delightful entertainers who number Lord Haw-Haw among them. The collection for light reading in peace-time would have a ready sale, or in war-time for that matter. There can have been no better effort than the barrage balloon story and it will take a lot of beating. Owing to the food riots in London it appears to have been necessary to hoist the butter and sugar supplies into the air by means of the balloons to keep them out of the hands of the starving populace. We must, therefore, hope that a fall will never cause a rise in prices. Our boy scouts have been up to mischief we also learn, for wherever they have been quartered in Yugoslavia incendiarism has taken place. The navy, too, has been afforded a good laugh by the report of the sinking of H.M.S. Kestrel. When it comes to tall stories the Germans have us beaten even if they have a strange conception of our credulity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LEAVE IN THE WEST

SIR,—Leave is precious and December days are wan and brief. Yet the long slopes of granite-strewn moor, the lonely uplands sky-embowered, the bitter grandeur of Atlantic cliffs, above all the wild birds of winter—all these beckoned the leaden spirit, gravid from overstrain, broken nights, the tumult of engines, and the canalised conversation of the mess, and spelt release from the desolating townscape where—necessarily—every corner of space holds a searchlight, anti-aircraft guns, a listening post, or a balloon. So we set the nose of the car towards the west, choosing a well-remembered spot, a long fresh-water ley flanking the sands and sea throughout its length. The intervening pebble ridge carries a road and makes a slight cliff from which the bird-watcher may overlook and identify more easily the many interesting wild-fowl that frequent the ley in winter.

Our first reconnaissance disclosed only the inevitable coot with their oddly extraneous visors and the familiar beauty of wigeon and mallard lining the further bank. But to the west many dark shapes were silhouetted on the water and we promised ourselves better things. Slowly we crept past them—hearts incorrigibly thumping and glasses sheathed.

At last the first party were translated into pochards, diving busily in the middle of the lake. Tufted duck in plenty were revealed and our eyes lingered on the serene grace of five great crested grebes whose slender necks, white and grey, and faintly tufted heads curved elegantly from the water like Viking prows.

Presently our gaze fastened with special intentness upon four coal-black birds, with thickish heads, riding the water close to the near shore. With mounting excitement we detected a trace of white beneath the eye and—yes—an unmistakable white streak on the flank. A too hasty movement of the binoculars and our incredulous suspicions were converted into exultant certainty. As they made an ungainly take-off, laboriously splashing, and wheeled low over the water to the east, on the hindmost part of sable wings patches of startling whiteness proclaimed—velvet scoters!

After this revelation a bunch of scaup was very small beer, although it was interesting to observe how easily the mealy mouths of the accompanying females distinguished the male scaup from the abundant tufted duck. The white band encircling the base of the female's bill was broad and sharply defined. Yet, appropriately enough—for the familiar beauty of common birds is the daily bread and recompense of the ornithologist—the image impressed most vividly on memory is not that of a rarity.

As—our day done—we rounded the western extremity of the ley, a glimpse of black and shining white among the rushes brought the car to a shuddering standstill. Cautiously retracing our steps we came face to face with a male golden-eye in perfect plumage. The distance was less than twenty yards and we stood rapt. Iridescent greens and purples glowed on the dark head, accentuating the stainless white of throat and breast and flanks. Snowy daubs on either cheek seemed to heighten the extraordinary air of calm repose and passive detachment which invested this regal bird.

This was the picture which we retain, and which possessed us that night as, refreshed in spirit, we fell asleep to the indeterminate music of the tide in the estuary.

Yours faithfully,
E. J. B. LANGBORNE.

BEAVERS AND THEIR WORK

SIR,—Having resided in Northern Manitoba, Canada, from 1907–29, I was interested in your correspondent's letter on Beavers and Butterflies in your excellent number of November 18th. I am enclosing a photograph taken in the spring of 1908 showing the method used by these industrious rodents in felling trees, which are subsequently cut into 4ft. lengths, or thereabouts, and rolled down the hill to the river or creek, where they are used for the foundations of a dam.

It will be noticed that the tree started on in the foreground is a white poplar about 15in. in diameter. In the background is shown another that was felled in a previous year, and it is easy to see that the snow was much deeper that year, as the work is much higher up—4ft. from the ground. The photograph as shown in your paper is, I should judge, of an animal about 2 years old—a full grown old make can weigh up to 40lb. These animals are strictly preserved in all the prairie Provinces south of 53rd par. of lat.

Occasionally a small colony has to be destroyed, under Government supervision, as they would soon dam a small creek up, resulting possibly in the flooding of considerable arable land. All skins are tagged with lead seals by the game wardens, showing location where killed. This is for protection of the local raw fur dealers.

Yours faithfully,
GERALD D. HUDSON.

Dauphin,
Castle Acre,
Kings Lynn.

WOODCUTTERS BUSY
(See letter, "Beavers and Their Work")

WAR-TIME SALMON POACHING

SIR,—I was surprised when I read an article in the *Field* of December 2nd under the heading of War-time Salmon Poaching. The article starts by calling attention to spawning salmon being gaffed on the redds. It is common knowledge that a man poaches for gain and solely for gain, and not because he is starving, which would be the one and only cause that might induce him to eat a spawning fish (kippered or not kippered) and, at the same time, run the risk of a very heavy penalty for poaching a salmon after the season had closed. We then hear of a poacher who has permission, presumably from a proprietor, to fish with a rod. He discards the rod in order to snigger a salmon with a large treble and sinker, seemingly part of his angling outfit. In a case of this kind the proprietor is surely to blame, for he might at least find out who his guest is before he gives him leave to fish. After this the author writes, "Firing the water is not so prevalent as it used to be," indicating by this fanciful comment that the burning of the waters (as it was called) is still carried on by the poacher of to-day. But the burning of the waters is as dead as Queen Ann, and has been for generations.

From here the writer takes us back to the redds. He says that he does not find it pleasant to see gravid fish disappearing from the clear mountain streams day after day in fine frosty weather. Here it should be remembered that a hen fish after spawning and covering up her ova will leave the gravel shallow for a quiet pool. Any one of the party of water bailiffs when they arrive in their cars at the great spawning beds (vide the article) will be able, if asked, to corroborate this.

Not one word is said of the two most prolific methods of poaching, one being the skilled use of very up-to-date nets which can be easily worked by two men and will completely clean a pool of salmon. The other is dynamite.

In conclusion, I would emphasise again that poaching is practised solely and only for gain, and it would save some of us a deal of worry and trouble if it was made an offence against the Crown to sell a salmon without a licence, and again an offence against the Crown to purchase one or a bit of one from any person not in possession of such a licence. This would entail that a proprietor, or any individual angler or netsman, could only sell under a licence. The obvious market would be the trade, who, in turn, would supply the public through the fishmonger, with the result that poaching, robbed of its profits, would cease to exist.

Yours faithfully,
Brechin, Angus. A. G. CHALMERS.

DOGS SHOULD BE "LIT UP"

SIR,—The other night, when to take a walk was like exploring a coal-mine without a lamp, my hesitant feet stumbled against a softish object which noisily resented the accidental impact. Some seconds later the light of a passing car revealed a white terrier limping disconsolately by the side of his master.

A little further on I saw approaching me, near the ground, a semi-circle of green light, from which extended upwards an equally radiant line a yard long. "A dog on a lead, my dear Watson!" I said to myself—and steered a safe course accordingly.

The moral is obvious—all dogs should be "lit up" in this way. The expenditure of a shilling or two on luminous equipment would save a lot of frayed tempers—and torn trousers—and impart a much-needed touch of gaiety to the grimmest of black-outs.

Yours faithfully,
Silver Birches, LEONARD E. NAYLOR.
Iver.

IMMUNITY FROM RAT BITES

SIR,—I was talking to a friend of mine the other day—a farm-hand and a keen nature lover who had just been badly bitten in the thumb by a rat during threshing operations. He had put his hand up a hole in the stack and while the rat held on to him, the driver of the threshing machine came and put his hand in too and pulled out the rat. He then stroked the rat and tickled its stomach, saying "Rats never bites me." He then transferred it to his other hand and again stroked it without it making any attempt to bite him. My informant then went on to say that it was an old country saying, that "rats will never bite anyone who was born with teeth already formed." His mother had always said so and he had heard others say the same. I have been at some pains all my life to collect and treasure up anything to do with country lore and old sayings and this is one I had never heard of, neither did I know that babies were occasionally born with teeth already in their mouths. I have consulted a very knowledgeable and dependable woman in this village, who assures me that cases of this nature do occur, but extremely rarely.

I think it is most interesting, and in my experience old country sayings always have an element of foundation in fact in them, so I should be greatly interested to know if anyone else has ever come across this saying, and also what light medical readers can throw on that part of the matter which refers to the babies.

Yours faithfully,
Greenlanes, O. D. LUCK.
Forest Side,
Nr. Rowlands Castle,
Hants.

SHOPWYKE HOUSE, NR. CHICHESTER

SIR,—In one of your editorial notices a week or so ago, you were good enough to refer to the above property which we are offering for sale on behalf of Mrs. Denton Carlisle.

Reference was made in our press notice to the clock of the old Town Hall at Guildford. It has now been pointed out to us that the clock in question did not come from the old Town Hall, also that the said Town Hall was not demolished some 75 years ago. Incidentally, we would like to explain that the source of this information was an article which appeared in a local paper in 1932.

We have been asked by the hon. remembrancer to the Corporation of Guildford to request you to be so good as to correct what appears to be an unintentional mis-statement of fact, and perhaps you would kindly see that this is done.

We apologise for troubling you in this matter.

Yours faithfully,
KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.
20, Hanover Square, W.1.

TYPES OF GAZELLE

Sir,—I hope that somebody who knows more of the matter than I do will attempt to answer Major Maydon's query about types of gazelle in the Libyan Desert. I take it that he is interested particularly in those found south of the Egyptian-Sudan border, but as regards those north of this line there are both the Dorcas and the Loder, the latter being comparatively scarce. I have noticed a very marked

THE CALLER'S WELCOME
(See letter "A Fearsome Knocker")

difference in the heads of the Dorcas. The horns of those I obtained in the vicinity of the oases of Kharga and Dakhla were heavier and thicker in every way with a very decided curve backwards and the hint of a hook at the tip; those found some two or three hundred miles farther north between the Baharia Oasis and the Mediterranean had very slender horns with only a slight spiral. I attributed this variation to different feeding, because the animals themselves appeared to be the same. The gazelle in the vicinity of the oases lived on the green corn and clover of the inhabitants (there is no natural grazing in this part of the desert); whilst those farther north fed on the natural desert scrub and grasses. I have both types of heads now, but no head skin.

Since I have left the Libyan Desert I have heard that the species of Dorcas found there is now described as the Isabelline.

Yours faithfully,

Ringwood. C. S. Jarvis.

A FEARSOME KNOCKER

Sir,—This remarkable knocker on the gateway entrance to Brougham Hall, near Penrith, will, I feel sure, interest your readers.

Chancellor Brougham, who made his home here, was responsible for many alterations round about 1800, and it is thought he may have fixed this knocker.

It is widely believed that when the famous Durham Knocker was cast for the Cathedral that there were two made in case of accident, and that the Brougham Knocker illustrated here is one of them.

It is a massive casting but it will be noted the usual vandals have been busy on the woodwork around the knocker.

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, D. Robinson.
Langholm Crescent, Darlington.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

Sir,—The various Footpath Preservation Societies and Rambler's Federations which we represent have come to the decision that, owing to the large expenditure of public time and of public money which would be involved, it would not be proper for them during the war to use the machinery of the Access to Mountains Act in order to win for the public access to land from which it is at present debarred.

We realise that in the present circumstance contact with nature is more than ever necessary for the maintenance of the physical, mental and spiritual health of the people, a point of view which in the case of evacuated school-children has been specially emphasised by the Board of Education.

The need for access remains. We cannot but hope that there are many landowners generous and patriotic enough of their own free will to dedicate new country and moorland paths to the use of the public, as some return for the sacrifices which are being made and as some contribution to the cause of freedom in which landowners and public are united.

Yours faithfully,

P. M. Oliver, Chairman, Peak District and Northern Counties Footpaths Preservation Society.
R. N. C. Horne, Chairman Blackburn and District Footpaths Preservation Society.
Alex. Ingham, Chairman, Pennine Paths Preservation Society.
R. B. Knott, Chairman, Alderley Edge, Wilmslow and District Footpaths Preservation Society.
A. Milner, Chairman, Manchester and District Rambler's Federation.
G. H. B. Ward, Chairman, The Rambler's Association (Sheffield).
Alex. Ingham, Chairman, The Rambler's Association (N.E. Lancashire).
Alfred J. Brown, President, The Rambler's Association (West Riding).

SHOEING THE BULLOCK

Sir,—I was interested in a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Annesley in the *Field* and his photograph showing how Chinese horses were shod.

Perhaps your readers may be interested in the accompanying photograph of the shoeing of a bullock taken a short time ago at a farm near St. Jean Pied de Port, Htes. Pyrenees.

Oxen therenbouts are used in place of draught horses, particularly by timber merchants—hence the unusual course of providing the beasts with shoes.

It will be noticed the least concerned of the group is the bull despite the tension on the rope supporting the leg. It will also be observed there are a great many more, and much larger, nails in use than are considered necessary for the shoeing of a horse in this country.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W.16. C. E. Maney.

NO FREEZING HERE
(See letter "A Protected Parish Pump")

A PROTECTED PARISH PUMP

Sir,—Motorists may sometimes forget that water left in the radiator freezes if due care is not exercised, but the inhabitants of Long Stanton, All Saints, Cambridge, take no risks with their pump during winter. As the photograph shows it is well protected by its straw thatching.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. F. R. Winstone.

A HOOF FOR THE ROAD
(See letter "Shoeing the Bullock")

SHOOTING IN MALAYA

Sir,—For my sins I was a rubber planter in Malaya for 15 years. The snipe shooting in that country is very good. To give you some idea of what it was like I may say that a friend with whom I often shot, Mr. F. J. Weld (whose family home I think was Lulworth Castle) made the record bag for the country, 98½ couple in the padi fields of Krian. He was a first class shot, and very quick. The snipe of Malaya is much easier to hit, or so I find him, than the home bird; they are fast, but their flight often lacks the "twist" of the home bird. I forebear to mention my own best efforts at snipe, as they would merely appear pathetic beside 98½ couple!

I also had a lot of fun with a bobbery pack composed of 3½ couple of harriers, and some 20 most appalling pariahs, terriers (courtesy title!) and crosses between my bull-terrier dog and pariah bitches. These drove the pig out of patches of jungle, and I shot (and missed) them with an old, "best" hammer gun by Stephen Grant, loaded with lethal bullet in the right barrel and buckshot in the left; this latter load in case of a charge. The majority of shots were at pig at a gallop over very rough ground planted 20ft. × 20ft. with rubber trees, which were very baulking to one's aim, as you can imagine.

Yours faithfully,

Ugborough, B. Howard Harrison.
Ivybridge.

ON THE LATE SIDE

Sir,—We like Bill Barwell (your issue of Dec. 23) for his common sense, cunning, audacity, and a thorough knowledge of local conditions, but we feel that Lord Markover, in shooting his coverts on Boxing Day, *the first time through*, was leaving things a bit late!

Yours faithfully,

Hennor, "Phasiani Colchia."
Leominster.

MUMMERS

Sir,—Some little while ago there was an article in the *Field* regarding the above, and I thought it might interest your readers and correspondents if I told them the result of my enquiries. If anyone is interested, a full description of the "Mummers" and their various other names is given in a book entitled *It Happened in Hampshire* and they give the words used in the various localities.

Where I was born and brought up, near Andover, they are not called "Mummers" but "Johnny Jacks," and the same families are represented right down the ages.

A friend of mine living in Hampshire, recently at my request, endeavoured to find out, or get a copy from the leader, of the words they use, but all he could obtain was an indication that all the knowledge was carried in the head, that nothing was in writing and nothing could be passed on except by or to the families concerned.

Yours faithfully,

Evelyn House, W. R. Ponting.
54-62, Oxford Street, London.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

SIR,—May I venture to reply to Mr. A. G. Chambers's letter in your last issue. Mr. Chambers rather prematurely infers that eating seeding blooms of bell heather *and* bumble bees are peculiarities of Kintyre grouse.

My letter, in the *Field* of December 2nd, was occasioned by one published by Mr. G. Blain in the *Field* of October 21st, and in that letter Mr. Blain described how he found seeding blooms of bell heather in the crop of a grouse killed by one of his trained falcons, in Islay, in September last.

If Mr. Chambers cares to turn up the popular volume of *The Grouse In Health and Disease* to page 103 he will find the *Bombus* or bumble-bee included in the insect food of grouse.

The Kintyre district is by no means lacking in what is supposed to be the best natural food for grouse, that is young ling, or common heather. Kintyre moors are now mainly composed of young heather, and, in my own time, bags of sixty to eighty brace of grouse, to two guns, were common enough in good years. Heather was conserved in those days, of course, but the system was changed, and the subsequent scarcity of grouse in Kintyre *may* be co-incidental merely.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie,
Perthshire.

A.R.P. FOR DOGS

SIR,—Owners of dogs and other domestic pets have been occasioned much worry as to what could be done with their animals in the event of an air raid. Spratt's Patent Ltd. come to the rescue and have placed on the market a gas-proof kennel, unique in construction, and which, after severe tests, has proved to function both simply and effectively.

There are no bellows or intricate gadgets to be manipulated to keep the animal alive, as the used air is absorbed by a special chemical which is placed in a tray at the bottom of the kennel. The dog will not even be frightened by the noise of gun-fire, as this is deadened by the walls of the kennel, but will be quite happy and comfortable for as long as the attack lasts. Interested owners of pets can obtain full particulars from Spratt's Patent Ltd., Appliance Dept., 41/47 Bow Road, London, E.3.

Yours faithfully,

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD.

JAUNTING TO WORK

SIR,—Your article in this week's *Field* on the revival of various horse-drawn methods of locomotion, is of particular interest to some of us here.

During October when the work of classifying the schedules of the National Register, and the preparations for issuing the Ration Cards was in full swing, our helpers and assistants made use of vehicles of all kinds, from the bicycle upwards, in getting to and from the central offices.

A photographer's lucky shot caught a party arriving back at the end of the lunch hour, in, or rather on, an Irish Jaunting Car. If anyone doubts that this type of vehicle is practically unknown in England to-day, he has but to observe the "I don't believe it" look, in the eyes of the Younger Generation as they stare for the first time at "that funny looking cart"!

Yours faithfully,

Denewood, L. M.
Cleeve Hill, Nr. Cheltenham, Glos.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

SIR,—When out hind shooting on November 22nd, 1939, I came across a hind dead with the upper part of the skull of another deer attached to its lower jaw. The hind was probably trying to chew the skull and had pushed its lower jaw through the other's skull and was unable to close its mouth, the ragged edges of bone or skull being sunk in the gums, causing death by starvation, which was evident by the poor condition of the dead hind. The skull attached was that of a young beast, that of a calf or two-year-old.

Yours faithfully,

Talladh-a-Beithe, JAMES MCINTOSH.
Perthshire.

THE "SPECTACLES"

SIR,—The old stocks of our villages make an interesting study, but the pair shown in my photograph are of such an unusual nature that I feel sure your readers would like to see them. They are on the outside churchyard wall at Painswick, that delightful place in Gloucestershire, and are made entirely of iron with the handrail built into the wall. They must have been very uncomfortable with the stone seat, one term of "imprisonment" would, no doubt, be a good reminder that crime does not pay!

They are named the "Spectacles"; a most appropriate title on account of their strange shape. They are reputed to be one of only two to be found in England.

Yours faithfully,

A. M.

Durham.

OF ARTISTIC DESIGN
(See letter "The 'Spectacles'")

A STRANGE SIGHT FOR YOUNG EYES IN ENGLAND
(See letter "Jaunting to Work")

OWNER DRIVEN FOR 26 YEARS
(See letter "With Equine Decorations")

WITH EQUINE DECORATIONS

SIR,—A curious combination is seen in the accompanying photograph of an old car decorated with horse brasses. Mr. Dick Wilderspin, of Swavesey, Cambs., is an enthusiastic collector of horse brasses and has decorated the windscreen and wings of this 1912 vintage Renault with them. The car acquired by him had had only one previous owner who ran it for 26 years. In the motor and cycle business for the village it has proved a fine advertisement for its new owner.

Yours faithfully,

R. W.

Wilts.

COCKROACHES

SIR,—Re H. A. Havant and his trouble with cockroaches. I had an awful trouble here in this house; and I thought I should never get rid of them. I tried everything. At last I was told of Hoggs Eetle-Roach—made by M. C. Hogg & Co., 113, London Road, Manchester; this powder did the trick completely and has rid the place of this nuisance. If there are cracks in the walls the powder should be blown in with a bellows.

Yours truly,

Oakhampton Manor, H. WIGHT-BOYCOTT.
Wiveliscombe, Nr. Taunton.

ROSE BERRIES IN BIRDS' NESTS

SIR,—While walking along an old thorn hedge the other day I was surprised to see that all the old birds nests were filled with masticated wild rose berries. Two out of the ten I counted, in about 30 yards, were piled high like a pyramid with them. Can anyone tell me if it would be birds or mice who have done this? And are the berries being hoarded for use in hard wintry weather?

Yours faithfully,

Holefield, KATHLEEN D. OGILVIE.
Kelso.

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

DURING the past week frost has interfered with hunting and in consequence there have been few accounts of runs to publish but opportunity is afforded for giving reports of sport enjoyed over Christmas week by a number of Hunts, committee notices and a summary of activities in the Lake District.

BICESTER.—Lord Bicester, Chairman of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Committee has issued the following letter: "The Masters, the Committee, and the Members of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt wish to express their most grateful thanks to the farmers of the hunt for their generous offer to supply the hunt stables with forage during the present season, which offer they gladly accept. They understand that a similar offer was made by the farmers of the hunt during the last war, and it gives great pleasure to every supporter of the hunt to realise that the goodwill existing in the hunt has again been demonstrated in this very generous manner."

BLACKMORE VALE.—When a small field met at Clifton Maybank there were many foxes in Clifton Wood, but there seemed to be no scent. So hounds were taken to Whitfield, whence they hunted a fox to Conway's Gorse and back to Whitfield, where fresh foxes intervened and the day ended.

On the next day, after their meet at Lymington, hounds were quickly away from Lymington Warren. Running by Chilthorne Domer they entered Seavington country, and were run out of scent near Bearley Bottom. Hounds were then taken back to Chilthorne Domer, where they killed a leash of foxes.

This Hunt only managed to snatch two days among the frosts of Christmas week, and unfortunately though perhaps naturally, scent was poor on both occasions. On Boxing Day, the largest field out since the war, including a number of soldiers on Christmas leave, met hounds at Camel Hill. Several foxes were afoot in Annis Hills, but little could be done with one hunted out through Parson's Steeple. An outlier, who was picked up near Nightingale Copse, gave a ringing hunt by Steart and Carey Fitzpaine to Steeple Covert, where he defeated hounds. A second from Annis Hills ran a left-handed circle in the vale before returning to Annis Hills, where he was caught.

Thursday, being a day of cold rain, made Mrs. Eccles' hospitality at West Hall welcome, but also entirely precluded any possibility of scent.

B. V. H.

BOLEBROKE BEAGLES.—MR. J. O. ROBSON, Hon. Secretary (PACKWAY, WESTERHAM), has issued the following notice:—

"After unanimously approving the Master's decision in September to discontinue hunting, the Committee consider that the unexpected course of the war now permits the resumption of hunting.

"The Committee are not of the opinion that it would be possible to hunt the country as before the war, but the Master has agreed to try the experiment, during the remainder of this season, of hunting the country on Saturdays, with the pack trencher fed.

"Thanks to the kindness of those who are now looking after the hounds the cost of running the pack trencher fed will be small, but it must be remembered that the Master had the expense of maintaining the pack, in anticipation of a normal season, for four months, at a cost of £185, which the Committee feel should be made up to him. In these circumstances the Committee ask that subscriptions for this season (minimum, one guinea) should be sent to me at the above address. On receipt of such subscriptions, fixture cards will be sent; cards will also be sent to all landowners, farmers and shooting tenants, as heretofore, and also to all those who are kindly looking after the hounds, from whom subscriptions will not be expected.

"The Committee desire to stress the utmost importance, now more than ever, of causing no damage to the farms over which the followers of the Hunt are privileged to run."

BRAES OF DERWENT.—On the day they met at Kiln Pit Hill, after finding in the Letch Whin, hounds ran to Hospital Wood, where they marked to ground. At Wild's Hill there was a good scent in covert, but the fox was headed everywhere. He went away, eventually, into Robson's Whin, where he was headed back again through Wild's Hill, and going away at the bottom end, ran through Minsteracres Wood, over the drive to the Durdens. Crossing the Slaley road into Buildings Wood, hounds split up in all directions, and some time was spent before they got together, to run the same line back to Wild's Hill.

Leaving at the top end towards Kiln Pit Hill, hounds ran straight through Crow Wood and The Shrubbery, and across Minsteracres Park to the Lake, where they lost their fox, after hunting him for 75 minutes.

A couple and a half went away by themselves with a fox from Fotherley Gill, and it was some time before they were stopped. They ran past Three Bridges to Watch Hill, over the road, where the leading hounds were stopped, and then ran on together, marking to ground in Saw Mill Wood. A good hunt followed from Moss Pool Whin, where there was a brace of foxes. One had a lucky escape as he dodged hounds up and down a hedgerow, and back through the Whin to the Kiln Pit road, where hounds changed on to the line of the other fox. They ran with a good head across Falle Farm to The Letch, where he was headed by a shooting party. Hitting off the line at the bottom end of the Letch Whin, hounds ran to Fairley May Gill at a slower pace, and going away on the east side to Three Bridges, turned sharp right-handed to Watch Hill. It was now nearly dark, and hounds checked just over the Watch Hill road. A couple ran on towards Kipperlin and these were stopped by the field master, as Littleworth took a nasty fall when jumping out of the road, his horse unfortunately rolling on him. Mr. Bentham's car being handy he was driven home, and except for being badly crushed and bruised, there are no bones broken.

B. D.

CATTISTOCK.—Frost and fog have played havoc with the hunting in Dorsetshire. On Saturday (Dec. 23rd), hounds met at Red House, Key, and the fog was so thick around Dorchester that I did not think it would be possible to hunt, on account of poor visibility, to say nothing of the treacherous going. Gosden, however, informed me that hounds kept their fixture, and there was a fair field out who braved the slippery footing. Scent, however, was at its worst, and though foxes were found the day was unsatisfactory.

On Boxing Day the traditional meet at Bridport Town Hall was kept, and as usual there was a large crowd out and a gathering at the Greyhound Hotel before hounds moved off, after hospitality had been dispensed by Mr. Walter Trump, the landlord. Hounds did not find until they had reached the gorses on North Hill above Burton Bradstock, but were lucky enough to rouse a stout pilot above the village, who took them up the valley, through Catholes, and on to the Brickyard. There he swung left-handed beyond Hamilton Hill, and then turned back, to be killed on the edge of Hamilton Wood, after a nice, if somewhat short, gallop. The rest of the afternoon was not satisfactory. Altogether it was a typical Boxing Day hunt, and as a spectacle pleasing for the people of Bridport.

On the Wednesday following, hounds met at the village from which the Hunt takes its name. Finding their first fox back of Chantmarle House they ran to Burle, and then turning left-handed by Fortine's Wood crossed Holway Lane to Chick's Copse, driving on through Slough as if for Lewcombe Cliff. Something may have headed their pilot here, for he swung sharp left-handed past Benville Manor, crossing Benville Lane towards Rampisham. Turning back again, and running close to Benville Manor and then right-handed down the valley to Milking Barton, I think he went to ground as there were some hounds marking at an earth. The main body, however, was taken by the huntsman to a nearby hollos, and hitting off the line went away at a good pace to Chelborough Park where they marked another fox to ground. Later in the day still another from Chick's Copse gave the field a brilliant 15 minutes, over some of the best of the Tuesday country, before their fox was killed at Rampisham Manor.

LINCOLN.

COTTESMORE.—Fog combined with sharp frost overnight caused the Whissendine Meet to be abandoned, though it was just touch and go, as in some places the going was all right. This was bad luck on the soldiers and week-enders.

The Boxing Day Meet was as usual on the recreation ground at Oakham and was well attended by mounted and dismounted followers, in fact I have never seen so many of the latter at a Boxing Day Meet during the past 16 years, which surely tends to show the popularity of fox hunting in this country. News of a fox lying in Oakham Pastures had reached the Master, and thither hounds duly went to find the fox at home. Breaking on the Brooke side he ran down to the back of Brooke Priory, where a wired fence on the left caused the field to bear to the right, with the exception of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Miss Pauline Watt and the writer, who got over the obstacle. Hounds made an extraordinary left-handed turn, and hidden by a fence were completely unsighted all except Miss Watt, who had a good hunt to herself.

Hounds running fast through Gunthorpe held Manton Gorse on their left, to go on through America Farm and, with Ridlington on their left, killed their fox on the banks of the Eyes, just under Leighfield Lodge, after running hard for 45 minutes. It was bad luck on the field missing this good thing from no fault of their own.

Lady Wood held and hounds ran into Orton Park Wood and out on the Ranksborough side for a few fields where scent fizzled out.

Frost has set in and at the time of writing prospects are none too good.

"FOXY."

CROOME.—The weather, with all the versatility of a quick-change artiste, had become mild and rainy by Boxing Day, when hounds met at Dunstall Castle. This fixture proved a more convenient and central one than that of Upton-on-Severn or Pershore, where it has been held in previous years. Pheasant Wood was the first draw and, as usual a fox was quickly on the move. Hounds ran well down the Belt for Menagerie, where the fox had turned left-handed through some cattle. After a short check they crossed the road to Marsh Covert and drove him away at the bottom towards Woodmancote Rough, pointing thence to the River Avon.

The fox decided to face the cold plunge sooner than the pack, and swam across, about half-a-mile above Strensham village. Stately went in pursuit, but the rest of the pack had picked up the line of a fresh fox on the river bank, and turned up the Bourne Brook, scent fading out behind Bourne Bank. This hunt had occupied 45 minutes.

The Rhidings was the next draw, and foxes were soon on foot. One of the bolder endeavoured to break covert over Marsh Common, but was met with such an outburst of hollowing from the car-followers and "footites" that he beat a hasty retreat. After a little more covert-hunting, however, hounds had a fox away at the north end. Skirting the Salt Baths, he crossed Defford Common to Porter's Ashbed. Hounds could not carry the line beyond, and presently were brought back to The Rhidings, where they found again and killed in covert. Subsequently little of note took place and the day finished early at the Salt Baths. This was Lord Coventry's final day's hunting before going overseas with his regiment. We wish him all good luck.

D.M.M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Boxing Day this season took me to Ilsington House, the seat of Mr. Wilfred Brymer, who, if not the mayor, is certainly the Squire of Puddletown village. There, on the lawn before the house, were the South Dorset Hounds, and, I think, the largest field I have seen gathered at any Dorsetshire meet this season so far. After the Squire and Miss Brymer had entertained everyone hounds moved off through the village and passed the Blue Vinny Inn to Druce Farm, which was the first covert drawn.

Though there was no frost in the ground it was greasy going, and one had to be careful on the hillsides or in making sharp turns. There were many people out on foot. In course of time hounds found a fox in Muston Copse, and he ran fast for 8 minutes, when they marked him to ground. It was all in plain view of the "gallery" and it must have amused them. It was too big a place to bother with, and Captain Wellesley-Wesley brought his hounds back over the road towards Dole's Wood, finding a fresh pilot in the same root-field belonging to Mr. Lovelace which held some three weeks ago.

In fact, it may well have been the same fox; for after failing to beat hounds in the thickets of Dole's Wood, he eventually went away across the Eweleaze

fields, and leaving Dole's Ash Farm well on his left, ran over Whitcombe Hill, to bear left-handed toward Piddletrenthide. At the Chesilbourne road hounds were at fault, but a welcome holloa soon set them straight again, and they ran at a smart pace to Redlands, where they marked the fox to ground, at the end of an excellent 35 minutes. Several more foxes were marked to ground during the remainder of the day, but with the evening coming on scent seemed to grow worse. The frost put a complete stop to hunting on the Thursday. A. H. H.

LAKE DISTRICT, HUNTING IN THE.—The three packs of fell foxhounds, The Coniston, The Ullswater, and The Lunesdale, are hunting and will carry on as long as they can. The Lunesdale and Oxenholme Staghounds will not hunt, but the authorities will keep a few of the young hounds in kennels, Charles Nichols, the huntsman (too old to soldier with the first draft this time), is remaining to look after them. The Lunesdale Harriers decided at first not to hunt, and the whipper-in became a policeman. His wife and a young lady follower looked after the hounds, however, keeping them very fit, and it has now been decided to have 16 meets (some on foot) to keep the hunt together. They had a good day to open the season from Redwell.

The Bleasdale Beagles, which hunt the fells his hare. A good hunt of about 1½ hours ensued, the scent having improved. The pack were finally beaten on the road, and as it was well in the afternoon and we were forbidden the adjoining lot on the other side owing to shooting arrangements, Towers called hounds off after an enjoyable day with a good hunt.

REDPOLE.

MORPETH.—On Boxing Day when hounds met at Longhorsley, a fox found in Paxton Dene, leaving by the west end, was headed on the road south of the village, then running the hedgeside he made the whins at Field Head. Hounds being close behind him he faced the traffic on the North Road, and gained the covert by the Moorhen. Scent seemed to die out, but Scott held his hounds well together, and they picked up the line again by the Duck Pond. A fast burst southwards led to Abshiel, and then due north, over a beautiful line through Beacon Hill to Haredene. Running the length of this covert he was viewed away, obviously making for home. Circling by Tennent's Whin he tried to gain shelter again in Haredene Wood; but running short of this covert he was killed by Whinney Hill, after a run lasting one hour and forty-five minutes. A fresh fox from Haredene led at a sharp pace by Southward Edge towards Wingates, where the pack rolled him over by the roadside fir strip.

Finding again in Foster's Wood, hounds ran well over a good stretch of country, through Quarry Wood, and marked to ground just north of Milburne Hall. They ran north with a fox from The Dene, to Jock's Well where he was lost. Hunting was stopped by frost on the following Saturday and Monday.

T.

WOODLAND.—On Boxing Day the hounds met at Turville Park, where General and Mrs. Hoare-Nairne entertained the field with charming hospitality. Hounds were taken to Launder's Farm, where they found at once in Fire Wood. A big dog fox was viewed away, and he took them at a great pace through Queen Wood and over the hills by Greenfield into Shamridge Wood. Hounds ran in full cry through this large wood, and on a screaming scent crossed the Watlington Road near Pishill Bottom. From there they raced on through Russel's Water, over the common, round by Maiden's Grove, and through Maiden's Grove Scrubs to Bix Bottom, where they marked to ground. This was a splendid hunt of 1 hour and 20 minutes, with a point of five miles, or about eight as hounds ran, over some of the highest and steepest country in the Chiltern Hills. So hounds and horses were taken home for a well-deserved rest.

W.

A MEET OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS AT MINTO KAMES FARM, ROXBURGHSHIRE
The Duke of Roxburghe and Major Paton, M.F.H., are seen leading the field

around Sedbergh and also the Beetham country, have closed down. The hounds were dispersed over the ends of two counties, to be trencher fed by good friends amongst the farmers and other sporting people. One of the Joint Masters (on volunteers being called for) immediately joined the Army, and the other Joint Master, when duty with the A.A. Observation Corps permits, collects six or seven couples (including a couple and a half of the Trinity College pack) from here and there, and there is an hour or two's hunting, his wife acting as whipper-in when no one else is available.

The Windermere Harriers decided to carry on hunting on foot as long as possible, walking hounds to the meets and hunting two days per week. This old pack show good sport in the fells.

The Furness Beagles are hunting two days a week, and they recently met at Higher Newton. Neither the Master, Lord Richard Cavendish, nor the deputy Master, Mr. Park, was able to be out, and the kennel huntsman, Larry Towers, was in charge of the 9½ mixed couples. There was only a small field to meet them. Hounds soon picked up a drag amongst the rocks and bracken, which they hunted with a merry cry into the adjacent covert. Scent was not too good and they spent some time in covert (difficult for the huntsman and whipper-in was an exceedingly steep slope) before they pushed her out. At the top, with the pack in full cry close behind her, this did not last long. The hare made a right-handed circle, jinked, circled again, and came back into the wood at the bottom. To complicate matters there were two hares going, which the farmer told us he had been nursing for us for some time. After some considerable time spent in the wood without any effect, Towers decided to call his hounds out and try for another hare on the adjacent lot. After some little time spent without result, he decided to cast back, and soon found

Owing to the frost the two New Year Meets were cancelled; the enforced rest however, will be welcome.

THE RUFFLE.

TYNEDALE.—Hounds met at Beaufront Red House on Boxing Day, and drawing the covert alongside the Tyne, chopped a fox. Another put out of a small spinney to the west of Pot Holes, ran into it and was marked to ground. From the Beaufront Castle drives, a fox was headed everywhere by the holiday crowd. After hunting him in covert for some time, he managed to break away, and once in the open hounds ran fast over Fawcett Hills towards St. Oswald's. Swinging right-handed hounds entered Stanley Wood, and going straight through, went away at the eastern corner.

Crossing the military road, the pack went on over the fell to the west of Pont Head, where they checked, the fox having turned sharp back. Recrossing the military road they hunted once round Stanley Wood, and caught their fox near the lane on the west side, after a good hunt of 55 minutes. Finding in Fernhill, hounds ran into the covert by Acomb Fell House, where several other foxes were on foot. They eventually came away with one who led back through Fernhill, and away at a sharp pace to Targett's Wood. After being here for some time, the pack came away with a well-hunted fox in front of them, and he just beat his pursuers to ground in Fernhill.

There had been a sharp overnight frost when hounds met at The Heugh the next morning, and it was doubtful if a start would be made. However, they moved off, and finding in The Bog, hunted well on the frosty ground towards Milburne, swinging right-handed to Dissington Thorns. They continued on through Foster's Wood, and over a nice country to Cairn House, where the fox was lost.

IRELAND

LIMERICK.—On the day hounds met at Patrickswell an Attyflyn fox was soon on foot and broke as though for Yew Fort. Turning left-handed at the Croom Road he made for Fanningstown then bore left-handed by Prospect Hall into Fort Etna and Attyflyn. Leaving this covert again hounds hunted well over foiled ground, repeating the same wide circle and eventually marking their fox to ground in Fort Etna. A short dart from Conways gorse to Fort Union and back to the starting point was the next feature, and the evening finished well with a gallop from Fanningstown bog through the upper covert and out left-handed over Ballyeale and on into Attflyn. Hounds were stopped at dusk.

The Bruree day was really a good one. The home covert did not hold, but from the moat by the railway hounds raced a fox for 15 minutes without a check over Knocksoona, marking to ground on the banks of the Maigue close to Garrynoe. Garrynoe gave the second good hunt from here this season. A good stout fox left the covert, and crossing the Maigue River faced as though to Charleville. Crossing the Main Cork Railway Line hounds raced over as fine a line of big banks as one could meet, then turning left-handed through Graiganster pointed for Kilfinnan. Over Kilm Hill they swung round left-handed again, and hunted slowly past Mount Coote and Kilmallock, recrossing the main railway line once more. With their fox viewed at Ash Hill, hounds ran hard again past Glenfield Mells, and over the Maigue to Garrynoe covert. Short of the covert fence, they caught their fox after a fine hunt of 1 hour and 40 minutes. L.

TIPPERARY.—The weather was very cold when hounds met at Condon's Cross and they had a busy day. Evidently the same fox was still in Watson's Glen, as hounds raced away to Lawlesstown, and over the Clonmel road, checking three fields beyond.

They hunted on more slowly to Rathronan Church, and then turned right-handed over the Fethard road and the railway to Doon Bog, where they marked to ground after a hunt of thirty minutes.

A Knockeevan fox took refuge in a badger earth on the point-to-point course, but another from the Bog of Boor provided a good hunt. Hounds first pointed for New Chapel but, after turning left as though for Watson's Glen, ran nearly to Giant's Grave, and then came down the hill to Lawlesstown Cross, where the fox escaped in a shore under the main road, after forty-five minutes.

The Cashel fixture on Dec. 20th was held in a Christmas card setting, owing to a sharp white frost. Needless to say until the evening scent was bad. Hounds found in Hackett's, and after one small circle ran slowly up to Lyonstown House and Treyer's Glen. The fox waited here and they were able to run fast, back towards Lyonstown and right-handed to Bullock Park, where they marked to ground.

Finding again in Monanmay they hunted slowly round Ballydungh before being beaten on the Fethard road. An unfortunate outlier paid the penalty for being fast asleep as we hacked across Mayfield to draw Meldrum Wood, where hounds opened at once. On an improving scent they ran towards Mayfield, down to Boscabell, and over the main road nearly to Dunphy's. Changing his mind the fox led them back through Kirwan's to Dualla House, and back to Meldrum, where, after forty minutes, the pack were stopped.

Frost and fog prevailed at Knockfee Cross on December 23rd and, although it was decided to hunt, little was done. The weather had softened, however, by the 27th when hounds met at Tullamaine Castle. The first fox from the Gorse was lost after running a mile but, on being brought back, hounds found again and ran at a fair pace towards Barry's, before swinging left-handed over Coolmoyne. Short of the Creamery they turned again and, just skirting Kilbragh, hunted back to Tullamaine, where they marked at Martley's sand pit. Scent had improved by the time Mobarnane Wood was drawn, and the pack raced round the big covert with a tremendous cry, ultimately breaking towards Coolmoyne.

They ran hard to the Creamery Gorse and turned right-handed to Kilconnel Castle and the Cashel road, where they checked. Recovering the line the pack ran back to Mobarnane, down the full length of the wood, and away beyond. The fox once more sought the shelter of the wood, which by now was very foiled. Guided by Vincible and Ardent hounds worked up to him and, forcing him into the open, raced to the Creamery Gorse, where they killed just as darkness was falling.

Another good day followed the Mardyke fixture on the 28th. From Mardyke hounds broke towards Killenaule, but turning right-handed as though for Ballynunty ran well to Lahanse where they marked to ground and killed. Finding again in Ballyphilip, they ran hard for Ballinecurry and, swinging left-handed short of the main road, raced nearly to Coalbrook and Ballingarry Bridge, where they were beaten, when pointing for Garranacoole, after twenty-five minutes. T. C. V.

WATERFORD.—A large field turned out for the Feddans Cross meet which proved to be a red-letter day. Finding in Ballinafina hounds went away, leaving Rathgormack village on their left, and ran through Mr. Green's land of Gallows' Hill and Moradiha almost to Mr. Connolleys of Park. From here they swung right-handed into Knockalafalla, as if they were heading for the woods at Windgap, but ran right-handed through Ballingarra towards Coolnamuck woods, before which hounds came up with their fox in Killballyquilty. He just managed to go into a rabbit hole to save his brush. Once hounds settled down there was not the semblance of a check in this brilliant forty minutes over a grand line.

Hounds next found in Ballyneil, and went away close by Mothel Church. Crossing the road here they swung to the left through Kilnasbeg by Curraghduff, and crossing the Carrick-Dungarvan road near Joanstown headed for Seskin woods. Bearing left-handed into Ballindesert hounds were stopped before entering the big woods at Millvale, after a fast 35 minutes over a good line.

From the Sweep on another day hounds found in Amberhill, and ran a ring towards Knockaderry Lake marking to ground where they found, after 25 minutes. Hounds next roused a fox in Carrickphilip bog, and ran towards Knockaderry then swinging back into the bog, crossed the Kill road near Savagestown Barracks, into Knock of the Cat. Leaving Kilbeg Creamery on their left they ran through Mr. Power's land to Knockane, across the Kilmurrin road and were stopped from the cliffs at Tankardstown after making a five-mile point in 65 minutes.

THE HOTEL DOG

A Gentleman's Greeting for a Guest

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

THE position of the hotel or boarding house dog is a difficult one. Unless of exceptional character, his outlook on life is bound to deteriorate. He has his idle moments, and people come and go. There is generally someone going for a walk, nursemaids with a couple of prams, a young lady off to catch the bus, an old gentleman out for his constitutional along the front. So the hotel dog gets into the way of chucking in his lot with anyone, of treating the world on a common level, till he becomes everyone's dog, which is no one's dog!

The dog at the hotel at which I have stayed since the war started is one of the rare exceptions. I suppose he might be set down as a surly dog, but that is not right, because he is pleased to see anyone; but he is not readily prepared to make friends. His breed does not matter much when you look into his face, which is the face of a gentleman dog. His owner calls him a black and tan terrier, but obviously bull terrier and labrador have participated in his pedigree.

LORD BURGHLEY AND LORD BRACKLEY AT A MEET OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS

In the first month he took no more notice of me than of any other of the guests. Daily I saw him seated on the lawn, but I came and went without one single glance of recognition from him. One day, after six weeks, I wandered into the greenhouse at the back of the garden, and he came in after me. He said in the plainest language—"Pardon me, but whenever I get a chance I come in here for a drink."

So he drank his fill at the tank, and looked back at me in polite recognition. "Good water that!" he said. "Tap always leaks. Carry on!" and he went out, while I said to myself—"That dog's a gentleman!"

We recognised each other now, and it is interesting to watch a dog slowly giving friendship. From that day on he seemed to realise that I was more permanent than the other people at the hotel, and perhaps different where a dog was concerned. I have always had a dog of my own, and I have never fussed them. Words are few and soft—a caress, an encouragement now and then, but never harshness or anger. So the old dog took to greeting me every time I came in or went out. It was just a tailwag and a frisk round—"Pleased to see you, sir": then back to his place on the lawn. I was beginning to feel honoured. Then one day I put on my old shooting suit, just to be hanged to the whole affair, and went out swinging my stick. His greeting this time was more lavish; in fact he said—"Going for a walk? Come along then, I'll take you. I know all the best walks about here."

He looked back constantly to see that I was following. I am quite sure he knew that I was only a war-time exile, and that the route was new to me. He took me down the coast, then up a little woodland path, where the autumn tints were really beautiful. He arrived at the crest of the ridge before I did, and I found him sitting on the wooden seat. "We always rest here!" he told me. "Fine view, isn't it?"

Half-term came suddenly, and I was told that my little girl could come out to have lunch with me. She too loves animals, and they love her. Duties prevented my meeting her, but as soon as she appeared at the garden gate the old dog ran gladly to meet her. Could he possibly have heard me tell the servants that she was coming, or—was it scent, one of my own ilk? Be that as it may, the old dog met her with the announcement—"Halloa! Come to see your daddy! I'll show you in! Hang your coat up there. Now upstairs this way. This is his room!" And he scratched at the door.

I suppose a dog of his experience has become wise, as regards people, and to-day he knows the few guests I have, and out of sheer courtesy shows them up to my room.

But I think the culminating point was when one wet night he was accidentally locked out, and hearing him whining on the door-step long after the house was in darkness, I went down and let him in. I dried him and told him to sit in a corner of my room. "And," I added, "don't scratch!"

He never made a sound all night, and since then he has considered himself a welcome guest. He spends a few hours with me every day.

But even then the process of friendship was gradual. At first he did not seem to want to obtrude, and kept on the side of the hearth remote from my chair. Gradually he drew a little nearer, and yet a little nearer. Now he is not content unless some part of him is touching me, perhaps only one paw across my slipper, or his tail against my leg, then he sleeps soundly. It is a good place for an old dog, for it is a quiet room, and no one treads on his toes. Other people come and go, but he ignores them, as once he ignored me. In his weighing up of things there is only one permanent guest, only one "dog man."

And when I put down my papers and sit and look at the fire, he knows the occasion appropriate to come and lay his sloppy old head on my knees, looking at me with the comment—"Hell of a war, isn't it? Everyone scattered to the four winds! Never mind, I'll look after you so long as you remain at my house!"

And because of the old dog, I shall be sorry to go!

THE WINTER FLOWERING IRISES

Stored Sunshine from Summer Days

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING these bleak weeks various iris species are amongst the most beautiful flowers in the garden and the majority of them are easily grown. All of them require a well drained compost containing mortar rubble, and a sunny spot is also essential.

The easiest and cheapest are *I. stylosa* which most of us forget to call *I. unguicularis* and *I. reticulata hybrids*. *I. stylosa* with its sky blue flowers is suggestive of the blue skies of Mediterranean parts. It flowers abundantly during every mild spell from December till April and it is amazing how many flowers can be gathered from a space perhaps only 2ft. square.

Planted in ordinary garden soil this iris produces abundant foliage but very few flowers. Indeed, it can hardly be starved too much and the finest and most floriferous clumps I know are planted in a gravel path in the shelter of a sunny wall. With plenty of mortar rubble and sand and in full sun they cannot fail to flourish.

True the iris does succeed in some gardens in very sandy soil without lime rubble but it is safer to give it some. At the foot of a sunny wall the plants get the sun-baking through the summer which is so necessary for abundant flowering. The dead leaves ought to be cut away for they only prevent sunlight permeating the clumps.

On very heavy soils it is a good plan to put these irises on a raised bed against a wall. The bulbs can be planted either in spring or autumn, and if in spring it may be necessary to give water in spells of drought during the first summer. Being natives of Algeria the plants once established never need water. They rarely flower their first season.

Although perfectly hardy the buds and flowers can endure only very few degrees of frost, so in severe weather they should be picked, even if they do not show colour. They unfurl quickly indoors, and I think they look particularly attractive associated with *jasminum nudiflorum*. Incidentally, both this jasmine and *iris stylosa* travel perfectly if picked in bud, and they are amongst the ideal flowers to send by post in mid-winter. The jasmine lasts ten days to a fortnight in water but the iris only two days.

The white form of *I. stylosa* flowers rather later than the type and *I. stylosa speciosa* which has larger flowers usually does not flower till quite near the end of January. Slugs are very partial to the tips of the flowers and a careful watch has to be kept for them.

I. reticulata is both easy and cheap but the lovely pale blue form Cantab costs about 2/- a bulb; the comparatively new Hercules with rich claret coloured flowers is only 4d. a bulb. The Krelagei hybrids are delightful in mixture. *I. reticulata* and the hybrids increase rapidly and they flower earlier if planted in the shelter of a sunny wall.

The type is a native of the Caucasus and, like the hybrids, does best in a rich but well drained soil. Energetic folk lift some of the bulbs in July and put them to ripen in a hot sun. Replanted in early autumn they flower earlier than those left in the ground.

I. Danfordiæ, a native of the Tsurus mountains, has not been commonly grown since the last war. This charming yellow flower grows at an altitude of 4,000ft. and is perfectly hardy. It needs a very well drained spot in the rock garden, preferably facing west. When the foliage has withered the bulbs should be lifted, ripened under glass in hot sun and after a month replanted in fresh soil.

Iris alata is still seldom grown, yet it is amongst the easiest and cheapest species. We have not sun enough in this country to ripen it but the bulbs are so cheap that it is worth buying them every season. In sheltered parts it produces its mauve orange-crested flowers from the end of November onwards. It needs a very sandy soil and a spot in the shelter of a sunny wall.

Then there are the less easy species. *I. histrioides cilicia* is a native of the Lebanon mountains and prefers a well drained situation facing west in the rock garden. Its handsome, richly coloured flowers are indeed striking in the mid-winter rock garden. This iris succeeds remarkably well in the north of England. *I. historio*, also a native of Palestine, is faintly but sweetly scented. It requires the same conditions as *I. histrioides cilicia*.

To those who appreciate the curious charm of green flowers the most fascinating of all irises in flower now is perhaps *I. tuberosa* and snake's head iris. This iris is a native of the Mediterranean coast and in very mild parts it flowers in January but in most parts it is grown under glass. I always notice that in florists' shops this rather sombre iris attracts every eye, even when placed amidst brilliantly coloured forced tulips and other spring flowers.

The colouring of the flower is indeed exquisite, with the pale olive green of the petals, the dark green veining and the striking falls. The latter are of a colour difficult to name; richer than sepia, too beautiful to be called black, and not purplish. This iris likes a rich well drained soil and a sunny spot. It can easily be increased by dividing the tuberous roots, after flowering, allowing a tuft of leaves to each division.

Rather later than the irises named above come *I. sindjarensis* and *I. sind-pers*. They flower usually in March and have to be grown in a cold greenhouse, except in the mildest parts. Being barely a foot in height they are very suitable for growing in a cold-house. In the open it is the succulent leaves that suffer in frost. *I. sindjarensis* is a native of Mesopotamia and *I. sind-pers* is a hybrid of *I. sindjarensis* and *I. persica*.

A NATIVE OF THE TAURUS
"Iris Danfordiæ," a lovely yellow flowered species which grows at an altitude of 4,000ft.

LIGHTING AND FLOWERS

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.S.

WHETHER it is because flowers are more beautiful now, or whether people are more clever at arranging and displaying them, they seem to me so much more effective than they were years ago.

Displays in flower shops, when I was young, consisted only of rows of green cans with flowers stuck into them, with no sense of arrangement or grouping of colour, and the aim seemed to be to put as many colours as possible together to produce beauty. Flowers were known to be beautiful, and because they were beautiful people were entirely relieved of any responsibility for arranging them decently, and the containers, whether of glass, pottery or silver, were generally of the most appalling shape and colour, and in practically every way quite unsuitable for holding flowers.

Critics of the contemporary movement which has taken place over the last ten years in architecture, interior decoration and interior furnishing, have pointed out many of its errors and faults, but the simplification of form has produced not perhaps an exciting style, but at least an unpretentious one, that has improved the basic design of most simple articles, including those used for flowers.

The kind of pottery vase that was obtainable before or immediately after the last war, was either of the most vulgar shape, cluttered with floral designs in colour or relief, or something attenuated and delicate looking, anæmic and unhealthy. By comparison, one can now buy in specialised and general shops really delightful vases, bowls and containers of all kinds, that are not only in keeping with simple present-day ideas in interior decoration, but are also essentially suitable for their purpose. Instead of intricate and self-conscious looking shapes, simple forms have been given interesting glazes, both in creamy off-white and subtle mottled effects of monochrome or deep rich colour.

In the hands of those who have been trained by practice and experience, exquisite compositions are made up of flowers and containers, created for use against particular backgrounds or settings. Even in men's clubs, where the setting has usually been one of old and distressed looking red leather against a background of black blinds, there has crept a note of freshness, not only in a general cleaning-up and cheering-up of backgrounds and furnishings, but by the introduction of flowers. At dinners and functions where, years ago, the caterer produced some rather dusty looking palms, reviving them on each occasion with a watering can and a pair of scissors, it is refreshing to find well selected and well arranged flowers that are often as beautiful as anything that can be seen anywhere in our present world.

Occasionally one comes across an arrangement of flowers, that is so beautiful in the subtlety of delicate colour tones and values of light and shade, that it would be impossible for any painter or skilled photographer to put them on record in any way to compare with their own intrinsic beauty.

The art of flower arrangement has certainly been brought to a very high level recently, and some of the florist's displays are extremely beautiful. In Chelsea a delightful florists catches my eye every day, and the shop itself and its off-white background, the colouring of the flowers, and their arrangement, and the whole composition, together with the wheelbarrow loaded with flowers outside, makes a picture that is more refreshing still in these days of steel helmets and battle dress. It would not be surprising if in these difficult times florists did a roaring trade, as there seems nothing more reviving than the look of flowers and nothing more cheerful in worrying times.

One hesitates to talk of lighting at a time when a large proportion of the civilised world seems to be engaged in living as like the original cavemen as possible. Lights have been masked, and bright lighting replaced with lamps that give the smallest possible glimmer, and for a while the mania for blacking out not only the light but the whole of our enjoyment has been really ridiculous. When windows have been blacked out and properly masked, there seems every reason to make life indoors in our own homes and places of entertainment as cheerful as possible, and even with restrictions there is nothing more conducive to cheerfulness and release from the anxieties of the outer world than to have good lighting.

As colour plays such an important part in the effectiveness of flowers and their settings, the development of corrected lighting is particularly interesting. True colour is judged by daylight standards, and although the colours of flowers and all other things vary during the day, according to the kind and time of day, the general colours as seen in daylight are naturally those we associate with the individual flowers. With the lamps in normal use now colours are distorted, owing to the predominance of the red end of the spectrum in the light they produce. Distortion is therefore more noticeable in greens and blues, blues particularly becoming muddy and drab under artificial lighting.

A great deal of attention is now being given to colour correction, and also to the making of lamps that give a maximum light output with economy of current consumption. Gaseous discharge lamps are now being produced that combine these qualities to a remarkable degree. Instead of a filament the current is passed through mercury vapour or other gas, and although this action alone produces monochromatic light of a fairly definite colour that varies with the gas employed, the colour of the light emitted is corrected and supplemented by coating the inside of the glass cover of the lamp with certain fluorescing powders. Current consumption is only a fraction of that consumed by the ordinary lamps that we now use, and in addition the light emitted gives almost the exact values of daylight.

These lamps are not usable direct on the normal voltages of 230 without a transformer, but a tremendous number are in every-day use in the U.S.A. and are very popular. The war may retard their introduction in this country, but when they are on the market they will greatly affect general methods of lighting.

LIVE STOCK OUR SHEET ANCHOR

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

ALTHOUGH at the present time our thoughts may be diverted, to a very great extent, to the tremendous campaign of increasing our arable land, and of growing not only crops for human consumption, but also to substitute the animal feeding stuffs which can only be obtained in limited quantities, we must never lose sight of the fact that in normal times our live stock is our sheet anchor, and that thanks to the marvellous quality of our pedigree live stock, we have for generations been known as the "Stud farm of the world." Even in a war which is obviously a fight to a finish, and a desperate struggle for survival, we must do all in our power to maintain our live stock, commercial and pedigree, in such numbers, that so soon as the blessings of peace are ours again, we can proceed as usual, and also be in a position to supply those nations of the whole world who want our pedigree stock for the improvement of their own live stock.

It may well be, and the position must be faced, that if this war were to run as long as some would have us believe it might do, we may have to give consent to some reduction in numbers, but at present we are urged by the Ministry of Agriculture not to contemplate this, but rather to adjust our methods of farming so as to maintain the same numbers as we are carrying now, but on a different system of rationing.

There is great wisdom in suggesting this, provided that it can be done, and with the choice of forage crops that are available there can be no doubt that a great effort will be made.

It cannot be that the great constructive work of famous breeders is to count for naught, even if warring nations are at each other's throats!

I will not go deeply into names, readers who know pedigree stock will have them at their finger tips, and will realise, to the full, the quite priceless heritage that is ours. Look at the milking records of our best milking breeds and remember how they have been built up on selective and most careful breeding. Pedigrees that date back for generations, steady improvement in type, character, conformation, and yielding powers going hand in hand. Dairy Shorthorns, the most widely distributed of all dairying breeds in this country, sweet roans, shapely reds, smart whites, British Friesians with their wonderful bags, and the only breed, so far, that could stage a class for 2,000 gallon matrons at the Royal Show last year; Ayrshires, a breed as popular now in the south and other parts of England as in Scotland, the Channel Island breeds, so noted for cream and rich butter, and that great dual purpose breed the Red Polls.

All must be preserved that future generations can benefit from the years of labour and toil given by great breeders to improve and perfect our cattle.

Then, too, do we not possess the best beef breeds in the world? What can one say new in praise of such beef cattle as the Aberdeen-Angus, the Scotch Shorthorn, the ruby red Devon, the stately Sussex, the rugged Galloway, and the impressive Hereford, to say nothing of the hardy Welsh Runt?

From these have descended the beef supplies of the world, and world breeders are still looking towards us with hungry eyes.

Sheep have no better breeders or flockmasters, and the world has to thank us for Southdowns, Suffolks, Hampshire Downs and Shropshires, while Dorset Horns, Romney Marsh, Lincolns, and Leicesters all have gone to help in improving a world-wide industry of wool, lamb and mutton.

So with pigs; where else can one find such perfection of porcine utility and symmetry as in the Large White, the Wessex and Essex, the Large Black, or the aristocratic Berkshire.

Our studs are just as important as our herds and flocks, but there seems less fear of their being reduced in numbers, for horses are again in keen demand. Shires, Clydesdales and Suffolk Punches; they have no equal in the world for working ability, for courage, and for the power to stamp their qualities on their off-spring.

All have their part to play now, and in a world that will need a whole lot of reconstruction when this insane brawl is over.

How often do we who live by, with, and from the land, wish that man were able to devote his attentions to a battle with Nature, and to promoting the welfare of the land and its live stock rather than ply his brains to invent more, and still more, lethal weapons.

No one can deny the great work that the constructive breeder is doing, how he is producing more milk from individual cows, beef of great quality from animals of an age at least a year younger than was at one time thought possible, and as regards mutton . . . well most of it is lamb, and that of fine quality, and produced at a very early age.

All this good work cannot be thrown away, for the pedigree man is the man who carries out the experiments, and does the pioneer work, while he hands it down to the commercial farmer when he sells him sires.

No more from my pen is needed to point out why our herds and studs and flocks must be maintained in the National interest.

FRUIT FOR WALLS AND FENCES

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S.

IN wartime use should be made of every available space in the garden. Plenty of jam will be needed, for butter is going to be scarce, and the extra fruit produced can be conserved in this way, or may be bottled or canned.

Walls and fences provide an admirable background for the production of choice fruit. Trees grown against them take up little room and generally crop all the heavier for the protection and support they are given. Further, the "clothing" of the wall or fence beautifies the garden.

It isn't necessary to purchase expensively trained espaliers, for young two-year-old cordons will do quite well, planted say 2ft. apart and trained at an angle of 45 degrees from the ground. This angle can gradually be reduced to 30 degrees as the trees grow and start to crop. When planting, they should be put in upright and should only be bent over and tied into position in the following April or May. This gives the roots a chance of settling in properly, and the bending over in the spring gives the sap a check and promotes earlier fruiting.

Not only apples and pears, but gooseberries and red currants also do well as cordons. Cherries and plums are best grown as fan-shaped trees. Owing to the war I am not suggesting the planting of peaches and nectarines, which seem to be luxury fruits.

The south fence or wall is the sunniest and warmest. It is especially suited for sweet cherries, dessert plums and delicious pears. In the south, a west wall is also a warm one, and will grow the fruits already mentioned, but in the north it is suited to plums and pears only. The east wall in the north will do Morello cherries well, and gooseberries and red currants, too. In the south it is suited to apples, pears and plums. The north wall is usually reserved for the acid Morello cherry and for gooseberries and currants.

To obtain a succession of pears, from July to the following January, it is necessary to plant the following:—Doyenne D'Été for July; William bon Chrêtien, August; Dr. Jules Guyot, September; and for the next three months Conference, Durondeau and Fondant de Thirriot, ending up with Josephine de Mallines for the month of January. These later pears are, of course, picked early in November and kept in the store until they are ripe.

It would be quite easy to give a long list of plums, but for war purposes the most reliable croppers are Victoria, Early Laxton, Early Transparent Gage and Purple Pershore, all of which are self-fertile.

As a sour cherry the Morello is undoubtedly the best, and in the case of sweet cherries it is necessary to plant a variety and its pollinator. Three good pairs would be (1) Napoleon and Amber, (2) Emperor Francis and Governor Wood, and (3) Noir du Guben and Early Rivers. The garden owner should choose from this list the variety he requires. Emperor, for instance, is a white heart and Early Rivers a black.

With apples it is possible to keep up the supply from the middle of August of one year to the early June of the next. The following varieties will ensure such a succession:—Langley Pippin for August; James Grieve, September; Fortune or Ellison's Orange, October; Egremont Russett, November; Cox's Orange Pippin, December; Laxton's Superb, January; Blenheim Orange, February; Upton Pyne or St. Cecelia, March; Duke of Devonshire, April; May Queen, May; and for June there is Easter Orange. For those who like a russet there is Brownlees Russett, which is at its best in April.

The cordon apples should be purchased grafted on to No. 9 Paradise stock and the pears on to the Quince C or Quince A stock.

FOOD AND COVER FOR DUCK

By REGINALD DAVEY

HAND rearing is likely to be a rarity during the next year or two, and it is to wild bird that the sportsman will look for his shooting. What bird is harder to stalk and more difficult to kill than really wild duck? Certainly they are sport in its truest sense, but by no means easy to secure. Duck are very wily birds and when once shot at will give the place a wide berth, unless it holds some particular attraction for them.

Duck require food that they may live, and cover that they may feel secure from their enemies. If a water offers this double facility, then it will be the resort of wild duck, even though occasionally shot over. Artificial feeding cannot now always be relied upon, and in any case a sufficiency of natural food is much to be preferred. All are familiar with the sickening business of the entirely artificial pond, devoid of cover and from which the birds can scarcely be persuaded to rise, and when they do, circle it at a low elevation.

The ideal conditions for the wild bird is two ponds, the morning flight pond, where duck can sit, sun themselves and preen during the day, and the evening flight pond where they feed at night. Not all coverts can provide two waters for this purpose, and one can be made to serve, so long as it is not shot over too frequently. Every shoot means birds driven off the land, and the risk of their finding sanctuary elsewhere.

A pond is best surrounded by trees, as a screen, but not overshadowed or so near that the banks lack sunshine, and the duck are hindered in coming and going. The surface of the water should not be entirely covered with weed, for the duck need open water to alight and take off. A central area of open water with a deep fringe of weed is ideal.

The snails and shrimps and other water denizens, upon which duck feed, live on algæ and other minute plants, which exist most plentifully around and on the stems of water plants. Duck punish and kill most water loving species, but the hardy broad leaved pond weed and the American pond weed will survive. They are common in most woodland ponds, and have a bad tendency of taking charge, a habit that is checked by the judicious use of a heavy dragging chain. Both these plants are below water, their leaves floating on the surface of the water, and their stems the habitat of snails and other insects.

A duck feeding among pond weed is in no way screened from view, an end that is achieved when among the ordinary bulrush, and other common pond reeds. The ordinary pond, ideal for duck, has a shallow end growing reeds, and then as the water deepens, pond weeds take the place of the reeds. Out in the centre the water is too deep even for weeds, and there is a strip of open water.

To reproduce these conditions on water where they do not exist is by no means difficult, though it will take a year or two. The common rushes and water plants can be brought from other ponds, planting them in the shallows. Rice grass has proved effective in America, where the duck population per acre of water is lower than in this country. It can be secured from any nurseryman who specialises in water plants.

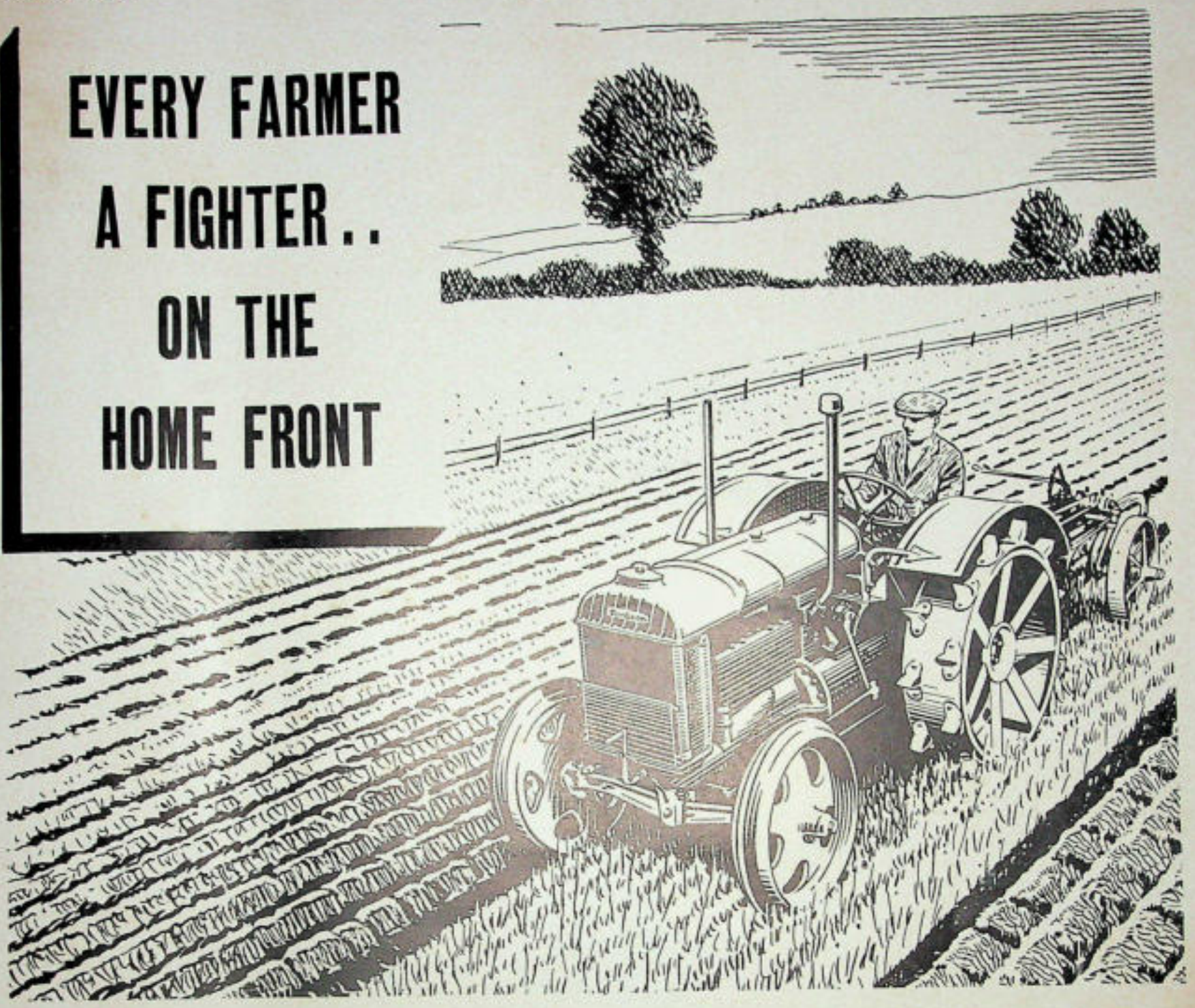
On the other hand it is useless to plant the species recommended for fisheries. They may grow tidily in the shallows, but duck will kill them in a night. It is general experience that duck and fish cannot be combined, and call for separate water and individual treatment. Duck, in any case, make the water much too muddy for trout.

Many keepers have a few pinioned birds always on a pond, so as to attract wild birds. This method is always useful, but pinioned birds need feeding artificially, unless natural food is very plentiful. They also need protecting against their natural enemies by a tall fence of wire netting surrounding the pond, which serves also to prevent them walking away. Without question the keeping of pinioned or clipped birds calls for the services of a keeper, and is not for the tenant of the rough shoot.

Within the enclosure nesting will take place but only if there is a suitable reed covered shallow end. The resulting sport will far outweigh the trouble taken in making wild birds comfortable, and is one of the ways in which shooting can continue in small keeperless woods and on the rough shoot. The only need is a suitable stretch of water, a shooting owner or tenant who intends to make the best of things, and, if pinioned birds are in mind, a local farmer who will undertake the feeding.

Not only will fine sport ensue, but valuable food will be reared and secured for the benefit of the nation at large, which, after all, is the prime consideration these days.

EVERY FARMER A FIGHTER.. ON THE HOME FRONT



THE plan of campaign has been drawn up by the Government and every farmer swings into action in the very vanguard of the battle on the home front. More food must be grown for human and animal consumption . . . our dependence on overseas supplies must be reduced . . . shipping must be freed for other essential services. These are the principal objectives of the vital battle that is being fought with the plough . . . .

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LARGE SCALE CELERY PRODUCTION

By HILARY WHITE

CELERY is undoubtedly one of the crops whose production should be increased in war-time. The consumption per head in this country is much lower than on the Continent and in America, even in peace-time. It is a crop that can be eaten raw, and so saves fuel. It is excellent as roughage and is not only rich in vitamin C, but contains vitamins A and B also. Its calorific value stands at 32 and it contains similar quantities of carbohydrates, protein and fibre to lettuce, perpetual spinach and radish.

Another advantage of celery is that it is used in the autumn and winter when other vegetables and salads are more scarce. It is popular with all classes and is in demand by the canning factory for canning and selling later as a cooked vegetable.

At the present time celery growing for market is carried out in England mainly in Huntingdonshire, West Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, West Suffolk, in the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire and in what are called the Moss-Lands of Lancashire and Cheshire. Its culture has been concentrated in these counties because this crop seems to grow best in certain types of soil. It is best grown on land that is not only deep but easily worked. The soil should tend to be acid and contain a high percentage of organic matter. It is an advantage if the water table is high so that the roots may obtain sufficient moisture during the summer.

It is said that the black peaty soils produce the heaviest yields and the heaviest crops, but on the other hand it is the loams that give the celery of the best quality, the heads from such land being not only crisper but sweeter. Celery from such land, too, has better keeping qualities, a point much appreciated by the commission salesman and retailer. Climatic conditions play an important part and it is convenient if the plants can receive showers from time to time after they have been put out. A useful rainfall helps to keep up the water table, but this desire for soil moisture does not mean that this is a crop that will grow in water-logged soil.

Many growers save their own seed from plants they have found to be particularly suited to their soil and climatic conditions. These are often described as strains of a particular variety. (The photograph shows a plant that has been isolated for seed-saving purposes.) The best plants, true to type, are transplanted into a selected warm situation and are grown on the flat without being earthed-up. Here they flower the following summer and the seed can be harvested in September. It is of the utmost importance only to select of one particular variety and strain in one garden, or crosses may occur. It is said that cross-pollination may take place unless varieties are more than half a mile apart.

It is as the seeds are turning brown that the flower stems should be cut down and stored, the actual thrashing being carried out during the winter. The plants growing for seed purposes should be sprayed regularly with Bordeaux Mixture so as to prevent the disease known as celery leaf spot (*Septoria Apii*) from infecting the seed.

Some seed firms guarantee to supply celery seed free of seed-borne diseases such as root rot (*Phoma apiicola*) and celery leaf spot. It is well worth while purchasing such seed for it saves a great deal of expense in spraying later on. Other firms sell what is known as formalin-treated seed, that is, soaking the seed in a 1 in 300 solution of formalin for three hours. It is possible for the grower to treat his own seed in this way, providing he dries the seed afterwards slowly and carefully. Some county councils offer a celery seed sterilisation service. Sufficient has been said about the importance of obtaining clean, uninfected seed.

It is better to raise the seedlings under cold conditions for the plants thus receive less check on being put out into their permanent positions. Gentle hot-beds are often used in frames 6ft. by 4ft. The horse manure used for the hot-bed should be compacted to a depth of a foot and covered with 3in. of soil. The fermentation of the manure soon heats the soil and to ensure that it does not become overheated the frames should be left open for two or three days before the seed is sown.

CUTTING UP A GOOD CROP
Note the healthy foliage as a result of using clean seed

All soil used in a frame, whether hot or cold, should be sterilised. It should be rich in humus and should pass through a half-an-inch sieve. A 2 per cent. solution of formaldehyde (*i.e.*, a pint of formaldehyde to 6 gallons of water) should be watered on to the soil in the frames through the fine rose of a watering can at the rate of 4 gallons per "light." The frames should then be shut up for three days and be covered with sacking to retain the fumes. After this time the frames should be opened and the soil raked with a formalin-sterilised rake every fine day for 10 or 14 days.

Many market-gardeners carry out a process of germination known as "Chitting." They mix the seed with a little sifted sand and place the mixture into boxes after giving it a good soaking. The box or boxes should then be placed in a greenhouse at a temperature of 70 deg. Fahr. and before long the seeds will be found to be sprouting. Half an ounce of seed is then sown per 6ft. by 4ft. frame light and this should produce 15,000 plants. Normally it takes 21,000 plants to plant up an acre of land.

To help workers sow the seed thinly, especially those that are new to the game, it is advisable to mix the seed with whiting. After sowing, the seed should be covered with a very light covering of soil in order to shield it from the direct rays of the sun. Regular watering with a fine rose may be necessary for the soil should not be allowed to become dry. Over-watering should be avoided.

The seed should be sown towards the middle of February and the plants that arise should be ready for "bedding out" in April. The seedlings usually come through in about three weeks over heated beds and in six weeks in the cold frame. Directly they appear, ventilation should be given, especially on sunny days. Every care should be taken not to encourage a steamy atmosphere in the frame. A top dressing of sterilised soot and soil may be given when the seedlings are an inch high in order to encourage roots from the base of the stem, and, in fact, to enlarge the root system.

Good varieties of celery for market purposes are:—Giant White Solid Curled, Sutton's Solid White and Chucas' Special Market White. Clayworth Prize Pink and Preston Pink are popular in the South while Manchester Giant Red and Dobbies' Selected Red seem to be favourites in the northern markets.

IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

APART from the routine work of trenching and digging on light soils (impossible on heavy soils in mid-winter), wheeling manure in frosty weather and putting in heaps on to the beds where it is to be spread, there are many important jobs which need immediate attention.

On light soils it is well worth putting in a few early potatoes on a very sheltered bed in full sun. In parts of Ireland it is the common custom to plant potatoes in or immediately after Christmas; even in this country "self-sown" potatoes, *i.e.*, those left in the ground after the previous crop, come up much more sturdily and far earlier than those planted at the usual time. But on no account must they be exposed to any danger from frost which during the next few weeks may penetrate deeply. The best way is to plant on the best site available and cover immediately and thoroughly with leafless boughs. This keeps out many degrees of frost. From the time these potatoes show above soil until we are well clear of May frosts they will have to be earthed up whenever the leaves show above ground, otherwise they will be caught.

In bleak parts it is worth while sowing broad beans in a cold frame and even if these beans were autumn planted a small quantity sown in cold frames now will afford a succession. Those in the open that are showing through should be earthed up, for it is not the leaves but the stems that suffer. We frequently have a long spell of genial weather at this season and they grow rapidly, with the result that they succumb in the arctic frosts which are so often our fate in later spring.

Radishes can be sown on a sheltered bed. I sow them at this season on the marrow heaps. These heaps, roughly ten feet by twelve feet, have been made with all the green rubbish from house and garden through last season and are generating quite enough warmth still to act as a mild hot bed. By the time the marrows have to be sown the radishes have long since been cleared.

Raw radishes are not to everyone's taste, but cooked they are delicious. Firstly they are an excellent substitute for young turnips in stews, etc., and secondly they make an excellent curry. To curry radishes, fry some onions a golden brown (*not* black); add a dessertspoonful of curry powder and stir till it is well absorbed. Put all in a saucepan and add some good stock, preferably vegetable stock, enough to stew the radishes, which should be parboiled first.

Radishes are always regarded as an "easy" vegetable possibly because in childhood we all sowed them, in a plot well prepared by the gardener. Radishes to be worth eating have to be quickly grown. The ideal is a rich very well drained soil. On cold heavy soil they make such slow growth at the season when they are most wanted that they are not worth eating. The soil has to be to their liking and reduced to a fine tilth. It is for this reason that the marrow heap at this time is ideal, for the top can easily be reduced to a good tilth. Or if needed in quantity they can be treated in the same way as very early lettuces, *i.e.*, digging two spits deep, filling the lower spit with manure and any decayed green rubbish. This makes a hot bed in the open and it is not a bad plan to lift a crop of radishes off it first and then sow the lettuces. If plenty of decayed green rubbish is incorporated with the manure the latter keeps its heat longer than if put in without any decayed green stuff or leaf mould. After sowing the radishes either on the marrow heap or elsewhere, it is a good plan to cover the site with a very light staking of straw about three inches deep. Once the radishes show through the soil the straw has to be removed and can be replaced only at night.

E. S. R.

THE LAND OF OUR OLDEST ALLY

PROBABLY no country in Nearer Europe is more misconceived by the average Englishman than is Portugal, and side by side with the official speeches as to the "Oldest Ally" and so on, there generally goes a good-natured contempt for the Portuguese themselves, coupled with an almost total ignorance of both the people and their country.

To ninety-nine out of a hundred English folk who have been abroad for their holidays, Portugal is bounded only by the Estoril pleasure coast, by Cintra, and possibly by Praia da Rocha down in the extreme south where a small colony of winter-time visitors has been growing. The rest of the country lies practically beyond British ken, and even our few popular books on it are usually out-of-date. What a magnificent new holiday-country it would make, they generally say, if only there were some decent roads!

But there are decent roads, plenty of them. (Though it is fair to say that they have mostly been built only in the last few years.) They are roads, too, with at present uncommonly little traffic on them. It is not a hire-purchase country. The wealthy Portuguese has his car if he can put down hard cash for it, and the other people just go without. This gives the rare foreign motorist rather a sense of being "king of the castle"! And when things are again normal and holidays abroad possible, he will find, as in the past, every motorist in Portugal courteously anxious to help him.

But what of the language? Every educated Portuguese has at least one tongue besides his own, and as a result of centuries of the "Alliance" quite an unexpected number of people speak English. At worst, in even the remotest hamlet there will be a schoolmaster, a postmistress, at least a somebody with at all events a scrap of French. Portuguese, too, is one of those languages into which one easily "grows," and the Englishman with even a memory of his school-days Latin will find himself in a matter of weeks picking up the general gist of a newspaper.

The present writer first visited Portugal eight years ago and travelled a couple of hundred miles of the remotest country-side with nothing but a bit of bad French, and never had the faintest difficulty at all. The people are anxious to help the foreigner, and there is no laughing at his blunders and mis-pronunciations. We English, outside two or three stock places where our credit may have been rather let down by the baser class of tourist off the cheap cruising-ship, are still the "best-favoured nation," and the Portuguese really like us.

But apart from motoring, where would the ordinary Englishman go for an ordinary holiday? That would largely depend upon the month of the year. With a north-to-south length of under five hundred miles, Portugal offers a positively continental range of climate, and while in July the Algarves of the far south would be under semi-African heat, some of the watering-places of the north would be just pleasantly hot to English ideas.

You can call the whole country an average of two to three months warmer than our own, and while parts of Portugal can at certain seasons be almost insufferable, it has its mountains, and within a few miles there is probably some other place by comparison refreshingly cool. At the very worst, there is not the Spanish heat. It is the Atlantic that makes the difference, and such Portuguese seasides as, say, Figueira da Foz, would be full of Spaniards holiday-making in a cooler and cheaper country.

Portugal is cheap because it is poor. The ordinary charge of a provincial hotel is about 4s. a day, "all in" and wine included! Even the two or three cosmopolitan hotels *de luxe* which are the pride of the whole country would take the guest "from" about £1 a day, the "from" depending only upon the bedroom. Within those ranges of price lies any amount of choice, and neither does the real cost fluctuate with any world money market.

The escudo keeps pace with sterling. Stabilised at 110 to the £1, one counts it at roughly 2¼d. Call it five escudos to 1s., and Portugal is a country where quite a lot can be bought for five escudos. Then what would one eat, and isn't it all garlic and grease?

THE GARDEN ADJOINING THE BEACH AT ESTORIL

With one or two exceptions of dishes, Portuguese fare is extremely palatable to British tastes, and at least these people feed extraordinarily well. They are incidentally the one Latin race which takes tea as a matter of course, and actually they have it that we English copied the habit of *cha* from the old Portuguese India.

The guide-book, of course, takes it that every Englishman abroad desires to inspect old churches and ruined castles, and certainly Portugal has plenty of these. But it isn't a country all glorious Past and no Present. Apart from the well-known Estoril and Cintra, there are scores of gay little holiday places. Figueira might be a kind of Brighton (with gaming tables!) or call Viana do Castelo a Portuguese Broadstairs. Think of Sao Martinho do Porto as an Atlantic Portofino, undiscovered and far cheaper, or take Gerez up in the mountains as an Iberian Gleneagles.

But for Bussaco we have no real parallel at all. A royal palace turned into an hotel and set down in the middle of a four miles' circuit of forest that used to be a monastic enclosure, the place is probably unique among the holiday resorts of the world. Portugal presents plenty of choice! Half the country itself takes its holidays inland at one of the many *caldas* or spas, and while they are mostly little places with a couple of seasonal hotels and possibly the mild gaiety of a temporary variety show, there are spas like Caldas da Rainha which in their way are as smart as our Harrogate.

Coimbra, Braga and Bom Jesus, Evora, Tomas: they are all crowded with interest and they are all so easy to get at in a small country.

Nobody, of course, could say that the trains were, by English standards, either frequent or fast, but at least they are punctual. They are clean, and their personnel is invariably civil and honest. Trains run on the Spanish broad-gauge, but differ from those of the neighbouring country in always having a second class, at least on any lines likely to attract tourist custom. Second-class accommodation is roughly as good as first-class, the only point of the higher fare being to ensure a greater privacy.

THE GOLF COURSE OVERLOOKING THE PARK OF ESTORIL AND THE SEA

GERMANY ON THE BRINK—II.

Some Studies in Bridge Building

By W. G. McMINNIES

AFTER inspecting the latest section of the Berlin-Dresden motor road, we drove south through thickly wooded and sometimes undulating country which reminded me of Worcestershire. It looked rich and fertile, but of human or animal life I saw practically no signs. Nor did I notice any evidence of the intense form of cultivation that is natural to France.

When I commented on the apparent scarcity of population and the richness and extent of the living space, my guide informed me that the highly concentrated population in the Ruhr and other industrial districts more than compensated for the thin peopling of the country and added figures to prove how Germany was cramped in comparison with other countries' population and possessions.

He was a well informed and most efficient fellow, and had all the answers to the questions I asked. His imitation tweeds were made from trees. They looked woolly all right and, although not waterproof, seemed to wear well. Better in fact than the synthetic rubber tyres with which I had had unsatisfactory experience on another trip on a German car. And better too than the home-produced fuel on which our cavalcade of black Mercedes tourers pinked merrily, whenever the engines began to labour.

Our luncheon stop at Kottbus featured a meal at a road working camp. Built of wooden sheds, it included living and messing rooms, primitive sleeping quarters and still more primitive lavatories. But the wash-room was scrupulously clean, rows of shining metal basins, with cubes of soap and towels neatly laid out for our reception.

The meal started with a cold purplish liquid which we eventually decided was a fruit soup. The rest of the fare consisted of some meat, bread and vegetables. Afterwards we talked with the workers, who seemed cheerful and friendly. They looked well enough with their tanned skins, but were not of a physique comparable with our own labourers.

That afternoon we were taken to see a most remarkable piece of road engineering, a three-level crossing. The ordinary intersection of two roads with their attendant clover leaves to allow traffic to cross from one road to another without interrupting the continuous flow of vehicles takes up enough space and is sufficiently complicated, but when a third road has to be literally sandwiched into the scheme, its design soon ties even an experienced observer into a knot.

Well, at this point tremendous excavations, tunnelling, cuttings, concrete bridging and approach bankings were in progress. The scene suggested a titanic rabbit warren with burrow above burrow leading by gentle curves out into the open country. One feature of the scheme was the construction of the road approaching Dresden at different levels, with the idea of giving tourists the best views of the country. Had both up and down tracks been laid on the same level traffic on one track would have obscured the view from the other. Another point I noticed was the provision of sidings at spots of scenic interest. This prevents cars stopping, which I believe is illegal, and blocking the road.

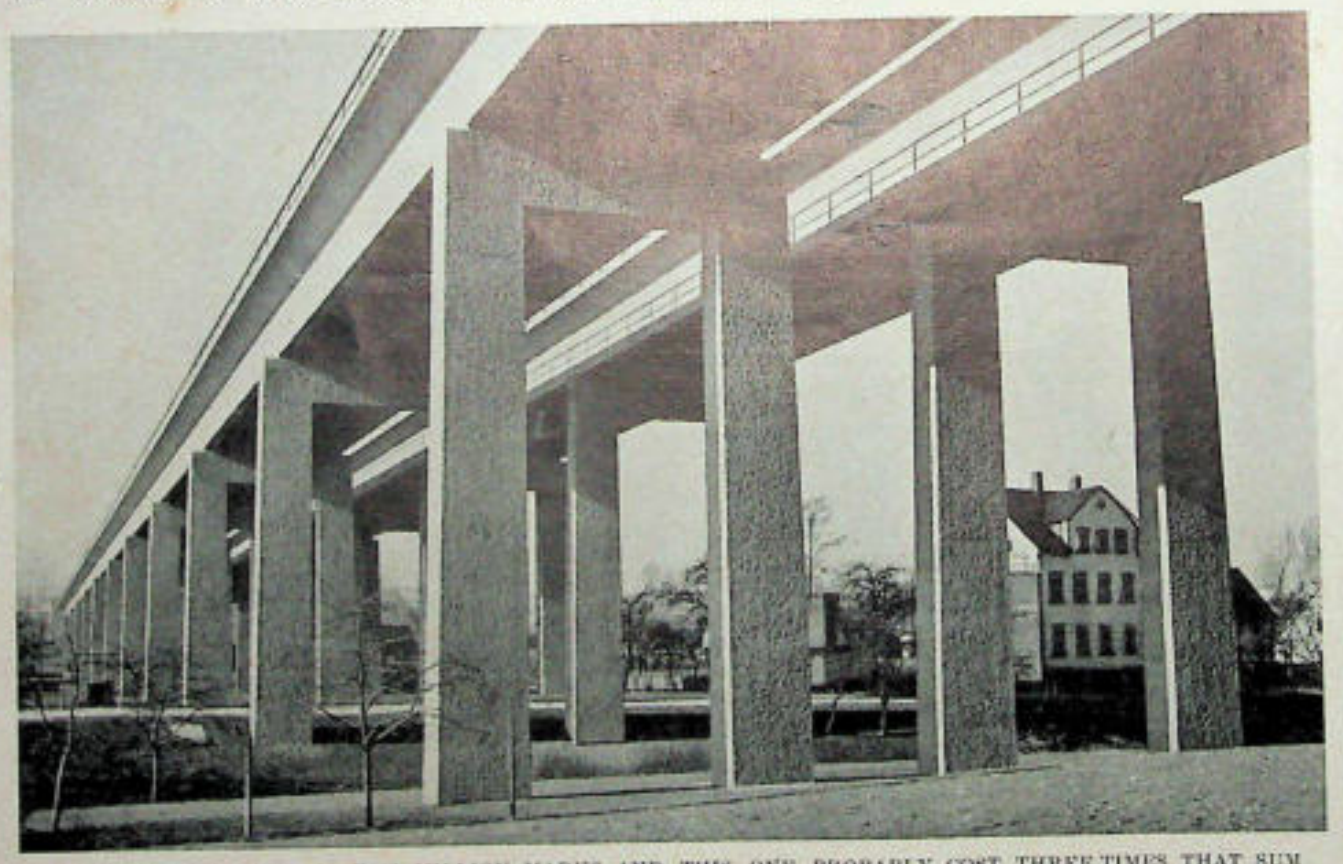
At intervals we passed Government filling stations. Some of them displayed huge notice boards at the roadside. They are used for chalking up an announcement that a telegram or telephone message awaits the driver of such and such a numbered car. I also learned that it was intended to build a series of Government-owned touring hotels, each of which would be designed to conform to the harmony of its particular setting in the countryside.

Apropos of this form of culture and also as showing Hitler's live interest in the development of these roads, we were told that at one place two designs of bridge were submitted for his personal selection. The one he chose was that which suited its surroundings the better. And while on the subject of bridges the official who corresponded to our local county surveyor pointed out cunning little nooks let into the stone at various points to encourage birds to nest there!

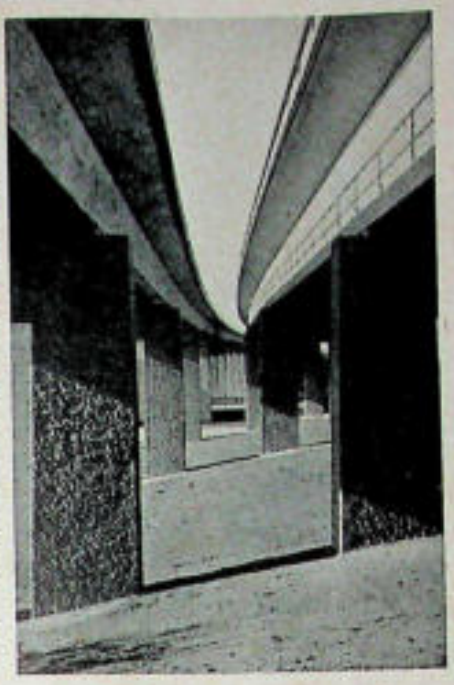
Our headquarters at Dresden were the Hotel Bellevue. It was either here or at Nuremberg that we dined in the room usually occupied by Hitler on his visits to the city. My impressions were of a small but well proportioned dining room with a prevailing colour of eau de nil which, with pink lighting, produced a delicate and yet cheerful effect. At these meals and on occasions when we were entertained by the burgomaster, a few short speeches concluded the proceedings. Their tenor was always peace with England. In fact I made a note of the Nazi leader's last remarks to us when making his farewell speech. His words were "The road which Hitler builds is the road to peace. We do not want war." And the funny thing was that everyone we met voiced the same kind of sentiments.

Our next day's trip took us along the Dresden-Nuremberg motor road and was punctuated by many stops to inspect bridges. Some were built of concrete and a few of stone. At one place we were shown intricate and extremely accurate apparatus for measuring either the expansion of the bridge or the effect of traffic upon it, I forget which. These bridges were of noble proportions and the speed with which they had been constructed seemed almost incredible. At each stop we were provided with plans and typewritten sheets, sometimes in English, giving the main engineering data of that particular bridge. Then the county surveyor would gather the party round him and explain the leading characteristics. As we progressed from one part of Germany to another, one county surveyor would hand us over to the next one and this with the fact that our Nazi guides never left us from our 7 a.m. breakfasts until after dinner at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, exercised a pretty rigid control over our movements.

As an indication of the magnitude of some of these schemes we learned that on the Saxony-Dresden-Jena section, there were no fewer than 17 great bridges within a distance of 75 miles, and that 600 smaller bridges were needed on the complete length of road.



A BIG SIZED BRIDGE COST 3¼ MILLION MARKS AND THIS ONE PROBABLY COST THREE TIMES THAT SUM



A STUDY FROM BELOW IN CURVES AND CONCRETE

A big sized bridge cost 3¼ million marks, while the price of more elaborate constructions ran up to two or three times that sum.

Nuremberg, the home of the Nazi party rallies, proved an amazing contrast of the super-modern and old world. As we drove in we passed immense manœuvring grounds fronted by imposing buildings. Great encampments were being built in anticipation of the annual congress to take place within a few weeks. A large stadium, flanked by tier upon tier of granite-faced steps provided evidence of the numbers expected. Everywhere were towering standards and the sign of the swastika. The road leading to this part of Nuremberg was built on a similar scale of magnificence, presumably with the idea of impressing the people with the might of greater Germany.

As we neared the city, we were diverted in order to inspect the rapidly rising conference hall, to be ready in 1945. This mammoth place was designed to accommodate 40,000 people and replace the present building which holds a mere 7,000. It will house among other things the largest organ in Europe. But that was not enough for to this instrument it was intended to fit 1,000 pipes so that it might become the largest in the world.

The country in the neighbourhood had been planted with fair sized trees which had been transplanted bodily and were protected from the glare of the summer sun by immense sails.

The whole scheme seemed almost too fantastic to be real. And yet within a mile of this grandiose memorial to man's vanity lay the old city, surely one of the most romantic and lovely collections of ancient buildings to be found anywhere. It was a pity that our tour of the old city ramparts took place at dusk in the rain, but the fine collection of prints with which we were each presented, served to remind us of its charm.

Our resting place was the Grand Hotel, where getting down at 6 a.m. I was surprised to find other people having breakfast and the staff at their duties. Evidently people start work early in this country. I also noted as I had frequently done before, the quantity of Hitler photographs, pictures, busts and statues displayed about the hotel. This form of decoration is presumably good business and proclaims devotion to the régime.

(To be concluded.)

BRIDGE

CONVENTIONS

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

THOSE who advocate bridge with no conventions have a difficult thesis; for bridge is a partnership game and, without conventions, there could be no partnership understanding. A convention may be defined as: A method of bidding or playing which cannot be understood except by previous arrangement. In reality it is a system of communicating with partner. Without conventions there could be no "conversation" between partners, and every player would have to bid and play his hand on its own merits. And, of course, ever since the days of "Cavendish" and Clay, it has been recognised that the most successful player is he who can best collaborate with his partner.

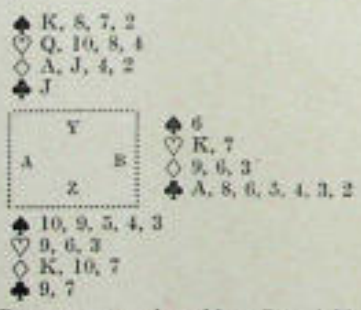
It has been suggested that it is illogical for a bridge writer to advocate some conventions and inveigh against other conventions. But one of the tasks of the bridge writer is to discriminate, and it is not illogical if he recommends those conventions which he believes to be fundamentally sound, and warns his readers against those conventions which he believes to be fundamentally unsound. And since opinions must differ, there never can be uniformity among bridge writers about which conventions a player should use and which he should reject.

The cry of "bridge without conventions" is far more illogical, since sober fact compels even the most ardent anti-conventionalist to admit that some conventions are essential to success at the bridge table.

Still, the whole of modern bidding is towards simplicity and naturalness. That is to say, the modern player uses as few conventions as possible; for it has long been established that conventions of a highly artificial nature tend to defeat their own object, and a multiplicity of conventions only creates a maze in which the players themselves get lost. For, other things being equal, it is not the system and conventions that win rubbers, but the player who uses them, just in the same way as the good shot will bring down more pheasants than the bad shot, irrespective of the gun which he uses.

Dr. Paul Stern's Austrian System has the reputation of being the most conventionalised form of bridge. The system is founded on the Approach-Forcing System of Culbertson, but Dr. Stern and his collaborators have introduced so many developments of their own, and the bidding demands so many conventions, that the Austrian System has been described as being as much like the Culbertson System as a battleship is like a luxury liner; and a writer has stated, with a playful exaggeration that has yet some truth behind it, that it is not bridge at all, but a game of its own.

A multiplicity of conventions may serve a team of players who constantly play together, and understand each other, and whose sole aim is winning matches. But conventions of an artificial nature can be used successfully only after long study, and for the ordinary player, who plays bridge as a relaxation and with a variety of partners, it is out of the question for him to make a study of bridge, even if it was desirable. In any case, as I have had occasion to remark, conventions of a highly artificial nature tend to defeat their own object. Witness the following deal from the Anglo-Austrian Match of 1937:



A dealt. A and B were not vulnerable. Z and Y were vulnerable.

In the room where the English players were sitting in the A and B positions, the bidding followed common-sense principles:—

A	Y	B	Z
One Heart	No Bid	Two Clubs	No Bid
Three No Trumps	Double	Re-double	No Bid
No Bid	No Bid		

Y's double was ill-judged and B's re-double was well-judged and effective; for the opening lead was the 2 of Spades, and, on winning with the Jack of Spades, A played out the Clubs. Y was faced with difficult discards and A made twelve tricks.

But in the room where the Austrian players sat in the A and B positions the bidding was:—

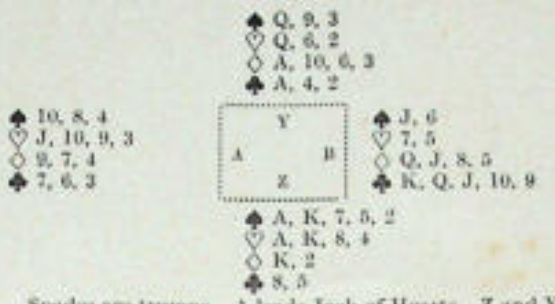
A	Y	B	Z
One No Trump	No Bid	Two No Trumps	No Bid
Three No Trumps	No Bid	Four Clubs	No Bid
Four Hearts	No Bid	Five Clubs	No Bid
No Bid	No Bid		

The interesting point about this deal is that the Austrian System forbade B to mention his seven-card Club suit immediately, and he could not do except at the level of "Four." Thus, the wrong final contract was reached; for, although B did make eleven tricks, he was lucky that the opening lead was a low Spade (the lead of a Diamond would have defeated the contract at once) and then, having been lucky with the opening lead, B had to guess whether to finesse the Jack of Hearts or play on the assumption that Y held the King of Spades. Fortunately for him B guessed right.

The deal is not an isolated example. Time and time again matches are lost by players who fail to see the wood of common-sense in their faithful contemplation of the trees of convention.

It is for this reason that I have always advocated, and shall continue to advocate, that bridge should be played with the minimum of conventions. For it is no argument to point out that the Austrians finally won the match by close on eleven hundred points, since, as I have said, it is not the system, but the players, who win matches; and, in any case, the Austrians might have won by an even bigger margin if they had been less convention-bound.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Spades are trumps. A leads Jack of Hearts. Z and Y to make all thirteen tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

VARIATION I.—Z wins the first trick with A♠. Z then leads J♠. If A covers with K♠, Y ruffs with K♡. Y then leads 3♡. Z wins three rounds of ♡, Y discarding 6♣ and 3◇. On the last ♡ B is squeezed; for if B discards a ◇ all Y's ◇ are winners, and if B discards 10♠ or a ♣ Z is left with a winning card with which he can squeeze B again.

VARIATION II.—Z wins the first trick with A♠. Z then leads J♠. If A ducks, Y discards 3◇ or 6♣. Z continues with 9♠ and Y ruffs with K♡. Y leads 3♡. Z wins three rounds of ♡. Y discards 4◇ and 6♣, or 3◇ and 4◇. On the last ♡ B is squeezed: for if B discards a ◇ all Y's ◇ are winners, and if B discards a ♣ Z wins the 5♣ and 2♣ and Y wins the last trick with the 10◇.

CHESS

A POWERFUL ATTACK

A game from the match between Germany and Bolivia in the International Team Tournament at Buenos Aires. It shows a powerful attack by White.

(*French Defence.*)

WHITE. Engels. (Germany.)	BLACK. Hurtado. (Bolivia.)	WHITE. ENGELS. (Germany.)	BLACK. Hurtado. (Bolivia.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	11. R to R 3 (*f*)	K to B sq
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to K 3	12. Q to Kt 5	Kt to Q B 3
3. P to K 4	P to Q 4 (*a*)	13. R to K Kt 3	P to Kt 3
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	14. Q to R 6, ch	K to Kt sq
5. P to K 5	K Kt to Q 2	15. P to R 5	Kt (B 3) (ks. P
6. P to K B 4 (*b*)	P to Q B 4 (*c*)	16. P to K B 4	Kt to B 5
7. Kt to Kt 5 (*d*)	Q to Kt 3	17. Kt to K B 3 (*g*)	Kt to K 6
8. B takes B	K takes B	18. Kt to Kt 5	Kt to B sq
9. Q to Q 2	P takes P	19. Kt takes R P	Kt to B 4 (*h*)
10. Castles	R to Q sq (*e*)	20. Kt to B 6, mate.	

(*a*) The opening has now been transposed into a French Defence.
(*b*) The Alekhine-Chatard attack. It is not safe for Black to accept the offered sacrifice of a pawn, for after 6. . . . B takes B; 7. P takes B, Q takes P; 8. Kt to B 3, Q to K 2; 9. Kt to B 4 followed by 10. Q to Kt 4 White gets a very powerful attack.
(*c*) 6. . . . P to K B 3 is considered to be the only playable defence. If, in reply, 7. Q to R 5, ch, then not 7. . . . P to Kt 3 (because of 8. P takes P. P takes Q; 9. P takes R with advantage to White) but 7. . . . K to B sq; 8. P takes P, Kt takes P; 9. Q to R 3, P to B 4 with a very interesting game.
(*d*) The strongest line for White is considered to be 7. B takes B, K takes B (the sacrificial line 7. . . . Q takes B; 8. Kt to Kt 5, Castles; 9. Kt to B 7 is unsound); 8. P to B 4 with a good game for White. In reply to the text-move, Black, according to analysis by Breyer and Reti, should play 7. . . . P takes P, *e.g.*, 8. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to B sq; 9. B takes B, ch, Q takes B; 10. Kt takes B, Q to Kt 5, ch; 11. Q to Q 2, Q takes P; 12. R to Q sq, Kt to Q B 3; 13. Kt to Q 6, Q Kt takes P; 14. Kt to Kt 5, K to B sq with the better game for Black.
(*e*) 10. . . . Kt takes P; 11. Q to Kt 5, ch, P to B 3; 12. Q takes Kt P, ch, Kt to B 2 would lead to a very interesting game.
(*f*) The beginning of a strong attack.
(*g*) A fine move. If now 17. . . . Q takes Kt, then 18. B takes Kt, P takes B; 19. P takes P, K P takes P; 20. R takes P, ch, P takes R; 21. Q takes P, ch, K to B sq; 22. Kt to Kt 5, Kt to K 4; 23. P takes Kt, Q to K sq; 24. R to B sq, ch and wins.
(*h*) If Kt takes Kt or Kt to Q 2, then P takes P and wins.

RESHEVSKY'S PLAY

The following game, from last year's American Chess Federation Championship Tournament, is a good example of Reshevsky's style of play.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. S. Reshevsky.	BLACK. W. W. Adams.	WHITE. S. Reshevsky.	BLACK. W. W. Adams.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Kt to K 3	P to Kt 5 (*c*)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. Kt to Kt 5	P to Q R 4 (*d*)
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	18. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	19. R to Kt 3	Q to B sq
5. Castles	B to K 2	20. Q to R 4	K to B 2
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	21. P to Q R 4 (*e*)	P to Kt 3 (*f*)
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	22. Kt to Kt 4 (*g*)	Kt takes Kt
8. P to B 3	Castles	23. P takes Kt	Kt to Kt sq (*h*)
9. P to K R 3 (*a*)	Kt to Q R 4	24. P to B 4	K P tks. P
10. B to B 2	P to B 4	25. B takes P	Q to R 3
11. P to Q 4	Q to B 2	26. R to K B sq	Q takes Q
12. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt to B 5	27. B takes Q	K to Kt 2
13. P tks. B P (*b*)	P takes P	28. B to K 5, ch	K to R 3
14. Kt to B sq	R to Q sq	29. R to R 7	B to Q 3 (*i*)
15. Q to K 2	B to K 3	30. B to Kt 7, ch	Resigns (*j*)

(*a*) Best. If, instead, P to Q 4 at once, then B to Kt 5 with an attack on the centre.
(*b*) An unusual move, either P to Q 5 or P to Q R 4 being generally played.
(*c*) A bad move. He should, instead, play P to R 3 to prevent Kt to Kt 5.
(*d*) Black cannot well keep his two Bishops. If 17. . . . B to Q B sq, then 18. B to Kt 3, R to B sq; 19. Kt to Q 5 with a fine game for White. If, instead, Black plays 17. . . . Q to B sq (to prevent a weakening of his pawn formation), then 18. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 19. B to Kt 3 followed by 20. Kt to B 5.
(*e*) Played to prevent P to R 5 which would drive his Bishop off the diagonal from Q R 2 to K Kt 8.
(*f*) This weakens his King's side but he wants to prevent Kt to B 5.
(*g*) Threatening to win a pawn by either 23. Kt to R 6, ch or else 23. Q takes P, ch followed, if 23. . . . Q takes Q, by 24. Kt to R 6, ch.
(*h*) Black has no satisfactory move. With the text-move he plays to force the exchange of Queens by Q to R 3.
(*i*) If (1) 29. . . . K to K sq, then either 30. B to Kt 5 or else 30. K to B 2, threatening 31. R to R sq, ch. If (2) 29. . . . R to Q 2, then 30. B takes P, K R to K 2; 31. B to Q 5. If (3) 29. . . . B to B sq, then 30. B to B 6, R to K sq; 31. P to Kt 5, ch, K to R 4; 32. B to K 2, ch, K to R 5; 33. K to B 2. If (4) 29. . . . Kt to B 3, then 30. P to Kt 5, ch, followed, if 30. . . . B takes P, by 31. B to Kt 7, ch, if 30. . . . K takes P, by 31. B to B 4, ch, or, if 30. . . . K to R 4, by 31. B to K 2, ch.
(*j*) After K to Kt 4 there follows B to B 6, ch.

PROBLEM No. 4049

By C. KAISER.*

WHITE (4 pieces): King at Q B 5, Queen at Q B 2, Bishop at K 3, Pawn at Q Kt 2.
BLACK (6 pieces): King at Q R 7, Rooks at K R 8 and Q R 8, Knight at Q Kt 8, Pawns at Q R 3 and K R 4.
White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Mezinárodnízký denik*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4048

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

TOURNAMENT IN LONDON

An international tournament, arranged by the Hampstead Chess Club, was held at the new City and National Chess Club from December 4th to 10th. The final scores were as follows:—I. Kónig and P. S. Milner-Barry each 7½ points out of 11, Sir George Thomas, Ill., 7, Dr. P. M. List 6½, Miss Menchik, M. Blum and Dr. S. Fanekas each 6, R. Golombek 5½, Dr. H. G. Schenk 5, J. Mieses 4, W. Ritson Morry and J. D. Solomon each 2½.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 551

ACROSS.—1, Feline inhabitant of India (7). 5, Open grass-land of Canada (7). 9, Wool-bearing rabbits (7). 10, A narrow neck of land (7). 11, So be it (4). 12, Merriment (5). 13, A bitter, but not a sluggish, berry (4). 16, Farmyard dwelling-places (5). 17, In the case of a batsman generally implies hurt (7). 19, Deer you meet when riding in Hyde Park? (7). 22, French impressionist (5). 24, Best when not sown wild (4). 25, Attach (5). 26, "Never the least —— made the listeners, though every word he spake" (*Walter de la Mare*) (4). 29, Levelling done late in the day (7). 30, Lubricating after tea seems hard work (7). 31, Beat ale becomes something to eat (7). 32, Disregard (7).

DOWN.—1, Squirrel-like marsupial (9). 2, Gold is found in these (7). 3, A delicacy when "imprisoned" (4). 4, Countryfolk (7). 5, Sometimes used to help shoot a 3 down (7). 6, Found in and associated with crafts (4). 7, The wanderer's rose? (7). 8, To result (5). 14, Pass between Afghanistan and India (5). 15, A diminutive but not necessarily miserly wader (5). 18, Straight-forward (9). 20, Beseech (7). 21, Political fugitive (7). 22, To damp (7). 23, Rodents which visit bird-tables? (7). 24, A plant (5). 27, A leg is one (4). 28, Gins become musical (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 550

Published January 6th

	B	E	T	T	E	R		H	A	S	I	T		
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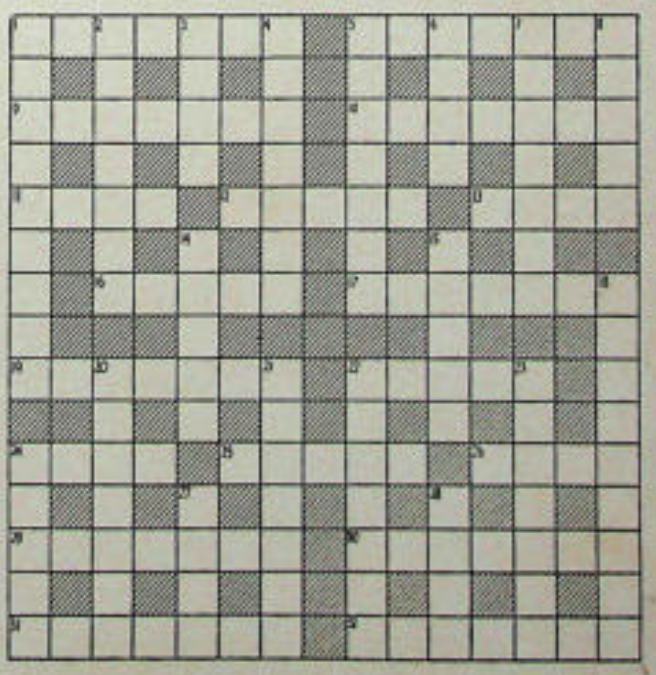

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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.

Cards

Ties and Penalties.—(1) In the case of ties in the denomination of the cards, the hand with the Joker in it wins. A King and a Joker ranks above two Kings. (2) Should a player open without having the necessary hand he is not allowed to play in the pot which he has falsely opened and forfeits all the money which he has staked. A player who has opened a pot and drawn cards and cannot show that he had openers in his original hand is penalised by having to put up the money for another pot.—*J. M., Ripon.*

Farm

Pig Feeding.—The general conclusion to an article on Vitamin Supplements in Pig Feeding, which was published in the December 1938 number of the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture*, sums up your question very adequately. Of the vitamins at present recognised, it says the two that are most likely to be of economic importance to the pig feeder are vitamin A and vitamin D. The latter may assume considerable importance where the mineral content of a meal mixture is inadequate. Experiments show that the vitamin A supply always requires careful consideration since meal mixtures might be expected to lead to trouble if the pigs were never allowed out and were confined exclusively to such a diet. It is still uncertain to what extent green food and yellow maize may be counted on as a supply of carotene from which the pig can manufacture its own vitamin A, and if there is any doubt it is obviously important to provide other sources. Cod-liver oil, from a reputable firm, has been shown to be of great value in this respect. This also supplies vitamin D. Our work has shown that ½ per cent. of such cod-liver oil in the diet throughout life is adequate when it is used primarily as a source of vitamin A. Since, however, the pig can store vitamin A in the liver over long periods, the feeding of 1 per cent. in the ration during the first three or four months after birth and none thereafter may be the more practical method. For those who are interested in economical pig feeding, a knowledge of the vitamin requirements of the pig is of considerable importance. On the one hand, the financial loss resulting from a deficient ration, such as that described above, is great. On the other hand, money can easily be wasted in buying superfluous and expensive supplements.—*F. B., Guildford.*

Grassland Management.—We recommend a book called *Grassland Management for the Practical Farmer*, by W. R. Peel. There is another book, called *Farm Seeds*, by Professor S. P. Mercer, published by Crosby, Lockwood and Son. We feel that Professor Stapledon, D.Sc., F.R.S., of the Plant Breeding Station, Aberystwyth, South Wales, would be a great help to you, and we suggest you write to him, putting your problems before him, giving him the fullest possible details.—*A. L. K. F., Adelaide, S. Australia.*

Artificial Insemination.—The whole subject of artificial insemination is covered in *The Technique of Artificial Insemination*, issued by the Imperial Bureau of Animal Genetics, price 2/6, King's Buildings, University of Edinburgh. We feel sure that any enquiry made to the Director of the Bureau would receive sympathetic attention, and that possibly information as to veterinary surgeons qualified to undertake the work could be obtained, one to collect and forward the sperm, and the other to inject it into the cows.—*I. P., Banstead.*

Garden

Slow-growing Yew Hedge.—Yew is notoriously slow growing. It does exceptionally well as a rule on calcareous soil, and in the case of a soil deficient in lime it should be given a dressing once a year. Some growers assert that yew grows more quickly if allowed to grow to the required height first—*i.e.*, without being clipped—and then kept clipped yearly.—*F. W., Farnham.*

Making a Dew Pond.—In order to make a dew pond you should proceed in the following way: Dig out a hole about 2ft. deep and slope it off at the sides to make it saucer-shaped. Put in 3in. of puddled clay, then 3in. of straw, then 2in. of ordinary soil, and cover with 2in. of puddled clay. There will then be about a foot of water in the dew pond on top of this base. Dew ponds are not always successful even thus constructed, as a great deal depends on the altitude and climatic conditions.—*L. H., Alton.*

Kennel

Treatment for Worms.—Give another course of the iodide of iron, but increase the dose to 15 drops twice daily.—*K. D., Horrabridge.*

"Mounzel."—We cannot find this preparation mentioned in any of the wholesale price lists in our possession, so it is probably a private proprietary with a limited market.—*S. S. B., Cardiff.*

Feeding.—Red maize or yellow maize contains carotene, which is the precursor of vitamin A, but white maize does not, so the value of the flake maize would in this respect depend upon which variety of maize it was made from. Maize is deficient in the other vitamins, minerals and proteins, being a purely carbohydrate food, and needs to be balanced up with meat or fish, and for young and growing dogs additional vitamin D is required in the form of cod-liver oil. It is doubtful if the diet mentioned would sustain dogs doing really hard work, or make "old bones" of its recipients.—*R. B. B., Devon.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Unusual Colouring in Partridge.—The waterfowl shot by one of our correspondents and sent for identification was a young garganey drake (*Querquedula circia*). Another correspondent sent us a young cock partridge which had been shot out of a covey of eleven. The keeper, of 50 years' experience, had never seen a partridge of this type of plumage. The neck, breast and rump were of a rich chestnut, the back and wings were of a deeper chestnut passing into the red tones of a Rhode Island red pullet. The head was buff with faint barrings on the feathers immediately beneath each eye. This type of plumage was described and illustrated by Ogilvie as the "mountain" variety, or sport, of the common partridge, *Perdix perdix*; it appears sporadically in this country and upon the Continent. A similar chestnut sport has also been observed in the red-legged partridge.—*H. H. G., Notts; W. M., Notts.*

Gapes.—We have received pheasants from three estates infected with gapes. This thread-worm infection of the windpipe and lungs was also found in a partridge, which, in addition, was infected with the thread-worm disease of the bowels known as trichostrongylosis. Among the gallinaceous domesticated and wild birds the gape-worms belong to the genus *Syngamus*. We also received a golden-eye duck infected with gapes due to the thread-worms *Cyathostoma bronchialis*. The infected birds, usually of the season's breeding, sneeze and hold their beaks agape, they lose flesh and may die of suffocation, owing to obstruction of the windpipe by a mass of the worms. Older birds are susceptible, but are more resistant, and only occasionally are killed by the disease. The source of the infection is ground contaminated by the worms which have been ejected in the droppings of diseased domesticated or wild birds. In addition to pheasants and partridges the disease is commonly met with in starlings. Individual treatment of the infected birds consists of fishing the worms out of the windpipe with a feather or horse-hair, or by injecting a 5 per cent. watery solution of sodium salicylate or even pure chloroform into the windpipe.—*B., Hants; L. F., Northumberland; H. H., Hants.*

Cartridge Tests

Your "all metal" cartridges contained a load 32½ grains of a foreign smokeless powder and 1 5/8oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,036ft. per second with recoil which would be considered heavy for a gun under 6¾lb. weight. Patterns averaged 67 per cent. (30in. circle 40yds. full choke barrel). Although the results obtained were not at all regular, they should prove effective against game at normal range.—*A. F., Altringham.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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.

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name)_____

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed)_____

Address_____

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Pictures taken at a recent meet of these hounds appear on page 105.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - - 80
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL - - - - - - 85
AMATEUR WEATHER FORECASTING - - - - - 85
THE AIMS AND DIFFICULTIES OF OUR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES - - - - - - 86
OWNERS AND THEIR TRAINERS - - - - - 88
RACING IN INDIA - - - - - - - - - 89
DUCK SHOOTING IN THE UNITED STATES - - 90
THE BONGO - - - - - - - - - - 92
"GRASSHOPPERS" FOR GRAYLING - - - - - 93
ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE IN LAPLAND - - - 94
HOME-MADE WINES - - - - - - - - 98
COMMONERS' WAR-TIME PROBLEMS - - - - - 98
THE CYCLIST-PIKEFISHER - - - - - - 99
THE ZOO'S SEALS AND SEA LIONS - - - - - 100
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - 100
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - - 100
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - - 101
HUNTING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - 104
FOR AND AGAINST THE SNAFFLE - - - - - 106
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT - - - - - - 107
HISTORIC LANDMARKS PRESERVED BY GOLF - - 108
CULTIVATIONS VERSUS GRASS IN ORCHARD MANAGEMENT - - - - - - - - - - 109
HALF HARDY ANNUALS - - - - - - - 110
IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN - - - - - - 110
ONIONS—A "WANTED" CROP - - - - - - 111
GOOD PRICES FOR PEDIGREE STOCK - - - - 112
REFUGEES IN THE COUNTRYSIDE - - - - - 113
THE ISLAND OF SAAREMAA - - - - - - 113
GERMANY ON THE BRINK—III - - - - - - 114
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - - 115
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - - 116

DETERMINATION AND CHEERFULNESS

WE English pride ourselves on our ability to face facts. We paint for ourselves a picture of ourselves; sound people, no fuss, no bother, looking at life straitly, plenty of common sense, facing facts. A pleasant, but not an essentially true, picture.

One of the things the English, as a whole, never do is to face facts. We have, as a nation, carried the art of procrastination to its supreme limit. On the other hand when the "it won't happen" happens, when in fact the facts face us, all the best qualities in the English people come to the surface. Then our common-sense, our ability to accept unpleasantness without dismay, our freedom from fear, is very much in evidence.

These truths, it would seem, are in danger of being forgotten. When this war broke out a large number of posters imploring us to be resolute, cheerful and courageous appeared. They were, we know, extremely expensive. They were, we believe, quite unnecessary. The resolution, the cheerfulness and the courage of the British people in times of adversity has never been questioned before—and need not be questioned now.

It is true that we are incurably optimistic, perhaps because there is in all of us a pronounced streak of laziness. It is true that we said the Boer War would be over in three months, that the war of 1914–18 would be over in three months, that this war would be over in three months. That does not mean that our resolution is in the least likely to waver when three months stretches to a year or more. Our resolution did not waver, even in the blackest months of 1918. It is in no danger of wavering now.

There seems, however, to be some doubts about our resolution in high places. A number of speeches recently have sounded a warning note. This war of siege is not likely, we are told, to remain a war of siege for ever, perhaps not for much longer. We must be prepared for this and that bitterness. But the British are not fools. Even those of us who thought, or wished, that the war would be over in three months know quite well that no war can be won without fighting. Blockade may be the final weapon; it can never be the only weapon. Our resolution is not in any way dimmed by that knowledge.

As for our cheerfulness and our courage. Examine those who go about their daily business in town and country. Talk to those who travel in the 'buses and the tubes and the trains. There can be no doubt about their cheerfulness and their courage. They know well enough that a war is in progress—increased taxation, curtailed liberties, rising prices tell them that just as surely as bombs would tell them—and they know, everyone of them, that the bitterness of war is yet to come. But they are supremely cheerful, supremely courageous, quietly resolute. They refuse to be depressed. They cannot be frightened.

It is as well to make plain to the world in general, and that of course includes the British people, that we are aware that this war will progress inevitably to war in the accepted meaning of the word. Forewarned, we know, is forearmed. But there is surely no need to be depressing about it? Let us return to the spirit of that unnecessary poster that was issued last September. Let us remember that it is quite possible to be both determined *and* cheerful.

FEEDING STUFFS FOR PIGS

PIG and poultry farmers were warned some time ago that the prospective supplies of imported feeding stuffs were such that over the next twelve months they must expect a deficiency of at least one-third of normal quantities, and that they should plan their production accordingly. It is inevitable under existing conditions that considerable fluctuation in arrivals must occur. Pig and poultry farmers should base their plans on the assumption that the present difficulties are not likely to be eased substantially for some months. It would be most unwise for pig producers who rely mainly on purchased food to attempt to bring pigs to heavy weights. It would be more prudent to market pigs as soon as they have reached minimum bacon weights, that is at not more than seven score pounds. By such means it should be possible to avoid a serious reduction in breeding stock, which would jeopardise the future of the whole industry. Furthermore, in a number of cases it may be possible for specialist producers so situated to concentrate their attention to a greater degree on the production of young pigs for sale as stores for further fattening by those engaged in the industry, who may have opportunities of utilising to advantage home-grown feeding stuffs and waste products of various kinds.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 116.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

RINGING DUCK

For five years now remarkable success has been achieved at the Orielton Decoy in Pembrokeshire. It was in 1934 that two members of the present Wildfowl Enquiry Committee reconditioned an ancient duck decoy, on a pond that had been shot over for years. In the old days the average daily population was 10,000–12,000 duck of whom 90 per cent. were wigeon. When the decoy was taken over duck were few and teal outnumbered wigeon. Now shoveller, pintail, mallard, wigeon, and tufted are common and many other species more or less regular. The number of re-captures is very large indeed, about 1,000 in a season being normal. One teal has been re-captured for the fifth season running. The decoy, like everything else, is now in an awkward position. On the amount of financial aid forthcoming lies the decision whether the important work done should continue or whether the decoy will have to close down, or the duck be caught for food. Donations should be sent to the Secretary at the Zoological Society's Offices, Regent's Park. It would be a very great pity—even in these hard times—if the decoy closed.

MILK PRICES

The better price for milk is most welcome to dairy farmers, who have not only seen their costs rise through dearer labour, feeding stuffs and equipment, but who actually received a lower price in October, 1939, than in the same month of 1938. Producers' returns are raised by 3d. per gallon for January and February, and by 2½d. per gallon for March above those realised in the corresponding months of 1939. These higher prices avoid a rise in price to the consumer—a thing no dairy farmer would desire. But the arrangement is as yet only temporary, and it is essential that some permanent arrangement is come to as soon as possible.

RUGBY NOVELTIES

Rugby football has provided its full share of sporting novelties to meet the disruption of normal conditions consequent on the war. Already we have had a camouflaged 'Varsity match and an international match between teams from the four home Unions. Next month, if all goes well, there will be another 'Varsity match, Oxford returning the Cambridge courtesy by entertaining their rivals at Oxford. Doubtless there will be changes in the sides that met previously and Cambridge may have a chance of avenging Oxford's clear cut victory at Cambridge. The Hospital clubs are responsible for another novelty in the shape of a seven-a-side tournament in place of the usual Hospitals Cup competition. This is due to take place on the Richmond Athletic ground on March 30th, and everyone who knows anything about hospitals Rugby will rightly anticipate a very lively afternoon, which will be particularly deserving of public support in that it will be in aid of the Red Cross. Eleven teams have entered the tournament.

A.A.

Somewhere in England's quiet fields, they stand
With guns trained always to the eastern sky,
And all about their battled place, the land
Is tilled, and winds blow with a passing sigh.
No frenzied joy of sacrifice is their's,
No press of men to cheer them on with jest
And raucous singing of familiar airs:
But only days, that pass each like the rest;
And nights, that cloak some wild bird's wailing call
In a thin darkness, often sharp with rain;
And cloying mud, which seems to cover all
The earth; and waiting, ever and again.
Such waiting makes e'en strong men's hearts rebel.
And calls for courage deeper than a well.

J. M. FAWCETT.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

WHAT a number of things even our English poets have missed! And I do not refer here to the modern school of metropolitan poets who miss everything. Where, for instance, even in John Clare, William Barnes, Blomfield, or Crabbe is there a poem about straw? Yet straw appears to me worthy of an epic and it would be an epic of the countryside. Consider what a social-religious-artistic complex once gathered about the act of weaving straw figures—"neeks," "dollies," "kern-babies," "mells"—as symbolic representations of harvest reaching back into the pre-Hellenic past, and the ritual associated with them. In inter-braiding the straw bands the harvesters wove their own observances into the pattern of a work of art. The multiple uses of straw were in themselves encyclopædic. It made chaff and litter for the cattle; it was trodden down in the yard for muck; it was the stuffing of mattresses; it foddered the pigs; it roofed houses and barns; it was wound into the shire-horses' manes and tails as part of the pageantry of earth and it was the substance of the great, lost industry of straw-plait.

A century ago, straw-plait was an æsthetic trade or utility-art throughout an immense area of the Midlands. Over the whole of the Chilterns, in the plain of Bucks, Beds, and Oxon, there was hardly a village in which straw-plait was unknown as a cottage industry and many of the little market towns of the region were the weekly collecting stations for the centres of distribution at Luton, Dunstable (which had a "whipcord" pattern of its own called "Dunstable plait") and elsewhere. There is a tale of Cobbett, who wrote an essay on straw-plait, on a visit to Tring, once a straw-plaiting village. He was shown three bundles of straw from Tuscany for plaiting. Why, he asked, was it not grown and bleached at Tring? And he pointed to the poverty of the farmers and the acute distress of the labouring folk. There is more true history in that gesture and that question of the great Englishman than you will find in any guide-book.

A few days ago, I received a great rarity for my little museum—two straw-splitters from Essex, or "machines" as they were called there, or "engines" as Mr. Hennell calls them in "Change in the Farm." They are tiny wands of wood less than 4in. long and each has a ½in. piece of bullock's bone set at right angles to the shaft, carved to a sharp point. Below this are ten fans on the one and four on the other for the coarser work. They are a triumph of delicate workmanship and were used for splitting the straw into whatever widths were needed for a particular design.

Then, on the very day I am writing came, also from Essex, what I think is the most beautiful specimen of the old crafts I possess, and probably unique over all England. It was a dozen different patterns of straw-plait woven by an old village dame of 91, called Hannah Firman, and she had been persuaded by a friend of mine thus like a musician to conjure the past back into her worn fingers. The patterns were of many different colours, from straw-colour to gold, blue, grey, white, bronze and brown, and each had its own special technique, name, number of straws and width. "Plain double" had 7 straws, "White diamond" 13, "Short cake" 11 or 9, "Brilliant" 15, "Diamond" 13, "Whip-cord" 7, and so on. "Diamond" pattern is similar to that of the old rush-woven baskets still made by one craftsman I know from a village in Oxfordshire, who weaves them from the reed-mace (bullrushes) of the Thame River. She had split, bleached, coloured and milled the straw herself before braiding it.

It is impossible for me to convey on paper the lustre, the intricacy, the loveliness and the exquisite finish of these various patterns. What has happened to us that we have allowed so superb and useful a peasant art as this to become obsolete?

Practically all plaited work to-day is either machine-made or imported from abroad and it was the machine and our imbecile fetish of foreign importation that killed it. We are crazed with shares and dividends to countenance such a crime. What is the patriotism of a nation that drives its own peasants off the land, destroys their arts and crafts and leaves the land either to go derelict or to be exploited by greedy profiteers? Assuredly no nation can commit such outrages against itself without paying for it to the uttermost farthing. And what worth is a mountain of gold (or rather paper money) beside the example of this old dame of 91 who, on the lip of the grave, thus brings England, home and beauty to radiant life again?

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE AMATEUR WEATHER FORECASTER

By WILLIAM T. EYTON, F.R.S.A., M.Inst.Ph., F.R.Met.Soc.

THE withdrawal of the weather forecasts published by the Meteorological Office and which used to be read on the wireless and published in the newspapers, has meant that the farmer, the horticulturalist, the fisherman and in fact the community in general are without any definite information about the probable weather in their localities. The step was a very necessary one in connection with the war, and whether the weather affects the reader from a business or sporting point of view, the purpose of this article is to draw attention to the possibility of obtaining reasonably adequate 24-hour forecasts by a combination of local tradition and meteorological laws.

We all know the type of oldest inhabitant who says that, for instance, a westerly wind will always bring rain; probably he has no idea why it should bring rain, but there is very little doubt that often his prophesies are more accurate than those of a trained meteorologist who bases his forecast on scientific laws as opposed to local observation of the past weather, as there are so many factors which tend to upset scientific law and order in the earth's atmosphere. It must also be remembered that the meteorologist has usually to legislate for a fairly large area, whereas the local weather tradition applies essentially to a particular locality, and has come into being after possibly generations of observation. Generalisms, as opposed to local tradition, should be taken with great reserve, if they have no bearing on one particular district, as they may merely be second-hand superstitions. For instance, the very popular saying that "If St. Swithin greets, the weather will be foul for 40 days," though it has its counter-parts in France, Belgium and Germany on various dates in July, is quite without foundation, if long range statistics are to be believed.

Thus it is that now that we find ourselves without the meteorological office's forecasts, a combination of local and simple scientific weather knowledge will usually give us quite a useful forecast. The first and most important thing to remember in this connection is that in the northern hemisphere in which we are situated, the weather usually moves from west to east. As the reader may know, a low glass usually means a depression or low pressure system as it is sometimes called, and high barometer means an anti-cyclone or high pressure system. These "systems" often develop in the Atlantic Ocean and move eastwards. Normally for forecasting "Synoptic Charts" are used; these give the state of the weather over the places and countries which the chart covers, and from such charts, several of which are marked out each day, showing all the high and low pressure systems much can be learnt, and fairly accurate forecasts made up. Obviously in these times no such charts showing present weather, can be made available to the public or the amateur meteorologist.

However, the study of the barometer, thermometer, and the sky, supplemented by some local weather knowledge, can be quite a good substitute. The barometer is a most important instrument, for it tells us what the pressure of the air around us is, and upon this the weather depends, and the rising or falling of the barometer usually means a change in weather. If the barometer is observed to rise or fall suddenly, it can usually be assumed that the high or low pressure system which is on the way will probably be short lived, for in such instances, it can be assumed that there are considerable differences of pressure in the atmosphere in quite a small compass, and as there is always an inclination for the atmosphere at a higher pressure to level up the lower pressure—a process which we know as wind—some fairly sharp squalls with a very strong wind may be expected, particularly in winter when the atmosphere is colder and easily "shifted."

A steady rise of the barometer on the other hand, reveals there are no very sharp differences in pressure, and in winter can very often mean a long spell of cold weather with clear skies and frost. A steady fall frequently portends cloudy, mild and damp weather when the sky is covered with what appears to be a flat layer of greyish clouds. Under such conditions frost cannot occur to any extent, as it is essential to have a clear sky in order to allow the moisture from ground level to evaporate, and to produce sufficient fall of temperature. Moisture in any quantity, it must be remembered, is always a factor which makes for lack of extremes in heat and cold, and this is of course the reason why the British Isles, surrounded by the sea, as they are, enjoy such a favourable climate free from extremes. For this reason, current weather conditions affect the temperature of the climate much less than they do in the large land masses, such as continents, and the capabilities of, for instance, an anti-cyclone for producing a hard frost in Britain are much reduced. The formation of high and low pressure sections of the atmosphere may be due to several processes, and is beyond the scope of this article.

In the summer, a high glass usually means fair or fine weather, but its duration and temperature must depend on the strength and direction of the winds and this in turn is dictated by the size of the high pressure system and also by its shape. If it is one in which the pressure rises only gently towards its centre, it will probably only move slowly, and winds round it will only be slight, and the weather consequently settled, warm and dry, with a good chance of a spell of some duration of this type of weather.

The prediction of rain cannot be done with any certainty from the barometer alone, and temperature and other local conditions have to be taken into consideration. It should be remembered that the cooling of the masses of steam in the sky which we call clouds produces condensation of the moisture into rain; the greater and more sudden the condensation, the heavier will be the rain. It is of course perfectly possible for cooling and consequent condensation to take place at cloud height, while the temperature at ground-level is relatively unchanged, but often impending rain through this cause can be detected by observing wind direction at cloud height, for a cooler current of wind from a quarter other than the one from which it is blowing at ground level may provide the necessary drop in temperature for condensation.

All clouds have classified names, but it is not necessary for the amateur to learn these classifications, but observers of the weather should always note the general colour and shape of cloud associated with a particular type of weather, and the best way to do this is by observation.

It is hoped that the above article will be of some help to readers wishing to gain some idea as to what the weather a short time ahead is likely to be. For the reader who wishes to study the science of meteorology a little deeper, there are many text books and popular reference books available, and to anyone who takes the trouble, time spent on reading up meteorology is always time well spent.

LAND GIRLS WHO WANT TO HELP IN THE NATION'S FOOD CAMPAIGN

THE AIMS AND DIFFICULTIES OF OUR WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES

By LORD CRANWORTH, M.C.

THE real aim of agriculture in war-time, should, I suggest, be clear. It is to provide more food for the people of these islands and thereby to conserve the shipping, including its escorts, which is so urgently needed for other purposes. This statement would I believe be generally accepted, but it is worth keeping in mind because it is not necessarily obtained merely by the ploughing up of so many thousands of acres of grassland.

To achieve the aim is by no means so simple as it appears. Almost innumerable considerations complicate the issue and prevent or check by far the most simple method of attainment. I refer to the method mainly adopted during the last war: that being to raise both prices of the products produced and the wages of the workers who produce them to such a scale that there is a real incentive, other than that of patriotism which will never be absent, to make the maximum effort.

Let us consider only a few of such points. There is first of all the Treasury faced with a financial effort greater than has ever stared a Chancellor of the Exchequer in the face before. Then there is the vital necessity of keeping the strongest possible check on the inevitable rise in the cost of living with all the horrors of the vicious circle it involves. Again there is the problem as to which particular products must be concentrated on, which in itself involves a variety of ever changing circumstances. Nor can the lesson of the last war and the hideous slump which with the return of peace followed the inflated war prices be forgotten. Not only did it ruin many men good and true, but agriculture as a whole has never recovered from its devastation.

A lesser issue, but nevertheless difficult one, is this: Farmers' are being urged to cultivate the worst lands and can hardly be forced to do so at a loss, but if land producing say three quarters is to be made barely profitable then land producing six can hardly fail to be most remunerative. Truly the problems of the Government and Ministry of Agriculture are great. At the same time they did seem at first to some of us to be in danger of falling into the opposite extreme and allowing their intense fear of rising prices to prevent the production of food which in the last event may make all the difference between victory and defeat.

If the task of the Ministry is difficult that of the county war agricultural committees is hardly less so. To them is charged the immediate task of stimulating increased production for which purpose they are entrusted with certain very limited powers. As an immediate objective they have been given that of putting under the plough 10 per cent. of the so-called grass land existing in their respective areas. While such an ostensible objective is probably inevitable, I want again to point out and emphasise that it is not the real objective, which is to provide the greatest amount of food for human consumption. There is sometimes a tendency to be pleased with paper acres obtained and it is a legitimate pride, but never should what those acres are capable of producing be forgotten.

The immediate task of the committees was their easiest. They appealed to the patriotism of the farmers and the response they got I regard as splendid. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been obtained through this spirit alone when the farmer has been well aware that the operation would cost him money. If only the financial resources of the farmers had been greater, if only their capital had not been drained away through twenty years of neglect, how much greater the response would have been. Their patriotism has in the case of the vast majority been unlimited, the very reverse can be said about their cash.

When the voluntary response was finished the real troubles of the committees commenced. The

SCHOOLBOYS ASSIST IN THE WORK OF DIGGING FOR VICTORY

PRODUCTION GOES FURTHER THAN PLOUGHING

situation varies prodigiously throughout the country, a fact to which all of us are apt to be oblivious, but in my own part here are some of the difficulties we have to face. The first is undoubtedly lack of capital, with which is bound up the uncertainty of costs and prices. Very few people realise, or go near to realise, the immense losses that have been sustained by agriculture during the last ten years. Tens, nay hundreds, of millions of pounds have been drained from the pockets of landowners and farmers. Indeed, to traverse the land during a tour of inspection is in many districts a heartbreaking task. Again and again one comes on once prosperous farmers and owners whose cash and credit is all gone and who eke out a bare existence on a few chickens and a miserable cow or two, largely because it has been worth no-one's while to put them in the bankruptcy court.

This is no time for recriminations on past Governments but the fact remains that these men, many of them efficient farmers, are incapable of taking the part that they long to take, unless their credit is restored. This can only be done by the guarantee of such prices as will insure a return for hard work and average skill. It is good to feel that this is being at long last realised by the Ministry, or it would be fairer to say the Government as a whole.

In many districts, and notably in East Anglia, a tremendous problem lies in the neglect of field drainage over a long period of years. Field drainage consists of the field ditches, pipe draining and mole draining, and of these the ditches are the most important because without a clear ditch the latter are waste of money. Furthermore, East Anglia was at one time a magnificently drained area and to-day in huge districts if the ditches are thoroughly cleared the splendid old system will be revealed and the pipes begin again to do their duty. Yet what do we find ? Field after field ready to plough, and indeed often already being ploughed, where the fences are ten yards broad and in their midst the ditches breast high with mud. What waste of money is here, and why ? Because the occupiers have neither the money nor credit to undertake this first essential task.

I would here again lay stress on the problem that faces the Ministry and Treasury. That is how to make the five-sack corn farm barely profitable without giving an undue profit to the twelve-sack farm. It was I presume with some appreciation of this particular aspect that the admirable £2 ploughing subsidy was introduced. May I urge with all the force I may and for the same reason that financial help may be given towards field drainage. It would help the land rather than the man. It would save waste and produce crops. It was introduced with success at the end of the last war, and is still done in Scotland, Northern Ireland and the more enlightened European countries. In my view it is the most crying need of the arable counties to-day.

These are probably the two major problems, but of minor ones there are no end. Thus, to what extent should a farmer be excused from a contribution to the plough when he shows that his admirable pastures are fully stocked with milking cows and sheep. I submit not altogether even for his own sake. Feeding stuffs are and will be scarce and dear. If he sacrifices an area to the plough and institutes some form of silage, to my mind a most important war-time measure, he will be able to maintain his flock and herd at a cheaper rate and make his contribution in relief of shipping.

Many farmers have been in doubt as to what war-time crops to grow, and indeed the exigencies of the situation have changed from month to month, but in this direction the Ministry have rendered most valuable help and have kept war agricultural committees alive as to the changes and to the essential needs.

There are minor matters which unexpectedly add to the difficulties which beset an already arduous task. One such is the extreme difficulty of obtaining the correct ordnance numbers of fields which have been or will be ploughed and without which information subsidy payments cannot be made.

Another is the rooted objection held by a considerable minority of farmers to either answering letters or filling in forms. This objection does nothing to prevent the grumbling at the delay in receiving the subsidies for which the correct filling in of forms is an absolutely necessary corollary. With one grumble, however, I must confess the greatest sympathy. It seems to me cheeseparing and foolish not to accept the full map acreages but to deduct percentages for hedges and ditches and headlands. After all the farmer has never had the right or opportunity to deduct such percentages from his rent and I venture to think that it is an irritating pin-prick which moreover shows little confidence in the inspecting committees.

I would like to finish with a word of deep appreciation of the immense amount of trouble taken by working farmers whether as serving on county and district committees or as parish correspondents. It has never been suggested that they should receive a penny of pay and I am glad of it. Nevertheless when I note the colossal sums expended by bloated boards of control and in other forms of war work and compare it with this immense voluntary effort I cannot but feel proud that the Yeomen of England are once again responding to their old call of patriotism.

THE HARVEST FOR WHICH EVERYONE HOPES

THE "FORWARD SEAT" WHEN TAKING THE HURDLES.

This picture came from India together with those of Viceroy's Cup Day shown on the opposite page. The event was the Meerut Hurdles at the Lahore meeting and the race was won by Widden Hill, seen third from the right

OWNERS AND THEIR TRAINERS

Harmonious Relationships of the Turf and some Factors which Govern them

THE retirement of Fred Pratt, who has been Mr. James A. de Rothschild's private trainer for 35 years, ends the longest unbroken association of owner and trainer that I can recall. There are not, of course, many men who, in modern times have kept race-horses continuously as long as Mr. de Rothschild has done, but some who have not been in the game half as many years have changed their trainers repeatedly.

The maintenance of a harmonious relationship between owner and trainer depends on several factors. It is certainly a great test of the character and temperament of both parties, but assuming the loyalty and competence of the trainer, much depends on how the owner meets with "triumph and disaster" and whether or not he can "treat those two imposters just the same."

Reverses, disappointments and lean seasons are likely to cause a strain on the patience and loyalty of the owner if he does not thoroughly understand racing and all its vicissitudes and hazards. Sooner or later it will be suggested to him by his friends that by omission or commission, his trainer has been at fault, when his horses have failed to win; if he loses confidence in his trainer, friction will develop and eventually he will come to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that his horses will do better in another stable.

The standard of general efficiency among trainers does vary of course, but I have heard successful members of the profession themselves admit that the ability to bring the average horse to prime racing condition and to know when he has attained it cannot be claimed to be a rare gift; the process demands some experience and discrimination but only in such degree as many an ordinary groom can acquire and be relied on to exercise.

My observations convince me that, broadly speaking, a horse will be prepared for his engagements as well in one established stable as another, and in those exceptional cases where to all appearances the standard of achievement is below the average the reason may be traced to one of two reasons. Either the trainer is habitually impatient and tries to render fit horses which are not physically ready for the process, or he is mean with the quantity or quality of his oats and other fodder. In either instance he has not learnt, or foolishly chooses to ignore, elementary facts and is not fitted for his job.

It follows in my opinion that when an owner thinks that the ability his horses possess will be improved by a change of trainer he is more likely to be wrong than right. If they are bad no trainer can make them better, and it is usually when an owner's horses are bad, or not as good as usual, that he becomes dissatisfied with his trainer.

The difference between good trainers and those whose services are less satisfactory to the average owner, lies less in what they do on the training grounds, than in ability to exploit such merits as horses possess to the utmost advantage on the race-course. Choice of engagements is usually left to the trainer and whether the owner is a betting man or not he will expect him to express as a rule, and with some precision, his opinion of the chance of any of his runners. These responsibilities are most important in the relationship of owner and trainer and when ructions and partings occur the cause in most cases may be traced to the owner's dissatisfaction with the trainer's judgment in these matters.

IN THE SIALKOT HURDLES AT THE LAHORE MEETING.

Ukraine clearing the final hurdle

One often hears it said of a trainer "he never knows when his horses have a chance," or "he's such an optimist; he would break the Bank of England." Strange though it may seem, many who are subject to this criticism are consistently successful but their chief patrons do not bet and are probably wealthy breeders. They have good horses who are liberally engaged in rich stakes. In most of these instances the trainer receives a commission up to 10 per cent. on all first-prize money won for an owner, so he himself has not any need to bet or to worry very much about thorough trials on the training ground.

Many successful business men take up racing, confident that they can make that pay too. They either know nothing about the sport or possess that little knowledge which may be very dangerous in racing, and disturbing to the relations of owner and trainer. If their lack of knowledge is allied to a suspicious mind they are likely to fall out with one or more good trainers before they learn their lesson and realise that wealth and business acumen cannot command success in racing.

The heavy betting owner can be a source of great anxiety to a trainer but that is partly because the latter is expected to exercise particular care in "placing" his horses and has the precarious responsibility of advising his patron when to bet. However, the more experienced among this type of owner seem mostly to find the trainer to suit them to judge from some of the lengthy associations of which race-goers are aware.

Mr. J. A. de Rothschild himself was for a long period disposed to engage in lively exchanges with the bookmakers. On the day of Brigand's Cambridgeshire, he was seen to back his horse right down the rails, to win a total of £20,000. He had made other substantial bets before the day of the race and Eric Rickman in his *On and Off the Race-course*, states that the owner's gains on this occasion were approximately £80,000, one of the largest individual coups of modern times.

Basil Jarvis has been training continuously for Mr. J. P. Hornung—a non-betting owner—for about thirty years and though Sir Abe Bailey has horses in other stables, his existing association with Reg Day goes back a few years before the racing days of Son-in-Law, who is still alive at the age of twenty-nine years.

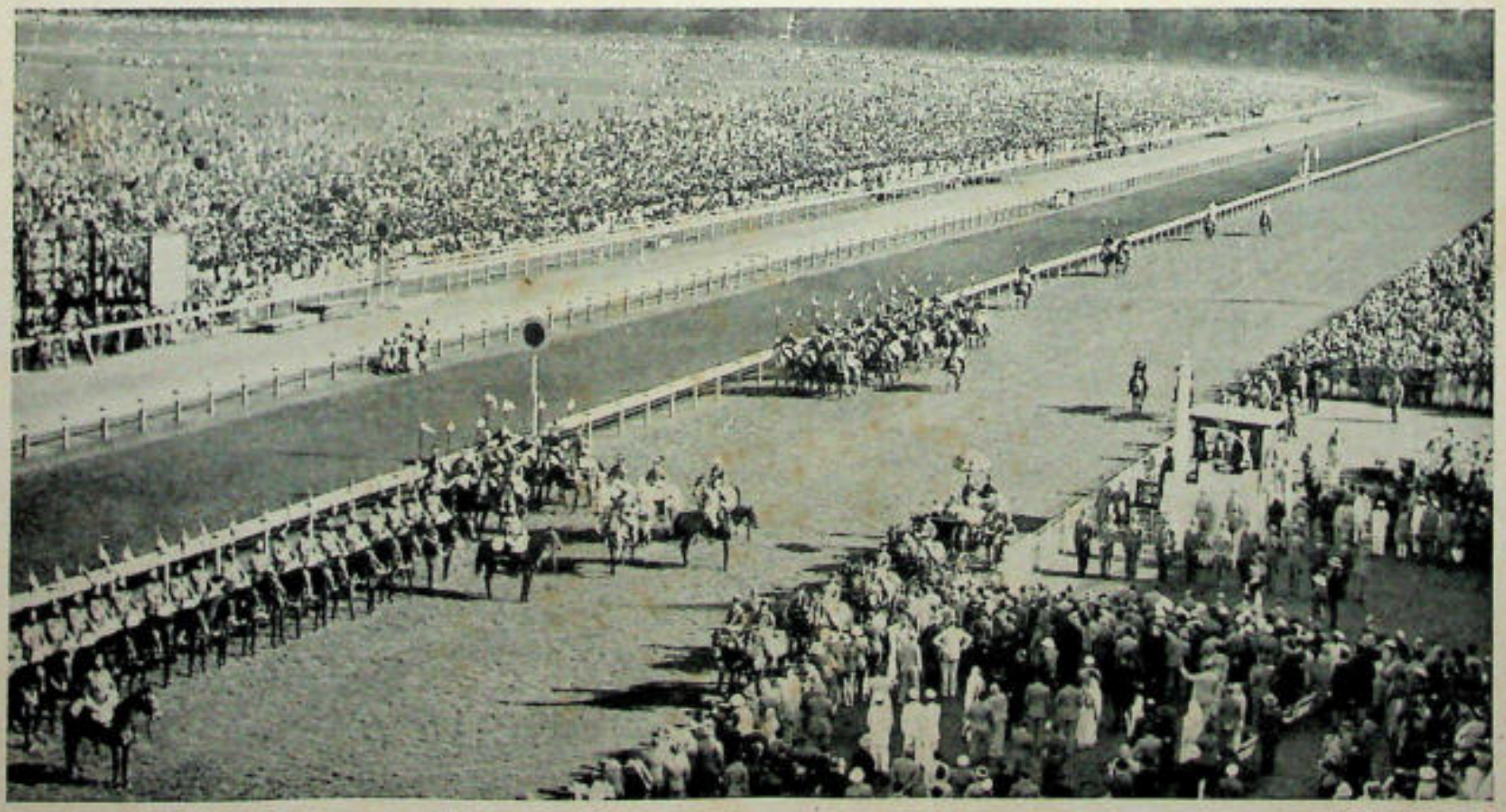
The Honourable George Lambton began to train for Lord Derby's father in 1894. He continued in that capacity with the house of Stanley until he was succeeded by Frank Butters in 1927, and for the next four years Mr. Lambton acted as Lord Derby's racing manager. At the beginning of 1931 he resumed training at Stanley House and continued for three seasons, to complete forty years masterly association with that famous establishment.

YEOMAN.

THE PAGEANTRY OF VICEROY'S CUP DAY IN CALCUTTA

THE MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR'S FINALIST WINNING THE VICEROY'S CUP AGAIN IN EASY FASHION

Left: LORD LINLITHGOW SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA AT THE VICEREGAL GARDEN PARTY. *Right:* SIR JOHN HERBERT, GOVERNOR OF BENGAL, AND THE LADY MARY HERBERT ARRIVING IN STATE



A SCENE OF SPLENDOUR AT THE ROYAL CALCUTTA TURF CLUB AS THE VICEROY PASSES HIS BODYGUARD

SNOW GEESE NEAR BURNS, OREGON *U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey*

These birds were photographed a short distance from the Malheur Migratory Waterfowl Refuge

DUCK SHOOTING IN THE UNITED STATES

By LUDWIG CAMINITA

Mr. Caminita is a member of the Bureau of Biological Survey—an institution that has done, and is doing, work of outstanding value in connection with the many problems affecting wild-life and the sportsman. This article, published just as it was received (as note the American expression "hunters"), will prove of great interest to British wildfowlers.

WHILE English hunters of migratory waterfowl were bagging birds on the wing during August and September, American hunters were still waiting impatiently for the season to open. Most of the North American wild ducks and geese were on the breeding grounds in Canada going through a welcome, and much needed, successful breeding season.

No sportsman's gun was fired at migratory waterfowl in the United States until October 1st, at which time the 1939 season opened in eight States comprising the northern zone. For 45 consecutive days, guns boomed at black ducks, pintails, mallards, canvasbacks, Canada geese, and certain other migratory wildfowl.

In 26 States from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, guns were silent until October 22nd, when the season opened in the intermediate zone. Hunters in 14 southern States first went out to the fields and marshes on November 15th, one day after the season closed in the northern zone.

At one time, hunting in America was a rather simple sport; one needed merely to have the desire to hunt, the essential equipment, and the energy to go to the fields or marshes to bag the birds. To-day, a hunter must have more than a willingness to hunt: he must abide by comparatively rigorous regulations imposed by the Federal Government and must be able to find birds to shoot.

The more stringent hunting regulations, first introduced in 1934, were necessary to save the migratory waterfowl in North America. Previous liberal regulations led to the near extinction of some species. In 1900, the consensus of competent observers was that some 150 million migratory waterfowl populated the North American Continent. By 1934, their numbers had dwindled to less than 30 million.

Various reasons are ascribed for this dangerous depletion of birds. It is believed that the most important cause for the reduction of the waterfowl supply was overshooting. While the number of birds decreased, the number of hunters increased. Reliable records indicate that about 1,000,000 hunters actively engaged in the sport last year. Drought and other unfavourable climatic conditions, drainage operations, and usurpation of waterfowl habitats for farm lands and industries were other important causative factors.

As a result of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, signed in 1916, the United States Government took steps designed to prevent the extermination of the various species of migratory waterfowl. American conservationists remembered that the passenger pigeons once were so numerous a large flock would blacken the sky for hours as the birds passed a given point and that failure to take adequate measures to protect these birds resulted in complete extermination of the species.

The Federal Government is determined to take every precaution to prevent the present species of wildfowl from suffering the same fate as the passenger pigeon.

The Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of the Interior, is the agency that has most to do with the conservation of wild-life in the country. Scientists of the Survey study food habits, breeding and wintering ranges, migration routes, and life histories of the various species so that a better wild-life management technique may be effected for the preservation of all fauna, including the wild ducks, geese, swans, and other birds. One of the duties of the Biological Survey is to study migratory waterfowl conditions and recommend to the Secretary of the Interior hunting regulations that will maintain an adequate supply of birds and permit the hunters in all sections of the country to have an equal opportunity to shoot them.

Migratory waterfowl regulations are recommended by the Survey only after intensive investigations of the status of the Continental supply of birds. Four biologists in as many flight lanes follow the birds throughout the year, from their wintering grounds in the southern United States and Mexico to their breeding grounds in Canada and Alaska. The biologists are constantly studying climatic and habitat conditions, the number of birds of various species, and so on. In winter, a nation-wide inventory is made by a staff of some 700 observers in every State. The results of all these investigations are studied, and hunting regulations for the year are drawn on the basis of these findings.

Believing that restricted shooting is the immediate means to the salvation of migratory waterfowl in America (a nation-wide system of wild-life sanctuaries is necessary for "long-time" results), the Biological Survey has, since 1934, recommended the so-called drastic regulations.

At present, no hunter may shoot migratory waterfowl before the opening date set for the State to which the period is applicable. Shooting cannot begin before 7 a.m. and must stop at 4 p.m. Live decoys are prohibited. Fields and ponds may not be baited. Shooting with rifles is not permitted, and shotguns must not be larger than No. 10 gauge. This year, for the first time, hunting with bow and arrow is specifically authorised.

In addition to these regulations, there are others the American hunter must remember. First, if he is over 16 years old, he must purchase a migratory

U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

A YOUNG CHESAPEAKE
Magnificent retriever and very hardy

bird hunting stamp, popularly called a "duck" stamp. This $1 stamp must be in his possession whenever he hunts. Ninety per cent. of the revenues obtained from these sales are used to purchase and maintain migratory waterfowl refuges. Ten per cent. is used to defray administrative and printing expenses and to provide law-enforcement facilities.

In the field, the hunter must remember his arithmetic and know his birds. The daily bag limit for ducks is 10 in the aggregate, and the possession limit is 20 in the aggregate. If a daily bag includes canvasback, redhead, bufflehead, and ruddy ducks, not more than three of any one or more than three in the aggregate of these kinds may be taken, and the possession of these particular kinds of ducks is limited to not more than six of one or six in the aggregate. The restricted bag limit for these four species is imposed because of the relative scarcity of the birds.

Daily bags of geese and brant are limited to four in the aggregate of the kinds permitted to be killed, and the possession limit is eight in the aggregate. Last year the daily bag was five and the possession limit ten. When the Survey conducted its annual waterfowl inventory last winter, geese did not appear to be in quite as satisfactory a condition as they were in the preceding season, and the bag limit was reduced to insure a margin of safety for these species.

On the Atlantic seaboard snow geese and brant are protected from shooting, for the regulations prohibit the hunting of these birds in Florida and States bordering the Atlantic coast, which is the normal range for these wildfowl in the eastern United States during the winter months. In the past ten years the number of brant along the Atlantic coast has been greatly decreased. Biological Survey scientists attribute much of this decrease to the disappearance of eelgrass, the brant's favourite food. Eelgrass stands were wiped out almost completely along the entire Atlantic coast by a disease that extirpated the plant so rapidly that biologists have been unable to cope with the problem. Experiments are now under way in an attempt to increase the quantity of eelgrass on the Atlantic.

Ross's goose, the wood duck, and the swan are given complete protection. No hunter in the United States and Alaska has been permitted to shoot either wood ducks or swans for the last 25 years. Taking Ross's geese has been prohibited since 1931.

Coots, however, are plentiful in North America, in comparison with other species of migratory waterfowl, but these birds do not seem to be favoured game of American hunters. To encourage the taking of coots in preference to other less numerous species, the regulations permit a daily bag of 25.

These regulations may seem drastic to English hunters, but the results justify the action taken. As already stated, from 150 million migratory waterfowl in North America at the turn of the century, the population dwindled to less than 30 million by 1934. The close hunting restrictions, supplemented by an extensive refuge programme, gave the various species an opportunity to take advantage of improved climatic conditions and to replenish the breeding stock. Last year the Biological Survey estimated that the migratory waterfowl numbers had increased to between 55 and 60 million. This is the fourth consecutive year that an increase has been noted.

U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

TRUMPETER SWAN AT RED LOCK LAKES, MONTANA
The Trumpeter swan must not be shot. Only 199 of them are now known to be in North America, and the Red Rock Refuge was established to protect them

U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

PART OF A HUGE FLOCK OF CANVASBACKS AT LAKE MURIT, CALIFORNIA

The most popular species hunted by Americans are the mallard, black duck, canvasback, wigeon, teal, shoveler (in recent years spelled with one "l" by some American ornithologists), pintail, redhead, scaup, gadwall, goldeneye, bufflehead, ruddy duck, and coot. Popular geese include the Canada goose, white-fronted goose, blue goose, and black brant (on the Pacific coast).

Other migratory birds hunted are the Wilson (or jack) snipe, rails, woodcock, mourning and white-winged doves, and band-tailed pigeons.

The hunter's success during the season depends to a great extent, of course, on weather conditions and the time of flights. The take will vary, also, in the different sections of the country, depending upon which flight lanes the greatest number of birds follow.

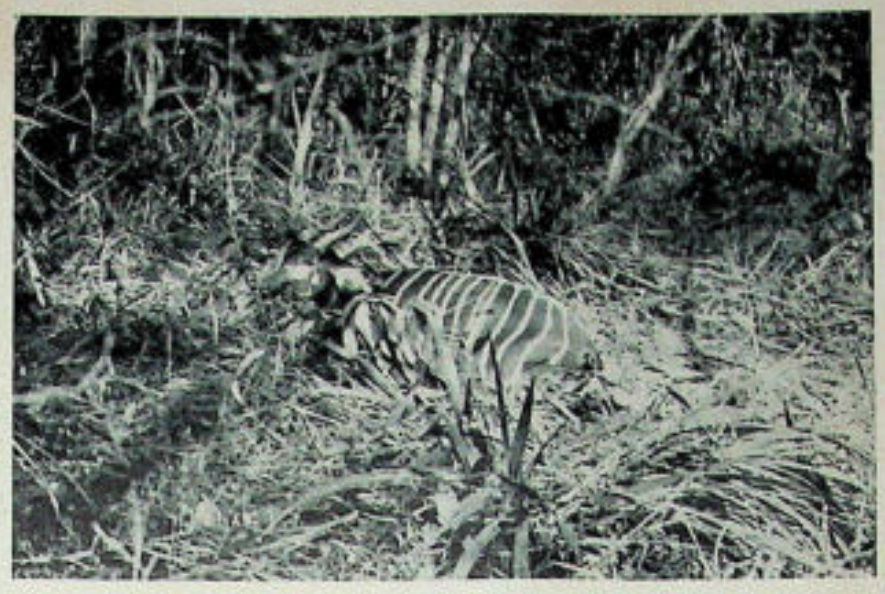
The last charge of 1939 was fired at migratory waterfowl on December 5th, when the season closed in the southernmost of the three zones. Then preparations began to record data that will determine the regulations to be recommended in 1940—waterfowl inventories will be made, conditions on the breeding and wintering grounds observed, and probable results of the next breeding season predicted.

Whatever the regulations may be in 1940, the American hunter will look forward to his next season just as impatiently as will the sportsman in England. Probably the outdoor men on both sides of the ocean will while away many hours on wintry nights discussing the same thing—makes of guns and, not incidentally, an American expert assures me that the very best guns are made by hand in England.

THE BONGO

By Dr. H. M. WOODMAN

AN ELUSIVE AND SILENT QUARRY



YOUNG BONGO IN DEEP FOREST

BIG game experts have from time to time written on the subject of Bongo but accounts are of necessity infrequent and somewhat meagre for the simple reason that these magnificent and elusive animals have still seldom been seen by White Man, even less frequently shot. It is for this reason that the following brief observations may contribute a small addition to the few field notes that have been put on record, and may serve some modest purpose of practical value to those privileged to visit the glorious forests in which these beasts are found.

They have the restricted value of applying to one area of Africa in particular, but have at least the virtue of representing repeated observations, over eight seasons, of that area, and they portray certain simple facts uncomplicated by multiple and varied experiences that a wider knowledge of habitat and different geophysical conditions might bring.

The Bongo of Central Africa frequent, one might say sporadically, the densest tongues of equatorial forest belt that spread over the Southern Anglo-Egyptian Sudan border from the Congo. They are to be found in this latitude from the Ubangi-Shari district of French Equatorial Africa across to longitude 29° East along the Sudan-Belgian Congo frontier. They are known to occur down into the Ituri forest as far south at least as Niania, where they trespass upon the haunts of okapi.

Along this 300 odd miles of border country, the altitude of which is about 2,300ft., they occur singly, or in twos and threes in a number of places, at certain seasons of the year. In the dry season they are less widely distributed but in larger herds—the largest that I know of being about twenty in number. These small herds are localised in only a few patches and of the densest forest. In the heavy rains they disperse and go further south.

I am not concerned with *driving* Bongo. The few beasts that have been shot in this area have, in nearly all (but not quite all) cases, I am so sorry to say, been driven by a large party of native beaters. This is a different technique and quite difficult enough. But if we are approaching Bongo, like any other big antelope, by the normal sporting methods of stealth and tracking, it is only during the dry season and early rains that access to them is possible; in other words from December to May. The remaining wet months of the year are out of the question. Rather more than the usual rules of careful tracking with regard to wind, scent, and hour of the day have to be observed, and it is unlikely therefore that the months December to March will be suitable. The forest is too noisy. The crackling of leaves and dry undergrowth which are everywhere underfoot, render the hunter's chances almost nil against the acute hearing of the Bongo.

There remain therefore the months of April and May, of which May is usually the best as showers of rain are more frequent, the dew very heavy, and the fodder of the forest glades tender and luscious.

One must camp right in the forest itself on the edge of those tracks which Bongo almost daily frequent and, this being the case, the smaller the cortege and the less the kit the greater will be the chance of success. Grass huts are more practical than tents and easily erected, a very small party of three or four natives prepare these in two days or less without hammering or causing any appreciable disturbance.

Bongo move about, like all the rest of the forest animals, at night, and they will never be found outside the forest edge more than half an hour after sunrise.

This is the time par excellence to try and come up with them. There may be another chance at dusk in the evening but a much lesser one. Whereas the only alternative, namely, trying to approach them throughout the day while lying upon the densest tangles of bush, is fraught with such difficulties that only exceptional luck as well as good management can hope to achieve success that way.

Setting out from camp soon after 5 a.m., it will be possible in a few minutes to discern fresh tracks, if there are any. Earlier than this they cannot be seen, nor even the beast itself if standing in shadow. Everything hangs on the success of the first quarter of an hour or so as, if there is anything to follow, there will be nearly an hour in which to make the most use of one's time before the beasts will have withdrawn for good into the forest recesses.

Both their hearing and their scent are uncannily acute. More than this they are masters of silent gliding movement. Once, knowing that Bongo were in the vicinity, I crept with my trackers through one of their undergrowth tunnels without sound, hardly even hearing ourselves breathe. Unknown to us there was a whole herd not ten yards away standing in a small break in the forest. There was not a sound from them of movement, feeding or breathing, and the first indication of their presence was a crashing off into thicker cover the very second I showed a few square inches. It might be said that they had had the alarm and were alert and ready. It is possible that in the last few moments that could have been the case, but wind and sodden ground were favouring us and I am convinced that their natural caution and instinctive silence protected them even if an element of alarm came into it at the end.

On another occasion my wife has seen a solitary Bongo walk towards her in deep shadow, having just emerged from a thicket, and then fade away again, seemingly miraculously, absorbed by another thicket—completely silent, completely unaware of her presence. Not even Giant Eland, which can become so dramatically merged with their surrounding cover when in savannah country, can portray this remarkable degree of silence. That such big antelopes can pass through tunnels in the tangled lianas, and do it quietly, where even man can only scramble doubled up, has to be witnessed to be believed.

The call of Bongo is not completely non-existent however. I have only heard two sounds. One is the snort of the male to which he will occasionally give vent when suspicious or alarmed. I have never been able to make certain whether the female also snorts, but in any case the experienced native tracker claims to have no difficulty in recognising the male snort. The other is a rather faint moo which a mother may be heard to express if cut off or separated from her calf. It can be accepted that either of these sounds are seldom heard, especially the latter.

As soon as it is apparent that the tracker is likely to be within reach of Bongo he must thenceforward brace himself to an almost superhuman care and caution in making his approach. If one can hear one's own footfall one can be certain that he will hear it too. He makes full use of his enormous ears. (Ear measurements in a calf showed the distance from ear tip to aural orifice to be greater even than from the latter to the tip of the muzzle.)

Given the optimal month, the right time of day, and tracks that have been made during the previous night, this exercise is not quite such a gymnastic feat as it sounds. The ground will be sodden with dew or rain and the young carpet of grass an ideal path upon which to tread. Rain preceding the dawn, followed by an overcast sky is ideal, and may even extend the precious hour by tempting the animals to linger rather longer than usual on the forest margin.

The only way of extending this dawn period is by making use of a late moon; and anyone who has tried this knows how difficult it is to make use of it in the forest. Add to handicaps the fact that the wind is usually faint in the forest dawn, and its movement changeable and treacherous.

It is useful to remember that Bongo never cross wide open glades or migrate across from one area of forest through open country to another, except in the dead of night. Their tracks may be found there the next day. In the early dawn they will keep along the forest edge, passing more often *through* clumps of bush, or between these outlying clumps and the forest, rather than passing by the open and easier side. To get from A to B they invariably choose the covered and more difficult way, seldom following a game path or a route across the open. I have watched them do this (at over 300 yds.) and have noted also how they keep on the move all the time after it is light.

They do not feed on grass and therefore one cannot expect that they would linger in these glades more than just in passing. They live almost exclusively on the leaves and shoots of certain shrubs, notably (in the Zande language) Wira and Tande and Buda Buds, which has long salty stems, a creeper, Bogara, and a bush that frequents the stream beds, called Mbikoro, and young saplings of Beina, and other trees.

There seems no truth in the saying that they live on the bark of certain dead or fallen trees, or that this is regarded by them as a delicacy. At least in this part of Africa I have never seen tracks leading to these in spite of looking out specially for them, and no Zande tracker has heard of the habit.

Their habitat of to-day no doubt results from the encroachment of man's habitations, and their intense shyness is magnified by the native habit of burning the outside savannah forest in the dry season. As a result of big tribal hunts, by driving into nets stretching across many hundreds of yards of country, all game is inclined to be wild. Fortunately Bongo are not caught by this means to-day, for their forests are unburnable and too dense to net, and they do not take the risk like their more foolish neighbours—the bush buck (Tragelaphus scriptus) and yellow-backed duiker (Cephalophus sylvicultrix), which is fast becoming rarer as a result—of running out into the secondary forest and exposing themselves to the dangers of fire and spear. They are further protected by the universal superstition among the Azande that the eating of Bongo meat will cause leprosy.

Bongo will charge if wounded and will exercise considerable cunning in taking up the best position and choosing the right moment to do so. Natives say that if worried or pursued they are sometimes known to attack without further provocation although I cannot personally confirm this. It must be remembered that a mature bull stands four feet high at the shoulder, carries horns up to 39½in. in length, and is thick set and heavy like the eland.

To me the forests of tropical Africa provide the most fascinating of all environments in which to study Nature and to frequent the haunts of game. The forest has a spirit of its own, noises peculiarly its own, and imparts that feeling a man has when thrown back on his own resources embraced in a primæval world. The booming of Giant Crested Plantain Eaters and Casqued Hornbills, with many other birds and animal notes heard only in these places, seem to take on a royal quality befitting to the home of Bongo. A little of this atmosphere is caught in the 1908 *Field* account, quoted in Lydekker's "Game Animals of Africa."

It is such a world of its own that the hunter will be enchanted into feeling that he knows a lot about Bongo by a sojourn in his home and a tour of his demesne, even though he may never be graced with a sight of the owner.

If he goes so far as to get a view of him he knows that this is an honourable and rare experience that few have been privileged to gain, and if he takes no trophy with him he will not feel that he has gone unrewarded.

"GRASSHOPPERS" FOR GRAYLING

By H. D. TURING

IN the course of a hunt through some back numbers of the *Salmon and Trout Magazine* recently, for some information of which I was in need, I came across a letter from the late H. T. Sheringham on the subject of the grayling menace. It was in reply to a letter from Mr. A. C. Poole, who had commented on the danger to the Test, which was "menaced by the extraordinary increase of grayling which is noticeable . . . from Fullerton up to Brandesbury Common." He adds: "Curiously, some of the fishermen and riparian owners from want of experience, I think, or possibly observation, do not appear to realise this grayling menace, which is very real." That was in 1927. Since those days owners of fisheries in the south country have gone some way towards solving what used to be a perennial problem of trout-fishery management by judicious netting.

This grayling netting is a simpler affair than it used to be, when it was considered necessary to skin the whole river of weeds before using the net, for it has been realised that grayling do not take refuge in weed-beds as do trout (one of the few points, by the way, in which grayling in the south have not as yet adopted trout tactics), and can be netted from the spawning beds in the spring without much difficulty—a method which seems to leave enough fish for reasonable autumn sport, while it certainly keeps them under sufficiently to preserve the trout fishing.

But if the experience of the last war may be taken as a guide we are faced once again with a very definite grayling menace, for labour will be scarce and expensive, and with the high taxation which promises to make even rich men curtail any outlay which is not immediately necessary, there is bound to be a very general omission of such labour-needing activities as netting on chalk streams, with its accompanying deterioration in trout fishing.

It is worthy of note, perhaps, that the ultimate deterioration may not come directly from the increase in grayling. Mr. G. E. M. Skues published some years ago an account of the effect of the last war on a water he then fished on the Itchen. It appears that a great increase of grayling, due to lack of the necessary supervision, gave the pike their chance. They also increased woefully; so much so that towards the end of the war when the matter was tackled seriously, no less than 303 pike were taken from the water between November and mid-March, some of them fish of 5lb. to 7lb., as well as a considerable quantity of large grayling, non-rising fish of no use to the water. The pike in fact had solved the grayling problem in much the same way as Adolf Hitler proposes to solve the problems of Eastern Europe—and with a like result to the trout fishing.

It is obvious we are faced with a similar difficulty to-day; directly or indirectly, these rather sheep-like grayling, which seem to have little power of defending themselves, are going to cause the destruction of our valuable south country fisheries unless the menace is realised in time. We have got to keep them down somehow and netting being, or shortly to become, out of the question, some other, and if possible more remunerative, method must be adopted. It is here that the value of Sheringham's letter in reply to Mr. A. C. Poole lies, for he makes the very practical suggestion that bait-fishing should be introduced during the winter months. There is, of course, nothing new in the suggestion. It had been advocated before 1927 and has been suggested since, but coming from an admitted authority on fly-fishing it carries more weight than it does when it emanates, let us say, from a coarse-fishing expert whose appreciation of the art of fly-fishing may be open to question.

It is true that his bait-fishing suggestion is a second string. As a first resort he advocates a cast of two or more wet flies fished down and across; "not unlike a miniature version of salmon fishing," and records an experience of his own "in old days when I had more frequent opportunities of studying a portion of the Itchen," which gave him very good sport. It is likely enough that the portion of the Itchen he had in mind was the same water about which Mr. Skues wrote, since it was rented originally by one of the former proprietors of the *Field*, Mr. Irwin E. B. Cox, and during his angling editorship Sheringham must have had frequent opportunities of fishing the water. But I doubt if he would get much sport by such methods to-day. I remember one could get sport with grayling, very good sport at times, on the Kennet, by fishing down and across; but my own experience of recent years when I have tried to catch winter grayling in this way has been that the fish are every bit as shy of this method as are trout, and that to catch them one must adopt dry-fly practice.

But the method he suggests for bait-fishing offers better hopes of success: "I feel reasonably certain," he wrote "that the use of bait, marshworms or maggots, carefully organised would do a great deal to keep grayling down to tolerable numbers in waters of the same character, besides providing interesting and exciting sport for the angler during the winter when trout are off. The method which I always call 'sinking and drawing' is the one I should myself adopt"; and I should like to develop the suggestion a stage further and suggest the use of the "grasshopper" as used on the Welsh border streams for grayling.

BELOW THE HATCH *E. A. Barton*

A favourite corner for grayling on a south-country stream

One hears little about "grasshopper fishing" these days, though it is doubtless still practised in the Teme and other tributaries of the Severn. For the benefit of readers not acquainted with this queer contrivance, it may be explained that it is a lure made by winding lead wire round a fairly large hook (No. 6 or 7 old scale) and covering it with a wrapping of bright-green wool, usually with a piece of straw laid longitudinally on each side and kept in place with a few open spiral wrappings of the wool before finishing off. Sometimes a red-wool head is added. At the water a bunch of maggots is impaled on the hook and the bait is then fished after the manner of a drop minnow, being swung out and dropped into any deep hole at the tail of a run, and worked sink-and-draw fashion.

Why grayling should take this terrifying object passes comprehension, and its name is almost as much of a mystery. Possibly it came from the hopping-like action of the bait being swung out from the bank, which might resemble, more or less, the flight of a grasshopper. On the reason for its attractiveness, Mr. Carter Platts in his recent book on the grayling suggests that the bait itself is a decoy which excites inspection, and that the maggots form the real attraction which the grayling cannot resist. Whatever the true explanation, this curious bait had an amazing reputation as a grayling catcher in the closing years of the last century. Francis Francis in his *Book on Angling* remarks: "To give some idea of the deadly nature of this bait on some streams, I have known instances where, by the use of it, large twenty-five or thirty-pound baskets have been filled and emptied three times over in one day's fishing by a single rod."

In old descriptions of grasshopper fishing an essential part of the tackle is a "bit of sliding quill" attached to the line, which is set on the line after the manner of a float, to indicate the depth of the water, so that an angler fishing it may drop his bait near to the bottom without fouling it; but it has always seemed to me an unnecessary refinement. With an ordinary 10-ft. fly rod of rather stiff action, such as most trout fishers have among their equipment, it might also have the objection, in deep waters, of making a fish difficult to land since it might come up against the top ring of the rod while the fish was still too far out to reach with the landing net; but if found necessary no doubt some other mark could be devised which would pass through the rings without the danger of jamming.

It may seem like one of the horrors of war to suggest such methods on a chalk stream, but surely it is no bad substitute for the annual netting, provided of course that it proves successful for chalk stream fish? And it may easily provide a very welcome ration for the wartime dining table. I had almost written "delicacy" instead of "ration," but that the efforts of an average English cook are not always such as to encourage a gourmet. But if a recipe is wanted here is one I can recommend: On no account allow a grayling (or any other freshwater fish) to lie in water; do not attempt to remove the scales; clean, and wash quickly under a running tap, or wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth; take a small handful of mixed parsley and chives, chopped small, and beat it into margarine (being war time), allowing about 2ozs. per fish. Lard the fish well with it inside and out; season with pepper and salt; and bake in the oven for 20 to 30 minutes according to the size of the fish—and you will have a dish "too good for any but anglers or very honest men."

THE LATE MR. J. F. FRANKLIN.—We regret to report the death at his residence, Stony Hill, Pauler's Pury, Towcester, Northamptonshire, of Mr. J. F. Franklin, the well-known breeder of race-horses. Among the better known horses bred by him were Nothing Venture, Peradventure and Nonadventure. Mr. Franklin was a keen rider to hounds and hunted regularly with the Grafton.

"THE END OF ALL LAND"
Looking north-eastward from North Cape

ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE IN LAPLAND

By GAVIN MAXWELL

ANY journey entailing a prolonged stay in Varanger Fjord presupposes an object in some degree scientific, for it is not a place to which the average man would go for a summer holiday. But its bird life, and more particularly its wildfowl, is of peculiar interest, for it has for long been suspected to be the most westerly breeding point of certain Siberian species. A rare and very beautiful species of Eider known as Steller's duck is present in considerable numbers in the fjord throughout the summer, though it has never been conclusively proved to breed there. It is probably the only extra-Russian breeding place of the lesser White-fronted Goose. It is a place where King Eiders may be seen in summer. In short, to one interested in wildfowl and attracted to northern latitudes it seemed the ideal place to spend June and July.

I set out to Lapland with the idea of devoting myself entirely to the birds, but very soon found my interests divided by the extreme novelty of everything about me. I had intended to photograph the geese at their nests, to catch some and bring them back alive, and to prove once and for all whether Steller's duck breeds in Varanger Fjord. Actually, though I took some photographs, and succeeded in bringing some geese alive through their 2,000-mile journey, I proved little about anything.

I had not been to any part of Norway before, and my first impressions of that country were not pleasant. In Bergen it was pouring with the kind of rain one expects to see only in American films. The Customs were extremely slow, and there were long muttered conversations about my photographic apparatus and the bags of strange food I had brought to feed geese on the return journey. When they had finally satisfied themselves, my porter, who hitherto had spoken no English, saw that I was fumbling with some change, deftly grabbed the Norwegian equivalent of three shillings, said "Thank you very much," and disappeared into the crowd. After that it went on raining and I sat in an hotel exactly like an English police station, having paid eight shillings for a half bottle of sherry.

I know that Bergen is really a charming town, but it was not until I reached the Trondelag area that I really began to appreciate Norway. About this time it began to blow very hard. The little coastal steamer onto which I had changed at Bergen pitched and rolled and lay flat first on one side and then on the other. For a day there was not a soul to be seen on deck except the captain, even the first mate being apparently indisposed. So rough was it that in order to take an accompanying photograph I had to tie myself onto the rail in order to have a free hand. It was a very short sea breaking on a rocky coast. We kept very near to the coast, and I began to think that the 1,500 miles to Lapland would seem very long. But after two days we were in calm water again, steering between a thousand little rocky islands that basked under a clear sun.

On the sixth day we rounded North Cape, and in the small hours of the next morning entered the Varanger Fjord in an easterly gale and a smother of sleet and rain. On the desolate low land to the west of us snow still lay thick on barren tundra, and merged into a pale sea and sky. Eastwards a dim line of hills was just visible. The captain waved towards them. "Behind there," he said, "is Murmansk, and then you can go overland nearly to Alaska." In Vadsö itself, the fishing settlement which I was to make my headquarters, the snow still lay in dirty heaps, and melted into grey slush on the roof-tops. It was cold and depressing and I wished with all my heart that I was at home. At the best of times it is not a cheerful place, being built, like an army camp, of wooden houses; with the difference that all buildings are raised on piles to get above the winter snows. The sea is the only means of livelihood in Arctic Norway; inland the tundra stretches away empty of all human life but the Lapps, who subsist upon their reindeer.

NEST AND EGGS OF LESSER WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE

The smallest of all the grey geese. There are very few in captivity

At Vadsö I abandoned my cumbersome camping equipment, as I learnt that in the heart of the goose country was a hut which the owner would gladly give me leave to use on the payment of a few Kroner. So after a few days I left Vadsö for the hut, taking with me as guide a Norwegian boy, Ornulf Hansen, who was to prove more of an encumbrance than a help. He was very quick-witted, and excellent company, but suffered from a lack of experience which more than once led us into uncrossable bogs.

* * *

Outside the hut it is night, the summer night of the arctic when the sun never sinks lower than on a winter's afternoon in England. There is a yellow glare on the waters of the lakes which surround the hut; the snowfields glitter and dazzle, and there are strips and blocks of green ice about the edge of the lake, although it is late June. By August the snows will all have gone, but in September they will begin to fall again and the first dusk of the dark winter will begin to close in. During the summer night the tundra wakes to a life unsuspected in the daytime. Suddenly there is a pandemonium of shrieks and screams. They rise higher, tortured, agonising. This is succeeded by peal after peal of high devilish laughter, then the screaming bursts forth again. Gradually it becomes choked and strangled and dies away in a blood-curdling groaning. For a minute there is silence, then the whole performance is repeated. The Black-throated Diver, though rare in England, is one of the typical

ROUGH WATER OFF A ROCKY COAST

This photograph was taken on the north coast of Norway. So rough was the sea that the photographer had to tie himself to the rail

birds of Varanger, and all night long they keep up this weird and tortured crying. Every lake has a pair or two breeding on it, so that if one pair stops for a rest there are always plenty more to take up the strain where they left off.

For some reason their noise affected my guide with uncontrollable giggles. He would sit in the hut with tears running down his face until I too caught the infection. But whenever a goose called he would become suddenly serious and run to the door, for he knew that the Skrigen-gaas, or Lesser White-front, was the object of my trip. At night the geese were incessantly on the move, and their high musical calling could be heard over a great distance. Sometimes little flocks would come sailing in, lit by the long beams of the low sun, to wash and drink at the margin of the lake outside the hut, splashing about among broods of young Eiders with their mothers.

Once they all made off in a great hurry, and the young Eiders took refuge in the middle. An arctic fox was slinking down the shore of the lake, slipping silently between the hummocks in the hope of surprising a broody Eider or Longtail. This was the first arctic fox I had seen, and I was puzzled by his patchy grey and black coat and black legs and mask. Later, I described him to Ornulf, and was met with derision. "It was a kanin (rabbit) you saw. They are white with black feet and faces, but the foxes are not like that." He quite clearly did not believe me, so I had to draw it for him on a piece of paper, and he was convinced. I found out afterwards that this was actually his first stay inland, and that he did not know one bird or beast from another. He was constantly getting lost, and eventually I had to lend him my compass with which to make his way home.

Conversation was not easy, for each of us spoke only the bare minimum of the other's language. But after a day or two our conversational powers improved rapidly. I told him about England, and of the great oaks and beeches whose

ONE OF THE TRETTENVADDENET LAKES

This photograph was taken by Mr. Gavin Maxwell at midnight on June 28th

LOOKING WEST ACROSS THE SISTEJOKKA RIVERS TO LANGMEDSRANDT

Cast reindeer horns lie on every piece of high ground. Langmodsrandt is a wide treacherous bog which thaws before any neighbouring ground

branches spread yards of green shade in the summer heat. I felt his interest to be tinged with scepticism.

"Have you ever seen a tree?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "many trees."

"What is the biggest tree you have every seen?"

He indicated a point a little above his head. "In the south I know there are many big trees, but I have never seen them except in pictures."

For there are no trees in the eastern half of the Varanger peninsular; mile after mile rolls away the almost terrifying barrenness of the tundra, broken only by patchy snow, and more desolate than any great expanse of snow or ice. Only by the lakes and swamps stunted willows and birches, rarely the height of a man, harbour a myriad mosquitoes. For eight months in the year these are buried in feet of snow. Once I found the shrivelled body of a lemming in an old bird's nest several feet from the ground, and puzzled how it could have got there until I realised that it must have crept into the nest during the autumn snowfalls and had remained there until the summer suns had thawed the snow above it.

Not until I had exhausted my provisions did I turn my attention to the possibility of trout in the lake by the hut. When it became a question of catching fish somehow or returning to Vadsö, I set a crude sort of night line with odds and ends found in the hut. The first morning there were three trout on the line, and, though weighing was impossible, they must all have been over two pounds, and one must have been a good deal more. I have never eaten trout that tasted better. After that we caught a few every morning, and though there were no monsters the average must have been about two pounds.

Besides the trout we ate a few mergansers' eggs, which were strong-tasting but quite edible. But by the evening one was not inclined to be particular about one's food, for it was necessary to cover upwards of 20 miles a day in search of the goose nests, and the northern air is keen enough to make anyone hungry. But the geese continued to elude us. The only nests I did find were further west, but a few days after I had left the hut a fisherman brought me young goslings from the very area I had been working. The distances were so enormous that a few nests per square mile were easily overlooked, and by the time the mosquitoes were at the worst in the afternoon one had eyes for nothing but the mental image of the hut.

It was bliss to return to the hut at night, to cook what in England would be a most unpalatable meal, and to sleep untroubled by the 9 o'clock news. The tundra is lit by the long golden glare of the midnight sun, the divers are beginning to call, and somewhere up among the snowy rocks an arctic fox barks.

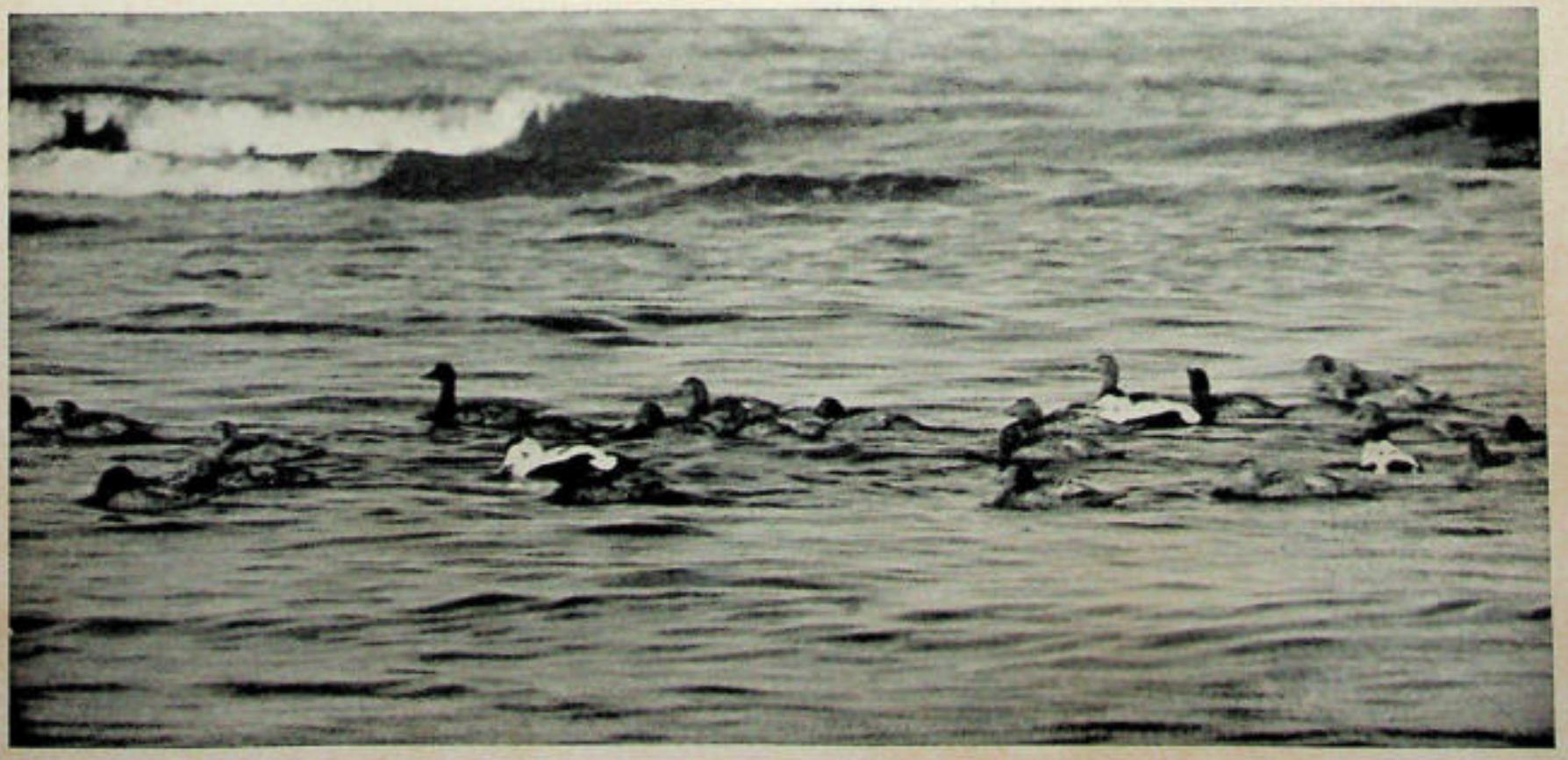
It was a fool's paradise, in which the approaching European crisis seemed very remote.

LAPP HERDSMAN WITH REINDEER

Large herds were driven south into Finland to provide a reserve of food

SOUTH-WEST OF NORTH CAPE
Glaciers on the shore line of one of the most inhospitable coasts in the world

SCANDINAVIAN EIDERS AT STORELOEN
In the photograph can be seen an immature drake and a drake in partial eclipse plumage



HIGH TIDE AT STORELOEN
Scandinavian Eiders seen among the breakers

HOME-MADE WINES: A SURVIVAL FROM OLD ENGLAND

By H. J. MASSINGHAM

THE making of home-made wines is one out of a child's handful of survivals from the English rural tradition, once the richest in the world. Unlike thatching, dry-walling, saddling, hurdling and a few other crafts, it is neither a moribund nor even a sick cottage industry, possibly because home-made wines are not a marketable commodity and so there is nothing whether in their material or their consumption to excite the cupidity of urban commerce. Then, too, townspeople despise such rustic liquor; it is made by homely housewives in the normal course of their domestic offices and the ingredients are either the wild fruits of the hedgerow, the weeds of the field or the seasonal produce of the cottage garden. These factors have all been favourable to the continuity of the ancient custom of wine-making from the crops, the flowers, the hedges, the roots and the green stuff within easy reach of the cottager's door, and I should say that, in all villages which have not been sophisticated or urbanised, as much or almost as much home-made wine is brewed to-day as it was a hundred years ago.

Yet changes there have been, great changes indeed, not so much in the amount of native wine consumed as in the diversity of the choice, the quality of the brew, the complexity of its preparation and the richness of its materials. It is one of the follies of the evolutionary theory as applied to human affairs that it takes no account of time-processes which run the reverse way to the direction always assumed by it. Wine-making is a clear example of one such process, namely of a breaking-down from the complex to the simple, from the elaborate to the plain, and this is enforced upon the craft by the poverty of country life in general compared with what it used to be. If in the progress of history the towns have grown richer and richer, the country has become poorer and poorer, with the result that old receipts have been watered down as too ambitious for the country wife, many kinds of drink have been abandoned altogether, fewer crops are grown and the rhythms, festivals, fairs, merry-makings, seasonal observances that encouraged her to devote a special kind of culture to the fermenting of a variety of home juices, are as dead as Church Ales.

That this is so may be gathered by a glance at Elizabethan England wherein liquors not only flowed like fountains but were as various, as subtly and ornately compounded as the idiom and vocabulary of Elizabethan writers. Apart from the 56 varieties of French wines drunk and the 36 of Spanish and Italian, the home drinks rioted in the abundance and indeed excess of their fruity and flowery contents. Three kinds of mead were drunk, meath, metheglin and hydromel, all fragrant with flowers and spiced with herbs. In White Meath, rosemary, thyme, sweet brier, bay, water-cresses, pennyroyal, agrimony, marsh-mallow, liverwort, eyebright, angelica, betony, scabious, ash leaves, eringo root and no fewer than eight other ingredients were added, including violet leaves and strawberries. Cherry Wine and Sack were mixed with gilliflower syrup.

Falstaff liked his Sherris Sack (Xeres) sweet and sugared and he regarded it as a finer bouquet than Malaga or Canary Sack. Sometimes it was mulled with eggs but not to his liking :—" Brew me a pottle of Sack . . . simple of itself; I'll have no pullet-sperm in my brewage." All manner of fruits and vegetables were fermented 150 years before the appearance of root-crops, while the 17th century, the period for hypocras, excelled rather in the refinement and delicacy of its home-brews (as in its possets, cordials and syllabubs) than in the somewhat coarse plenitude of the Renaissance. The absolutist rule of the landed gentry in the 18th century tended to make a new division between cultured and bucolic liquors not apparent earlier, but even in the 19th century (previous, of course, to the industrial era) manorial elegance freely borrowed from the rural tradition in the composition of its parlour wines. It might well do so: Howitt in the *Rural Life of England* (1838) speaks of gooseberry and damson, elder flower and cowslip, malt and birch wines as the expected dessert of a farmer's party. At that time elderberries were in such demand for wine that they were taken to market.

Rich country wines are a sure indication of rural vitality and tenacious custom, and if the traveller among the treasures of the past would like to know how rich they were, he could not do better than turn over the pages of Mrs. Roundell's *Domestic Cookery for the Use of Private Families*, published in 1845. Here there are a number of recipes for home-made wines which reveal how sumptuous such vintages could be, "tasting of Flora and the country green dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth." She has a recipe for Raisin Wine far richer than that of Gilbert White who probably got his direct from the Selborne villagers, and another of Vendor or Milk Punch which gave me clearly to understand why Mr. Pickwick after drinking a similar brew was carried off in a wheelbarrow to the Pound. Two other punches are given. Now the contemporary cottager's recipe for Cowslip Wine is as follows :—

" Pick on a nice fine day. Let stand three or four days. If flowers in paper bag, it must have holes in the sides. 1 pint to a gallon of water. 2 oranges, 1 lemon, 1 piece of bruised ginger, 3½lb. of sugar. A little yeast. The flowers, picked from the stalk and dried, are immersed in their bag into cold water which is brought to the boil. After simmering for 10 minutes, the bag is taken out and the rest of the ingredients put in but not the yeast until the water is lukewarm. Pour into earthenware pan and leave till next day. Pour into jars and leave for a few days. Then add a handful of plums and ½lb. of sugar candy."

This is one of the most elaborate of the existing village recipes, but it is ABC technique compared with Mrs. Roundell's instructions for making the same wine. I choose another striking contrast—that of Elderflower Champagne between 1839 and 1845—because I happen to make it myself, and so can judge realistically the difference between the way I make it from a cottager's schooling and the way she made it nearly a century ago. Mrs. Roundell :—

" Boil 18lb. of white powder sugar with 6 gallons of water and 2 whites of eggs well beaten; skim and put in ¾ peck of elderflowers from the tree that bears white berries; don't keep them on the fire. When near cold, stir and put in 6 spoonfuls of lemon-juice, 4 or 5 of yeast and beat well in; stir every day; put 6lb. best raisins, stoned, into the cask and tun the wine. Stop, close and bottle in 6 months. When well kept, this wine will pass for Frontiniac."

Now all I do is this. The heads of the elder in full bloom are in a gallon of cold (if possible distilled) water. I squeeze the juice out of a lemon, cut the rind in four, mix with the flowers and add certain proportions of sugar and white vinegar. No yeast. All go into an earthenware pan and are left for 24 hours. I strain and bottle in screw-topped bottles and keep for a fortnight.

It is clear that Mrs. Roundell's method shows greater nicety, craftsmanship and finish than does my cruder and simpler one, which is the common cottage formula of to-day. The disparity, in fact, exactly illustrates the decline in what I may call the finesse of wine-making, and that is an inevitable result of the precipitous decline of country life in general. In spite of all the machines and all the professors and all the " progress," we do not know so much as our forefathers did, we lack their plenty and we fall lamentably short of their skill. Not that even my Elderflower Champagne is not a most palatable, vivid, entertaining liquor. It possesses the elusive taste and aroma of a kind of idealised black currant and is yet so full of power that the trouble is to prevent it bursting the bottle.

Because the making of home-wines to-day is so much simplified from what it used to be, a certain similarity is to be noticed between one recipe and another, no matter how remote in nature the fruits, plants or vegetables may be. The following recipe for Wheat Wine, for instance, differs little from that of Elderflower, which, of course, is a quite distinct wine from Elderberry.

" 1lb. wheat, 1lb. potato, 1lb. raisins, 4lb. sugar. Put all into earthenware pan with 1 gallon of boiling water. When tepid, add 1oz. of yeast to work it. Leave for three weeks. Strain and bottle off."

But technical likenesses in the making do not affect the profound differences in body, flavour, potency and colour between one wine and another. Potato Wine will fell a man as with a club, while as for " plum jerkum," made from the golden plum of the Vale of Evesham, an amateur farmer who failed committed suicide in a fortnight simply by drinking two quarts of it a day. Other home-wines are very much milder than what are sold as " tonics " or " restoratives " in grocers' and chemists' shops—indeed, many of the cottager's wines are used medicinally. Dandelion Wine, for instance, is a blood-specific if drunk at once after making. Some wines, again, increase their strength after a year's keeping, others lose it, all benefit in bouquet from storage. Grape Wine and Vine Cuttings Wine are still familiar liquors to country folk who have never tasted a bottle of what is commonly called wine in their lives. They have not the faintest resemblance to any of the French or Spanish wines: indeed, the only wine that so does is Blackberry Wine which resembles a light port. Here is a recipe for it :—

" 1lb. of sugar to 2lb. of blackberries. Cover the blackberries with water and put into oven to draw juice out. Strain through sieve and leave to ferment for 15 days. Then add 1lb. of sugar to 2 quarts of juice. When bottled, do not cork too close."

In one respect, home-made wine-making is a valuable corrective to the viciousness of modern tendencies. It restores to the villagers, that is to say, a fraction of the old seasonal rhythms which grew up from intimacy with the earth. Certain wines, I mean, can only be made at certain times. Carrot Wine and Mangold Wine, for instance, are made from October onwards, Vine Cuttings Wine from the end of June onwards, Wheat Wine after harvest when the new wheat is threshed, Orange Wine when the oranges are cheapest, Rhubarb Wine from June and onwards when the sticks are old, Cowslip, Dandelion, Cherry, Potato, Currant, Grape and Elderberry Wines when Nature declares that the due time is come. " Ripeness is all." Apple, Honey and Strawberry Wines are, alas, quite forgotten, but it can easily be seen how certain punctuations are demanded by nearly all home-made wines.

The works of nature are one and all set to the composition of an intricate tune, and the virtue of the husbandry of the past was that man not only played his part in the orchestral harmony but, so far as his earthly life was concerned, directed the shaping of the melody. That proud station he has almost entirely lost, possibly he will recover it again when he sees to what hideous lengths the contrary of that principle, life, that is to say, regarded as a scientific machine, has led the German State.

Therefore I hope that home wine-making will still go on, not merely for the sake of home-production but as an element, if only a little one, in the spiritual war of nature and the human being against the machine. It would be tedious to write more recipes, but if any reader wants them for other wines than those I have already mentioned, I can let him or her have them for Sloe Wine, Sloe Gin, Dandelion Wine, Parsnip Wine and Rice Wine.

COMMONERS' WAR-TIME PROBLEMS

THE blackout arrangements have revealed the dangers of wandering ponies and other animals from common lands on to the highways passing through them. A man may be proceeded against for allowing his cattle to wander on the ordinary highways, but where they pass through an unfenced common the cattle are presumed to have a right there, and the onus is on the drivers of vehicles to avoid colliding with them.

That is difficult enough matter at normal times, but the reduced lighting makes the problem acute. When driving through the New Forest at night I have frequently had to pull up quickly to avoid ponies, and in the Forest of Dean the sheep in summer seek the cool road to sleep on. With strong headlights and care in driving in such areas animals already on the road can be seen in time, but there is always the problem of some crossing the road just as a car approaches.

Commoners in various parts of Hampshire have been asked to remove their animals to enclosed land as far as possible during the blackout, but this is not an easy matter. In the first place without special legislation they cannot be compelled to do so as commonable beasts are usually said to be " levant and couchant," that is rising up and lying down on the land, or otherwise having the right to be upon the land night and day. Then again in a great many cases any nightly rounding up is a practical impossibility, for in the New Forest, for instance, the animals wander miles, and are sometimes not seen for weeks by their owners. Where it is possible to bring them into safety it is, of course, a wise form of insurance for the owner, and a patriotic act in rendering practical assistance to the important A.R.P. work.

Suggestions have been made that it might be possible to paint the animals and make them look like zebras. The stripes would act in the opposite way to the camouflage on buildings, and help in spotting the animals. In practice this is almost impossible. The work involved would be immense, the cost prohibitive to most commoners, the effect on the ponies distinctly bad, and the painting would only be useful to the motorist for a few days, or until the animals chose to have a good roll in the mud.

A meeting has recently been held under the auspices of the Commoners Defence Association of the National Trust for Commons to decide what practical steps it is possible to take to deal with the matter. It was decided that in some cases animals could be rounded up, but the question arose as to alternative feed. The loss of commage from before sunset to the time when they could be set free in the morning would be considerable, and there might not be alternative food without undue expense. It was suggested in such cases the commoners had a right to expect some compensation from the Government when hardship was involved.

The commoners appear to look on the matter in the right light. They are anxious to assist, and they would prefer voluntarily to forego their rights while a national emergency lasts rather than force the pace for legislation which might have to come. At the moment it is a question of asking owners to remove ponies which habitually haunt the roads, and every motorist who visits the New Forest area is aware that some of them like the road and wander into the streets of the towns, and may be seen on winter evenings in the shelter of garden walls and in summer in the same places because it is then cooler than the forest. The New Forest Verderers advise that not only ponies but all cattle as well should be taken in at night where possible.

It has been suggested that the Crown authorities might assist by allotting areas of enclosed land for the purpose, or by permitting temporary pounds for the purpose to be erected. Many more problems are involved than meet the eye. For instance if ponies used to roughage are brought on to good grass at night there is a question as to whether the taste for it will not in a manner spoil them, and whether they may not develop into "hedgers" and seek better food, and become a menace in that way.

In some parts of the country the situation will no doubt to some extent be automatically eased by the petrol restrictions, but the New Forest will always have considerable transport.

To a great extent it seems a matter of give and take. The commoners on their part must do all that is possible to prevent their animals becoming a positive danger, and in return somebody must see that the animals do not lack food, or their owners have a heavy burden thrust upon them. If special enclosures become necessary it may need an Act of Parliament, for the history of our forests shows how essential it is to make any changes by legislation only. In no other way can the interests of all be protected.

W. J.

By courtesy of J. R. Norman, British Museum Natural History

A PIKE'S SKULL: A MASS OF TEETH

THE CYCLIST-PIKEFISHER

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

WITH petrol rationing, more and more motorists are found resorting to the bicycle. Many a spanned old "grid" has been gladly unearthed from beneath an age-accumulating crust of dust and cobwebs. Similarly, nearby local waters take on added importance.

One definite advantage the advent of the motor-car gave us: a rapid and comfortable door-to-waterside service, with a sure haven of retreat or rest when the elements really did become "a bit thick" or it was time for that picnic snack or sip. Moreover, one could travel regardless of how much gear one took, an advantage particularly welcome to the complete pike-fisherman, who previously, cluttered up like a one-man-band almost, had to throw his weight about by shanks's or by rail, and he was lucky—and so were others—if his rod did not send someone's hat a-flying or prod somebody's eye out, his gaff jab someone in the tummy, his trailing landing-net drag some screaming child out of its pram, or his bait-can get slopped down someone's neck or go hurtling down the station stairs.

THE EEL'S FOOT INN, ORMESBY BROAD, A NOTED SPOT FOR PIKE

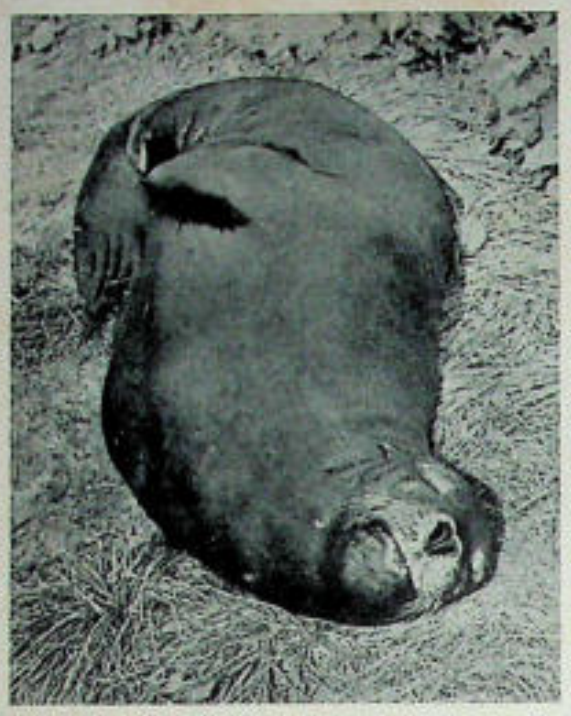
A GOOD PIECE OF WATER FOR PIKE

Seriously, however, the return of the "bike," at any rate to the pike-fishing live-baiter, presents one rather troublesome problem: where and how to carry all his gear. The fishing-bag, over a shoulder, and the rods, on an improvised sling over the other shoulder or lightly strapped to the cross-bar, present no difficulty; but the bait-can is less amenable to such casual means of transport.

Resort to a back-carrier, I think, is obviously indicated, and with regard to this, I would suggest—take a 1in. thick board, chisel out a circular hole half-way deep—alternatively, two boards, one with the necessary circular hole cut out, could be securely glued together. This, clamped down on to the carrier, would give a firm seating for the bottom of the bait-can. The latter, however, would, of course, also need strapping down. To give a firm job, two square-topped wire loops could be soldered to the top edge of opposite sides of the can, to prevent the straps from slipping.

Maybe, however, some reader has hit upon some better plan?

But I, too, have a better plan: spinning! Maybe more really big pike are taken live-baiting, but spinning affords me more pleasure, interest, and "sport," to say nothing of physical exercise and warmth, and I certainly find I pick up more pike that way, numerically at any rate, while the fact that the complete pike-spinner's gear is so much less bulky and burdensome to transport than that of the complete pike live-baiter, is surely but another incentive to the cyclist-pikefisher to spin.



A SEA-LION'S SIESTA

THE ZOO'S SEALS AND SEA-LIONS

By JAMES FISHER

THE London Zoo and Whipsnade Park are, on the whole, well designed and fortunately placed for the exhibition of animals. The fates, however, have conspired against the Society in respect of one important and necessary adjunct to any Zoo—water. It is true to say that every gallon of standing water at either of the two establishments is artificially contained.

At Regent's Park a quarter of a million gallons of water are under direct management—most of it, of course, is in the Aquarium—but it would take the Zoo's new trailer-pump about a couple of hours to drain the sea-lion pond dry, and there is a lot of water in the Mappin terraces and the penguin pond, and a fair amount in the three-island pond.

At Whipsnade the Society has to pump water about four hundred feet up through the chalk, and the authorities have had to make dew-ponds and artificial streams all over the estate, which owing to its great height suffers sadly from lack of water.

But in spite of the handicap of the lack of natural water at the London Zoo and Whipsnade, the Society has always been able to put on a good show of aquatic mammals. It has never gone in for whales to any extent; in fact the only example of the order that has ever been kept at Regent's Park is the North Atlantic porpoise. The first example was received in December, 1862, and died on the same day. Since then numerous small examples have been received alive and kept in large tanks.

At the beginning of this century, however, the Zoo decided it was not worth while keeping these creatures, owing to problems of feeding as well as those of space, and the Society has cheerfully relinquished the honour of exhibiting this important order of mammals to the Brighton Aquarium.

The collection has always had excellent examples of the order of seals and sea-lions. That universal favourite, the Californian sea-lion has, as far as I know, never been missing from the collection since the 'nineties of the last century. The first was received in August, 1892, some years before the animal acquired its great popularity as a circus performer. This was not the first time that sea-lions had been imported into the country, since specimens had been exhibited alive in both the Brighton and Southport aquariums at least as early as 1877.

To-day there is a fine show of these beautiful creatures dominated by an exceptionally fine male. Owing to the high cost of fish one of the herd has been lent to the Washington Zoo for the duration and reports indicate that it is a great favourite with the public. Though the United States of America is the home of this sea-lion the reception of the Zoo's animal indicates that this is not a case of "coals to Newcastle."

The sea-lion has bred quite often in captivity. The first young in the Zoo was born in 1922 and since then nearly a dozen have been reared. One of the young ones, now half-grown, is a great favourite with the Zoo public to-day. Sea-lions are exceptionally intelligent as every circus-goer knows, and those at the Zoo are no exception. They have learned to anticipate the workings of the automatic slot machine that shoots fish across their pond, and have invented all sorts of games with their keepers.

Keeper Chandler possesses the confidence of his charges to a remarkable extent, and some individuals in the little herd behave properly with him but with nobody else, beyond a few privileged and habitual visitors.

The rare southern hemisphere sea-lions such as the South African and New Zealand fur seals, have occasionally been exhibited in the pond. Recently another species of this genus, the southern fur seal, was added, but it was exchanged with a German Zoo before the outbreak of war. The fur seals are, strictly speaking, not seals but proper sea-lions, since they have the special characteristics, such as a visible external ear, and the power of turning their hind feet forwards to aid them when shuffling along the ground.

Of the true seals the Zoo has had all on the British list. The grey seal, which does better in captivity than people imagine, has quite frequently featured in the collection, and one of the first animals to be purchased by the Society, a year after its opening, was the common seal. The ringed and harp seals of the more northern seas as well as the bladder-nosed seal of the Arctic, all of which occasionally reach British shores, have all been in the collection too, as has the monk seal of the Mediterranean and warmer parts of the East Atlantic.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRE L. SIMON

RATIONING is now no longer merely in the air, as it has been almost since the outbreak of war, but in the larder. It is not drastic and it may well be a blessing in disguise if it proves a stimulant to the imagination of cooks, both professional and amateur. Let us turn to the Unration Book for suggestions of unrationed foods and let us build up meals that will be a little unusual as well as wholly unrationed. Here is, for instance, a tasty, easy to prepare and inexpensive meal, and most nourishing withal :—

Collared eels
Stewed beef kidney
Salsify fritters
Cheese
Riesling d'Alsace.

Collared eels.—Cut up the eels in chunks; bone but do not skin them; rub inside with ground mace, allspice and cloves; also salt and pepper; roll up tightly and fasten with strong tape. Cook in salted water with a little vinegar added. When the eels are tender, take off the tape and serve with lemon and parsley.

Stewed beef kidney.—Skin and core the kidney. Cut it up in thin slices which you will toss in sizzling butter for a little while until they have lost their reddish complexion. Add a glassful of white wine and a chopped shallot; season with pepper and salt. Stew on gentle heat until tender and add the juice of one lemon and a little chopped parsley before serving.

Salsify fritters.—Scrape and boil the salsify until tender. Drain and dry them; cut them up in suitable pieces; dip each piece in good, light, frying batter and fry in deep, boiling fat until crisp and brown. Drain on paper and serve at once, piled up criss-cross fashion.

The same materials, in the hands of an experienced, professional cook, could be made into a feast for the most sophisticated gastronomes, when the menu would read like this :—

Tourte d'anguille à l'Ancienne
Rognons sautés à la Liégeoise
Salsifis au gratin
Bâtard Montrachet 1934
Clos Fourtet 1929.

The Tourte and Rognons are recipes of that little man who is one of the great Chefs of to-day, Prosper Montagné, who has given minute instructions how to set about it in his cookery book. The *salsifis au gratin* are boiled salsify cut longways to the thickness and length of large macaroni; they are then put in a baking dish with a little milk and plenty of grated cheese, a little butter, and they are baked just like "macaroni cheese."

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets opened 1940 in brilliant fashion. Conditions scarcely suggested that the country is engaged on a major war. British Government stocks bounded ahead in market value. Over three points were added to the price of War Loan 3½ per cent. stock within five days. It meant an addition of over £57,000,000 to the market capitalisation of the outstanding amount of War Loan stock. That movement came too late to help the banks, financial houses and industrial companies when making up balance sheets to the end of 1939.

The movement, however, improved the position of thousands of investors in this most popular of all investment stocks. The reason for the buoyancy was complete confidence in the financial structure of the country. Supplies of credits were super-abundant. When British Government stocks show to advantage there is a feeling of optimism all the way round. The movement in the Funds during early January showed clearly that there are ample resources in the country to finance the war. Future borrowing by the Treasury for war purposes is likely to be on most favourable terms.

Investors have certainly been directing keen attention to the Funds. In other directions market operations have been of a cautious character. Short time transactions have been popular. That is certainly good policy during a period such as this in the history of the nation. Major disturbances due directly to the war may crop up at any time and upset the most careful calculations.

For a time Lancashire textile shares were all the rage. Within a month from early December prices for textile equities practically doubled. Such a rise was good enough on which to take profits. The market halted. Those prepared to take a long view regarding the textile industry may easily see still further price appreciation. There is a general belief that 1940 will for the textile trade equal the boom period of 1920. A share like Lancashire Cotton Corporation £1 ordinary now in the dividend list and standing around 20/6 should bring good results over a moderate period.

The shipbuilding companies to which I have made previous reference are likely to find trading conditions good during, and subsequent, to the war. A new extensive shipbuilding programme has been arranged. There will be work and still more work for shipbuilders. A shipbuilding share such as Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson £1 ordinary valued around 35/3 can be particularly useful. There is a fairly wide choice among shipbuilding issues. They include John Brown 10/- ordinary around 30/-, Hawthorn Leslie around 21/6, and Harland & Wolff around 12/6.

Such securities must not be regarded as permanent investments. They are attractive during a period of boom. Profits should always be consolidated while the going is good.

Conditions in certain industries have been complicated as a result of the war. It is, for instance, extremely difficult to-day to predict the future of the big oil companies. Already stockholders have been warned by their directors of the obscure outlook. Most oil companies are paying smaller dividends. This may be regarded as surprising in view of war-time oil demands. Commercial use of petrol in Allied countries is, however, severely rationed. European countries, especially Germany, find petrol supplies most difficult to secure owing to the Allied blockade. Despite such conditions, Shell Transport £1 ordinary now around 3 7-8 ex-dividend can bring good results. The company is without doubt one of the leading oil distributing concerns of the world.

It has been demonstrated since last September that there are opportunities of successful trading in stock markets. It is imperative, however, that a short view should be adopted and profits consolidated when available, unless the operator has nerves of iron and can stand big shocks as they come from time to time.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for your help for a gallant old lady, aged 88. Until seven years ago she had a small baby-linen shop, but owing to advancing age and trade depression she lost her small capital and was obliged to close down in 1932. She has 12/6 a week, which includes her old age pension. Her own room and her independence mean much to her and she dreads the thought of entering an institution. Will any *Field* readers help us to give her 5/- a week for a year?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"SHOOTING DANGERS"

SIR,—I was glad to see in the *Field* of December 23rd the letters you published under the above heading and as Mr. Turner asks for further opinions I should like to say how entirely I agree with all he says though I cannot be classed as a modern. In this connection the rules for conduct in all Field Sports that were laid down by our forefathers still hold good. They were just as good sportsmen, and probably better than we are, and certainly as particular about danger, as they used much more dangerous weapons than we do in the shape of muzzle-loaders. I was taught, very early in my career, always to unload directly a stand or a drive was over and not to load again till in my place for the next one. It is equally important that young guns should learn to make a rule of always seeing that their loaders unload at once. My present loader has been with me for 12 years but I make an invariable rule of watching him unload to this day, though he knows the game as well as I do. Further, the type of shot depicted in the photograph criticised has obviously caused such dangerous reactions, viz., the two loaders in the foreground have swung round at the noise of the discharge and swung their guns straight across other people's legs. "Though they may unloaded be, matters not the least to me." Just supposing they *hadn't* unloaded and supposing one or both had stumbled. A bad accident might easily have been added to the already regrettably long list of accidents caused by the breaking of rules that ought to be as automatic as having your breakfast before starting a day's shooting.

Yours faithfully,
O. D. LUCK.

Greenlanes,
Forest Side,
Nr. Rowlands Castle, Hants.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

SIR,—I am directed by my Council to express its grateful thanks to the Press for the way in which they have given publicity to the Society's efforts in association with the work of the horticultural committees set up in towns under the Ministry of Agriculture in respect of lecturers, etc. There is one more thing in which the Press could help the Society, and that is by making it clear that the lectures are to be given at meetings arranged by the committees. Advice might be given to allotment societies on allotment plots.

Persons seeking lectures and advice should do so through the official horticultural committees. They should not ask for a list of lecturers, but should state what subject they would like a lecture on and give the date, time and place where it will be held. I should be grateful if you could see your way to publish this information in some form, so as to help in the great cause which we have, namely, increased food supplies from the garden.

Yours truly,
F. R. DURHAM.
(Secretary.)

TEACHING TO JUMP

SIR,—There have always been widely divergent schools of thought on the question of teaching young horses the business of jumping. Some people like to start them off slow, others like to gallop them off fast at the fences in their first lesson. Personally I believe in taking things quietly at the start and speeding up gradually; but I am by no means in favour of getting horses into the habit of jumping very slowly.

One of the most important points which is usually overlooked is the fact that a horse on his own nearly always jumps out of a trot. This is the same also in the case of deer. There are very few places a horse cannot clear at this pace—in fact it is only when there is a ditch as well and a distance of ground has to be covered that a fast pace becomes at all necessary at a hunting type of fence. I have always jumped my young hunters out of a trot during their first few weeks of schooling and I found that in this way they gained confidence quickly and got into the way of balancing themselves and jumping off their hocks; added to this they never got excited or nervous during their early training—a most important point.

The best sort of obstacle over which to start schooling a young hunter is a fallen log. There is nothing artificial about a log and it is unlikely that the most nervous horse will be scared of it. In addition, it is a broad obstacle and if jumped at the centre there is no reasonable excuse for running out. Above all, it will teach the young hunter to jump timber cleanly from the start. Nothing is worse for the youngster than to jump him over a a flimsy post and rails. If he knocks it often without harm he will get into the habit of doing so and he will become careless and begin to fly his fences without learning to measure his stride accurately.

The main lesson to teach all young hunters is to look after themselves. A rider cannot and should not be expected to do everything for his mount. Of course he can assist a great deal by imparting the right pressure and stimulus when necessary but a horse who has to be constantly driven or checked is a badly schooled animal.

Nearly all the faults we can see every day out hunting are due to bad training in the early days. I know people who openly state that they send their young horses over hurdles so fast that "even if they want to stop, they can't." Training horses this way results in people being unable to stop the same horses when they want to. It also gets horses into the way of taking fences by the roots.

A really good hunter should keep up an even gallop but will shorten his stride ever so little on approaching a fence and will then jump cleanly off his hocks. At timber this shortening will be more apparent—at fly fences it will be scarcely perceptible,

BOWED DOWN WITH UNSALEABLE FRUIT
(See letter "Just for Fun")

but in all cases the horse should balance himself on approaching the jump. Out hunting there is no saying what may be the other side—it may be essential greatly to increase the length of the jump. A horse cannot do this at the last moment unless perfectly balanced.

Speaking merely from my own experience, therefore, my advice is to start schooling at a slow pace and keep it slow until the horse jumps with perfect confidence and balance out of a trot. When we are sure of this the pace can gradually be increased until the same perfection is reached at a good hunting pace.

Yours faithfully,
P. D. R.

West Chinnock,
Crewkerne, Somerset.

SALMON EXCITING

SIR,—Sometime since I had a curious experience when fishing for salmon, that I have never had before.

I was spinning with a single hook prawn and had just cast the bait. When it was falling and about 2ft. above the water an enormous body leapt half out and seized the bait in the air, and of course in falling back hooked itself firmly. The pool was full of very large rocks and my gillie said at once, "you mustn't give him an inch but reel him in and trust to your tackle, otherwise we shall lose him."

I did so, and the top of the rod nearly touched the reel, but everything held and I got him to the side of the punt where he slowly moved up and down its length. My gillie was sitting behind me with the water over his shoulder and felt the fish, and in a moment he was in the boat at my feet. Such a fine piece of gaffing I have never witnessed, as neither of us had seen him since his first and only jump.

Some hours after he turned the scales at just over 40lb. and a more shapely and fresh run fish one could not wish for. It is such an unusual experience that I shall be interested to hear if you or any of your readers have experienced anything of the same kind.

Yours faithfully,
A. L. ALLEN.

88, St. James's Street,
London, S.W.1.

JUST FOR FUN?

SIR,—In December, 1939, after a season that produced a magnificent apple crop, the Ministry of Agriculture issued leaflet No. 9 on "how to obtain better and bigger fruit crops."

Almost coincident with the arrival of the leaflet, this photograph was taken, in December. The tree is one of hundreds in a fruit growing district, bowed and broken under the weight of its crop, which nevertheless is left ungathered, to rot during the frosts of December and January. Much of it could have been stored, but was not, and although some of us "know all the answers," nothing can alter the fact that some hundreds of bushels were allowed to go to waste; in war-time. Possibly the Ministry of Agriculture might with advantage, examine the other end of the problem, the marketting end.

CYMRU.

Denewood, Cleeve Hill,
Near Cheltenham.

MR. MAIS ON THE FARM

SIR,—In the *Field* of December 30th you published an article by that "popular" author, Mr. S. B. P. Mais. Most of your readers will probably be more amused than annoyed by the petulant complaints of this "townee," who apparently lacks not only a sense of values, but a sense of humour. Mr. Mais says he is living on a farm, but not working on it. Just so. He is an outsider.

We grieve for him in the loss of his suburban comforts and amenities, and trust that it will not be long before he can return home and write more books about the countryside. But if he must live on a farm to do his war work, could he not apply for a transfer to Hoganorton, where the B.B.C. would, I am sure, allow him to tell us how to win the war—even with a plough.

Yours faithfully,
ROGER CHANCE.

Warborough Farm,
Letcombe Regis, Berks.

FALCONRY AT OXFORD

SIR,—An attempt is being made to form a Falconry Club at Oxford. Naturally we cannot obtain any young birds until late spring, but in the meantime we would like, if possible, to carry on with trained birds.

Would any falconer who, owing to the war, or for any other reason, wishes to dispose of some hawks, be so good as to communicate with me?

I should also be extremely grateful if you, Sir, could recommend a book on the subject of falconry.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. LEES.

Stafford House,
Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

[A good introduction to *Falconry* is the book of that name by Gilbert Blaine, published by A. & C. Black at 5/-.—ED.]

BILLIARDS EXHIBITION TO AID RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN'S FUND

SIR,—We are organising an exhibition of billiards antiquities at "Thurston's," Leicester Square, W.C.2, which will be opened at 4 p.m. on January 25th. A collection of this nature has never before been attempted and should prove of great interest to all billiard players. Many rare specimens of ancient tables, books, prints, maces, cue and other items of antiquarian interest will be shown. A catalogue and short history of the game is being prepared by Sir John Squire, which will be sold at the hall in aid of the Fund at 1/-.

Mr. S. Gillett, managing director of Messrs. Thurston's Ltd., is Chairman of the Exhibition Committee, and will be pleased to afford anyone any further information.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. BISSET,
Chairman.

511-512 Cecil Chambers West,
76 Strand, London, W.C.2.

ONLY A SMALL ONE
(See letter "Frightfulness in 1915")

FRIGHTFULNESS IN 1915

Sir,—I enclose a photograph of the most unusual sight of a German bomb in an English church, at East Bergholt, Suffolk, the village famous as the birthplace of the artist John Constable in 1776.

There is a tablet under the bomb which says: "This bomb is one of 40 or more dropped on our parish by a German airship, September 12th, 1915, yet no one injured, thank God."

It is to be hoped that no more of these terrible things will be dropped from the skies on to our peaceful countryside.

Yours faithfully,

Durham. A.M.

EGGS OF CRESTED TIT

Sir,—As there may possibly be some readers of the *Field* who will take seriously the absurd fable that the crested tits of Abernethy have been robbed year after year until the eggs are colourless and when hatched the young are weak, it is quite possible that Mr. A. H. B. Riviere believes this to be true. In fact, it is an old fable originally told of the buzzard and equally untrue of both species. I notice that the final passage in which it is stated that the collector was rewarded by a medal(!) is now omitted, as it has been proved that no medals have ever been given for taking eggs.

On one day I had the pleasure of inspecting eight nests of the crested tit quite recently, but did not take one of the 40 or 50 eggs contained in them. There was not a single egg which was not heavily marked with red: in fact, the eggs of this species are more heavily spotted than those of any other British tit.

In Mr. Moray Brown's rather complacent letter he admits taking single eggs from every species. Each egg thus taken means one bird less reared, so that if he has taken (say) 400 eggs, there are 400 fewer birds in every case except where (as in the guillemot) one is the full clutch. If he had taken one first laying of each species it would have been replaced in about 10–14 days, and there would have been no diminution of bird life. The only exceptions to the rule are about half-a-dozen species, but as Mr. Brown is obviously a very elementary collector he would be very unlikely to have met with them.

I do not hold any brief for the professional dealers, but in justice to them, may say that nearly all their trade consists in the purchase and importation of collections already made, and their re-sale. Even in the case of unscientifically collected eggs, such as those of Mr. Moray Brown, it is surely better that they should go to fill gaps in some schoolboy's collection than that they should go straight to the incinerator or waste paper basket.

It is unfortunate that such wild statements as those of Mr. Riviere should be made at a time when bird students of all kinds are trying to find a solution to the problem of how the interests of science and education and the birds themselves can be reconciled.

Yours faithfully,

Whitekirk, F. O. R. Jourdain.
Southbourne,
Bournemouth.

SCOTERS INLAND

Sir,—In a monograph on *The Birds of Alderley Edge and District* which I wrote on leaving Cheshire in 1923, I mentioned five drake and one duck common scoters on Radnor Mere, near Alderley, on April 10th, 1910, and one on the same water July 27th, 1919. The late Mr. T. A. Coward in *The Vertebrate Fauna of Cheshire*, published 1910, states that the common scoter has been noticed occasionally on inland waters in Cheshire, and quotes occurrences on three inland meres in that county in November 1889, October 1890, and April and September 1906.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, E. W. Hendy.
Porlock, Somerset.

BLACKSTONE EDGE ROAD

Sir,—I note with interest the letter and photograph referring to the "Roman" road over Blackstone Edge. Whilst the writer was very careful not to commit himself, I do not think he made perfectly clear the fact that it is not agreed absolutely, by the men who excel in historic investigation, that the actual stones we see to-day are definitely Roman.

Briefly, this is the position: Evidence on either side of Blackstone Edge points to important Roman camps which must have had means of communication. The road over Blackstone Edge fits that supposed line of communication perfectly. But the structure of the road has every similarity of construction with the packhorse routes of the seventeenth century. There is an exact replica of the "Roman" road within a mile, with the exception of width, and in the second case the width is limited by the particular conditions of the countryside. We know that this is a packhorse road.

The inference is, therefore, that a Roman road has probably existed over Blackstone Edge. The site was utilised in the seventeenth century by the packhorse traders, and the controversial centre groove is the same type of groove found in all well worn packhorse routes.

Yours faithfully,

138 Sandy Lane, Herbert C. Clinsol.
Rochdale, Lancs.

A RELIC OF "BODY-SNATCHING"

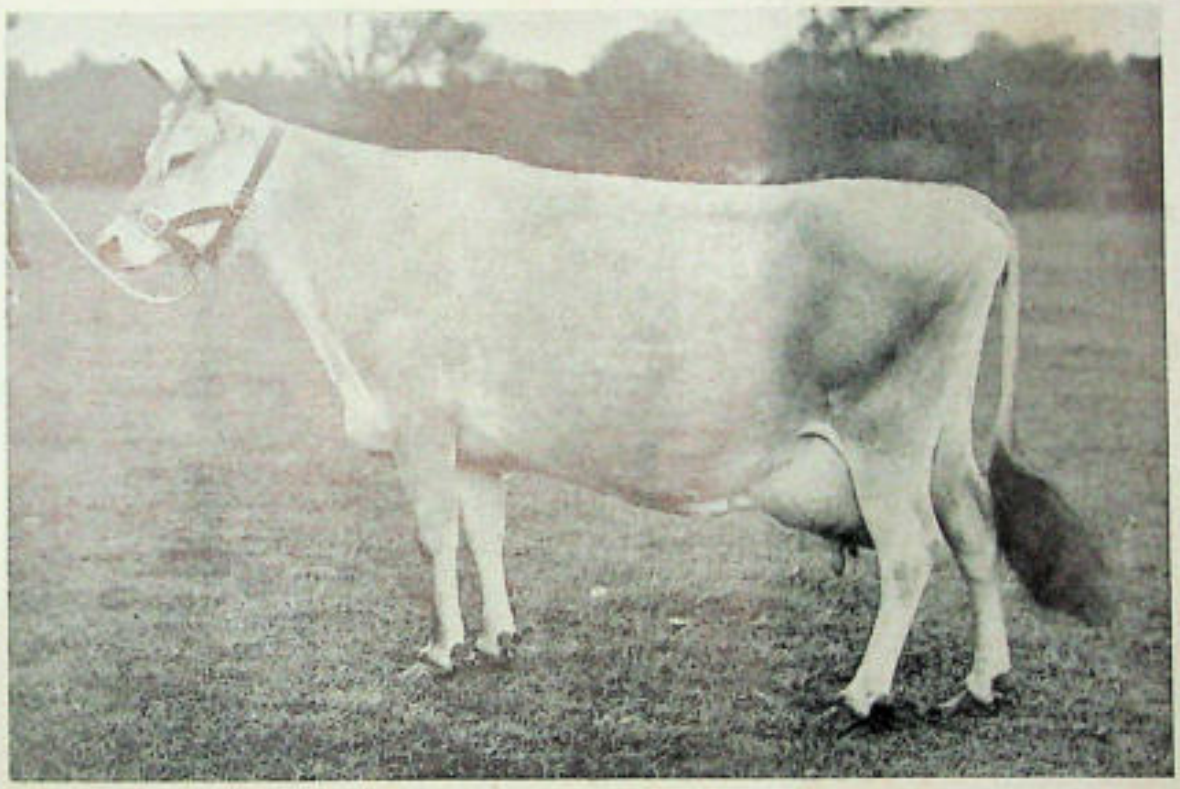
Sir,—The bad old days of the body-snatchers is recalled by the "resurrection stone" which has been restored recently to Pannal, Yorks, churchyard. The stone, which weighs over a ton, used to be hired out for two weeks at a fee of a guinea to prevent the stealing of newly interred corpses and their sale to hospitals and medical students for purposes of dissection. Since 1832, the stone has had a varied history as a sink, well cover, and cattle trough.

The inscription, now on the stone, states: "This stone was originally made to prevent body-snatching from this churchyard. About 1832 it was removed and made into a sink. It was returned to the church authorities and replaced by the Harrogate Group of the Yorkshire Archæological Society in 1938."

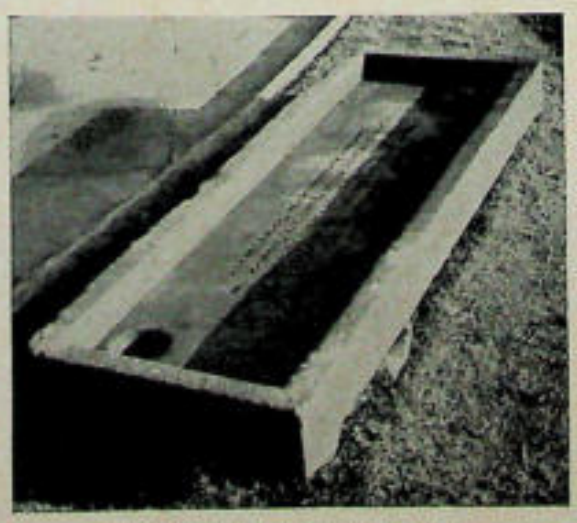
Yours faithfully,

J. A. Carpenter.

48, St. Catherine's Road,
Harrogate.



PEARCELAND'S EILEEN 10TH, A WINNER OF MANY GOLD MEDALS
(See letter "A Jersey Cow's Wonderful Record")



THE "RESURRECTION STONE"
(See letter "A Relic of 'Body-Snatching'")

A JERSEY COW'S WONDERFUL RECORD

Sir,—This Jersey cow, "Pearceland's Eileen 10th," recently completed a record of producing 21,707¾lb. of milk and 1,103·50lb. of butter-fat in 361 days, and no doubt she has achieved more in her lifetime than any other Jersey cow. She has won more gold medals for butter-tests than probably any other cow of any breed in the world. At just over eight years old she has won three medals of merit for lactation production of over 850lb. of butter-fat in each of three consecutive lactations, also 10 gold medals in butter-fat tests, including the championship gold medal over all breeds at the Royal Show, 1938.

She is the only Jersey to have won the supreme individual championship and Morrison Cup over all breeds at any London Dairy Show. This was at Earl's Court, 1938. She has also averaged over 15,000lb. of milk with her first five calves with a butter-fat average of over 5 per cent., also has stood third and fourth in large inspection classes. One of her sons, a yearling bull, was exported this year at the high figure of over 300 guineas.

She is owned by Mr. J. W. McCallum, Chartridge, Chesham, Bucks.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W.12. C. Hoskgood.

LEFT MASTER EYE

SIR,—As one who lost his right eye years ago, I advise "Perplexed" to have the stock of his gun altered to shoot from the left shoulder. Alteration of the triggers is unnecessary, as the writer used a gun made for right shoulder with the stock changed to "cast on" for left shoulder. It is far better than cross-eyed stocks in the writer's opinion.

Some little difficulty will arise at first in training the left forefinger in pulling the trigger, but the writer's suggestion is to practise *often* with dummy cartridges, indoors at nails or objects in a room, and outdoors at rooks, crows, starlings, etc.

The writer found after only one season he shot as well as ever at all game, walked or driven. It is merely a matter of co-ordinating eye, brain and finger on the opposite side.

"Perplexed" will probably shoot better after practice than he ever did before shooting from the right shoulder with his left being the master eye. Curiously enough, the writer's son, when quite a boy, imitated his father with toy guns, and later used a real gun in the same way, from left shoulder, yet used a rifle from the right in the last war equally as well though not so efficient in rapid fire owing to the position of the bolt on the rifle making the unlocking, loading and locking the bolt more difficult, these motions being arranged for the right-hand movement.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,

Mullaghmore House, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Ulster. — F. B. FORSTER. "Sabreur."

A TAME MARSH TIT

SIR,—The enclosed photographs may be of interest to your readers, for this marsh tit will come out of my woods every morning when I call him and fly up to my bedroom window—this is at my home, Witley, Surrey. In fact he has flown on to the handle of my grand-daughter's bicycle, when she has been riding on the lawns.

Yours truly,

Sunny Nook, Moor Lane, Budleigh Salterton, Devon. — H. DUNCAN STRATTON.

ANCIENT METHOD OF COOKING VENISON

SIR,—Sphagnum moss is known as wound dressing in modern times, but Highlanders once made use of it for cooking venison. A lot of venison might be required to feed the retainers of a chief and the guests at a great deer drive, so an oven was formed in the open and was lined with stones. A huge fire was built in and over the oven, and was kept going until the stones of the oven were about red-hot.

Sphagnum moss was now gathered, and the fire was raked aside to admit of a layer of the moss being placed on the hot stones. On this first layer of moss a layer of venison collops was placed, and so on until the oven was filled by alternate layers of moss and collops. Once again the ashes of the fire were raked over the oven, and more firing gathered; for the fire must be kept going, for twelve hours or more, over the oven.

When the oven is opened the venison is found perfectly cooked and tender, but of a white colour, owing to the absorbent nature of the moss, which also draws out that rank wild taste which the general public object to in venison.

Yours faithfully,

Perthshire. — D.M.

HYSTERIA IN DOGS

SIR,—My fox terrier, aged 5½ years, has had several attacks of hysteria, the two last occurring after an interval of a year between each.

These two last occurred after she had had biscuits containing meat.

I have noticed that as long as she has wholemeal biscuits, and very little meat, these attacks do not occur.

I should be interested to know if other people have had this experience.

Yours faithfully,

Oxley, Longdon Hill, Evesham. — R. STAVELEY HILL (Miss).

THE MINSTRELS' PILLAR

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a unique group of mediæval figures on the "Minstrels' Pillar" in Beverley Parish Church. This is a very fine building, which might be more famous if it were not overshadowed by the great Minster.

The nave is of the Perpendicular period and was apparently built at the costs of various guilds, families and individuals, each giving an arch or a pier, and so on. The names of some of these donors are recorded on shields borne by angels. The capitals are mostly plain, but the one nearest to the pulpit has a number of carved and coloured figures of minstrels standing with their instruments all round it. They include a harpist, drummer, piper, violinist and lute player. Their instruments have, unfortunately, been much mutilated, and some have disappeared altogether.

There seems to have been a Guild of Minstrels in Beverley from very early times, at least as far back as the reign of Athelstan; they were extremely prosperous in the 15th and 16th centuries, hence this substantial contribution to the great church.

Yours faithfully,

Mordiford, Hereford. — M. W.

AN ORCHESTRAL DECORATION
(See letter "The Minstrels' Pillar")

A MORNING VISITOR WHO MAKES HIMSELF QUITE AT HOME
(See letter "A Tame Marsh Tit")

WHERE ROBIN HOOD DIED
(See letter "A Village Sign")

A VILLAGE SIGN

SIR,—Although village signs are fairly numerous in the southern and eastern counties, very few are to be seen in the north of England. I am, however, enclosing a photograph of a beautiful one which I recently saw at Kirklees, near Brighouse, Yorkshire, a place intimately connected with the exploits of Robin Hood.

The sign is worked in mosaic and, appropriately enough, shows Robin Hood arrayed in his famous suit of Lincoln green about to send an arrow from his bow. It was to the nearby Kirklees Priory the famous outlaw went when ill and was treacherously bled to death by the abbess. On his death-bed Robin is said to have sent for his favourite henchman, Little John, and, taking up his bow, he asked that he should be buried at the place where the arrow alighted. The grave of Robin Hood can still be seen within the grounds of Kirklees Hall.

Yours faithfully,

Bolton le Sands, Lancs. — S. MOORHOUSE.

EARLY MALLARDS

SIR,—I thought it would interest some of your readers to hear that a clutch of nine mallard were seen here on December 14th. Two ducklings were captured and these have been given quarters next the kitchen stove. Every effort will be made to rear them, though this may well be difficult with no warm sun. The other seven have not been seen again and have almost certainly perished through cold and lack of food.

I should be interested to know if you have had many similar records of mallard nesting at this time of year. It seems very extraordinary that the eggs should have been successfully incubated during such wintry weather.

Yours faithfully,

How Hill, Ludham, Great Yarmouth. — M. R. BOARDMAN.

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

CATTISTOCK.—After being stopped more than a week by the frost which made the going quite impossible in this part of the country, the Cattistock were able to meet at Langdon Manor on Saturday, January 6th. There was a fair field out, and they were most hospitably entertained by Dr. Dupont, the new owner of Langdon, after which the home coverts were drawn. There was a brace in the lower wood, but scent was none too good, and the fog was so thick that it was very difficult to keep in touch with hounds. Later in the day, a second pilot from Pippsford withy-bed provided a pleasant gallop, but taken as a whole it was a disappointing day. On Monday when hounds met at Rampisham village much the same conditions obtained, and though a brace was marked to ground the huntsman told me that it was a disappointing day. Your correspondent was with the South Dorset that day, where much the same scenting conditions seemed to exist.

On Wednesday, however, there was a different story to tell. There had been a frost the night before, and the going, although a bit hard in some of the gateways, was on the whole good. Scent a bit catchy during the early part of the day, seemed to improve during the afternoon, with the result that the field, which numbered over twenty-five had what I consider the best day's sport this year. Certainly it was the best day that I have had. Hounds met at Upwey, and found their first fox in the withy-bed which lies close to Major Thoytes' garden. He gave us a sharp gallop down the valley towards Abbotsbury, but swung back towards his starting point, repeating the circle twice before finally beating hounds beyond Friar Waddon.

Then Gosden took his bitches to Corton, and finding a stout old dog fox in the big double hedge that lies below the farm buildings, laid them on the line and went away at top pace across the railway line. Leaving Dairyhouse coppice on their left, hounds ran hard toward Loscombe, but swung down the valley toward Hewish, and then recrossed the ridge and the railway. Scent must have been very good, for they crossed the Waddon Vale at top pace and ran up the hill on the other side at a pace that gave them a long lead on the field by the time Friar Waddon was passed. Crossing the Portisham road they drove on past Bronkham toward Martinstown, swinging right-handed round Duke's Gorse to Ashton Farm, where they were at fault on the sheep-foiled pasture. A lucky holloa from the road saved a lot of time, and hounds were soon driving on again toward Friar Waddon withy-bed.

Whether they changed there is doubtful, but I am inclined to think that the pilot that took us over the hill into the Waddon Vale again was the same one. He ran to the railway, turning left-handed there, and recrossing the valley past Upwey Wishing Well, to Lynes's Gorse, where hounds nearly had him; but he was a good fox and broke from the gorse valiantly, making a last attempt to save his brush by running down the ridge and trying to elude his pursuers in Mr. Male's gardens at Upwey House, where he was finally killed, after a capital hunt. It had lasted two hours and a quarter—much of it very fast. It was a very good performance, both by hounds and Gosden, who in spite of the fact that he was handicapped by having a new whipper-in, who did not know the country or the hounds, handled his pack brilliantly throughout the day.

LINCOLN.

BADSWORTH.—After meeting at Sykehouse Village hounds drew Tideworth Haig, where several foxes were afoot, one being killed after 20 minutes covert hunting. At Smith's Gorse a fox went away, pointing for Fishlake Village, where swinging left-handed the pack ran by Fishlake Whin and along the canal bank but were run out of scent after a fast 20 minutes.

From Fishlake Whin a fox went away towards Fishlake Village, but bending right-handed hounds ran parallel with the canal. The fox was viewed crossing the canal by the bridge, and hounds ran on through Kirkhouse Whin. Crossing the railway and Sykehouse Road, and leaving Woodcock Spinny on the right, they ran through Fenwick, across the Moss-Fenwick Road and through Shaw Wood. Bearing sharp to the right hounds crossed the road, and ran parallel with the railway, crossing it and the river near Topham Ferry. They hunted on through Balne Long Wood nearby to Stubbs' Gorse, then swung left-handed, parallel with the Doncaster-Selby Road, as if for the Fenwick Coverts.

Bearing right-handed, however, over the Askern-Sykehouse Road above Moss Station, the hunt continued on to Black Plantation then going away from it hounds ran by Heywood Village. They turned left-handed back into Black Plantation, and after some covert hunting ran to Shirley Pool, where they again swung left-handed through Heywood Village, to be stopped just short of the Askern Road when pointing for Fenwick, after a splendid hunt of 2½ hours with a furthest point of just over five miles. B.

DEVON, SOUTH.—When dawn broke on the second day of the new year the bone still remained in the ground after many days of frost, and the chance of being able to hunt on the open moor was decidedly remote. Hounds, nevertheless, made the journey to Corndonford Farm, and the few venturesome spirits who accompanied them were rewarded with a brilliant gallop when the pack was taken to Riddon Ridge. On its western slope, in the new planting overhanging the East Dart, above Snail's House, hounds pushed up a fox, and setting off up the valley towards Bellever Bridge swung right-handed to Riddon Mire by Pizwell Cot. Bearing to the right again they skirted the Mire and galloping hard southwards, came to the enclosures of White's Babeny, plunged into the cold Dart, and began their invasion of Dartmoor territory as they crashed into Brimpts Plantation.

Near the north-east corner came a welcome check, which let up the field, after which the line was recovered towards Laughter Tor. Hounds held this well on their right as they inclined right to the top end of Dunnabridge Bog, raced to Cherrybrook Bridge, crossed the stream below it, and entered Gester Gorse. An unjumpable wall and a locked gate here caused some delay as the pack, after a momentary pause, went on to the banks of the West Dart where, after 48 minutes, they were found baying their fox in the famous otter holts below Prince Hall. The distance covered was about eight miles, the farthest point 3¼ miles and the wind S.E.

After a longish jog back to South Devon country hounds roused a fox under Yar Tor, and earthed him in Sherril Gorse in a matter of seven minutes. He elected to bolt, and, after a moment of indecision, turned back through the gorse, and led over the Wallabrook into Babeny Brakes. Here hounds swam the Dart, and returning to it, after a sharp ring in Brimpts pulled their fox down in mid-stream to crown a memorable moorland day and earn their first laurels in 1940. "RALLYWOOD."

DORSET, SOUTH.—So far it has been a disappointing week for the South Dorset. Hounds met at Piddletrenthide Manor on Monday, January 8th, where a good-sized field enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Turner. It was a beautiful day—too beautiful in fact to expect much scent—but it was good to be out again after being tied up with frost since Boxing Day. There was a fox in Church Bottom, but hounds got away badly, and nothing much resulted, as they ran out of scent within half a mile. King Grove produced a pilot, but again there was not a vestige of scent, and hounds could not run for any distance. About one-thirty, however, they found a fox in Lovelace's Gorse and, scent having improved, the field were kept on the move for an hour, hounds finally marking their quarry to ground in the same covert in which he had been found.

On Thursday, when the fixture was scheduled for the Blue Vinny Inn at Puddletown, bad conditions put all chance of hunting out of the question. A. H. H.

QUORN.—The Quorn managed to snatch a couple of days between what little thaw there was and the frost that has now "set in" again; Monday, January 8th, at Grimston and Tuesday on the forest side at Oaks Church. It was only just fit to hunt, nothing to hurt the hounds, but the going in places was pretty bad. Although whips were cracked around Grimston Gorse foxes managed to make good their escape. Old Dalby Wood held several foxes and after hunting through Thorny Hollow and the nearby coverts for half an hour hounds reduced their number by one—Bridget's was blank and the order was given for home.

There was still a lot of bone in the ground on Tuesday, however, but quite an enjoyable morning was spent. A fox from Gisborn's Gorse took hounds over the heath towards Bardon Wood and then went back on to Warren Hill where they managed to get hold of him—a great big old forest fox. The master made the remark that he was one of the biggest foxes he had ever seen and George followed up by saying that it was the largest he had ever handled. The old boy had held all his teeth. While they were breaking him up there was a holloa at Burrow Wood, horses were quickly mounted and hounds soon led the line off hunting fox through Cat Hill over the Roughs by Gisborn's nearly up to the Forest Rock Hotel before turning right-handed back into Charnwood where they lost him. It was bitterly cold and after Charley Spinnies had been drawn blank, hounds went home.

SCARLET RUNNER.

SCOTTISH HOUSE BEAGLES.—Hounds met at Kincairney Cross Roads on December 20th to finish the season. The regiment greatly appreciates the kindness of farmers, landowners and shooting tenants, over whose land hounds have hunted, particularly Mrs. Cox, of Gourdie, Major Richmond, of Kincairney, and Mr. Mercer Nairn, of Meikleour, who have provided so much help and hospitality. It is hoped that many have enjoyed both seeing and hearing the hounds. During the season, hounds have been out on 19 days, and have killed 16 hares; the three most outstanding days being: (1) Kincairney Cross Roads, reported in the *Field* on November 4th, 1939, when a hare was hunted 65 minutes and killed in the open; (2) Meikleour, on October 27th when, after a first-class hunt of one hour and ten minutes, the hare took to the water and swam down the middle of the river Isla, with with whole pack swimming only 10yds. behind; (3) The final meet at Kincairney Cross Roads, when the first hare was killed on the lawn at Kincairney House after a fast hunt. The second hare was caught in the open, and it is probable that the third would have been accounted for if darkness had held off for another 15 minutes.

S. H. B.

SCARTEEN (BLACK AND TANS).—This is the story of a December day which is worth recounting. Hounds began by chopping a fox in Ballinamona covert. Going quickly away with another, they ran round the bog towards Herbertstown, and crossing the Herbertstown-Knocklong road ran to the banks of the Comogue river. Continuing along the edge of the river for some time, they crossed it into the Limerick country. Passing Gortachuna and Ragamus as if Knockderk was their point, the pack turned left-handed, ran up Knockaney hill, and came down into Kilballyowen. Running through the place and covert without delay, they crossed the Mullins trench, and marked their fox to ground in a shore on the point-to-point course, just short of Bruff. This was a good hunt of 55 minutes, over a fine country, with about a five-mile point.

Kilteely was the next draw. Going away sooner than usual, the fox crossed the road by the back of the village towards Wonder Hill, but turning right-handed over the Kilteely-Dromkeen road, he ran along the valley for a bit before turning over Knockroe. It looked as if Derk was his point, but being headed the fox turned sharp back right-handed to cross the Carrykettle-Kilteely road at Cool House and then the valley up to Cromhill. Not entering any of the coverts here he ran down to Ballyvistea Creamery, and crossing the road faced for Scragg. Then going along the valley almost as far as the Abbey the fox turned over the Knockaunavoher-Ballyvistea road and went on through Duncommin and Ballingrana to within a mile of Emly village. Turning right-handed again he crossed the Emly-Ballyvistea road, and ran almost to Oldtown bog, where scent failed. This hunt was nine miles as hounds ran, and the whole day's sport was over beautiful country. S.

TIPPERARY.—Hounds excelled themselves after meeting at Laffan's Bridge. As usual, the railway gorse provided a fox, but he ran to the Red Bog, and escaped near Spring Hill. A really bold customer was then found in Cathaganstown. Described by those who saw him as being the size of a hound, he broke at the lower end with the pack hard on his brush. At a great pace he led to the Moyglass road, over the railway and up to Knockforlagh, where he turned along the hill for the railway gorse. With hardly a moment's delay hounds pushed him out at the bottom side and, crossing the railway at Laffan's Bridge, raced across Helen's Park to the Holy Well.

There was a short check here, and the pace was slower as hounds hunted across Rathmooly, to

A Meet of the Vine at the Old House, Wolverton, near Kingsclere

A GROUP INCLUDING MRS. J. H. WALFORD (THE MASTER), MAJOR H. C. BOOTH (FIRST WHIPPER-IN), MR. H. G. WATSON (HON. SECRETARY), AND H. GOULD (HUNTSMAN).

PART OF THE FIELD, WHICH INCLUDED A NUMBER OF YOUNG FOLLOWERS, MOVING OFF AFTER THE MEET.

FOLLOWING THE SCOTTISH HORSE BEAGLES. ON 19 DAYS THESE BEAGLES ACCOUNTED FOR 16 HARES

Roan House and the Killenaule road, close to Mortlestown. They crossed the road and pointed for Blackmore but, leaving the covert a field to the right the pack carried the line over the brook towards Kilkennybeg. Here the pack seemed to be defeated, but a clever cast by Mrs. Masters set them going once more in the direction of Ballylusky. Turning right-handed, they crossed the road a mile short of the village, and pointed for Drangan. Another right incline suggested that Spike might be the fox's point, but, despising this stronghold, he carried straight on over the Fethard-Drangan road towards Kylenagarrana.

Hounds were evidently gaining rapidly as, at an increasing pace, they swept the strongly fenced country to the Cloneen road. Without checking they carried on over Kylenagarrana and, close behind their fox, dropped into Priestown Glen. Fresh foxes were at once afoot and, with every horse dead-beat, Mrs. Masters had no alternative but to stop hounds. So ended a great hunt of 2 hours 40 minutes, with a nine-mile point. The total distance as hounds ran was a full 15 miles, and until the end it is certain that they did not change. A finer performance by huntsman and hounds would be hard to find.

On New Year's Day the meet was at Condon's Cross and hounds drew Knockovan, whence on a fair scent they ran fast to the point-to-point course. Turning below Giant's Grave, they ran back to Knockovan, where they pulled their fox down after a sharp 30 minutes. Another was soon afoot in Donegal, and he was hunted over good country to Westgrove House and Poulmucca, before he found an open earth when pointing for Barona.

Scent was bad when the pack met at Cammas Bridge on January 4th. From Clewen hounds ran slowly through Ardnayle to Boherlan, where they were defeated. Another Clewan fox found a shore near the main road, and the day ended with a slow hunt from Ballinamona towards Cammas Bridge.

A pleasing feature of the past few weeks has been the presence of many old supporters on Christmas leave from nearly all branches of the forces. Everyone wishes them good luck and a speedy return.

T. C. V.

FOR AND AGAINST THE SNAFFLE

THERE is a saying that . . . "only a fool, an Irishman or both, would hunt a horse in a snaffle bridle." This is both right and wrong, but the correspondent to a leading sporting paper, who recently wrote therein that the snaffle should be used in perference to all other bits, was most certainly the latter. Perhaps he may have got this idea from seeing a number of snaffles among bits used by members of the present-day hunting field, but surely that is largely due to the fact that so many followers now are reduced to "doing" their own horse or not hunting at all. And these may well be excused the extra time and trouble that cleaning a double bridle and curb chain necessitates.

I certainly do not mean that the snaffle is without its uses, for it is a bit that is an essential part of every tack room equipment, and the Irishman shows his good sense by using it almost exclusively in his own country. There, the very nature of the obstacles that must be crossed in the course of a hunt call out for it. By far the most successful way of negotiating a bank is by leaving the horse's head severely alone, and as one can imagine the snaffle is ideal for this purpose. It is only a clever horse that can jump a Wexford "narrow back," and the slightest touch of the bit rein at the wrong moment might just upset the animal's balance and end in disaster.

In the same way the huge crumbling "doubles," or the big banks and wide ditches to be found in other parts of Ireland, often provide the unexpected. Then it is only the horse that has complete freedom of head and neck who can scramble over without accident, when part of the bank gives way under him. Here with the best hands and will in the world, the horseman, himself unbalanced by the unexpected lurch of the animal under him, might put too much pressure on the curb rein and bring his horse down. Martingales likewise are best left at home when hunting in Ireland.

There is also another way in which the snaffle comes into its own, and that is when riding a young horse with hounds in any country. Then the rider is anyhow taking his time, more anxious to teach the youngster the rudiments of jumping and behaviour than watch the progress of the hunt. It is important above all things to give the horse courage, and as long as he negotiates the fence successfully it is enough; perfect performance can be obtained later. And it is this very fact that the horse who has only a snaffle in his mouth cannot be hurt and frightened when he makes the inevitable mistakes and unorthodox landings over a fence, which goes to prove its use. For on these occasions the best of horsemen might find it difficult not to give the animal's mouth a jab with a more severe bit.

Now it must be the ambition of every hunting man and woman to ride only a collected and well-balanced horse over a big English country, but with very few exceptions no hunter can be either of these things in a snaffle bridle. The reason is briefly this; the action of a snaffle is not as quick and sharp as that with a Pelham, double bridle or any other severer type of bit, and so cannot have the same effect. It is not force, but a gentle feel on the bit rein that brings a horse's weight back on to his hocks before he takes off, thereby giving him the best advantage possible for the take off, so necessary when faced with any sort of cut and laid, timber or oxrail. It is here that the snaffle fails. If the going is deep the balanced horse has every advantage over the unbalanced one, whose forelegs are deep in mud and most of his weight on them. So great an emphasis did one well-known hunting man place on this question of balance, that he was heard to say, "always stop your horse and start again when galloping across a field between fences to be sure he is balanced." And this same sportsman had not only crossed the biggest country in England all his life, but he had done so in front, he had fewer falls than anyone else, and never rode any of his horses in a snaffle.

Ah! says the critic, but what about the horses that race over National Hunt fences with only the merest apology for a snaffle in their mouths. The answer is that a balanced collected horse would lose speed at every fence, besides which he has no need to be. The take off is always smooth turf with regulation fence and ditch, or ditch and fence, beyond. There is no sticky and deep plough on the take off side, no undefined ditch to trap them, and no tall bullfinches, rabbit holes or other obstacles to be avoided when jumping. Here a balanced horse is needed to negotiate these difficulties without falling.

One of the strongest points that the snaffle enthusiasts bring forward is the question of hands. Bad hands, they say, should never be allowed to use anything but a snaffle bridle. I would like to add that really bad hands, the type that takes a clinch early on in the day which is never relaxed, does just as much harm to a horse's mouth with a snaffle as any other bit. With the latter the horse resents the heavy hand with such vigour that the rider must needs relax his grip on the bit rein. Bad hands are bad for every horse's mouth, the snaffle is no remedy. I have had a pony's mouth ruined by a heavy handed stable lad, who took a tight hold as he left the stable yard and retained it throughout exercise, his instrument of ruin being the lightest of watering snaffles. Nothing makes the mouth go dead quicker than this.

Equitation specialists say never drop your horse's head as he approaches a fence, good advice which is far easier to attain with a bit than with a snaffle. Also out hunting the rider often has cause to pull up or turn quickly, especially when there is the danger of an unmarked piece of wire, or even rabbit holes In these cases accident is only avoided if complete, and instant control is exercised which is often only possible when bits other than a snaffle are used. The horse with only a snaffle bit is apt to carry on for a stride or two before pulling up.

And then there are the exceptions which go to prove the rule. There are horses, how one wishes there were more of them, that have such natural balance combined with a good mouth, that it is as easy to hunt them in any type of country in a snaffle as any other bit so instantly do they respond to the slightest feel on the rein. But it is well to remember that it is perfect balance that is the important factor here, there are many horses with good mouths, but if they have not also got natural balance they are not perfect rides in a snaffle.

But when all is said and done, who knows that post-war days may not find us riding unclipped horses with the most unorthodox rateatcher on our backs, and equipped like every true Irish rough rider with an ash-plant and a snaffle. Even this will not matter as long as hunting and the spirit of the chase remains.

IRISH GORSE.

THE "GENTLEMAN FARMER"

The following appeared in a well-known daily:

"Your serious farmer takes a gun to the foxes. It is only the self-styled 'gentleman' farmer, swaggering around on horseback, who will attempt to curry favour with the local aristocracy by sending for the hunt when a fox is on his land."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

I DO not know whose brain conceived the modern shooting school. But whoever it may have been rightly calculated that his enterprise would prove to be as beneficial to elderly gentlemen as to their offspring. The best game shots, in fact, are the first to admit how much they owe to a few hours practice at clay birds before the opening of a shooting season. For, whatever his proficiency, no man would dare to boast so high a standard that further instruction was superfluous. Even in theory few can claim to know all that may be learnt; none, it is certain, would care to assert their ability to translate invariably successfully that theory into practice.

Besides, the personal equation is not the only one. There is the question of the fit of guns. We are inclined to forget that with increasing age our physical capacities undergo a change. The spirit may be just as willing, but eyesight is not a constant factor; we may be imperceptibly slower and the least thing more muscle-bound than we were last year. Here it is that the trained assistants of the shooting school prove invaluable.

People sometimes complain that they are expensive centres of shooting education. Granted that if you are going to loose off 500 cartridges a day for a solid fortnight you will spend a bit of money. But this is quite unnecessary. For very often a man's fault lies not in want of dexterity, or even careless alignment or elevation, but simply in some physical deterioration which can be alleviated, if not eliminated altogether, by some trifling alteration to the cast-off of his gun.

Of course, inanimate objects can scarcely be expected to behave like animate creatures, but the ingenuity of the present-day directors of shooting schools contrives that they approximate as closely as possible. Every type of shot imaginable is provided for. You can walk in line through rough cover, in which a variety of traps is concealed. Clay pigeons fly out left, right and centre; and then a brace get up behind your back. They whizz off low, like suddenly-startled coveys; they come from angles least expected; they skim over low hedges and, propelled from a tower, sail off above the tallest trees.

For anyone who aspires to use two guns the shooting school is the place to learn their handling to the best advantage, and if it is not the only place to cultivate good habits there is no better for the curing of bad ones. It is certainly not too much to say that the man who takes a short "refresher" course will probably drop straight into form on the first day of the season, and even shoot better by reason of his confidence that his guns are as suited to his physical peculiarities as human ingenuity can make them.

But (may I whisper into youthful ears) guns will not long remain so if they are neglected. Many youngsters nowadays, keen as they may be in the field, do not show a like alacrity about the more tedious side of shooting. At the end of a day guns are handed over to the keeper and that is all about it. To my old-fashioned way of thinking this is wrong, for the youth who starts at the very bottom of the ladder by looking after his gun himself, usually makes the best sportsman in the long run. So I will not apologise for offering a few hints which to many readers will seem elementary.

First and foremost, make sure that you have the requisite "tools"; two cleaning rods, a wire brush, gauzes, cloths and a supply of tow, Rangoon oil and petroleum jelly. But never leave oil clogging any part of the mechanism; on the other hand, never put a gun away bone dry after cleaning. Every portion of the "action" and the exterior, from the heel of the stock to the ribs of the barrel, should be wiped with an oily rag so that it is just moist to the touch before the gun is put into its case. Never allow the fingers to touch the barrels or mechanism when finishing off; always hold them with a cloth, and always see that the weapon is put away in a dry place. A toothbrush or a feather soaked in oil will reach all those intricate parts of mechanism which are too minute to be treated adequately by the fingers.

A gun is an expensive toy, and one that should be treated with respect. It should not, for instance, be used for prodding your way through bramble bushes or knocking wounded rabbits on the head. Nor is it just an instrument of use which, when temporarily laid aside, may hobnob in the bottom of the car with a pair of nailed shooting-boots and a soaking mackintosh. If you want your gun to serve you, as it will for many years, you must look after it, and in so doing, you will, so to speak, make friends with it, to its better handling in the field, a great deal quicker than you will if you never open the breech except to load it from one year's end to another.

Barrels are dented (and repairs may be a costly business) by careless handling when going through gateways or by leaving a gun at lunch-time propped unevenly against a cottage wall. For the same reason guns should be encased when travelling by rail or in a car. During a heavy day's shooting the barrels should be scoured now and then with a pull-through (carry two or three bits of rag for the purpose in the pocket) and this process should always be repeated after the last beat. This prevents severe fouling remaining in the barrels for possibly some hours before the weapon can be properly cleaned. Carry also a rag or an extra handkerchief to dry the barrels and locks on a wet day, especially at lunch-time—when for an hour or so the damp, if neglected, will have time to eat into the mechanism. Take special care that the crevices on either side of the ribs are dried carefully, for drops of moisture almost indiscernible are apt to cling.

These may seem trifling details, and I am not suggesting that a soaking will hurt any gun which is thoroughly cleaned before being put away. But it is a fact that eventually, though it may take a long time, these tiny erosions, dents and what not shorten the life of a gun and with a little care they are preventable. When a lockspring suddenly goes during the first beat of a day, and you are out of action for the rest of it, to your own chagrin and your host's annoyance, it is not very consoling to think that possibly the defect may be due to your neglect of your weapon.

GUNS IN ACTION IN A WOOD DURING A PHEASANT SHOOT IN WORCESTERSHIRE

HISTORIC LANDMARKS PRESERVED BY GOLF

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

IN a previous article I gave a brief outline of the various stages marking the gradual evolution of the golf clubhouse from rude primitive shelters to the present palatial structures. There is yet another angle of approach to this clubhouse question. It is not always appreciated that golf has often been the means, both directly and indirectly, of preserving mansions of great historic interest.

One of the tragedies of this transitional age is that so many of our noble houses are either standing desolate or being demolished. It is as if the last lovely murmurs of a more gracious age are dying away. Yet, here and there, we find rambling mansions, in which few men can now afford to live and die, being brought to life, and those great halls, which have known the tragedies and triumphs of old families, re-echoing to the clink of glasses and the convivial repartee of a golfers' smoking-room or lounge.

I sometimes imagine that those heraldic beasts supporting their ancestral shields in these halls, whilst looking surprised at the change, must nevertheless nod with autocratic approval when they think what might otherwise have been their fate.

As an instance, take the delightful mansion headquarters of the Lancaster Golf Club at Ashton Hall. Here, amidst picturesque surroundings, weary golfers may take their ease in one of the noblest clubhouses in England, and although much of the present building is comparatively modern, the mellow atmosphere of centuries is still preserved in the tower at the south wing which is part of the original Hall. It contains a most interesting room.

Tradition avers that many centuries ago one of the lords of the Hall began to doubt the fidelity of his spouse. True to that age, the suspicion was translated into harsh action. Whenever he had occasion to travel far afield, this gallant knight would imprison his wife in this small chamber until his return. Unfortunately, one excursion proved longer than usual, and the unhappy woman was found starved to death.

From that hour a curse was believed to rest upon the Hall, for, not only was her ghost supposed to wander about the scene of the tragedy, but the male line of succession was predicted to fail. By a coincidence the last-named happened, and for several generations the estate passed through the female line. Ashton Hall can, therefore, claim to be, perhaps, the only clubhouse possessing both a curse and a ghost.

The club, however, has several other interesting links with the past. One is the race-track laid out by the eighth Duke of Hamilton, traces of which can still be seen on the golf course. The Duke's zest for breeding racehorses was far-famed, and there is a tradition that a wager between him and Anthony St. Leger resulted in the first St. Leger being run over this course; although, personally, I was always under the impression that the race came into existence one autumn day in 1775 at the Red Lion in Doncaster, when Anthony St. Leger suggested to the company present that a race over two miles should be run on the Town Moor for a sweepstake of 25 guineas each.

Another fine example of a mansion clubhouse is to be found at Templenewsam, in Leeds, but, before describing its many claims to historic interest, I should like to pay tribute to the magnificent part this Yorkshire town has played in the furtherance of municipal golf. Its courses are virtually the home of this type of golf, and it is interesting to learn how they came into existence.

The first seeds were sown on May 20th, 1914, when the Parks Committee passed a resolution requesting the superintendent and Dr. A. Mackenzie to obtain estimates for the laying-out of a nine-hole municipal course. An estimate for £200 was eventually accepted, and April 1915 saw the course ready for play. The war, however, upset plans, and, like to-day, when as much land as possible has to be put under the plough, the course had to be sacrificed.

After the Armistice, work restarted and the course was officially opened in June, 1922. Since that date the other courses have come into existence, and the extent of their popularity can be gauged from statistics compiled up to early Spring last season, which revealed that some 744,000 tickets had been issued, representing some £71,000.

The name Templenewsam is derived from its connection with the Knights Templar, it being one of the Preceptories of the Order. Perhaps not so commonly known is the fact that it was the scene chosen by Sir Walter Scott for the combat between Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert and the Disinherited Knight in *Ivanhoe*, and is named Templestowe.

The mansion originally belonged to a certain Darcy, who, becoming involved in a conspiracy against Henry VIII, was tried, found guilty, and duly executed. The property then became the estate of the king's niece, the Countess of Lennox. The present mansion house has been rebuilt since those days, but it is believed to include the room where the Countess's son, the tragic Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, was born.

Historians may argue as to whether Mary, Queen of Scots, really loved Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, but golfers are perhaps more interested in the fact that the sole child of her marriage with Darnley was responsible for the introduction of the game to the South when he became James I of England.

There are, of course, many other mansion clubhouses worthy of mention, such as Prestongrange House, the headquarters of the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club. I had occasion to be present at their club dinner last season, and I thought then if any mansion had history written all over its stones, then Prestongrange House was surely one. Yet I was unable to obtain any definite details as to its early history. My immediate neighbour declared that he thought it had originally been a monastery, and that an old mulberry tree in the grounds had been planted by the monks, but this theory was later contradicted by an ex-Provost of the Burgh who was positive that the monastery had occupied another site. If that be so, then more's the pity, for such a beginning would be in perfect harmony with its appearance. Maybe one day some local Musselburgh historian will enlighten me on this point.

One of the most picturesque clubs with many historic links is Brookmans Park, in Hertfordshire. At one time this park consisted of two estates and two manors, Brookmans and More Hall. The latter during the reign of Henry VIII was occupied by Sir John More, father of the celebrated Sir Thomas More, and certain authorities declare that his *Utopia* was written there. It is also claimed that Holbein's first work in this country—the More family group—was painted in More Hall.

The centuries-old Brookmans Manor was burned down about fifty years ago, whereupon the Gaussen family altered the extensive stable buildings so as to serve as the mansion, which in turn has now become the golf clubhouse.

Another delightful clubhouse is Effingham Manor. History remembers Effingham as the manor which gave its name to the first Lord Howard, Henry VIII's High Admiral, and his celebrated son, the second Lord Howard of Effingham. Efforts to connect this manor with these distinguished men have so far failed through lack of definite proof, but the richly carved mantelpiece in the smoking-room may well date from the days of this famous commander of the Ark Royal.

The past of the Shrub Hill Golf Club at Chestfield Manor, however, is more easily verified, for when the Domesday Survey of 1084 was compiled, it recorded the fact that Chestfield Manor was held by Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, the half-brother of William the Conqueror. Authoritative sources place the present clubhouse as dating from the reign of Edward II.

Apart from golf being instrumental in the preservation of such interesting mansions, there are countless other instances of historic landmarks being saved from disappearance through being within the policy of a golf course. A classic example is to be seen at St. Augustine's Club in Ebbsfleet. Close to the clubhouse can be seen a runic cross in stone. It is claimed that the site thus marked is the place where St. Augustine reluctantly landed in A.D. 697 with orders to convert the Anglo-Saxons.

Further on the course itself, near to the fifth green, is St. Augustine's Well. According to tradition this spring of water appeared miraculously to slaken the thirst of the saint. Be that as it may, what is certain is that every year the Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, visits this site as Bishop-Knight, and with all due ceremony drinks the water, being followed in turn by other officials of the College.

Then close to the home green is St. Augustine's Oak Tree, which is supposed to mark the place where King Ethelbert received the missionaries. Actually, this site is uncertain, as about a century ago the original tree fell and the place was not marked. Consequently, when the present oak tree was planted just before the last war a certain amount of guess-work had to be used. But, it is not too much to say that these landmarks, and others similar, would have been lost long ago had it not been for the saving grace of our golf courses.

AMERICA'S BEST: THE TEAM OUR GOLF PROFESSIONALS WOULD HAVE MET.

In the absence of this year's fixture, cancelled owing to the war, members of America's Ryder Cup team enter for the Miami 10,000-dollar open golf tourney. Left to right: Victor Ghezzi (Deal, N.J.), Ralph Guldahl (Madison, N.J.), Jimmy Hines (Great Neck, L.I.), Dick Metz (Chicago, Ill.), Harold McSpaden (Winchester, Mass.), Paul Runyan (White Plains, N.Y.), Horton Smith (Chicago, Ill.), Sam Snead (White Sulphur Springs, W.Va.), Henry Picard (Hershey, Pa., National P.G.A. Champion), Byron Nelson (Reading, Pa., U.S. Open Champion).

AN ORCHARD GRASSED DOWN AT EAST MALLING RESEARCH STATION

The tree on the right has been moved recently and is suffering. Note the diagonal stake to keep it firm in the ground

CULTIVATING AN ORCHARD WITH A BRISTOL TRACTOR AND DISC HARROWS

CULTIVATIONS VERSUS GRASS IN ORCHARD MANAGEMENT

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

FOR years growers have argued as to the best methods of soil management in the orchard. Some have insisted on clean cultivation, year in and year out, while others have claimed that properly managed grass gives the best results, especially in the case of dessert varieties of apples. The answer is, of course, that there is no best method, but that systems must adapt themselves to the conditions of soil, climate, type of tree and stock on which the tree is grafted.

There is no doubt that where soils are shallow and lacking in soil moisture, the practice of clean cultivation is ideal. In counties where the rainfall is high and where the land is of a heavy type that holds moisture readily, the grass orchard is definitely preferable. On the mid-between soils where the trees seem to make a fair amount of wood and yet the fruit does not colour sufficiently freely, the grass strip method should be adopted.

There is no reason why any hard and fast rule should be laid down and it may be necessary for the grower to alter the system adopted so as to suit the age and growth of the trees in his plantations.

When trees are young open cultivation is advisable except, of course, in the case of standard trees definitely planted in grass. It is necessary for the trees to build up a strong skeleton of branches on which the heavy crops later on can be borne. Several years later when the trees are growing well and it is necessary to check extensive growth and to bring the trees into full bearing, grassing down may be resorted to. Grassing should never be resorted to until the trees are well established for it does give them a severe check.

In the autumn the fruitgrower should concentrate on cultivating as deeply as possible *without* injury to the roots. The ploughing should be done towards the trees and bushes, as if to earth them up. This leaves a furrow down the centre of the rows which helps to carry the excess surface moisture away. It must be remembered that the spread of the roots is always greater than that of the branches, and so as the trees get older it is only possible to plough sufficiently deeply so as to turn in the weeds and rubbish—and no more.

There are special fruit farm ploughs of full size, yet light enough to be drawn by one horse. Such a plough has a movable head and movable handles and is drawn by a chain attached to the beam. This system enables both the man and the horse to walk three or four feet to the side of the plough and thus the work can be done closer up to the branches of the trees than would otherwise be possible. By ploughing close up to the trees, the actual width of the strip in the tree rows that has to be dug by hand is reduced to a minimum.

At the present time there are tractors specially converted for use on fruit farms. They are used with a Y.L. three-furrow Ransome plough and allow the land to be ploughed right up to the tree stems. The tractor should always have miller wheels so as to prevent wheel-slip, and the packing of the soil. Miller wheels allow the land to be ploughed at times when ordinary wheels would make it impossible. They prevent wheel-slip on the greasiest headland and it is here on the fruit farm that the greatest loss of time so often results.

It is most important to carry out autumn and early winter cultivations at the right time. To plough, or to attempt to work really heavy clay when the soil is wet, only results in making it stickier and more untractable. Autumn cultivation should leave the ground rough for weathering by the cold winds, frost and rain. It is then in a friable condition and ready to be worked in the spring.

DIGGING IN THE STRIPS BETWEEN THE TREES

These are the strips the plough cannot touch

Quite a good tip for a driver of a tractor is to attach a bamboo cane painted white to the radiator and adjust it so that one end nearly touches the branches of the trees in the row. It is easy for this end to be seen and this acts as a guide and ensures that the machine is driven the right distance away.

In the summer the land in between the rows may be cultivated regularly by disc harrows or by spring-toothed harrows. Such regular cultivations should aim at controlling weeds and keeping a dust mulch. In addition it will be necessary in the tree rows themselves to carry out two or three hand hoeings during the season. It is customary, however, to cease this summer work about July so as to allow a crop of summer weeds to spring up and use the surplus soil moisture. These weeds help in the colouring of the fruit and provide useful organic matter for ploughing in in the autumn.

Where the trees are planted on the square system it is possible to clean the land adequately by cultivating both ways, with the result that there is only a small patch of soil around each tree left for hand work. The modern tractors, both the Caterpillar and the Fordson type, are deservedly popular owing to the rapidity of the work they turn out in addition to the low cost per acre. The horse, however, will undoubtedly still be used in wartime when petrol is scarce.

In the grass strip method already mentioned a narrow verge of grass is allowed to grow on either side of the tree row. Thus grass is cut twice during the season, say in June and September and is left lying in and around the trees. Ordinary methods of cultivation continue in between the strips. The advantage of this method is that the trees are not checked to the extent that they would be under the full grass system but it does ensure that the fruit is highly coloured and of good keeping quality.

In the grass orchard (and it is very important to sow soil down to a good grass mixture rather than to let it tumble down naturally) the grass is either cut twice a year as in the strip method, or is grazed by sheep or poultry. The grass sometimes gives more trouble in wet years than in dry years as naturally it grows more vigorously then.

Under grass conditions it is necessary to apply nitrogen every year together with a certain amount of potash. Sulphate of ammonia may be applied in January at the rate of 4 or 5 cwts. per acre, especially in cases where the fruit buds show that the drop that season is likely to be heavy. A certain amount of nitrogen in the form of nitro-chalk may be given in the summer, and is a great help to the cut grass in rotting down.

The grass orchard is undoubtedly the cheaper in upkeep and the apples produced, as has been suggested, will store better and will be of a higher colour. With constant cultivation, heavy crops may result but quality will be on the low side.

HALF HARDY ANNUALS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALTHOUGH it is desirable to give half hardy annuals as long a growing period as possible nothing is gained by sowing them too early. Artificial warmth can never make up for daylight and too early sowing is apt to produce rather sickly plants.

Certain general rules apply to the sowing of all the half hardy annuals. The soil should be finely sieved and rich (two parts loam and one part sand and leaf-mould or prepared peat). Though, formerly, gardeners pinned their faith to leaf-mould modern opinion inclines to prepared peat. In the trade, prepared peat is almost universally used.

Seed should be sown very thinly, and to encourage quick germination the boxes or pans can be covered with glass and brown paper. The glass helps to conserve moisture, but it must be turned and wiped daily, and it is essential to remove it as soon as the seeds have germinated. It is always unwise to raise seedlings in excessive heat for it makes for too rapid germination and consequently weak seedlings.

Watering is always most important and, unless done by expert hands, immersing the pans to the rims is far safer than overhead watering, even through the finest rose. Water should never be given unless the surface soil is dry and then enough must be given to reach the furthest roots. A policy of "little and often" is enough to kill any seedlings. The water should never be ice-cold from the main, for this gives seedlings a severe set-back; it should have stood in the same temperature for at least twelve hours. Full light and air are essential but draughts are fatal.

As soon as they are large enough to handle, the seedlings should be pricked out to encourage vigorous growth. Hardening off cannot be hurried. If plants that have been carefully tended in artificial warmth are transferred to cold frames in the bitter cold we often have in April they not only suffer badly but rarely recover. The seedlings should not be put out until the weather is really suitable. Where there is no heat, half hardy annuals can be sown in the open in May. In the latter case it is essential to sow in thoroughly friable warm soil.

Amongst the most popular half hardy annuals are China asters, zinnias, nicotianas and petunias. The two first named need a thoroughly rich soil or they give a poor account of themselves. Nicotianas are accommodating and petunias are ideal for poor sandy soils. Indeed in mild parts and dry soils petunias sow themselves. The little they need they must have, *i.e.*, full sun; and they are at their best in a very hot dry summer. It is for this reason that petunias are such a success in window-boxes facing south.

Nothing is gained by sowing petunias earlier than the end of February or early March in a temperature of 55 to 60 deg. The smallest seedlings should not be thrown away for they usually produce the most vividly coloured flowers. Double petunias do not come entirely true and it is usually the smallest seedlings that produce double flowers. It is useless to plant out petunias in cold bleak parts and on heavy soils. In such parts they are better treated as cold greenhouse plants.

The nicotianas most commonly grown are *N. affinis* and its hybrids, but I think the most striking is *N. sylvestris*. To my thinking it is the finest of all half hardy annuals. Last season I had them 7ft. high and with their striking heads of flowers rather like a miniature display of fireworks they attracted every eye.

Although always listed as annuals these nicotianas, like other growers, I find are perennial but their flowering the second season is not so good. I had these nicotianas with opium poppies in mixed colours massed in front of them.

A FINE DISPLAY OF CHINA ASTERS

On the Upper Terrace at Four Winds, St. George's, Weybridge

"Cherry-pie" (*Heliotropium peruvianum*) is one of the pleasant old-fashioned flowers that is coming back into favour. In my childhood it was commonly grown in every garden chiefly as an edging. Its scent is incomparable. Although often propagated from cuttings it can easily be raised from seed sown in February.

Zinnias have become almost a cult, and, indeed, a first rate display of these is one of the most gorgeous sights in the late summer garden. The most impressive are the great double kinds. It is useless to attempt zinnias on cold soils and in bleak parts. Even in the south they only make a first-rate show in a really hot summer. I never knew what zinnias could look like until I saw them in American gardens. One of the great assets of these flowers is the long time they remain in flower.

China asters are amongst the most reliable of all half hardy annuals. Given fair treatment they succeed in almost any season. Seed is sown usually about the end of February, or early March, in a temperature of 50 deg. Asters are very resentful of excessive warmth and 55 deg. is the limit to which they should be subjected.

Some very successful growers do not prick out the seedlings but sow in pots and thin out, leaving one seedling in each which can then be transplanted with the minimum of root disturbance. In mild parts the finest asters are those sown in well prepared soil in the open in April.

Asters are much attacked by aphis and on the first signs of the pest they should be dusted with derris powder. Double asters are much advertised but where space is limited I should always choose the single kinds. The double are handsome but in mass they look heavy, and a severe shower damages them badly. The single kinds are very effective, especially in mixed colours, and the heaviest rain does not seem to injure the flowers at all.

IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

SEED lists have presumably never been so carefully studied as this year—not anyhow since the last war. Every square yard of ground is a matter of serious consideration to secure the maximum of food value. Potatoes, beans and peas rank highest. Last season one of the most distinguished authorities at the Board of Agriculture gave me the names of three potatoes which he considered exceptionally good. They were Catriona, Arran Luxury and Golden Wonder. I grew all three and was particularly impressed with Golden Wonder on soil rather inclined to be heavy. The crop was heavy, the individual potatoes very large and the flavour either as bakers or boilers first-rate.

In regard to broad beans I intend to give half the space devoted to these to that very heavy longpod cropper Mammoth. This variety has a curious habit of growth. The lower part of each stem is loaded with beans about a foot up the stalk and the rest is unprolific. In pod this gives the beans the appearance at first glance of being unprolific. They are, on the contrary, exceptionally prolific and the flavour is excellent. The best Windsor is, I think, Giant four seeded, and we shall as usual grow this. Autumn sown broad beans are now showing through in most parts. Their chief enemies are rooks and wood pigeons, and in a bleak spell the latter strip them mercilessly and the former in almost any weather. In the garden bits of white rag hung on strings along the rows are decidedly helpful. Bits of screwed paper are useless at this season. It is always a sound policy to earth up broad beans, for in severe cold it is not the leaves but the stems that suffer. In Scotland it is the common custom to earth up, but in more southerly parts we are apt to be careless. Amateurs usually fail to keep the side growths that appear later rigorously pinched off, but unless this is done from the first the vitality of the plants is sapped and the crop is late.

French dwarf beans are amongst the most useful and prolific early vegetables, but, as a nation, we are not bean-minded, and do not seem to have grasped that the really useful beans are the true Jersey bean and the pea bean. For the last three years I have been a market gardener on a small scale and during last season I found that the interest in these beans had increased immensely. Like lentils these beans when dried are amongst the most nutritious foods and of such easy culture that they deserve a place in every garden. The true Jersey bean is extremely prolific, and the seeds, being small, take decidedly less cooking than most haricots. In the green stage they need neither stringing nor slicing, but merely topping and tailing and cooking whole. The pea bean has been described by one epicure as the most delicious of all the hardy vegetables. It is most prolific and the flavour is unique.

The earliest of the scarlet runners is Princeps—usually a fortnight earlier than the maincrop. This bean has also the merit of being rather dwarf for it grows only about four feet high and consequently does not need the usual heavy staking. We save old Jerusalem artichoke stems. Properly grown, *i.e.*, three feet apart the stems are quite an inch thick and make first-rate bean sticks that last the season well.

Most seed lists lay emphasis on the scarlet runner varieties that produce gargantuan pods but I have never been enthusiastic about these. For real flavour give me the type, *i.e.*, the old cottagers' scarlet runner which is still to be had though the name is usually eclipsed in lists by the eulogies of the giant kinds. Another first-class runner bean is White Lady. By some epicures it is regarded as the pick of the scarlet runners and in one list it is described as "a chefs' bean." I think this is a true description for it is excellent.

On every sunny borders and in mild parts, first sowings of peas made now are usually a success. I am trying this season the much recommended Highlander which is described as "almost a round pea." Well tried favourites for first sowings are William Hurst and Little Marvel. In view of the rising price of pea sticks I fancy that very dwarf peas will achieve even greater popularity. The market growers frequently grow those under two feet without any support at all and when in pod string the rows along one side, turn them partially over and later strip the other side. The first early we find the best is that fine old favourite The Pilot. As this grows rather over three feet high, however, it needs staking. The old fashioned very tall growing main crop varieties formerly grown in every garden are not so commonly grown now for they need real staking. Nothing equals varieties such as Ne Plus Ultra for flavour, but height is now anything but a popular characteristic.

E.S.R.

ONIONS — A "WANTED" CROP

By HILARY WHITE

THE SEED OF THE ONION
Often sown by growers in the south-west of England

IT was too late when the war broke out to make sowings of onions in the autumn for transplanting the following spring, but it is still possible to "catch up" by making sowings under glass, and to raise plants which can be put out on to the prepared land early in March during a fine frost-free period. The advantage of raising plants in this way is that they are seldom attacked by the onion fly, a pest which can do a tremendous amount of damage in this country.

Statistics show that the annual consumption of onions in Great Britain is round about 10,500,000 bushels, and if only a quarter of this weight has been grown in the past on British farms and market gardens it will be seen what leeway has to be made up. The imported onion the public like is of mild character, firm and of good keeping qualities.

It has been demonstrated that such onions can be grown in this country, providing the necessary care and attention is paid during the process of production. Harvesting has to be done at the right time so that the bulbs can be properly ripened. Thus autumn sowings (or in the case of this war year), January sowings under glass are advisable, for the bulbs turn in in August, a month before the spring-sown crops.

The onion exhibitor who sows his seed in January uses such varieties as Crosslings Selected, the Premier and Sutton's Selected Ailsa Craig. Two varieties which most nearly resemble the well ripened Spanish and Egyptian types are Unwin's Reliance and Clucas' Market Favourite. Both of them produce roundish bulbs of the more flattened type with very little neck. Both of them have good keeping qualities and neither of them have a tendency to bolt, *i.e.*, go to seed. In many cases nowadays advantage is taken of a glasshouse or two for the raising of early cauliflower plants, lettuce, celery, and leeks and there seems no reason at all, therefore, why in a national emergency, onions should not be so raised.

Shallow seed boxes should be used, crocks being placed on the bottom to ensure ample drainage. A compost should then be made up consisting of two parts by bulk of medium loam, one part of good horticultural peat-moss and one part of coarse sand. To each bushel of this mixture should be added 1½ ounces of superphosphate of lime (16 per cent. phosphoric acid), and one ounce of ground limestone or chalk. The soil should be sterilised if possible and should then be mixed with the peat and sand before adding the superphosphate. The ground limestone should be added last.

This compost should then be put into the boxes and firmed well, so that they are filled to within ½-in. of the top. The black seed should then be placed ¾-in. square on the surface of the soil, or if preferred, may be just broadcast thinly. A small amount of a similar compost should then be sifted over and a light firming with a flat board given. The boxes should then be watered through a fine rose and placed on the staging of the greenhouse at a temperature of about 60 deg. Fahr.

Directly the seedlings are through the boxes may be placed nearer the light if possible, and the seedlings allowed to grow on until they are about ½-in. in length. They should then be transplanted into further boxes containing the following compost: Seven parts by bulk medium loam, three parts by bulk horticultural moss-peat and two parts by bulk coarse sand. To each bushel of the mixture should be added 1½ ounces hoof and horn meal, ½-in. grist (13 per cent. nitrogen), 1½ ounces superphosphate of lime (16 per cent. phosphoric acid), ¾-ounce sulphate of potash and one ounce of ground limestone.

The compost should be put into the boxes firmly as before, and the young plants pricked out 2 or 3in. apart. It may not be possible on the score of expense to carry out this latter pricking out and it may be advisable therefore to use deeper boxes and to sow the seed 2in. square in the first place in the second compost advised.

The plants should not be forced but should be grown on quite coolly. Watering will be done regularly and light syringing be given from time to time. When convenient the boxes can be stood out into a cold frame where they will be hardened off ready for planting out. About 40,000 plants will be required per acre and this necessitates the purchase of 3lb. of seed. With any ordinary luck, a much larger number will be produced and the surplus can be used for gapping up, if necessary, a few weeks after the first planting.

The land where the onions are to be grown may be ploughed in the autumn or early winter, farmyard manure being incorporated at the rate of 30 tons to the acre. A good compounded fertiliser should be applied at planting time at the rate of 7 or 8 cwt. per acre, the analysis should work out at about 4 per cent. nitrogen, 6 per cent. potash and 8 per cent. phosphoric acid.

As the result of such care and attention, the yield per acre may be as high as 12 tons and who knows what price 10 or 12 tons of onions will make in war-time?

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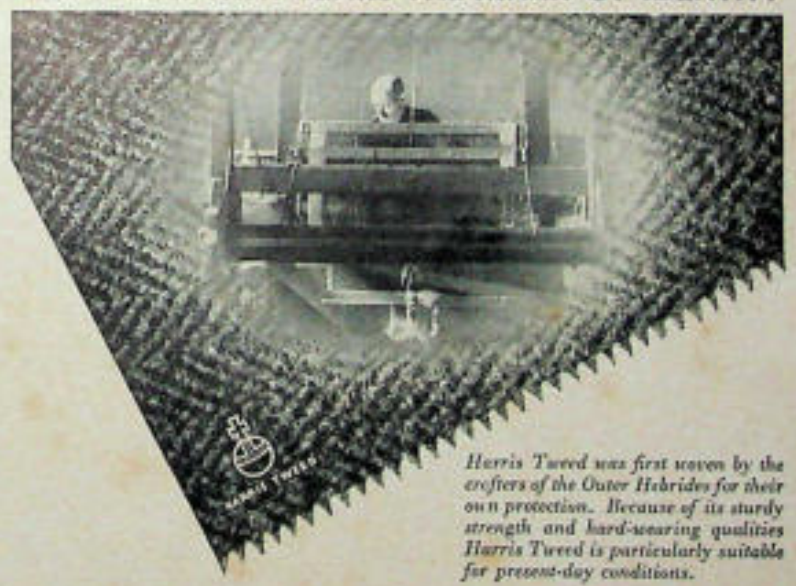

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GOOD PRICES FOR PEDIGREE STOCK

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

DESPITE the many and repeated crises that thrust their unwelcome presence upon British pedigree stock breeders last year, a series that at last culminated in the outbreak of hostilities, prices both before and after war had broken out were most encouraging, and showed the tremendous importance attached to highly bred animals of undisputed lineage by many purchasers both in this country, and those from overseas.

Some of the latter were very unlucky, for it became impossible to ship animals that had been purchased some time back, which could not, of course, be helped, while the Russians, having made many purchases from some of our best herds and flocks, turned round and repudiated them.

A lesson to us surely in dealing with a country that would not honour its obligations.

Space will not permit of a very fully detailed résumé of the best prices obtained by all our breeds of live stock, but I am doing my best to give a few of the highest prices realised by breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs that have become household words the world over.

Next to the Longhorns, concerning which I have no record of transactions, our oldest and most widely distributed breed of cattle is without doubt the Shorthorns (Scotch and Dairy), and it was extremely gratifying to find demand at Perth was excellent for the beef type. There 2,100 gns. were paid for Mrs. Linzee Gordon's Cluny Chancellor Command, a grand type of bull, and this was followed by 1,550 gns. for Capt. MacGillivray's bull Calrossie Mercury, that goes to Chicago, and 1,000 gns. for Mrs. Linzee Gordon's bull Cluny Edmond Command. These prices show the faith that is still shown in this great beef breed. That other branch of the Red, White and Roans, the Dairy Shorthorns, also enjoyed a satisfactory season.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had a great dispersal sale of his Aldenham herd. Some ninety head averaged £67 10s. 9d. with a top price (the season's highest) of 240 gns. for the cow Aldenham Kirklevington 20th, and 200 gns. for the Royal female champion Aldenham Florentia 8th, while two others made 210 gns. Later on two bulls at Reading sale made 200 gns. and 130 gns. respectively, and that well-known breeder who has recently retired in favour of his nephew, Mr. S. Owen Webb, made 100 gns. for a bull from his well-known Streetly herd.

That prime beef breed, the ruby-red Devons beloved in the west (from which part of the country come truck loads of young stores for graziers in the south and south midland counties to finish) had a highest price of 130 gns. paid twice for bulls, while the vastly popular white-faced Hereford that has made an indelible mark on the beef breeds of the world, were in demand up to 190 gns. paid for Mr. W. Smith's bull Freetown Ajax for export. The Government of Eire gave 150 gns. for another bull, while yet another Hereford sire made 160 gns.

Few will dispute the extraordinary popularity of the Aberdeen-Angus not only for keeping pure, but also for crossing purposes. At the most famous centre of all, Perth, some 422 bulls averaged £65 9s. 3d. (extraordinary figures) with a top price of 2,000 gns. paid by the McRobert Trustees for the Earl of Rosebery's bull Eiradakin of Dalmeny. Lady Robinson also paid 1,000 gns. for the bull Erupto of Derculich, and 177 cows averaged £31 8s. 11d. Lincoln Reds, a fine dual purpose breed, had a bull selling at 150 gns., while the ancient draught breed of the Sussex and Kent Weald, the mahogany red Sussex, realised up to 115 gns. and 100 gns. for bulls.

So we come to the dairy breeds, and find the Ayrshires well away again, and much sought after north, south, east and west. Top price for bulls was, strangely enough, obtained by an English-bred Ayrshire, Burton Dairy King from Col. A. F. Nicholson, while at the same sale another English record was broken when 170 gns. was paid for the heifer Leek Film Fan. At a sale in Scotland, 19 Bargower bulls averaged £71 2s. 6d. with a top price of 200 gns. for Bargower Royal Scarlet, and at Lessnessock a heifer made 150 gns., and a bull 200 gns.

Channel Island cattle, as usual enjoyed a good demand, and amongst the Jerseys the dispersal of the famous Loxwood herd was the occasion for the best prices of the year being paid, namely 220 gns. for a yearling bull Loxwood Royalist, and 130 gns. for the cow Zenos Wonderful Girl. Guernseys too had their high prices, such as 220 gns. for the bull Iris Leader 2nd of Pre de Haut, 110 gns. for a heifer Hartwell Starlight, and 100 gns. for the bull Fernhill Triumph.

Now we come to the far-famed Black and Whites the highest yielding breed of all the British Friesians. Great prices were realised; thus at the Crewe Sale 12 bulls realised three figure prices, four bulls made upwards of 200 gns., and 40 bulls averaged £91 15s. 5d. with a highest price of 260 gns. for the bull Parkhouse Zwartleet P.I. Another bull made 230 gns., and top price of the season for females was 150 gns. for the two-year old heifer Herrington Gentle Ruth. At the Chelmsford Sale 40 bulls averaged £66 13s. 0d.

So to the last breed of cattle with which I shall deal, the dual purpose Red Polls, in demand all through the season, and spreading their popularity both at home and abroad. While there have been no record-breaking prices there has been a steady trade with such useful averages as £40 3s. for cows and in-calf heifers at one sale, and £35 3s. at another sale. Bulls have had a good trade this year, and what is of especial interest is the extent to which they have been purchased for cross-breeding.

Sheep enjoyed a season that was good and bad in parts, but ended on a top note. Top price of the season was easily the 335 gns. paid for a Border Leicester ram, while Suffolks sold up to 175 gns. for a ram lamb, Kent or Romney Marsh to 120 gns. for a ram, Blackfaced Scottish Mountain to 110 gns. for a ram, Ryelands to 115 and 112 gns. for rams to go overseas.

Dorset Horns realised to £73 10s. for ram lambs, and at the Dorchester May Fair 102 ram lambs averaged £10. Hampshire Downs had a useful, if not startling season with ram lambs fetching to £120 15s., and ewes to £3 17s. Dorset Downs, now so popular for crossing had a top price for ram lambs of £31 10s., and ewes to 68/-.

Southdowns were greatly needed for overseas, and also at home, and at the Chichester August Show and Sale 266 Shearling rams averaged £10 8s. 5d. with a top price of £94 10s., and 332 ram lambs averaged £7 0s. 4d. with a top price of £141 15s.

Two famous flocks were dispersed, those of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan which had an all-over average for 383 head of £5 6s. 7d., and the Head Hone flock of Mrs. V. G. Stride, which had an average of £4 10s. 3d. for 262 head.

Pigs of most breeds can look back on a very good season, with no very outstanding prices, but for all that, amongst the Large Whites a boar made 135 gns., and two gilts made 125 and 100 gns. respectively, while amongst the Wessex Saddlebacks a gilt realised 110 gns.

Trade on the whole was fair, and had many realised when these sales were on that war was so close they would have paid more. Shires made up to 110 gns. for a filly, and 135 for another. Suffolk Punches had highest prices of 125 gns. for a stallion, 115 gns. for a gelding, and 100 gns. for a mare.

REFUGEES IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

By REGINALD DAVEY

TO listen to anyone who has voluntarily undertaken to organise the billeting of women and children from our cities, is to receive the impression that the city dwellers in this country are savages, with no manners and the house habits of an untrained puppy. How often is one told that it is a shame for the Government to billet the verminous children of the slums in our nice clean country cottages? And then there is the tale of the parents arriving by car and in force and consuming the Sunday dinner without so much as a thank you.

I have seen nice clean country cottages, and I have also seen the other sort. It is not pleasant to imagine the better type of London child, and most of them are nice, condemned to live in one of these for the duration. I have also seen the way some of these children are treated. There is a little Jewish boy living in a village near me. He was rescued from the prospect of a concentration camp in Austria, and sent to live in a cottage with a labourer and his family. He is supported by local contributions and everybody feels that he is very lucky.

His life here is not exactly happy. At school he is bullied by the boys, called a foreigner, constantly reminded that he is living on charity. At his new home he is an ungrateful little beast, who should show his gratitude for what is being done for him by carrying the boys' satchels. Why these children, who have gone through so much, are expected to be grateful is beyond me. That any child should show gratitude to his parents or to anyone else is surely not to be expected until later life. This little Jew, who has escaped the horrors of the Nazi persecution, when whatever befell he had his parents to turn to for comfort and help, is now cast upon an unkind world, with none to turn to. It is not likely that his mind will stand the strain.

Evacuees are not quite in the same situation, as there is usually more than one in a house, and many more at school; but there is the very real antipathy of town and country. They do not mix, either at work or play. I like to think of their parents telling them before they left town not to be surprised at anything they saw in the country because the inhabitants are so primitive. I do not think that is far from the average townsman's view of country folk; and this surely is the reason for the greater trouble caused by billeting mothers and children.

It may be possible to create a mutual tolerance, but the hosts do not generally realise that most of the bad manners and habits are due to the nervous disorders that inevitably accompany a separation of parents and children. Harsh treatment serves only to make the matter worse, as it must be borne in mind that the evacuated child has no parent to turn to with its troubles, and will not do so readily to even the kindest of strangers.

Much more supervision of an enlightened kind is needed, accompanied by some attempt at reconciling town and country, educating the hosts to act more like parents, and the guests less like savages. It is all a great experiment, but I cannot help thinking that much greater success would follow the formation of evacuation camps, run on school lines, and populated entirely by evacuees.

We have the precedent of the annual influx of hop and fruit pickers, who occupy special wooden dwellings erected in rows in the hop gardens, and orchards and with special cookhouses. The pickers come from all parts and from a happy community, whose traditional fear of the dark is allayed by song and laughter. But in this case there is no mixing with the countryfolk, and parents accompany the children. Sanitary arrangements are primitive, and the sole water supply is by tap from some nearby water trough, and yet the townspeople, used as they are to running water, are supremely happy. Their annual holiday is greatly appreciated, and applications pour in to hop and fruit farmers from would-be pickers.

Something like this could surely be achieved by the formation of camps, which the parents would be allowed to visit. It would be far more likely to succeed than the synthetic mixing of town and country, and the permanent separation of parent and child.

If I were a townsman I know that I should not subject my children to the mental shock of being sent into a strange house where they will not be welcomed, of being separated from their parents for an unknown period and at an early age. I should build the best air-raid shelter that I could afford and keep them with me. After all less than 1 per cent. of the civil population of Poland were killed during the German invasion.

Your Rations When Away From Home

On arrival at an hotel or boarding house, hand ration book and pages to the proprietor. The coupons used for rationed food will be detached by the retailer supplying the goods, and not by the proprietor of the establishment. Do not forget to recover your ration book at the end of your stay.

If purchasing your own supplies when away, the ration book must be presented at the local Food Office (the address is obtainable at the Post Office). An Emergency Ration Card will be issued entitling you to buy the rationed foods for one week at local shops. Further Emergency Ration Cards for each week (up to six) can be obtained. Before returning to your home town you must call at the Food Office, hand in your current Emergency Ration Card, and recover your ration book for use at home.

THE ISLAND OF SAAREMAA

By ELIZABETH HARVEY

SAAREMAA and Hiiumaa are the biggest of Estonia's 818 islands. It is they which have recently been taken by Russia for naval bases, though English newspapers persist in referring to them by their old names Dagö and Oesel instead of by their rightful Estonian names. Saaremaa is a strategic point on the Baltic, and it was here that the Germans first landed when they came to support their fellow-countrymen the Balts against the Bolsheviks during the last war.

Twenty odd years ago Russians and Germans fired at each other from the sea across the narrow neck of land which joins the main part of the island to an oddly shaped appendage in the south. Estonians then were fighting for their independence against both Germans and Russians, and within five days the Russians were ousted from the island. Trenches used in those days may still be seen, but it took the people of Saaremaa only a very short time to remove other traces, such as the foreign language signs, of their former dual overlords.

As an old folk-song says, Saaremaa is a very delightful place in summertime. It has no railway, but there is one bus-and-ferry service daily to and from Tallinn, seven hours or one hundred and forty miles away. Between Saaremaa and the mainland is the island of Muhu, the scene of the last brave stand made by the islanders against their conquerors the Crusading Teutonic Knights; here in 1229, after a siege lasting six days, the entire population was massacred with the exception of one man who escaped to tell the tale. Muhu is a pretty, tranquil island with pleasant lanes bordered by stone walls and stone cottages, and a great many cows which are driven to their pastures by square looking women who wear very short yellow or orange skirts decorated with coloured embroidery, black bodices over white blouses, and either white headkerchiefs or tiny stiff embroidered caps. At the end of last century a bridge was built to span the three kilometres of sea which separates Muhu from Saaremaa, and which, though shallow, can be extremely rough.

Saaremaa is a country of wide open spaces and tremendous skies such as Constable would have liked to paint. And there is a purity and economy of detail in its scene which is like a Chinese drawing; three storks may have settled by the roadside, or three fair shaven-headed small boys sit fishing amongst the tall reeds of a river in a boat which curves gracefully to a point at either end. Madame Aino Kallas, wife of Dr. Kallas the great folklorist, who writes stories full of the atmosphere of these islands, calls the juniper, which is a feature of the landscape, the Heart of Saaremaa. Stubborn, tenacious, rampant, it sometimes grows into tall trees and sometimes it takes the form of bushes which creep along the ground, for the size of the juniper depends upon sustenance, and it is capable of subsisting almost on the bare rock. In some places on the island firs are almost unrecognisable since they cower along the sand-covered rocks, trailing their branches to make an enclosing shelter for their own fallen pine-needles from which they nourish themselves again.

Adaptability is necessary for those who live on Saaremaa. Life there is not easy, yet those who are born there never care to live anywhere else, but long for its rugged, stony, slightly nostalgic beauty. Few men are to be seen on Saaremaa for most of them leave their homes to find a living at sea or in the towns or in America. So the women are to be seen ploughing the stony soil with primitive wooden ploughs, digging in well-kept kitchen gardens with wooden spades, and driving laden little farm carts into market at Kuressaare, the capital of the island. Communication difficulties make things hard for Saaremaa farmers because it is impossible to get produce quickly to Tallinn or other centres. Nor can the fishermen market advantageously the quantities of excellent fish they can catch, though some slight solution of the problem is offered by the German tankers which make calls along the coast and take a certain amount of fish alive to Germany.

There are no modern or labour-saving methods on Saaremaa. Little square windmills are used for agricultural purposes and water has to be pumped and carried. In the winter the islanders make wooden armchairs which they sell for two shillings each; these chairs painted white or bright colours are to be seen all over Estonia.

Women hold an important position on Saaremaa. If a group of boys and girls is addressed it is always the girl who takes the initiative and answers. If a woman on Saaremaa owns property it is etiquette for her to choose out a husband and ask him to marry her. Bridal ceremonies are important, and the bride must have a very elaborate apron which jingles, since friends must all sew something to it, such as a bell or a coin, for luck. On feast days in the past junketings would be kept up for a week, refreshment being taken from tankards big enough to hold a baby. All Estonians are scrupulously honest, and on Saaremaa, where locks are hardly used, a broom stood on end outside the door is a sign that there is no one at home.

SHOPS IN KURESAARE WITH PAINTED SHOP WINDOW DISPLAYS

Within its theme the scenery of the island is varied. Windmills and water-lilly ponds are frequent, while villages are pretty with neat little houses standing in well-kept gardens fenced round with the diagonal fencing which is typical of Saaremaa. For extra protection some of the cottages have their outer walls braced with wattling. Parts of the island are boulder-strewn like Wales, and along the coast are stretches of fine white sandy beach backed by wooded sand-hills on which grow rich-scented carnations and other wild flowers. Deep wild forests which hold the close intoxicating heat of summer, forests of oak and spruce which provide pit-props for export to England, cover large areas of the island whose highest hill runs along a ridge and is fifty metres high. A story is told of how when Alexander II, Emperor of all the Russias, was being entertained by a local Baron and was driven in the direction of this hill to admire the scenery, he was asked by his solicitous provincial host: "Is your Majesty afraid of the mountain?"

Kuresaare is the chief town of Saaremaa and is a pleasure and health resort whose mud baths, famous for rheumatic cures, are widely patronised. An ancient Bishop's Castle built in the thirteenth century, and of tremendous strength, is still in perfect preservation. Once the property of the powerful Livonian Order which dominated Estonia with such cruelty, it now houses an interesting regional museum. Not so many years ago the skeleton of a ritter, or German Knight, was discovered, sitting at a table on which were a jug and a parchment, in a cell which had been walled up, and straight out of the justice chamber opens a dark room in which is a pit for the reception of the bodies of the victims of the Bishop's summary justice. From his own room the Bishop could step into a raised pulpit in the Chapel and, so necessary is protection to the tyrant, both dining-room and kitchen are without windows, the only light possible being that from the fire. Seventeenth century Swedish rule has left its mark on Kuresaare in such things as the beautiful Town Hall and the initials of Christina, dated 1645, on the Castle walls.

Twice a day during the season in summer a band plays in the spacious, forest-like park, while the charming Mayor walks about amongst visitors seeing that they are happy and get to know one another if they want to do so. In the short delightful summer Estonians waste very little time in sleep, but make up for the loss by extra sleep in the winter.

EVERYDAY DRESS AS WORN BY THE WOMEN OF SAAREMAA

On Saaremaa there are six or seven Greek Orthodox churches and thirteen or fourteen Lutheran. Many of the island's village churches, built in the middle ages and strongly fortified, are very interesting. In Karma Church, for instance, there is a hole above the porch from which things could be conveniently dropped on to the enemy, and an inscription, the first in Estonian, saying that the second church had been completed on St. Paul's Day, 1407. There are also seventeenth century baroque monuments and collecting bags, dated 1691, on long poles and fitted with bells so that members of the congregation could not pretend to be asleep or deep in prayer.

One hopes that the new order of things on Saaremaa will not disturb its peace; one knows that the brave, sturdy islanders will endure and survive what has to be endured. One hopes, too, that the famous bird sanctuary of Vilsandi will be left undisturbed by Soviet naval activities. This island lies only an hour and a half by boat (in good weather) from the mainland of Saaremaa and is inhabited by two hundred people.

Here Mr. Toom, the lighthouse keeper, has lived for more than twenty-five years, devoting himself to the preservation of the rare birds which make their homes there. Among the sixteen jobs which Mr. Toom holds are those of Governor of the Island and captain of the militia, and in recent years he has been made an admiral with a special uniform designed for him to wear on special occasions. All that comes up from the sea in the way of wreckage Mr. Toom uses for the comfort of the birds, and an imposing block of nine flats, each with separate entrance, has been built up out of rocks, old mines and driftwood. Ornithologists from all over the world visit Vilsandi to study this unique bird sanctuary and to enjoy hospitality which includes home-made liqueurs and wild bird's-egg cake and very intelligent conversation.

GERMANY ON THE BRINK III

"Protestations of Friendship"

By W. G. McMINNIES

ONE OF THE CARS LEAVING FRANKFURT

The party travelled in six-seater open tourers

NUREMBERG, with its ancient fortifications, moat and walls, its cluster upon cluster of steeply pitched roofs and many quaintly shaped houses and buildings, somehow reminiscent of the illustrations in a fairy book, had been interesting enough. And our visit to the National Socialist Party's gigantic meeting ground on the outskirts of the city had provided a fantastic contrast.

And now, at the small town of Rothenburg which we approached at 50 m.p.h., not by the mighty autobahnen but by winding narrow country lanes where some of us got lost, we were treated to an entertainment of quite a different sort. The town, an artistic gem in the matter of its architecture, was administered by our temporary host, the burgomaster.

On entering his 16th century home we were ushered down into the beer cellar where suitable refreshments, both solid and liquid, were consumed by candle light. Presently the sound of music came floating down the old stone stairway and a moment later a boy, clad in a minstrel's costume of several hundred years earlier, appeared playing a melody. The scene, so charming and so unexpected, stirred us deeply. Soon the minstrel was joined by other players, also clad in ancient costume. For a time they played and then left the party for a moment to return later to enact a folk play. Their scenery and properties were just a few stone steps and the costumes they wore, but so vividly did they act that even those of us who did not understand the language could appreciate the simple jokes and follow the plot.

We all agreed that we should remember the scene all our lives. It appeared that the performers were the direct descendants of the minstrels who lived in Rothenburg several hundred years ago and that the airs they played and the story they acted were identical with the entertainments of those bygone years. Again we received presents in the form of woodcut prints of the town's principal buildings.

We arrived for a late lunch in Heidelberg. My table companion was a professor from the University and we started talking on education. He explained how in the past the best German education tended to crowd certain professions with young men of £1,000 a year tastes but £150 a year incomes. The new regime was altering all that by training an increasing quantity of students in more practical pursuits such as farming, forestry and the manual crafts. We then started talking politics in a mild sort of way. One of his theories was that the British Empire owed its success to the wiles of the Celts and Jews who formed an extremely powerful combination. He even named in support of this theory of the power of the Celt such people as Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Haig and Beatty who in his opinion were largely responsible for Versailles. His conversation revealed what I had long suspected as being a characteristic of his race and that was to evolve a theory and then hunt up all kinds of odd bits of information in support of it. For instance when discussing England he quoted two books, one written by an Oxford professor and the other by the Duchess of Atholl, to prove his point. When I said that if he went into a London club he wouldn't probably find a single member who had ever heard of either book, let alone have read it, he seemed quite surprised. But naturally enough that did not alter his views in the slightest.

That evening, after this excellent hospitality at lunch and our presentation with various books, picture post cards and guides appertaining to Heidelberg, we reached Frankfurt am Main where we enjoyed a typical German meal at the Town Hall at the invitation of the Burgomaster. We fed at what was, I imagine, the equivalent of the mayor's parlour, sitting at separate tables. Immense dishes, piled high with sausages, ham and vegetables, swung round the room.

Our plates were laden with this good food, and one helping being quite enough for me. But the local officials were men of mightier capacity and the dishes, replenished, came round twice and yet a third time before they were satisfied. The beer, too, circulated continually, our hosts proving equally receptive in this matter. The usual speeches and proclamations of friendship followed, after which my son, who speaks German fluently, was chosen to broadcast the party's impressions and thanks for the hospitality received.

Feeling in good form several of us visited a night club where the above mentioned young man had a lot of fun with the girls in wilfully mistranslating the conversation between them and at least one of the English tourists. But by this time we were all wiser and when the ladies proposed a desire for expensive refreshment or cigarettes we ruled that everything except beer and the local brand of smokes was verboten.

Next morning we took the motor road to Cologne, diverging at one point to inspect and climb the rapidly rising stone piers of the mighty bridge over the river Lahn near Limburgh. This bridge is 180ft. high and 1,683ft. long. It was estimated to cost eight million marks and employ 400 men. Work commenced in June, 1937, and should have been completed in August, 1939.

On our way north we had hoped to look in at the Mercédès works but unfortunately time did not permit. On this run we travelled through a highly industrialised area but the road was so designed that the subsidiary roads feeding the district did not interfere with the flow of through traffic.

The most interesting thing I saw in Cologne was a large map in the entrance hall featuring a lot of country at present under British rule as German. This hardly seemed in keeping with the protestations of friendship poured out at every official gathering we had attended. If the map meant anything then the speeches were bunkum, or else that we should give up our colonies without a struggle.

It was interesting to hear the different views of our party on the practicability of building motor roads in England after what they had seen on this trip. Manifestly our country was small, thickly populated and already intersected by innumerable roads, railways and water courses. But even then many of us came to the conclusion that the cutting of some motor roads, not necessarily to make a frame work, would in the long run afford a worth while advantage to the community. Of one thing we were sure and that was that these roads could be built in such a way as not to spoil the amenities of the countryside.

An excellent example of what has already been done in this direction is that delightful twin-track road that leads down to the Fairmile at Henley from the heights near Nettlebed. The question of cost is more serious. I was given these comparative figures for an hour's labour in laying concrete. In Germany the charge is 1¼d. a square yard, in America 2¼d. and in England 6d. to 1/6. To reduce our charges we should have not only to work harder, which would not be difficult, but to employ much more machinery.

THE MINSTRELS AT ROTHENBURG AFTER GIVING THEIR PERFORMANCE IN THE BURGOMASTER'S CELLAR

BRIDGE

ASKING BIDS

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

THE more I play bridge, the more I study the records of matches, and the more I analyse deals, the more convinced do I become that the best results are reached by the simplest methods. Nor need this occasion surprise; for, after all, bridge is a very easy game if it is remembered that every bid that a player makes should be an attempt to give his partner a mental picture of the cards held, and that any bid which fails to do so, must, therefore, be an unsound bid.

Consider the following hands, from a match between a team of English players and a team of Welsh players :—

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

Both sides were vulnerable. Z dealt, but, as Z and Y were silent throughout, their cards are immaterial.

In the room where the English players sat in the A and B positions the bidding was :—

A	B
One Heart	Two Spades
Three Spades	Four Hearts
Six Hearts	

What could be easier? For after B has bid "Two Spades," over only "One Heart" (and thereby indicated a hand stronger than average), and after he has supported Hearts, A's bid of "Six Hearts" is obvious, and the slam as certain as anything at bridge can be.

But in the room where the Welsh players sat in the A and B positions the bidding was :—

A	B
One Heart	One Spade
Two No Trumps	Three Hearts
Three Spades	Four Clubs
Four No Trumps	Five Diamonds
Five Hearts.	

Nearly *twice* as many bids to reach a *worse* result.

The blame must be attached to A. B's bid of "Four Clubs" was an Asking Bid, and Culbertson, the inventor of Asking Bids, tells us that: "The responses to Asking Bids are inflexible and inviolable," and A had no right to bid "Four No Trumps," since that bid indicates two Aces *and* second round control (the King or a singleton) in the asked suit. Thus, A misled his partner; for B, himself holding the King of Clubs, naturally assumed that A held a singleton in Clubs. When B made the further Asking Bid of "Five Diamonds" (wishing to find out about that suit), A, lacking second round control in Diamonds, did right to sign-off (although he should have done so in Spades and not in Hearts), but B could not bid the slam since A's responses had given him reason to suppose that a trick in Clubs and a trick in Diamonds must be lost.

In theory the Asking Bids may be logical, but in practice they fail as often as they succeed; for not only are the responses difficult to remember, but the majority of players are not prepared "to be muzzled and put into a strait-jacket" (to use Culbertson's expressive simile). Even match-players cannot have it both ways; for the convention permits of no latitude for the judgment of the player, and any attempt to temper the convention with common-sense ends in disaster.

Even the convention-minded Austrians (who I mentioned last week) come to grief when using Asking Bids :—

	Y	
♠ none ♡ A, 10, 8, 5, 2 ◇ A, K, 9, 2 ♣ A, J, 5, 3	A B	♠ A, 10, 6, 2 ♡ K, Q, 9, 6 ◇ Q, 5, 4, 3 ♣ 7
	Z	

Z and Y were vulnerable. A and B were not vulnerable. Z dealt, but, as Z and Y were silent throughout, their cards are immaterial.

The English players, sitting in the A and B positions, bid the slam simply and effectively, thus :—

A	B
One Heart	Three Hearts
Six Hearts	

The Austrian players, sitting in the A and B positions, bid the hands as follows :—

A	B
One Heart	One Spade
Two Diamonds	Three Hearts
Four Clubs	Four Spades
Five No Trumps	Seven Hearts

B's bid of "Three Hearts" agreed the trump suit. A's bid of "Four Clubs" was an Asking Bid. B's bid of "Four Spades" indicated second round control (the King or a singleton) in Clubs and the Ace of Spades. A's bid of "Five No Trumps" was forcing to grand slam, provided B held three honours in the agree trump suit (Hearts). As B did not hold three honours in Hearts he should have bid only "Six Hearts." For the grand slam should not be bid, since it can be made only if A takes a right "view" of the play. The odds are not in favour of all thirteen tricks being made.

This time we find nearly *three times* as many bids to reach a *worse* result.

In the above illustrations the bidding of the English players was superior, because it was simpler, and because it gave the partners a more accurate mental picture of the cards held. And I remain unconvinced of the necessity for, and desirability of, a convention which fails to give such good results as may be achieved by less circumlocutory methods. For the more I examine the detailed records of match play, the more convinced do I become that, if the bidding is sound, the slam can be reached by common-sense methods, and that Asking Bids only complicate the game unnecessarily.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

No Trumps. Z has the lead. Z and Y to make eight tricks (out of the twelve tricks) against any possible defence.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

		A	Y	B	Z
Trick 1	..	J♡	Q♡	7♡	4♡
Trick 2	..	4♠	Q♠	6♠	2♠
Trick 3	..	8♠	3♠	J♠	K♠
Trick 4	..	3♡	2♡	5♡	A♡
Trick 5	..	9♡	6♡	9♣	K♡
Trick 6	..	10♡	9♠	10♣	8♡
Trick 7	..	3♣	A♣	J♣	5♣
Trick 8	..	4◇	3◇	5◇	K◇
Trick 9	..	10♠	2♣	Q♣	A♠
Trick 10	..	6♣	4♣	8◇	7♠
Trick 11	..	7◇ or 7♣	6◇	?	5♠

B is squeezed; for if he discards K♣ Z's 8♣ is a winner, and if he discards a ◇ Y's A◇ and 10◇ are winners.

CHESS

SMALL ADVANTAGES

The following game, played in last year's German Championship Tournament, shows clever utilisation of small advantages by Black.

(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE. Redtab.	BLACK. Elkhaxes.	WHITE. Redtab.	BLACK. Elkhaxes.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3	30. K to B sq	P to Kt 4
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	31. Q to R 3	Q to Kt 2
3. Kt to B 3	P takes P	32. R to B sq	B to B 3
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3 (a)	33. Q to B sq	Q to Kt 2
5. Kt tks. Kt, ch	Kt P takes Kt	34. Q to R 3	P to Kt 5
6. P to Q 4	B to B 4	35. R to R 6	R takes R
7. P to B 5	P to K 3	36. Q takes R	Q to Kt 2
8. B to Q B 4	Kt to Q 2	37. Q to R 5 (g)	Q to Kt 5
9. Q to K 2	B to K 2	38. Q takes Q	P takes Q
10. Kt to K 4	B to Kt 3	39. K to Kt 2	R to B 3
11. P to B 4	P to K B 4 (b)	40. B to Q 2 (h)	K to Kt 2
12. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	41. K to B sq	K to Kt 3
13. Castles	Castles	42. K to K 2	P takes P
14. B to K 3	K to R sq	43. P takes P (i)	R to Kt 3
15. B to B 2 (c)	Kt to R 4	44. K to Q sq	K to B 4
16. B to K 3	R to K Kt sq	45. B to K 3	P to K R 4 (j)
17. Kt to K 5	Kt to B 3	46. K to B 2	R to Kt 2
18. Q R to Q sq	Q to K B sq	47. R to Q Kt sq	R to R 2
19. R to Q 3	B to R 4	48. K to Q 2	P to R 5
20. Q to Q B 2	Kt to Q 4	49. B to B 2	P takes P
21. B to B sq	P to B 5	50. P takes P (k)	R to R 7
22. R to R 3	P takes Kt	51. K to K 3	P to K 4 (l)
23. R takes B	P to K 5 (d)	52. R to Kt 5	P tks. B P, ch
24. P to K Kt 3	R to Q sq	53. P takes P	R to R 6, ch
25. Q to Kt 2	R to Kt 3	54. K to K 2	K takes P
26. R takes Kt (e)	B P takes B	55. R takes P	R takes P
27. B to K 3	R to B sq (f)	56. R to Q R 5	R to B 7, ch
28. Q to K 2	Q to K sq	57. K to B sq	P to Kt 6
29. Q to Kt 2	Q to B 2	Resigns (m)	

(a) A variation to be avoided by Black is the following: 4. . . . B to B 4; 5. Kt to Kt 3, B to Kt 3; 6. P to K R 4, P to K R 3; 7. Kt to K 5, B to R 2; 8. Q to R 5, P to K Kt 3; 9. Q to B 3, Kt to B 3; 10. B to B 4, P to K 3; 11. P to Q 4 and White has a splendid game.

(b) White has shut in Black's Queen's Bishop but at the cost of (1) a lessening of the scope of his own Queen's Bishop, and (2) the weakening of his K 4.

(c) This move serves no useful purpose.

(d) Black has the preferable game. He has a strong passed pawn, a well-posted Knight and the open King's Knight's file, while his Bishop has more scope than either of White's.

(e) This move, which gives Black another open file, is of doubtful value.

(f) Black now prepares an attack on the Queen's side.

(g) White should, instead, play Q to R 3 in order to avoid the exchange of Queens.

(h) White should, instead, start at once to bring his King to the Queen's side by playing K to B sq (see note (i)).

(i) If White's Bishop were at K 3, guarding his Queen's pawn, he could play R takes P. Now, however, that move would lose a pawn on account of the reply R to R 3.

(j) Black now prepares to force an open file on the King's side.

(k) If B takes P, then R to R 5.

(l) Finishing very neatly. If now (1) 52. B P takes P, then 52. . . . B to Kt 4, ch; 53. K to K 2, P to K 6, or, if (2) 52. Q P takes P, then 52. . . . B to Q sq and White is helpless against the threat of 53. . . . B to Kt 3, ch. (If 53. R to Kt sq, then 53. . . . R to K Kt 7, still threatening R to Kt 3, ch.)

(m) If 58. B to Kt sq, then 58. . . . P to Kt 7, ch; 59. K to K sq, R to B 8, ch; 60. K to B 2, B takes P, ch. If, instead, 58. B to K sq, then 58. . . . P to Kt 7, ch; 59. K to Kt sq, R to B 8; 60. K to B 2, B to R 5, ch.

A BRILLIANT FINISH

In a game Kotow *v.* Judowitsch in this year's Russian Championship Tournament the following position was reached after Black's 24th move:—White (Kotow): King at K R sq, Queen at K Kt 3, Rooks at Q sq and K B sq, Bishop at Q Kt 3, Knight at Q 4, Pawns at Q R 2, K Kt 2, K R 2 and Q B 4; Black (Judowitsch): King at K 2, Queen at Q B 4, Rooks at Q B sq and K 5, Bishop at K sq, Knight at Q Kt 3, Pawns at Q R 2, Q Kt 2, K B 2, K R 2 and K 3.

White now finished off the game in brilliant style as follows:

WHITE. Kotow.	BLACK. Judowitsch.	WHITE. Kotow.	BLACK. Judowitsch.
25. R to B 5	P takes R (a)	29. Q to B 5, ch	K to K 5
26. Kt takes P, ch	K to B 3 (b)	30. B to B 2, ch	K to K 6
27. R to Q 6, ch	K takes Kt (c)	31. R to Q 3, ch	Resigns (e)
28. Q to B 3, ch	R to B 5 (d)		

(a) If 25. . . . Q to B 2, then 26. Q to Kt 5, ch, K to B sq; 27. Q to R 6, ch, K to K 2; 28. Q to B 6, ch, K to B sq; 29. Kt takes P, ch, R takes Kt; 30. Q takes R and wins. If 25. . . . Q to Q 3, then 26. R takes P, ch. B takes R; 27. Kt to B 5, ch and wins. If 25. . . . Q takes R; 26. Kt takes Q, ch, P takes Kt, then 27. Q to Q 6, mate.

(b) If Q takes Kt, then Q to Q 6, mate.

(c) Q takes R would prolong but not save the game. White's reply is Kt takes Q.

(d) If K to K 4, then Q to B 6, mate. If, instead, 28. . . . K to Kt 4, then 29. Q to B 6, ch, K to R 4; 30. B to Q sq, ch, R to Kt 5; 31. Q to K 6, mate.

(e) If K to K 5 or B 7, then R to Q 2, ch, followed by Q to K 2, mate.

PROBLEM No. 4050

By CAPT. W. BYAS.*

WHITE (6 pieces): King at Q 7, Queen at Q 2, Rooks at Q Kt 3 and K R 6, Bishop at Q Kt sq, Pawn at K Kt 3.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at K 4, Rooks at K R 4 and K 8, Bishops at Q Kt sq and K Kt 5, Pawns at K 3, Q R 3 and K B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* Observer, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4049

1. K to B 6 (threatening 2. P to Kt 3, ch). If 1. . . . R to R 5, then 2. B to B sq, etc. If 1. . . . R to R 7, then 2. Q to B 4, ch, etc. If 1. . . . Kt to R 6, then 2. P takes Kt, ch, etc. If 1. . . . R to Q B 8, then 2. B takes R, etc.

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS

The annual Christmas Congress of the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club has been held in spite of the war, though it was, naturally, on a reduced scale. Six tournaments were played and there were about 50 competitors. The final scores in the Premier Tournament were as follows:—Frank Parr 6 points out of 7, W. Ritson Morry 5½, R. Golombek 5, W. H. M. Kirk and A. R. B. Thomas each 3, Dr. Schenk and W. A. Winser each 2, and A. J. Mackenzie 1½.

BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP OF LONDON

The tournament for the Boys' Championship of London, held recently at the City and National Chess Club, was won by last year's runner-up, E. A. Isles (Wilson's Grammar School, Camberwell), with the fine score of 7½ points out of 8.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 552

ACROSS.—1, A source of disease? (7). 5, "A man must serve his time to every trade Save ——; critics all are ready made" *(Byron)* (7). 9, Portia called the throned monarch's sceptre the this to awe and majesty (9). 10, A river in Asia (5). 11, Easily moved to emotion (9). 12, Ravage (5). 13, Othello said he had done the state some (7). 16, Double (7). 17, Akin in origin (7). 19, People who wish to do this should give the secretary good notice (7). 21, How Sherlock Holmes became famous? (5). 22, Motorists would, perhaps, like the traffic lights to be this (9). 25, An equilateral parallelogram—but it's not on the square (5). 26, This is used in perfumery (9). 27, A student of biology has to do this (7). 28, The last one was January 16th, 1940 (7).

DOWN.—1, Marine stables? (7). 2, Certainly not the 7 part of a house (5). 3, He's "not all there" (5). 4, Certainly not 11 (7). 5, In this weather is severe (7). 6, Our big hen lives near (9). 7, Beneath all the others, though apparently only beneath the majority (9). 8, Attempted (7). 14, This sort of person is as bold as a lion (9). 15, Certainly not 4 (9). 17, Winners sometimes are this (7). 18, Neat leg (anag.) (7). 19, Hot beat drink (7). 20, All other policies are inferior to this (7). 23, A narrow opening between hills (5). 24, Hot weather reduces me to a state of complete exhaustion (hidden) (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 551
Published January 13th

P	A	N	T	H	E	R		P	R	A	I	R	I	E
H		U		A		U		O		R		A		N
A	N	G	O	R	A	S		I	S	T	H	M	U	S
L		G		E		T		N		S		B		U
A	M	E	N		M	I	R	T	H		S	L	O	E
N		T		K		C		E		S		E		
G		S	T	Y	E	S		R	E	T	I	R	E	D
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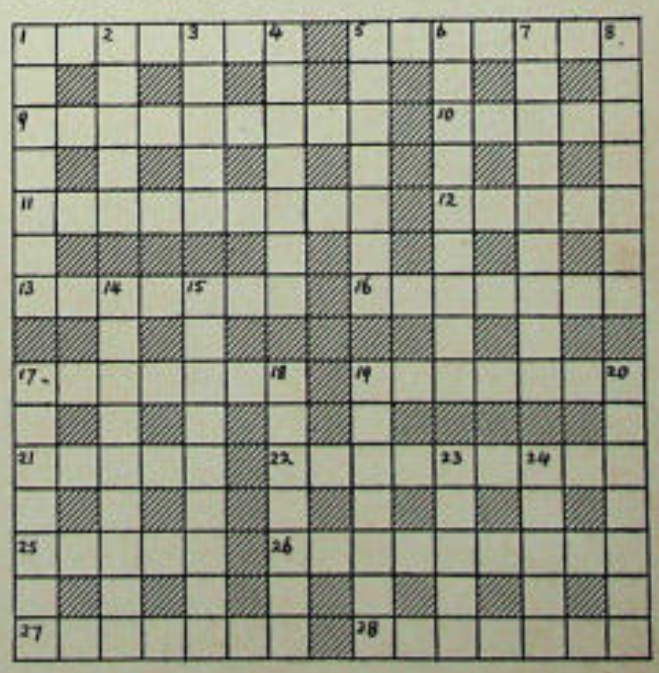

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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.

Farm

Forming a Young Farmers' Club.—There is a booklet which deals with this subject published by the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, and we quote from a section on the actual formation of such clubs: In all cases it is advisable at the outset to get in touch with the area organiser of the N.F.Y.F.C. His address can always be obtained from headquarters. His experience of other clubs and other counties will be found useful. The next step is for those most interested to get by personal canvass the promised support of a number of persons, parents of prospective members, &c., to ensure the success of an eventual inaugural meeting. Before any such meeting takes place, the sponsors of the proposed club should have constituted themselves as the nucleus of the advisory committee, or have otherwise arranged the constitution of the advisory committee. At the same time they should have sought out somebody suitable to act as club leader, and obtained his provisional acceptance. In this connection the advice of the N.F.Y.F.C. organiser will often be found useful. Provided with the nucleus of an advisory committee, a prospective club leader and promised support from a certain number of parents and prospective members, an inaugural meeting can now be called with every prospect of a successful issue. If a decision is taken to form a club, the appointment of advisory committee and of club leader can be formally endorsed by the meeting. In cases where members of the county staff for agricultural education or officials of the local branch of the National Farmers' Union have not already been actively concerned in the preliminary steps, invitations to attend the inaugural meeting should always be sent. Invitations should also be sent to any other local organisations likely to give support, to leaders or members of any neighbouring Y.F. clubs who will give the benefits of their own experience. In fact to anyone who will help to make the meeting go. Any local resident interested in the movement but without first-hand knowledge of it may, and often does, write to the N.F.Y.F.C. for literature and detailed information. It is preferable, for many reasons, but not essential in all cases, that all members to start with should keep the same type of stock. As a club grows, other sections may be added. Every possible step should be taken to make the inaugural meeting a success. A lukewarm meeting means a lot of lost ground to make up later.—*L. A., Cornwall.*

Soil Testing.—The apparatus recommended was the B.D.H. Soil Testing Equipment procurable from British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham Street, London, N.1. We have not bought a complete outfit recently, but the price is only a matter of 6/- or 7/-, the bottles of soil indicator included in the outfit costing only 2/10 to replace. This gives an idea of the acidity or alkalinity of the soil. Try it out on an acid peat or sandy soil, on neutral clay, and on an alkaline chalk before using it seriously. This will give an idea of the range of colours. Alternatively, you can get some vinegar and limewater and mix solutions of different degrees of acidity and alkalinity. Of course, texture and water content are really of greater importance to plant life, and for this you need to examine the soil at different depths. Any blacksmith will lengthen the shaft of a 3in. builder's auger, and it is quite the best and easiest tool for bringing to the surface for examination soil from below. The best person to advise on soil matters is the local agricultural or horticultural adviser. A letter to the clerk to the County Council will put you in touch, and the advice is always excellent and reliable, and there is no charge.—*H. T., Penzance.*

Garden

Exterminating Nettles.—As you do not wish to use a hoe to exterminate the nettles, we think the best method is for you to spray with poison. In his book, *Weeds, Weeds, Weeds*, published by Wightman & Co., Old Westminster Press, Ltd., Regency Street, S.W.1, price 2/3 post free, Sir Charles Boys recommends a solution of chlorate of soda. Three or four ounces should be dissolved in one gallon of water, and the solution may be sprinkled through an ordinary watering can. As great care is necessary in the use of this solution we should advise you to read the chapter in question. Another method is to spray the nettles with a 15 per cent. solution of Kainit which is sprayed with an ordinary charlock sprayer. You will find details of this method in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Bulletin, No. 41, entitled *Weeds of Grass Land.*—*R. D., Hastings.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Yew Poisoning of Pheasants.—Two hen pheasants from different estates died of yew poisoning. One correspondent stated that he had picked up six other pheasants in the same place within 48 hours, and he was mystified because all appeared to be in prime condition. He also stated that the bodies were picked up near the feeding place. Both correspondents stated that their birds were hand-reared. Usually pheasants which have died of yew poisoning have eaten yew leaves or seeds just before their feed of corn; and it is evident that the poisoned birds have been sheltering in a yew tree or hedge awaiting the arrival of the keeper with their feed. Where hand-feeding is practised the keeper should avoid laying his feed in the vicinity of yew trees. Almost invariably yew-poisoned pheasants are young birds in prime condition.—*L. P., Hants; D. M. A., Sussex.*

Pox in a Partridge.—In his letter accompanying the body of a cock partridge, our correspondent asked the cause of the lumps on its legs, since he had also shot a similarly affected partridge; both were young birds. The cock was in prime condition. The wart-like growths on its legs were the healed lesions of a contagious germ infection known as pox. Another form of the disease is roup, when the infection attacks the mouth, leading to the production of a cheesy matter which causes death from asphyxia, through blockage of the windpipe. Pox is spreadable among all the domesticated and wild gallinaceous birds. When the disease is observed in pheasants and partridges it is a wise precaution to have adjacent stocks of poultry examined. Domesticated stock can be protected against the disease by fowl pox vaccine, which should be applied by a veterinary surgeon.—*A. M., Herts.*

Coccidiosis and Scabies of a Woodpigeon.—A cock woodpigeon had been picked up, unable to fly. The bird was in poor condition, and a number of its feathers had been broken off at the insertion of the quills. The bird died after a few days in captivity. Its death was due to the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. The skin over the greater part of the pigeon's body was covered with a yellowish-grey coloured powdery material, which was more thickly deposited around the roots of the broken feathers. On microscopic examination, this powdery material consisted of skin debris and numerous mange-mites (*Cazmisarcoptes gallinæ*). This form of scabies or bird mange is transmissible to many species of birds; it is common among poultry and aviary birds, and is occasionally found in wild birds. Thus the cage in which the woodpigeon had been confined should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap; the food and water pots should be boiled in water.—*H. H. H., Essex.*

Rugby

"On-side" and "Off-side."—From Law 19 in the Laws of the Game, an "off-side" player becomes "on-side" (*a*) When an opponent carrying the ball has run five yards. (*b*) When the ball has been kicked by an opponent. (*c*) When an opponent has intentionally touched the ball, provided such opponent does not catch or gather it. (*d*) When one of his own team has run in front of him either carrying the ball or after having kicked the ball behind him, such kicker must be on the field of play to put the off-side player on-side, though he is not debarred from previously following up in touch.—*R. R., Oxford.*

THE FIELD

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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The Hon. Ben Charles Wilson and Hon. Charmiane Wilson, at the Chiddingfold Children's Meet.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - - 120
BIG GAME SHOOTING TABOOS - - - - - - 125
PROSPECTS FOR SCOTTISH SPRING SALMON - - 126
THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING - - - - - 128
SOME DIFFICULT SHOTS - - - - - - - 129
CAMP FOLLOWERS AT THE FRONT - - - - - 130
DISPELLING THE MYTH OF KING ARTHUR - - - 130
MEET OF THE NEW FOREST CAVALIERS - - - 131
LOCK-UPS OF OLD - - - - - - - - 132
MACHINES WORKED BY HUMAN POWER - - - 133
HISTORY OF FOXHUNTING IN AMERICA—1 - - - 134
THE CHILDREN'S MEET OF THE CHIDDINGFOLD - 135
BLACK-WINGED STILTS AT THE NEST - - - 136
CURIOSITIES OF FISH POACHING - - - - 138
MR. COOKE'S RIVERSIDE RETRIEVERS - - - 138
LITTLE KNOWN LANCASHIRE - - - - - 139
GORILLAS AT THE ZOO - - - - - - 140
THE ART OF LIVING - - - - - - - 140
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 140
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - 141
PICTURES IN THE SUNSET - - - - - - 143
THE CONTROL OF CROWDS ON GOLF COURSES - 146
SHEPHERDS' CROOKS - - - - - - - 147
EARLY FLOWERING SHRUBS - - - - - - 148
VEGETABLES TO SOW NOW - - - - - - 148
FROSTY WEATHER ON THE ESTATE - - - - 149
MORE PROBLEMS FOR THE FARMER - - - - 150
THE WAR-TIME FLOWER BORDER - - - - 150
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - 152
AN ARCTIC BICYCLE RIDE - - - - - - 153
A THREE-PHASE CAR - - - - - - - 154
CHESS, CARDS, THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - 155
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - 156

CIVILIAN CASUALTIES

THE figures for road deaths in Great Britain for the month of December, 1939, make truly appalling reading. In all 1,155 people were killed, the vast majority during the black-out hours. This is the highest figure ever recorded and is an increase of 212 over the figure for December, 1938.

Since the war began 4,130 people have been killed on the roads of Great Britain, a figure which bears comparison with that for deaths due to enemy action. We can ill-afford to lose 4,130 people at a time when the whole weight of our man-power is needed for the protection of the nation's safety. At the same time it is impossible to lay the blame at any particular door.

That the black-out has increased road deaths goes without saying. It is of no use to blame the motorist. With the totally inadequate lighting at his disposal, he cannot see pedestrians in the roadway and cannot, therefore, be expected to avoid them. The pedestrian on the other hand can see the motorist, and does not realise that the latter is not so fortunate. Possibly in time the pedestrian will realise that it is up to him to avoid the car. It would be better, however, if every pedestrian realised now that crossing the road during hours of darkness is a suicidal business, and that the greatest caution should be observed. While the black-out continues, and we have been assured that it is essential that it should continue, the roads will be as dangerous as the front. That is a lesson that has yet to be learnt by the pedestrian. There cannot be a motorist in the country who is not already well aware of its truth.

The hope has been held out that with increasing hours of daylight, casualties will lessen. We are, we confess, not so confident. The figures, moreover, do not bear out the assumption. During 1938, 6,599 people were killed: during 1939, 8,270. That huge increase cannot be accounted for solely by the black-out. It is true that there will during 1940 be far fewer cars on the road than in 1939. That may mean a decrease. It may on the other hand lead to less careful driving by the motorist and more careless walking by the pedestrian. Knowing human nature the latter assumption seems the more probable of the two.

What is really needed is better lighting for the motorist. The present lights are totally inadequate. No doubt some form of dimming is necessary, but surely nothing so drastic as that at present imposed! Motorists could surely be trusted to switch off their lights in the event of a raid! Indeed it is not really a question of trust on the part of the motorist, but one of self-preservation.

Better lights would inevitably mean fewer deaths. We certainly cannot afford to lose man-power at the rate of 1,000 a month—black-out or no black-out.

A TONIC FOR THE NATION

ON Saturday last, almost in answer to our leader of January 20th, two Ministers of the Crown, made speeches which lacked nothing in directness and resolution. It was a red-letter day in that it supplied a tonic for the nation. From Mr. Winston Churchill we expect this medicine and we are confident that he reflects the British attitude towards the war. There are among our intelligentsia those who deplore blunt statements and prefer the ambiguities of the politicians who indulge in guarded language and polished rhetoric, but they are in the minority. Lord Halifax at Leeds, himself a Yorkshireman, was talking to Yorkshiremen who have no use for beating about the bush or warnings to make the flesh creep. Their attitude is expressed by the Sheffielders who say "We'll make a job of it." Lord Halifax's review of events was a statement of fact without any frills and to the constant enquirers concerning our war aims and peace aims his answer was complete enough. The first job is decisive victory and after that an insurance for Europe against any further gangster tactics or terrorism. In achieving this object the British people know what they have to face and the language they expect is that of a general addressing his troops before an action; language expressing faith in their ability to stand the test and to display that resolution which is traditional.

BRADMANESQUE

Under normal conditions we should have been looking forward to a visit from a South African cricket team this summer and our selectors would have been building up a team to visit Australia next winter. The Australians have enjoyed practically a normal season this winter and once again Bradman has left his mark on the record books by scoring what has become his usual thousand runs in Sheffield Shield matches. Just how much his batting means to South Australia is illustrated by his record. In his first six innings he scored 886 runs and the State won all three matches. In his next four innings he scored 176 and the State lost both matches, one to lowly Queensland, who had lost their four previous matches.

To a new Queenslander, J. Stackpoole, goes the undying glory of dismissing Bradman first ball. In this match, too, the wily Clarence Grimmett achieved another fine record by taking his 500th wicket in Sheffield Shield matches—a record that may be the better appreciated from the fact that his nearest rival is Fleetwood-Smith with about half that number of wickets. Grimmett is now forty-seven years old and his latest achievement caps a truly wonderful career. He is one of the small band of eight bowlers who have taken over a hundred wickets in Test matches between England and Australia, and he shares with only three other bowlers the feat of taking twenty wickets or more in a single series of Test matches.

CAPITAL FOR AGRICULTURE

It is the opinion of the Agricultural Committee of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents that food production is more likely to decrease than to increase owing to the lack of capital invested in agriculture. Ever since the last war farmers have experienced lean years. As a result the land is now under-stocked, badly drained, has far too many old-fashioned implements, and an inadequate supply of labour. Merchants are no longer able to allow credit to farmers on the same terms as before the war, thus adding to the cash difficulties of the farmer. In the opinion of the committee—an opinion that must carry weight—immediate expansion of production can only be ensured by the supply of liberal credit facilities. This, moreover, would also help to avoid the present harmful sales for slaughter of breeding stock.

PLOUGHING UP GRASSLAND

There is still a misapprehension among some farmers that the extension to March 31st, 1940, of the period during which ploughing must be completed to enable land to become eligible for the grant of £2 per acre has removed the obligation to plough by the dates which may have been specified in directions of County War Agricultural Executive Committees. Some farmers are under the erroneous impression that it would suffice if the lands are ploughed before March 31st. It is, however, quite clear that the extension of the grant period does not in any way affect a farmer's obligation to comply with a direction of a County War Agricultural Executive Committee to plough up his lands by an earlier date. Farmers should, therefore, in their own interests, take steps to ensure that their lands are ploughed up strictly in accordance with any instructions given to them by a committee.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate S.reet, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 156.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

WINTER

It is not what the poets sing
That greatly taketh me;
But it is a moor of barren ling
And a salt and mildew'd tree;
And a field of turnips gnaw'd to the core
By sheep on a rainy day,
When the drift rolls in from Aldingham,
And the sea is fleck'd with spray.

'Tis polypodies by a stone,
And a spout o' gushing ghyll,
And dry lime by the ask winds blown
Where the crofts are sour and chill.
And it is plough, long yards of plough,
And ooze about the boot,
And an angry sunset o'er the brow,
And a frost with snipe to shoot.

EDMUND CASSON.

[Ask is north country dialect, meaning keen.—ED.]

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE other day a book of mine was reviewed in a newspaper called *The Tribune*, which I assume, from the contents of the review, to be of Socialist or Communist sympathies. The tone of the reviewer is of a gentle, semi-indulgent but quite despairing pity. He is very sorry for me. He pities me because I walk in the darkness of "mediævalism," because of my "vain desire to put the clock of history back," because I want "the return of 'craftsmanship' to the countryside," and because I pass over in silence "the achievements of Socialist mechanisation of agriculture in the U.S.S.R." These commiserative but hopeless tears he shed over my failure to realise that "this is 1939" remind me of the Weeping Walrus in "Alice Through the Looking Glass."

It is all so sad when a great light descends from on high and yet Saul hardens his heart and is obstinately unmoved to become Paul. And it is all so much sadder, too, when you come to consider how Finland refused the gospel of progress and enlightenment so pressingly—I might say explosively—urged upon her by the benevolent Bear, eager to spread the light.

How reactionary our fairy stories are! Another of these Finlands was Little Red Riding Hood who, it will be remembered, was also deaf to the scientific blandishments of that kindly salvationist, Grandma Wolf. Yet it appears that even within the realms of the modern Utopia itself there were some old-fashioned people. The peasants refused to be mechanised and collectivised, poor heathen, under the doubled application of that supreme charter of emancipation, that first-written code of the New Jerusalem, the Five Year Plan. But what could be expected of such ignorant creatures who, owning their own farms in the mediæval style, were impervious to ultra-modernistic ideas of large-scale production run on the mechanised lines of big combines?

A pretty alliance, or rather fusion, was then seen between science, State despotism, bureaucratic Socialism and the methods of big business which transferred the predatory appetites of private enterprise to the biggest combine of all—the State. In fact, we saw the suggestions of Sir Daniel Hall for applying the principles of joint-stock companies to agriculture united with the "collectivisation" notions of H. G. Wells. Add to this the seasoning of up-to-date gangsterism and large-scale mechanised murder and there was the pie in which the peasant was baked.

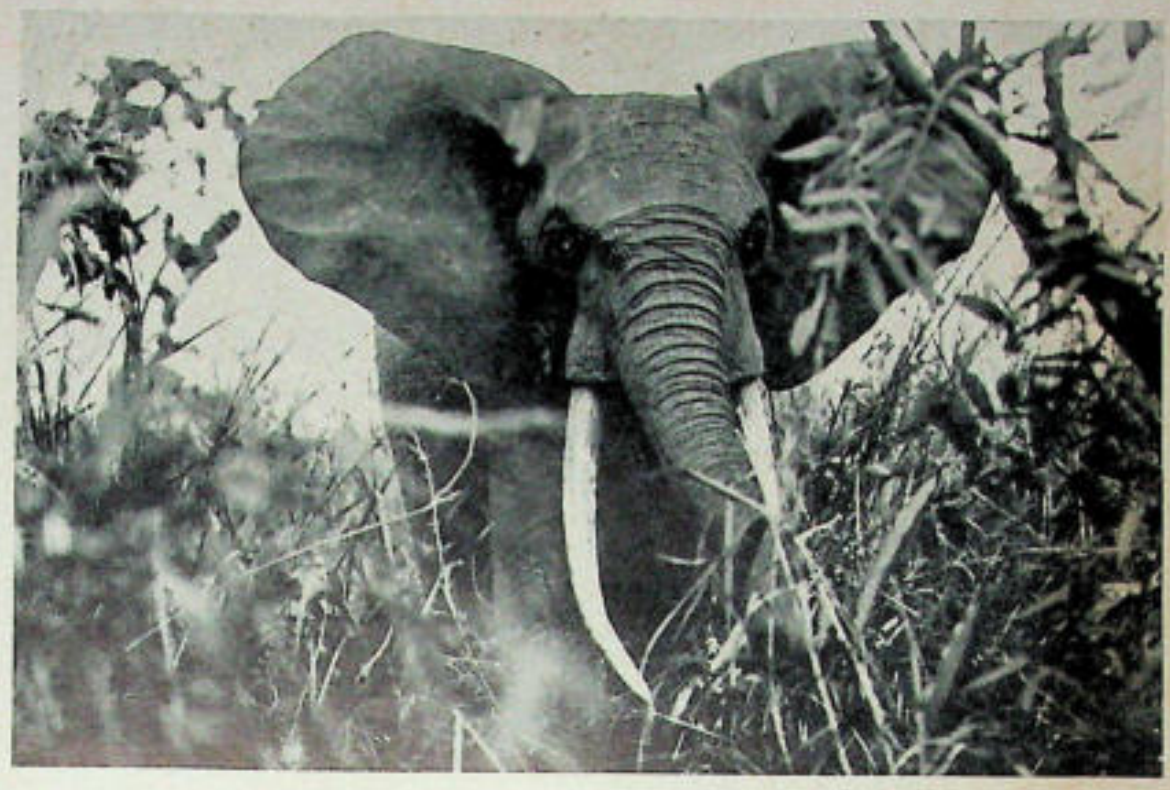
The peasants naturally failed to appreciate the dainty dish, and so these unregenerates had to be constrained to membership of the Perfect State. In other words, they were either put up against a wall and shot, or accused on trumped-up charges of being "kulaks" or usurers, robbed of all their possessions, deported to districts not their own, and turned into the "Kolhosi," or collective farms, under a system of forced labour. Still they proved obdurate and so the "shock brigades" were sent against them, bringing the most effective of light-flashers, namely machine-guns, with them.

At last in the golden thirties the process was complete. "Mediævalism" was abolished; mechanisation was established, and the State-Bear took the redeemed peasant into his embrace, his close embrace. Hallelujah! What matter that the collective farms were a failure; that what Karl Kautsky called "the soundest and most productive section of the peasant population" was destroyed; that one of the most villainous crimes in the history of nations against human independence, stability and content had been accomplished? The most modern ideas in all modernism had been put into force. The greatest triumph since the Industrial Revolution had been won and in the existence of millions of new slaves a great stride had been taken towards the furthest ideal of modern civilisation, that of making machines not only of the instruments and processes of production, but of men.

So I bear up against the tears of pity dripped for me by *The Tribune*. If the world is advancing to the progressive achievement of 12 midnight, as consummated by the slave-camps of the U.S.S.R., I prefer to stay behind at an earlier time in the daylight. And if history has shown us certain good and true and creative things *for all time* like craftsmanship, self-sufficiency and a husbandry based on independent ownership with co-operation, I have no objection to being called old-fashioned.

When the opposites of these good and true things bring only death and horror and slavery and world-wide suffering, I can endure with equanimity the charge of being a laggard and having a watch that is always slow. I prefer to come late to the appointment with Juggernaut.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.



BIG GAME SHOOTING TABOOS

A DIFFICULTY about writing upon the "Unwritten Laws" of big game shooting is that there are no written ones, or very few. Broadly speaking there may be said to be the regulations laid down on licences—the number and sex of game which may be shot: shooting over water-holes or from cars: the counting of wounded beasts against the number allowed on the licence. This last regulation is never adhered to, however strong people may be on the subject. Apart from that you may do what you please and as you please, provided you have got the sort of stomach that can stand black looks in a club bar and silence when you enter the billiard room.

I suppose the most important rule of big game shooting is that you must never put your attendants or companions into greater danger than you will face yourself. This applies particularly to nations in Asia and Africa. If you take your wife to watch you finish off a wounded tiger, or bask in the reflected glory of your prowess—well that is your affair. But your gunbearer or tracker has a less personal relationship to you. Therefore you should not allow him to be over bold in such things as following up wounded animals. It is fairly easy to assume a non-chalant confidence when sheltered by your double-barrel .450 high velocity from Holland or Rigby. But it must surely be rather different when you are armed with a stout stick only.

Second among the unwritten laws of big game shooting I place a taboo on long shots. Now we have all of us brought off long-shots, and very satisfying they seem at the time. And we have all failed with long shots even if we talked a bit less about it, and that is extremely annoying. I suppose that the definition of a long shot is one beyond which an experienced shot ceases to be reasonably certain of killing. This range lengthens with experience, but for myself and others not particularly gifted, I am going to lay it down quite firmly as 150-200yds. The reason for avoiding long shots is two-fold. Firstly of course, and much the most important, is to avoid wounded beasts. Secondly, one must remember that one's sport is Big Game *Hunting*, and not Big Game *Shooting*. One wants more than target practice. And by insisting on a close approach, one ensures a good hunt.

My third point, and it is a corollary of my second, is the following up of wounded beasts, especially of the wounded dangerous game. For that involves not only great and unnecessary suffering to the quarry, but also danger to other sportsmen and unsuspecting natives. It should be a point of honour to finish off every wounded animal. It is in theory. Yet how many wounded buffalo are followed? or wounded elephants? And how many men study carefully the vital shots at a buffalo, not much less tricky than those at an elephant and which every embryonic elephant hunter at least attempts to master.

As my fourth point I would have a definite understanding that game must not be shot in or near cars, though in most African countries this is covered by licence regulations. Yet I wonder if it applies in unblocked country in India? Certainly I wonder if it is regarded there. I admit there are border-line cases. You arrive at a camp site just before dusk and have to get meat—are you to turn your back at the perfectly good antelope just opposite the car to quest off into the gathering darkness for something that probably is not there? I would, therefore, lay it down as an unbreakable, unwritten law that no animal should be killed for *sport* from or indecently near to a motor, and that no trophy of such a kill should be claimed as a sporting trophy.

Next and fifthly (this sounds like one of Bishop Burnet's sermons before William and Mary) comes the question of size of bags. A man once told me that he shot big game in the way that he shot grouse. I said nothing. What was there to say? Clearly the objective should be to shoot one or two good heads of each species, and leave it at that. The ideal being that when you have shot the best head you are ever likely to get you just stop. Who would want to go on claiming a toll of, say, the common eland, or the Hartebeeste tribe, or most of the gazelles—though these last give most excellent stalks. Having shot one or two really good wapiti I would never shoot another. And of course this argument applies with particular force to all the *cervidæ*, which should only be shot when they have reached the maximum horn variety. On the other hand I should hate to restrict myself to one only of the family *ovidæ*, who offer the best stalking in the world.

And this can hold good in the case of those who hunt dangerous game. Whether you should only shoot for the size of the trophy regardless of the quality of the stalk entailed, or whether any reasonable trophy should be taken provided a really first-class stalk is offered, represents two points of view each of which has much that is sporting to commend it. A middle course can generally be followed.

As an obvious corollary to the fifth of my dicta comes the sixth, which is that really rare animals and those bordering on extinction should be spared entirely, where licence rules do not already protect them. Similarly females and immature males should never be shot, except when they are killed to equalise scores, or where they carry legitimate trophies as in the case of the oryx group, the eland, etc.

My seventh point is that whereas reasonable comfort is generally permissible and often desirable, luxury should be avoided. Because Selous did not take out a thermos with him in the 'seventies, or Marco Polo had no windproof clothing, there is no reason for us to do likewise. But hairdressers from Nairobi or air-conditioned sleeping vans with radio telephones (yes, I have seen one, really I have, on Long Island, destined for the East) are going a bit far. While eighthly and lastly (to go back to the episcopal) all methods such as sitting up over water, poisoning or trapping, except in the case of man-eaters and rogues, are taboo.

M. T. S.

PROSPECTS FOR SCOTTISH SPRING SALMON

WAR or no war, salmon will continue to run up our rivers. It is to be hoped that war-like and war-time activities will not result in increased hindrance to their passage or in additional factors unfavourable to their health. The effluent of the big factory is often more easily and adequately dealt with through precautions taken when the factory is being built than is the insidious growth of domestic sewage or the combined flows from many small works.

But fortunately many, indeed most, of our salmon rivers are far removed from the repercussion of war and, by the time these words appear, those who are able will have begun to seek relief from the strain by going in search of a spring salmon. The rivers of the north of Scotland opened on January 11th. Tay joined in on January 15th, and soon Tweed and Dee, meccas of the small springers, will be available to those who ply rod and line. By February 11th the season will have commenced in the remainder of the more important spring rivers.

Pending proof by actual trial it is pleasant to speculate on the prospects of sport and the probable fate of those who will be sufficiently lucky to be at the waterside. Will it be a spring season of large fish or of small fish, a bumper crop of either or a scarcity of both? In trying to forecast we are attempting the impossible if accuracy be our aim. The all-hiding waters, the relative importance of different factors in river and sea, the width and depth of the ocean, all conspire to conceal the truth from us. In comparison, the forecast of a grouse season is child's play, and yet how often even that is wrong, although the birds have free range in the air and can be watched from nest to larder.

In spite of the difficulties, some reasonable attempt can be made to form an estimate based on the results of the previous year and on such information as is obtainable of the earliest of the fish which will provide sport in the coming season. The real early fish, the winter salmon of the older angler, although the term has now almost gone out of use, begin to run in a number of rivers in the late autumn.

Not infrequently one may be caught before the close of the previous angling season, but this feat, owing to a considerable diminution in recent years of this part of the run, is not performed so frequently as was the case twenty or thirty years ago. However, anglers in the region about Tillmouth-in-Tweed are said to have taken several in November, 1939, when, owing to good water and lack of frost, conditions were favourable for fish entering from the sea and proceeding up-stream.

This is heartening for 1940, and since then the run of salmon into Tweed is locally reported to have been distinctly good. At this time of year observation of the fish in the water is usually more than difficult, but in Tweed a special index exists of the under-water happenings. When no fish are running the life of the water bailiff is easy.

When a run is in progress the bailiffs have to be at the riverside night and day and, even so, cannot entirely prevent the activities of the descendants of the old border raiders. They may not catch all the men, but they do get many nets. The fish in the latter demonstrate beyond shadow of doubt what is in the river and whether these are late autumn or early spring salmon. News travels fast on Tweedside and, unlike much fishing news, it is usually accurate.

From the Don, too, came reports of a relatively fair number of winter fish fresh from the sea in November, and at the same time salmon were seen to enter the neighbouring Dee, although whether these were late silvery autumn fish which spawn not far above the Bridge of Dee at Aberdeen or whether they were the first of the springers, which by this time will be up about Banchory and Cairnton, Woodend and Ballogie and up to the Bridge of Potarch, is not certain. However, clean fish are up that way and they have been discovered by a four-footed poacher; the otter has had several out on the bank.

Tay, Ness and Spey used to hold the earliest fish in greatest numbers, but the first two are so large that the fish can, without being seen, forge their way from pool to pool and lie to lie, until they find a resting place to their liking or reach sanctuary in the loch. Tay can still hold up its head when the season opens, but there is ample room and to spare in its wide spaces for far more fish than at present find rest there.

Ness, for many years, was under eclipse, but at last a long continued and very patient policy of control of netting appears to be bearing fruit in a larger stock of the heavy fish for which the district used to be famous. In former years the lower reaches of the Spey held very many clean salmon even in November, but in more recent times these fish, together with the autumn run, have declined woefully in numbers.

Spey is a big river, in flood none is more impressive, but the alternate pools, most of which are by no means deep, and shallows, very many of which are shallow indeed, offer more opportunities for observation than do many other rivers of comparable size. Spey, though, as is her habit, has been running big and dark; even on the shallows it has not been easy to see fish passing from pool to pool.

But in the last fortnight of the year fish were seen coming from the sea and going under that long railway viaduct between any two spans of which the river may have its chief channel according to its fancy of the moment. And if fish were seen in these dark and rapid flowing waters it is fairly certain that a reasonable number must have been present and that it was not just a single fish by itself which showed here and there just to tantalise and deceive the onlooker.

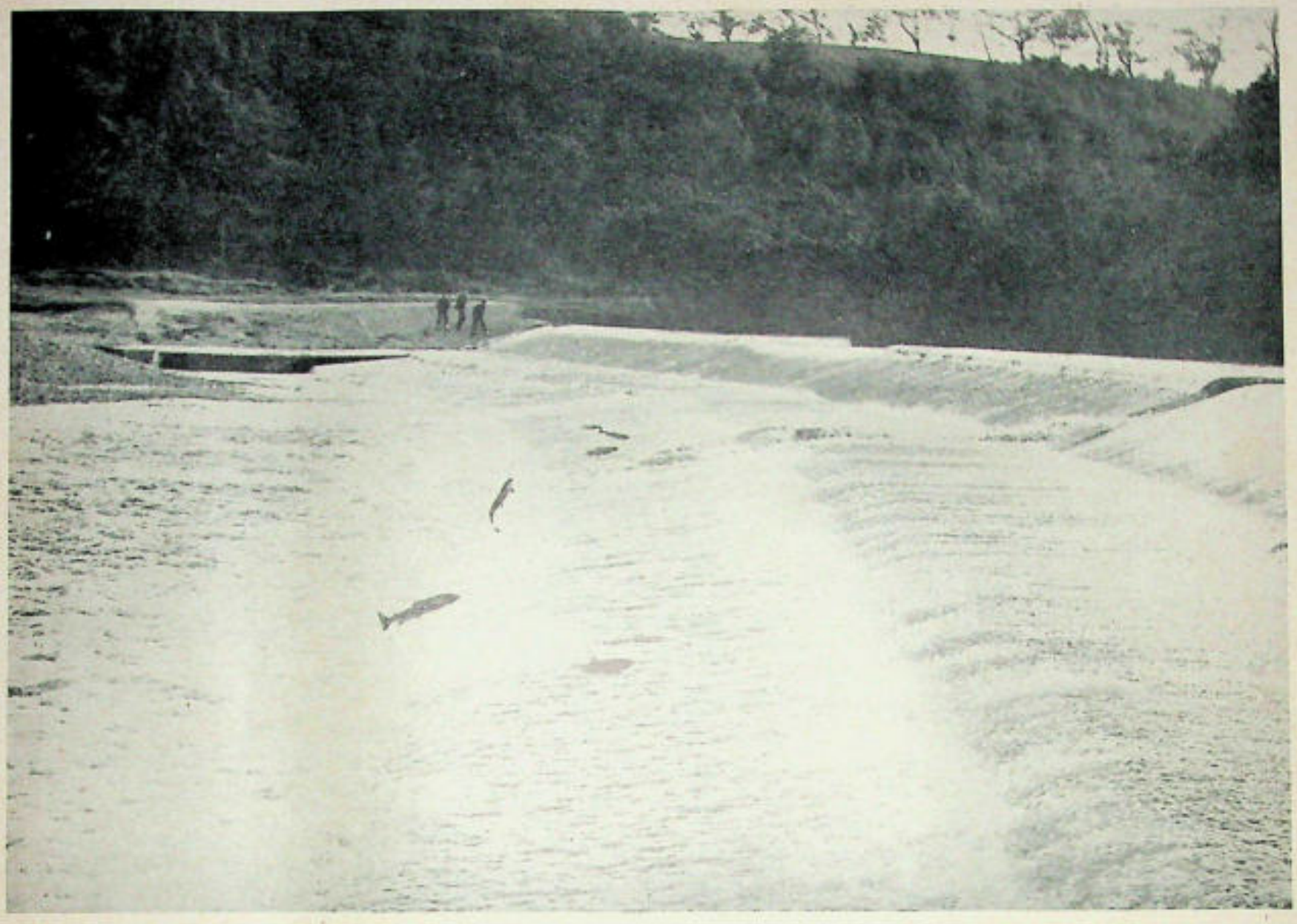
The result of these observations would suggest that up to the present a not unsatisfactory number of clean salmon must be in fresh water. We should have more to help to fill the gaps and stock the lower waters during the present month and before netting starts, but they will not get far if the present weather holds and the water temperature remains at, or near, freezing point.

If, indeed, low temperatures do continue until the opening of the season in the majority of rivers, then the lower beats should reap a harvest such as they had a few years ago. As yet a very limited number of salmon can have passed on to the middle waters, and those that come in the immediate future will certainly not go many miles from the tideway until there is sufficient change to raise the temperature of the water materially.

So much for the coming weeks. The tale of the coming months, of the time in April and May when the big fly gives place to the small fly and greased line, is more difficult to tell. Fortunately, no connection exists between the size of the grilse run in one year and that of small springers in the next; if it did the outlook would be black indeed, for grilse were very scarce in 1939. During the bad grilse seasons of ten to fifteen years ago spring fish were plentiful.

Last year the Wye and the Irish rivers showed some signs of the beginning of a recovery from the depths to which they had fallen. Normally a good run early in the year is followed by a correspondingly good crop in the main part of the season. Let us hope, therefore, that these are signs and portents which will bear fruit in due course and, if we are not able to enjoy the sport ourselves, we shall at least hear glowing accounts of the happenings at the waterside from our friends who are able to be there.

PISCATOR SENIOR.



AN AUTUMN MEMORY
Salmon leaping at Philiphaugh on the River Ettrick, Selkirkshire

THE TAY OPENS
A peace-time photograph of anglers crossing General Wade bridge after the ancient ceremony of breaking a bottle of whisky

THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING

THE decision to hold the annual National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham on Wednesday and Thursday, March 13th and 14th has given great satisfaction, though many who have had a particular interest in its steeplechases for hunters and amateur riders will regret that such events as the National Hunt Chase, the United Hunts' Challenge Cup and the Foxhunters' Challenge Cup have been omitted from the programme this time.

The National Hunt Committee have announced that they will not permit any point-to-point meeting this season, owing to war conditions, and the decision not to present at Cheltenham, races which in effect are confined to point-to-point horses or events exclusively for amateur riders is consistent with that policy.

By dropping these three races and three others of comparatively small importance, the executive has reduced the meeting from the usual three days to two. There will not be a single race for amateur riders alone though, of course, they will be eligible for all events in competition with professionals.

The programme on the first day will contain the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup (cup 100 sovs. with 300 sovs. added), the National Hunt Handicap Chase (500 sovs. given by N. H. C.), Cheltenham Grand Annual Steeplechase (300 sovs. added, with challenge cup subscribed for by the town of Cheltenham), the Gloucester Hurdle Race (300 sovs.) for maidens at the time of closing, Broadway Novices Chase (300 added) and a £200 selling handicap steeplechase.

The Cheltenham Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. (with 500 sovs. added) will be run on the second day and the card will also include the National Hunt Juvenile Chase of 400 sovs. (given by the N.H.C.), the County Handicap Hurdle Race of 300 sovs., the Seven Springs Handicap Chase of 300 sovs., the Cathcart Challenge Cup, value 100 sovs., with 300 sovs. added, and a selling hurdle race of 200 sovs.

In recent years the added prize money at the National Hunt meeting has been about £10,000, and several events have had a gross value of £1,000 or more, each. Entries are likely to be considerably less than usual though there is reason to expect a large attendance. The total of £4,100 added money in the two days is I suppose all that could be expected in the existing circumstances.

The distance of the race for the Cheltenham Gold Cup has been reduced from 3¼ miles to three miles. There was a lot of talk last year about the harm which can be done to a horse's Grand National prospects by a severe effort in this event. Golden Miller won both events in 1934—when, by the way, the distance of the Gold Cup was stated to be 3 miles 3 furlongs. But the following year his Cheltenham victory was gained after a gruelling and memorable fight with Thomond II. In the Grand National which followed, Golden Miller tried to refuse and unseated his jockey and though Thomond II finished third, this gallant little horse was never the same again.

Of this I am sure, some of the most experienced trainers of Grand National horses would in ordinary circumstances advise an owner of a good chaser to decide for which of the two races—the "Gold Cup" or the "National"—he desired his horse to be prepared. Should the Grand National be the objective such trainers would not, if given a free hand, wind the horse up thoroughly for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, and it follows that he would not desire him to have a hard race, if started for it. Usually there are only two full weeks between the two races, and that is not long enough for some horses to recover fully from an exhausting effort at Cheltenham. There is also the risk, of course, of an accident of such a nature as to shatter immediately all hopes of a Grand National victory.

This year, however, there will be an interval of a full three weeks between the two races and the reduction of the distance by a quarter of a mile may give additional encouragement to owners and trainers to have a "go" for the Gold Cup with their Grand National horses. I am thinking particularly of Airgead Sios and Royal Mail.

The National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase used to be a race of 4 miles. The course was changed to 3 miles in 1935. Entries for the Cheltenham races will close on Tuesday, February 6th. It is to be hoped that the postponed Leopardstown Red Cross Steeplechase will be run this Saturday.

Publicity has been given recently in *Sporting Life*, to the appeal of a correspondent for assistance for what he calls the "small" breeder. I will accept this description as applied to the man or woman who keeps a few brood mares, pays moderate stud fees and disposes of yearlings at the auction sales, usually for comparatively small sums.

This "small" breeder claimed that steps are urgently necessary to maintain the bloodstock activities of his class and to this end he suggested that a percentage, say 10 per cent. of the value of every race, should be paid to the breeder of the winner. Obviously, this would be deducted either directly or indirectly from the winner's prize money. I do not breed thoroughbreds, but I have optimistically purchased from time to time a few yearlings at auction, and some of them have been the product of "small" breeders. As a "small" owner, my extinction has already been effected, partly by paying these "small" breeders far more than their animals proved to be worth. Stud-owners who breed for sale and who do not themselves keep horses in training cannot reasonably expect to be subsidised by those who buy their animals and bear the heavy cost of racing them.

The majority of yearlings bought at auction never earn what they cost; a large number are never again worth the sum their breeders received for them, but the poor owner has not yet thought seriously of asking for any part of his money back. The interests of breeders at the present time can best be served by the maintenance of racing. War-time stakes are small. The need is to increase them as far as circumstances allow for the benefit of owners, and not to reduce them by a "rake-off" for the breeders. In any case, what the "small" breeders would receive by a scheme of this kind would not under war conditions make any appreciable difference to the annual profit and loss account of most of them.

YEOMAN.

RIVALS IN A GRUELLING GOLD CUP RACE
Golden Miller, the Gold Cup and Grand National winner of 1934, and (below) Thomond II.

[W. A. Rouch

SOUTH DORSET HOUNDS CARRY ON

There was a good attendance at a meeting of the South Dorset Hunt, which was held at the King's Arms Hotel in Dorchester on Wednesday, the 17th, to consider how best the further activities of the Hunt could be carried on. The Honorary Secretary read a letter from the senior master, Captain C. M. Wellesley-Wesley, who has been called to the Colours, in which he stated that, although he was unable to carry on as before, he was prepared to lend his horses, kennel equipment, &c., to the committee for the coming season of 1940-41, and that he felt sure that, with the present kennel huntsman, Will Jackson, at the head of affairs, it would be possible for him to continue as acting master for the committee. The chairman of the meeting, Mr. Wyndham Hull, also stated that the farmers in the country had promised to furnish the forage for the Hunt horses for the coming season, and that Admiral Drax had offered to forego the rent of the kennels for the duration of the war, while Captain Beckett, M.R.C.V.S., had offered to do all the veterinary work free of charge. Thanks to these generous offers, which were supplemented by liberal financial support from the members and subscribers of the Hunt the prospects for another year are very bright. Captain Wellesley-Wesley expressed himself honoured by the action of the committee in asking him to continue as acting master.

SOME DIFFICULT SHOTS

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

A DRIVEN pheasant crossing on set wings is generally considered to be one of the most difficult birds to bring down. Just why a sealing bird should be so hard to hit has caused no end of concern to keen sportsmen, myself included. But I believe that I know the answer or at least I solved it to my own satisfaction.

Obviously, a bird which sets its wings to glide must be going fast or it would not have the momentum to carry on, for game birds are short winged and have not the ability to soar on the wind like an eagle. So naturally they require a generous lead. No doubt many sportsmen do shoot behind them because they do not get out sufficiently far in front when not inspired by rapidly beating wings: but that does not answer the problem for everyone, as many of us have gone on increasing the lead hopelessly until we knew that we were shooting away in front to handle this difficult shot, and still missed. Also there is admittedly less chance of breaking a wing when instead of flapping furiously they present a flat edge to the pattern. But that cannot answer either, for if there is less chance of tailoring a bird by merely breaking a wing, there is certainly a far better chance of reaching its vital machinery when not protected by stiff pinions at least on a crossing, or a quartering, shot.

Both of these things—unappreciated pace, and increased invulnerability of the wings, are no doubt contributing factors in missing a sealing bird, but this does not answer the fact that some of us so persistently miss such a target.

One night I lay abed in my host's home after a particularly fine day on driven duck and pheasants. And I had reason to sleep well for I had shot better than my average on all but one stand. However, that one in the middle of the afternoon had been my downfall. I had missed bird after bird in monotonous succession in full view of my fellow guns. It was at Glenmere, the shooting estate of Mr. Robert Gorlet, near Tuxedo, New York, and at that time easily the finest shoot of its kind in America. Speaking from memory I would say that the bag that day was in the neighbourhood of 600 mallard and 400 pheasants, so one naturally was thrown in with the best guns procurable.

I shuddered when I thought of that stand—on the slope of a steep hill with the woods some forty yards in front—and in back of the stands a broad marsh towards which the driven birds sped with, I am sure, sneers of derision on their countenances as they broke from the tall woods and set their wings to sail. I could see it all again as if it was just occurring.

Then suddenly it came to me. I had forgotten the law of gravity. Any projectile not self impelled in flight must come down. Of course I had led them sufficiently—too far no doubt. The trouble was I had not allowed for their angle of fall and had shot over the whole lot.

Convinced of this, on the following visit to Glenmere I asked my host as a special favour to place me on that stand and with my normal lead, but not forgetting to deliberately hold about a foot to eighteen inches low, the result under the same conditions was most gratifying.

Learning to hold low for gliding pheasants does not come naturally. One instinctively feels that one is going to overdo it and shoot the legs off the birds if anything. But it is worth mastering for on several occasions while in Perthshire when shooting at grouse curling down hill after they had passed the butts the ability to do so has stood me in good stead.

There is, however, a difference. Shooting below high pheasants which are scaling one may still shoot with the head up as at any incomer—but on a bird which going away below it is necessary to freeze the cheek to the stock until it almost hurts or one will never consistently kill.

The direct opposite of this is the technique of shooting decoyed duck. The average man will shoot at the nearest of an incoming flock and will as a result never become an accomplished fowler. He is governed by the desire to make sure of the easiest bird first—and probably reasons that the followers will come nearer before they can turn. But they will also climb rapidly—and he has got to raise higher and higher with the chance that the fowl will out-race his gun and he will shoot too low.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AMID THE CHALK PITS OF KENT

The expert fowler will on the other hand take the highest bird in range first, then as the others are frightened by the report and sight of their enemy, flare and start to climb, they rise into his line of sight, materially shortening the time which it takes to get one to a second or third mark. In Canada and the States where the repeating gun is a great favourite for decoy shooting (and justifiably so as an aid to stopping cripples) it is not uncommon for an expert to drop five birds with five shots, one after another by merely snapping on to his marks as the lower birds rise to his line of sight on the highest one. It is analogous to taking two in front and two in back from a grouse butt, and there too it is to be noted that one has to take the first bird as far in front as possible.

Probably the woodpigeon offers a finer variety of difficult shots than any other bird because of his ability to change pace and direction quickly. I should say the pigeon family as a whole—for it makes no difference whether it is the big bald pate of the West Indies, the white wing of Arizona or even the North American marming dove, they all can perform gyrations in the air at a speed to try the cleverest wingshot.

Nevertheless, it is my opinion that the average sportsman attributes them with being far more difficult than they are, and to a great extent he makes so. One thing which makes them so hard to hit is the necessity of concealment. This often causes us to shoot off balance without room to swing properly. In most instances the hide is made so thick that the occupant has but a small area in which to shoot at all.

This business of building a hide is greatly over done. It should be a sketchy affair made of natural material wide open to the sky overhead and preferably with a single tree or woods to the back to help conceal the shooter from above. Personally, I build my hides so thin that I can crouch low and keep watch through them in any direction. But I crouch low and I keep still. The man who cannot keep still requires a hide to conceal him that will arouse the birds' suspicion. Yet it is amazing how little cover is required, if the shooter is quiet and avoids wearing a white collar or turning his face to the sky as birds approach. Remember that if they see the decoys, and come to them, their eyes are fixed on them, they will not notice you unless you make a sudden movement.

So try a lightly constructed hide and also wear harmonious clothing; keep down, rather than build an affair like a French fowler's "Hut." What matters if half the pigeons which pass do see you if you are in a position to get good shots at the balance for that is where you have a chance to score?

Another thing which handicaps the pigeon shooter is the fact that generally speaking he uses his game gun for the purpose, a weapon which is generally bored improved cylinder in one or both barrels and with little choke in the left.

When he gets up to shoot at a pigeon at average range—let us say twenty-five to thirty yards—that swirls and turns back it will not re-assume a straight course until it is out of range of his gun. If he was armed with a light duck gun—or using as I do a 7¼lb. full choke gun with 2¾in. chambers—he could out-wait the pigeons' elusive tactics and still kill it.

Under such conditions they are not so difficult as they often seem. It is the use of game guns at long range on wood-pigeons which is responsible for the mistaken belief that they are hard to kill. Admittedly, they are difficult to hit but none of the pigeon tribe is hard to kill. Hit one with a couple of stray pellets of shot and a cloud of feathers is knocked out of it, a thing which does not happen to a partridge, much less a pheasant or a duck unless smothered with shot at short range. This is what gives rise to their reputation for vitality. No bird drops feathers as easily as a pigeon, even in taking off they scatter them at times. Bring one down and where it hits there is enough plumage scattered about to feather a nest. So naturally the open gun user who pricks one and knocks out a handful, which on a pheasant would be an indication of a hard hit bird, turns to his companions and says: "See how I hit that fellow and how he carried on." Yet his poor retriever with a mouth like silk knows how easy it is to take feathers out of them.

THE WOODPIGEON CAMPAIGN

Our leading article of January 6th has brought us many enquiries from men all over the country who are anxious to help in the Shoot the Pigeons and Save the Crops campaign. In many cases we have been able to help, in others we have put the enquirer in touch with the local authority concerned. It would save time if in the future such enquiries were put direct to the local branch of the National Farmers' Union or to the County Agricultural Officer. Certain hotels have good pigeon shooting to offer, notably Cobden's Hotel, Capel Curig, North Wales, where the birds are present in thousands.

ANIMAL "CAMP FOLLOWERS" AT THE FRONT

By SIDNEY ROGERSON

WHEREVER one or two British soldiers are gathered together there will animal pets be found also. If this is a feature of barracks life, how much more is it of life on active service. How many stray dogs or cats are attached unofficially to the strength of units of any British expeditionary force almost from the day it arrives overseas. A whole volume might well have been written about the "pets" of the B.E.F. in the last war.

From my own experience I can recall the cow found by the 23rd Infantry Brigade at Neuve Chapelle and kept as a most useful member of the brigade transport until the war of movement in 1918 proved too much for her aged limbs; the black cat, Dublin, which went to France with the 5th Battery R.F.A. in 1914 and returned home with it in 1918; or the lost white highland terrier which adopted the C.O. of my regiment on the Somme in 1918. These are picked at random from the many I remember, but they were animals of whom there is, or should be, some official record somewhere. Moreover, they were ordinary domestic beasts, the sort one would expect to find among the camp followers of an army. In the hope of eliciting information of a similar character from the B.E.F. of 1914–1919 and of to-day, I would like to put on record my experiences of less usual animals which I met in France and Flanders during the last war.

The first was a monkey. It happened that in the spring of 1917 battalion H.Q's. was located in old German dug-outs in a quarry near Revelon Farm on the Somme. The Boche had withdrawn to the Hindenburg line—the West Wall of the period—and we had followed him. Broken were all the muddy shackles of trench warfare. Once more we were free to move about in the open rolling country with the battered, water-logged battle area miles behind.

It was a fine afternoon in April, and in the young sunshine the quarry was very peaceful. I was sitting in the dug-out that served as orderly room when on a sudden pandemonium broke out—shouts, cries, and the noise of men rushing hither and thither. Darting to the door, I was met by the extraordinary spectacle of a small brown monkey pursuing the battle platoon in all directions. A monkey in France and only a few hundred yards from the front line! Luckily the second-in-command had a way with animals which apparently went with monkeys, and in a little while, not without some personal risk to himself, he contrived to entice the intruder into a dug-out where it was confined for the night, and its high spirits subdued. Gradually it was allowed its freedom and appeared to have settled down. We were anxious to keep it as a mascot but its good behaviour was short-lived.

The brigadier unfortunately chose to come over to discuss a forthcoming raid with the C.O. Together they conferred in the mess dug-out. On the table was a shell-case of flowers and a plate of oranges. The ape chose the occasion to make a voyage of discovery. Scenting the fruit, perhaps, or merely impelled by a desire to see how far it could scare the staff, it crept unseen into the mess. The brigadier was lost in the unfolding of his plans, and the talk murmured on in undertones of secrecy. Suddenly on the table appeared the monkey. Stealthily it put out a hand and took an orange, when the general, seeing a monkey appear under his very nose, started with mingled incredulity and alarm. The monkey took fright. Like a flash it hurled the orange into the be-medalled chest, upset shell-case, flowers, and water over the two officers and was away into the sunlight. That was the end of that incident, and inquiries were promptly made which led to the now unwelcome visitant being returned to its rightful owners, a neighbouring field battery.

If a monkey was an unusual animal to meet near the battle line in Picardy, a parrot was as unexpected a bird to find in deserted Flanders; and not one parrot merely, but two. To pick up two parrots as spoils of war within the space of three short weeks must constitute almost a record in European military history. In the forests of India such an event might be lightly passed over, but in the industrial district of northern France, never. Both were acquired during the final pursuit of the enemy in the autumn of 1918. One memorable evening we occupied the empty shell of the city of Douai. How thrilling a moment after weeks of watching its towers and roofs from the top of Vimy! How eerie to enter a large town without a single inhabitant, and how thorough the German destruction companies had been in their work. Douai was an empty shell of deserted houses and there was the greatest difficulty in finding a single house for H.Q's. with either windows or doors intact. Amongst the rumours that passed about came one that a parrot had been found in a deserted cottage. The report seemed worth investigating however absurd it sounded. Accordingly, the assistant adjutant, who was also a naturalist, was sent to reconnoitre, and returned in triumph bearing the bird with him. No one could call it a handsome creature, but our eyes were blind to its bedraggled plumage, its lack-lustre eyes and warty claws. Obviously the poor thing must be starving, so while one wrote off an urgent S.O.S. to a sister in England for parrot food, others scoured the deserted gardens of Douai for sunflower seeds. The regimental pet became at once the envy of the brigade, and eventually of the division. The divisional commander came down to see him, and when the battalion moved the venerable "Douai" moved too, perched precariously in the mess-cart on a rustic stand—made by some enthusiast.

A fortnight later we entered the town of St. Amant. Here the enemy had concentrated the civilians from the villages around, and, when clear himself, had with characteristic thoroughness shelled the place, doing considerable damage and causing some loss of life. To us fell the happy task of rescuing and evacuating the wretched people, some of whom had to be extricated from beneath shattered dwellings. The intelligence officer and I were engaged on this work when, in the language of Mr. Robey, "we stopped and we looked and we listened." From the ruins of a collapsed photographer's shop there issued what might now be described as a running commentary, but which in a second or two we identified as a string of curses and epithets, swear words and terms of endearment in mingled French and German. Hastily diving into the wreckage we unearthed a second parrot, a very handsome young bird which promptly bit the intelligence officer severely through the thumb. Like the first it was a green Amazon parrot.

By the side of the new arrival, "Douai" was a sorry sight. His star was put out in a twinkling. The sprightly "St. Amant" at once proved his entertainment value by whistling, talking in snatches of French and German, and addressing himself in such ardent terms that we soon began to suspect that we had mistaken his sex.

DISPELLING THE MYTH OF KING ARTHUR

By EDMUND VALE

THERE is no doubt that King Arthur, the founder of chivalry in war, ought to have a come-back. If we had only had the evidence before us 50 years ago which we have to-day I doubt if the "debunkers" would have been able to explode his "myth." I don't say that we have got *conclusive* evidence yet, only the sort which lawyers call circumstantial. Of course a come-back is particularly hard for King Arthur, on account of his traditional armour. His famous metal suit that Malory and Tennyson made so much of, would now be dated by any bright secondary schoolboy as "definitely 14th century."

If the great hero of chivalry did return, the dramatic moment would have to be staged by the archæologists—the very people who have, for so long, denied, his existence, for it is they who (no doubt, much against their will) are having the evidence forced upon them that King Arthur, if not a fact, was a possibility.

The first discovery was made accidentally by the archæologists in the very last place where they would have begun to look for Arthur intentionally—at Tintagel in Cornwall. It was the last place because it was the seat of the popular Arthurian romance. They had laughed long over the ruins of "King Arthur's Castle" at Tintagel which (to the instructed) was quite obviously a work that could not be dated earlier than the 12th century, whereas Arthur belonged to the early 6th or late 5th. It must have been a great moment for them when the Duchy of Cornwall, in 1930, handed over the headland with its castle to the Office of Works. Now, at last, the real facts could be laid authoritatively before the public! Even the £30,000 *Hall of Chivalry* which Mr. Glasscock, a retired custard powder manufacturer, was building in the village as a counterblast to unbelievers would not be able to save the situation for the discredited king.

It was, as I say, by accident that the antiquaries discovered certain mysterious foundations—first here, then there, finally, everywhere, all over the Headland of Tintagel. The ruins were those of small houses such as the Ancient Britons used. But they were rectangular and not round. A lucky find put the identity of the settlement beyond all doubt—a bit of slate with certain designs scrawled on it, evidently the work of a student and not an expert. A similar thing had been turned up by the round tower of Nendrum at the head of Strangford Lough, where there was ample proof that the site was that of a Celtic monastery.

There are several examples of the Irish Celtic monastery, notably the one on that lonely, towering islet called Skellig Michael. But the discovery at Tintagel was the first ruin of a British (that is, Welsh) Celtic monastery to be unearthed. The excavators were naturally cock-a-hoop about it. They began to date back their finds with modest caution to the ninth, then the eighth, then (more tentatively) the seventh century. Thus they had bridged the gulf between the ruins of Tintagel Head and the Arthurian date by five out of six hundred years, and they will most likely have to carry it back the remainder before the excavations are finished, whether Arthur remains taboo with them or not. If you ask how Arthur could have been born in a monastery I must refer you to Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints* (appendix vol.). The monks of the early Welsh Church were happily married, and the bishops, too, as we shall see in a minute.

The other discovery I mentioned is quite as startling in its way as the finds on Tintagel Head. True, it does not help us much about Arthur except that it is a new and clear voice from his period conveying a message from the ancient Celtic church—and I imagine the most sanguine student of Celtic lore never dared to hope that any lengthy inscription of this time could still be extant.

I am speaking of the Trescawen Stone which stands in a little wood at Llangwillog in Anglesey. It had been serving as a gatepost for a long time before the inscription was noticed. Afterwards, many learned men tried to read it, but failed. I imagine that this was partly due to a nervous apprehension on the part of English archæologists that it might be in Welsh. It was finally tackled by the eminent Welsh scholar Professor Ivor Williams. He mastered it; and it was not in Welsh after all, but Latin, informing posterity that ". . . iva, a most holy lady, lies here, who was the very beloved wife of Bivatig(irnus), servant of God, a bishop, and a disciple of Paulinus, by race a . . . odocian, and an example to all his fellow citizens and relations both in character, rule of life, and (that) wisdom which is better than gold and gems."

What a gleam from the English historians' "Dark Ages" of an enlightened 6th century Wales! And, to think of it, that Bishop Bivatig(irnus) was *less* than a myth so lately as 1934!

DEATH OF A NÔTED CHIMPANZEE

"Wednesday," one of the best-known chimpanzees in the Scottish Zoological Park, Edinburgh, died recently. "Wednesday" was presented to the Park in 1934 by Mr. W. Galloway, who had her from her early babyhood and kept her at his residence on the Gold Coast until she was about eight years old. During all that time she was allowed complete liberty, and she learnt various accomplishments from the native servants. She smoked cigarettes with a most ladylike air, but her greatest accomplishment and greatest joy was shown when she was provided with a wash tub, water and soap, and some garment to operate on. "Wednesday" would lather and rub and wring with the greatest energy and abandon.

When she arrived at the Scottish Zoological Park, an attempt was made to mate her with "Phillip," who is equally accomplished, but this union of intellectuals was not successful, and eventually a divorce was arranged, and "Wednesday" was re-married to "Flanagan." "Flanagan," though a somewhat rough and uncouth chimpanzee, showed, however, great gentleness and devotion towards "Wednesday," and they became the parents of "Andrew," the first Scottish bred chimpanzee, who was born in January, 1936.

A MEET OF THE NEW FOREST CAVALIERS

Left: MISS HEWETSON AND MISS PORTER IN A PONY CHAISE DRAWN BY "HEATHER." *Right:* MISS MARION WILSON AND MAJOR P. P. CURTISS IN A GOVERNESS CART DRAWN BY "BLACKIE."
The pony chaise shown was built 25 years ago for "Heather's" mother.

THE JOINT ORGANISERS OF THE CAVALIERS, MRS. HAROLD GIBSON AND SIR BERKELEY PIGOTT.

MISS BRADDYLL ARRIVING AT THE MEET IN HER MINIATURE FOUR-WHEEL DOG CAR.

IN the *Field* of December 16th photographs were published showing members of the West Surrey and Berkshire Driving Clubs on the road. With cars out of commission owing to petrol rationing and taxation the old vehicles are coming out again and the latest club to be formed is that of the New Forest Cavaliers. Members of this club will meet periodically and drive to an appointed place where they will listen to appropriate lectures while the horses are being rested. The first meet took place at the Rose and Crown, Brockenhurst, and after an informal lunch Major C. Davenport, F.R.C., V.S., lectured on harness and harnessing. The organisers of the club are Sir Berkeley Piggott and Mrs. Harold Gibson. There is no doubt that now the horse is coming into its own again the lead given by these clubs will be followed in other parts of the country and many instructors will be required to revive the almost lost art of driving a trap.

THE "CAR PARK" NEW STYLE OR IS IT "OLD STYLE"?

SOME LOCK-UPS OF OLD

Safe Custody for Malefactors before the Days of "Black Marias"

By M. LOVETT TURNER

A BRIDGE CHAPEL WHICH BECAME A PRISON LOCK-UP AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTSHIRE

YET again is history repeating itself. Like prehistoric man, we fear the unknown and dive for safety in cave-like excavations. Comfortable A.R.P. shelters—for all the world like the lock-ups of old—are springing up in many a town and village, and we are being taught, unsuccessfully it is feared, that walls have ears and every man should suspect his neighbour.

How these mouldering buildings, built a few centuries ago to house the drunk and disorderly, must scorn the flimsy structures a kindly government has provided out of the ratepayer's pocket for the safety of its people. Although alike in shape and lack of ventilation, there is little else in common between the lock-up of old and the A.R.P. shelter of to-day. Shelters bespeak safety, while the lock-up was looked upon as the village bogey-man, to frighten all and sundry.

Lock-ups were not prisons as the name implies, but only a place of security where the local drunkard could be safely housed until he was sober again. More important malefactors could be kept there under lock and key until it was convenient to convey them to the nearest town, where judgment, of a sort, could be administered. This might mean several days' confinement, for rapid transport and "Black Marias" were unknown. Besides, why worry about a prisoner? He was safe and that was all that mattered. If he happened to die of cold or hunger during his imprisonment—well, it was just too bad, and no one was to blame.

The village constable, or parish beadle, kept the keys and had the right to imprison anyone for a misdemeanour. It was left to his judgment to decide what constituted a misdemeanour, and the village suffered, or rejoiced, as the case may be. As late as 1785 the lock-up at Castle Cary, Somerset, was used to confine children over the age of seven who were found breaking the Sabbath or playing truant from school. As school hours were from 8 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. a few hours spent in durance vile must have seemed little punishment for half a day's freedom!

The lock-up at Pensford Green, also in Somerset, is reputed to have been the safe resting place for Duke Monmouth's misguided supporters after their tragic defeat at Sedgemoor; and at the blind house at Box, Somerset—so called from the general condition of its tipsy occupants—two tramps had a lucky escape from being asphyxiated from the fumes of a fire, probably kindled by the tramps themselves as the comfort of a prisoner was never considered. This lock-up, by the way, is in the unique position of having no owner, for the deeds are lost and it is impossible to trace to whom it belongs.

These, however, are the exceptions, for lock-ups were primarily made for the detention of the drunk and disorderly. Uncomfortable as they were, they did not often lack an occupant. Many of the walls were two or three feet thick, ventilation was only from holes over the door, or cracks in the roof, and no one ever thought of cleaning them out. There was nothing for the unfortunate one to sit upon and no straw was provided for warmth or cleanliness. However, an Englishman is bound to find some way of making the best of a bad job, and the prisoner's friends would rally round to cheer him up. One method of doing this was to pass a churchwarden's pipe through the holes in the door, the prisoner would put the stem in his mouth while his friends filled the bowl with drink—and not with milk, we may be sure!

Until the days of Queen Anne it was only the better classes who drank spirits, but with the introduction of gin towards the end of her reign, the lower classes drank this fiery poison with gusto. To prove this, statistics show that in 1714 two million gallons were distilled in England, but in 1735 over five million gallons were drunk by our population. Even the growing popularity of coffee houses made little difference, and Hogarth may not be far out when he illustrated his famous Gin Lane with a notice outside a tavern saying that "customers could be made drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence and provided with clean straw on which to sleep it off."

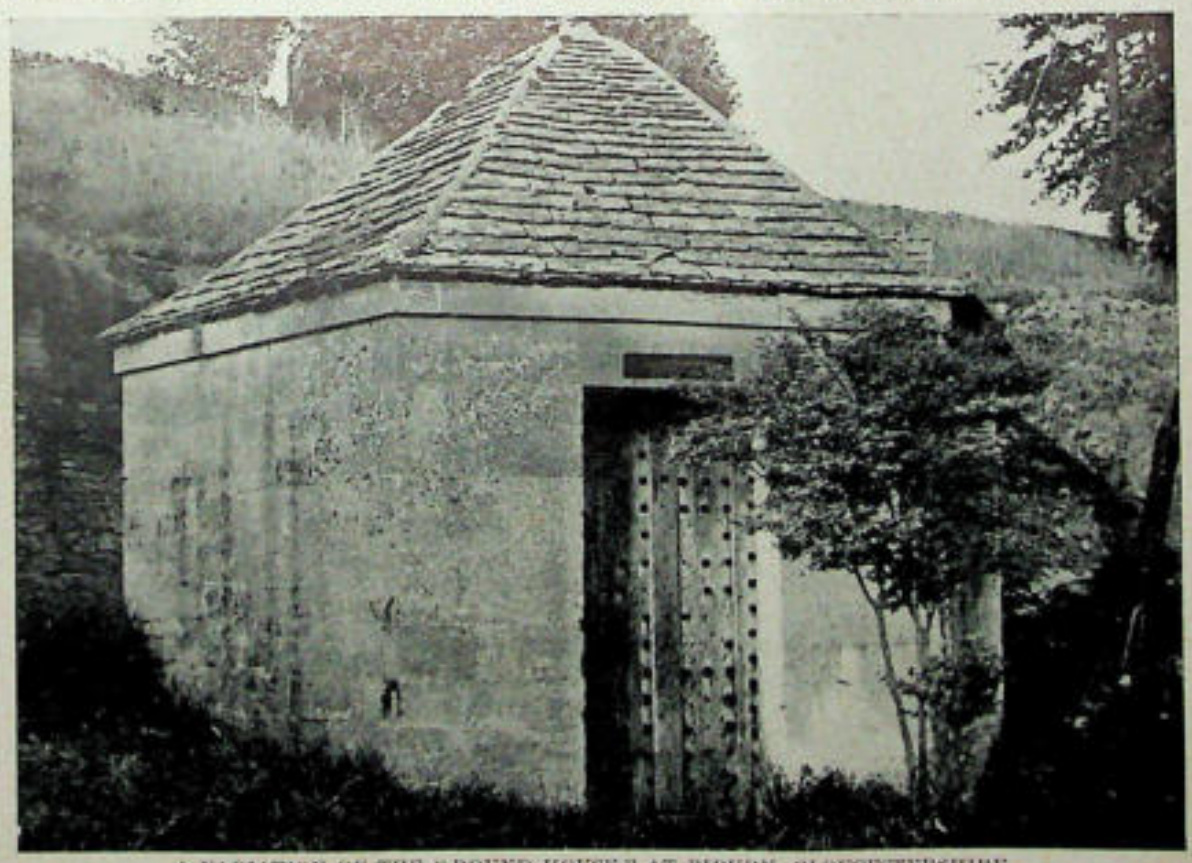
As a natural consequence, robbery and crime increased until it was not safe for anybody to walk abroad at night—or in the daytime in certain quarters. Little was done to counteract the black-out of those days. A few lamps hanging outside shops and dwelling houses, only aggravated the darkness. Links, or torches, were only used when a ball or rout was in progress within. Streets were narrow and passages long and no one dared to go to the help of an unfortunate who fell into the hands of robbers. Charles II, who was nothing if not practical, inaugurated police—nick-named Charlies from their royal patron. Some proved useful but, as they never seemed to be where they were wanted, they did little to stem the flood of crime and violence in our streets. But the Charlie had come to stay.

It was to Henry Fielding, our famous novelist, to whom the credit must be given of dealing with the question of crime in a practical way. He was magistrate of Bow Street Court—one of the few who refused to accept bribes from the offenders—when he obtained a grant to start his picturesque Bow Street Runners. In spite of much opposition from the authorities and horseplay from the very ones they were intended to protect, they soon became known and feared by the criminal classes. With regular beats and undaunted courage, they were known to be swift on the scene and able to quell trouble and protect the wayfarer. The number of these "Scarlet Runners" as they were called from the colour of their uniform, was soon increased from the original 15 and the police force of to-day was born.

We may smile when we see the little lock-ups that remain to-day, and some may sympathise with the sufferings of the prisoners, but they did what they could for the well-being of the ordinary man.

There is a particularly interesting lock-up on the bridge at Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire. Originally built as a wayside chapel so that travellers could pray for the soul of the one who built the bridge, it later became a lock-up and finally a dumping ground for the local Territorial Army's ammunition. Let us hope it will soon come into its own again, and be used for something more in keeping with the spirit with which it was built. A quaint old weather cock in the form of a fish gave rise to the saying that visitors, voluntarily or involuntarily, had "gone under the fish and over the water."

Although there is no doubt that the flowers growing over the lock-up at Haytesbury, Wiltshire, adds to the romance it does not make for the preservation of the building, or the weeds forming a fringe round the one at Walsingham, in Norfolk. The somewhat incongruous beacon at the top of this is a famous object for the annual pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Walsingham" the shrine to which Henry VIII walked barefoot and presented a valuable necklace as an offering, which he duly grabbed back when he stripped the chapel of its treasures and dissolved the monastery itself.



A VARIATION OF THE "ROUND HOUSE" AT BIBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
It is practically square, with tiled roof and well-studded door

There is an ancient lock-up at Bibury, Gloucester, that does not merit the title of round house, for it is practically a square with a charming tiled roof and well-studded door. It is near the bridge, tucked almost out of sight, and is little known to the average tourist.

So time passes. The necessities of yesterday become the curiosities of the future. Soon A.R.P. shelters will have vanished, for they are but a passing need, but these little round houses will stand for many generations to come as a reminder that Englishmen had much to face, even in the good old days, that were not all good!

AT CASTLE CARY, SOMERSET
Built in 1779 at a cost of £23. The roof is shaped like a Policeman's helmet

WALSINGHAM'S LOCK-UP
Capped by a beacon it is associated with the pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Walsingham"

MACHINES WORKED BY HUMAN POWER

When Wood took the place of Metal

WE'VE all heard of the "born engineer." I think he's a fairly common product, and I have always wanted to know what he did with himself only a century-and-a-half ago when there was no engineering profession. The museums give a very partial light on the subject. Machines prior to the mid-eighteenth century were made almost entirely of wood, with certain exceptions such as clocks, steelyards and other weighing devices. So, unless special conditions favoured its preservation—as in the case of the Exeter fire-engine which bears the date 1626—wooden machinery got smashed up or burnt, and can never be rediscovered by archaeologists. But occasionally one still comes across it intact.

A great many people must have seen the donkey-wheel at Carisbrooke Castle, which pulls up a bucket of water weighing 1½cwt. from a well that is rather more than 150ft. deep. You see the same kind of wheel in cages for mice and squirrels. The Carisbrooke wheel is 15ft. 6in. in diameter, which easily allows a donkey to get in. There are cross-slats on the inner tread of the wheel, so that when the donkey steps out the drum revolves. But the wheel (which replaced another one in 1580) was not made for a donkey to work, but a man—a prisoner, so they will tell you with grim satisfaction. That as may be. But it *is* a man-power machine.

You can still see another in use for this same purpose of drawing water at the Fox and Hounds Inn, Beauworth, in Hampshire.

A bas-relief in the Lateran Museum shows a man-power wheel exactly like ours at work, under the eye of a Roman contractor, lifting a large block of stone into position on a public building. These wheels were, in fact, used as cranes in the making of our cathedrals. I have seen two of them which are not only in working order still but actually in service. One is in the spire of Salisbury Cathedral and the other (which is more accessible to the general public) is in the roof of Beverley Minster. I have myself worked this one. It is situated above the vault of the crossing, ready for action at a moment's notice. By the wheel a stone casing rises from the floor like the top of a well. It is filled by a solitary round stone, perhaps 3ft. in diameter, with a ring in the middle. This is the obverse of the great central boss

BATH'S LAST WATCHMAN'S BOX

(seen carved from below) which fits into the intersection of the cross groins of nave, transepts and choir. It must weigh a ton, perhaps more.

If you are going to do repairs on or about the roof, and want balks of timber brought up from the ground level, you hook your wheel-rope into the ring in the back of the boss and get into the wheel. A little gentle walking will bring the heavy boss swimming up out of its well. Your mate pulls it to one side, lowers it and unhooks. You can now fish anything from the floor of the nave that will go through the hoist-hole. I imagine that both this and the Salisbury wheel are of fourteenth century date.

One has to test this apparatus to be properly impressed with the ease with which the power can be applied. Evidently they did not adopt this principle for the prison tread-mill, because it was too comfortable. In the tread-mill the power was applied outside the wheel, so it meant that the operator, instead of appearing to walk on the level, had to walk uphill—up, up, up, with aching back and straining muscles and, in the heart, the certain knowledge that it was mechanically impossible ever to reach the summit. The curious may see a tread-mill still in position in the old gaol at Beaumaris—I don't know whether there are any others still fixed *in situ*.

The last wooden machinery to survive in general use was the equipment of the windmills. Here, vanes, axles, wheels and toothed gearing was all of wood. Anyone who has seen the old wooden machinery of these mills, and remembers the sound of its peculiar harmonious creaking, when a high wind was urging the sails, and the dreamy muffled rumbling that went on in the floury atmosphere of the mill (to which the work-warmed parts contributed a distinct, sweet, wooden flavour) will think that the heart of the machine was much nearer and more sympathetic to the heart of man in those days. Compare both the look and the outlook of the jolly miller and the factory operative!

L. H.

THE HISTORY OF FOXHUNTING IN AMERICA—I

By A. H. HIGGINSON

The author of these articles was for twenty years on the Board of Stewards of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association of the United States of America and Chairman of the Hunts Committee, as well as President of the M.F.H. Association for a number of years. For five years, until last year, he was Master of the Cattistock Foxhounds.

A RECENT article in the *Field* on Foxhunting in America has brought to my attention the fact that there are apparently many people in England who fail to realise that the sport in America, although carried on along somewhat different lines, is almost contemporary with, and very similar to, foxhunting in Great Britain and Ireland. The development in England was more rapid, for the simple reason that America—the United States in particular—was in its adolescence, and there were few men with either the time or the means to found and maintain the sport on such a scale as that on which it was practised in England.

Except in the South, where many of the large estates were originally acquired by Royal grant, there was no landed gentry such as existed in England, and although there were several packs of foxhounds which were descended from importations, these were in every sense private packs, maintained by rich planters for the benefit of a few, and foxhunting was not followed by the class that was equivalent to the "Squirearchy" of England. One of the early settlers in Virginia was Lord Thomas Fairfax, who had settled on the Northern Neck in 1746.

In one of the early diaries of George Washington, Esquire, later to become a Master of Fox Hounds, as well as First President of the United States, we find the following mention of Lord Fairfax, by whom he was employed: "At this time he was fifty-nine years old. Although he was a heavy man, he was a fine horseman, and as I was never tired of the saddle, we were much engaged in the hunting of wild foxes." I mention Lord Thomas Fairfax particularly because, after his first visit to Virginia in 1739, he visualised the possibilities of the sport in America, and sent to one of his younger relations, whom he had left in charge of the estate which he had purchased there, the following letter; which is dated from Leeds Castle, April 6th, 1745, shortly before his emigration for good into the new country.

"Dear George:

"I have sent you, by Captain Cooling, of the 'Elizabeth,' two dogs and one bitch, of Sir Edward Filmore's, which he promised you. I desire you will be very careful of them and get into the breed; if you have any other good hounds, they will make a good cross and mend the breeds. If there is any charge attending them, I have wrote to your father to satisfy Captain Cooling. I do not yet hear of any convoy appointed for Virginia, but I hope soon to know of one being named that I may soon have the pleasure of seeing my friends in the Northern Neck. . . . I have nothing more to add at the present time but that I remain,

Yours,

Fairfax."

I do not think it worth while to discuss in detail the sources of the American Foxhound, which Captain Curtis, in his article, seems inclined to think is founded on the French strain. We have every reason to suppose, as I have shown by the above letter, that hounds were imported from England long before the American Revolution, and I know that two importations of Kerry Beagles came from Ireland shortly after 1800, and that certain strains of American Hounds trace their ancestry direct to those importations. I have also seen a letter from General George Washington to General La Fayette, thanking him for the gift of several couples of French Hounds, which were sent to him as a gift some years after the Revolution, and there are evidences of many hounds which have come from England from that time to the present.

So far, I have been speaking of foxhunting activities south of the British Dominion of Canada. Let us now take a look at what was going on over the border. So far as I know, the Montreal Hunt, founded in 1826, by a Mr. William Forsyth, who at that time "removed a pack of foxhounds from Three Rivers to Montreal," was the first organised hunt in Canada, and remains to-day the oldest hunt on the North American continent with a continuous history. In 1837, Captain Walter Jones, of the Queen's Light Dragoons, became Master; and from that time on, the officers of the British Army, who were quartered in Montreal, have played a very prominent part in the foxhunting history of the Dominion. "Nimrod," writing in 1842, in the little-known work *Nimrod Abroad*, has a good deal to say about foxhunting in Canada, although he never crossed the Atlantic. What a pity! His comments on American packs at that time would have been most interesting, and also about hunting in the United States which he learned from contemporary writers. At Toronto, the sport was a bit later in starting, but a pack has always been maintained near that city since the early '40's and was, as in the case at Montreal, principally under the management of British army officers who were quartered in the Province.

The British always take their sports to whatever part of the globe they go, and in spite of the fact that Canada, because of its geographical position, has only a short season, it has played and is playing a very prominent part in the foxhunting history of North America. With the later history of the development of foxhunting in Canada, I shall speak in a future article; but in passing, I should like to point out that this development has been steady, whereas in the United States, particularly in the North-eastern portion of the Atlantic seaboard, the strides made since 1900 have been out of all proportion to its earlier growth.

The first organised "Foxhunting Club" in the territory which is now the United States was founded in 1766, when a number of gentlemen of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, met at the old Philadelphia Coffee House and formed the Gloucester Foxhunting Club and agreed "to provide and keep a kennel of foxhounds" and engage a huntsman at the magnificent wage of £10 a year, a house and a horse, with an additional undertaking that "at the death of every fox one of the company shall carry about a cap, to collect what the company may please to give the huntsman." The war with England dispersed the entire membership, and further sport was abandoned for the time being, though in September, 1778, several members of the hunt, all home on leave, assembled and resolved to pay off all the debts incurred in the maintenance of the establishment.

There is reason to believe, further, that during the time when the British Army occupied Philadelphia, the officers took out the hounds for their amusement. When the war was ended and peace established, hunting was revived; and in 1780, a meeting of about forty members was held at the City Coffee House in Philadelphia, and the hunt placed on a proper financial footing. For the next forty years, the Gloucester Hounds continued to hunt the country, but deaths, resignations, and mercantile misfortunes eventually so thinned the ranks of the club that about 1820 the organisation was disbanded and the hounds returned to their owners or given to the sporting farmers of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The progeny of those hounds are, to-day, in parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, bred from the best blood-lines which had been imported from England by Mr. Davies and Mr. Ross, in the club's early history. In 1873, after the Civil War, the club was reorganised as the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, an organisation which has flourished from that time until the present day.

It would be impossible, in the space allotted me, to give in any detail the early history of foxhunting in many parts of the United States, but I feel that I should be guilty of great inaccuracy did I not stress at this point the fact that the States of Virginia and Maryland have played a very prominent part. I have always regarded Eastern Pennsylvania and the region about Philadelphia, as the "Leicestershire" of American foxhunting; with Virginia playing a part somewhat similar to that played by Ireland to British hunting. Sport in both places is first-class, but is somewhat different in character.

(To be continued)

MIDDLESEX (U.S.A.) HOUNDS MOVING OFF IN THE SNOW

AN AMERICAN PACK OF ENGLISH PEDIGREE STOCK

Children's Day with the Chiddingfold at Hascombe

THE YOUNG FOLLOWERS MOVE OFF ON A WINTER'S DAY OF BRIGHT SUNSHINE WITH A SNAP IN THE AIR

BEFORE THE DRAW. AN EXPECTANT PARTY WAITING BY THE COVERT-SIDE

BLACK-WINGED STILTS AT THE NEST

ARRANGING THE LONG LEGS IN ORDER TO INCUBATE

(1) THE COCK APPROACHING THE EGGS, HIS LONG STILTS ARE HERE SEEN AT FULL STRETCH

(2) THE COCK, HAVING ARRIVED AT THE NEST, CAREFULLY MEASURES HIS DISTANCE FROM THE EGGS

(3) THE HEN—SHOWING THE NEXT STAGE, THE GREATEST BENDING OF THE LONG STILTS

(4) BREAST DOWN, THE TAIL AND WINGS STICK HIGH UP INTO THE AIR, WHILE THE BIRD SHUFFLES DOWN

(5) THE EGGS ARRANGED, THE BIRD SLIGHTLY RAISES ITSELF OFF THE EGGS BEFORE SETTLING

(6) COMFORTABLY SETTLED, THE COCK CROUCHES LOW ON THE NEST, THE KNEES PROTRUDING BEYOND THE TAIL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. K. YEATES

THE PARENTS CHANGING OVER DURING INCUBATION

(7) THE COCK STRIDES UP TO TAKE HIS TURN AND RELIEVE THE HEN ON THE NEST

(8) THE COCK TAKING OVER FROM THE HEN AS SHE STRIDES OVER THE EGGS AND NEST

(9) THE COCK SETTLES ON THE EGGS AND THE HEN GOES "OFF DUTY" AND "ON GUARD"

(10) TIME FOR ANOTHER RELIEF TO TAKE PLACE. THE HEN ARRIVING TO "TAKE OVER" FROM THE COCK

(11) THE PROCESS SEEN IN NO. 8 IS REPEATED AND THE COCK IS SEEN EASING HIMSELF UP

(12) THE HEN INCUBATES AND NOW IT IS THE COCK'S TURN FOR A SPELL OF GUARD DUTY

POINTS OF VIEW CONCERNING FISH POACHING

By ERIC TAVERNER

IT is a matter of great surprise that no one has written a modern, comprehensive book on poaching—a most fascinating line of inquiry as soon as the strictly legal and moral outlook has been discarded. Partisan feeling, too, must go, because it is but natural to look at poaching from a personal viewpoint. Can anyone quarrel with the unknown author of "The North Country Angler" (1786), who, ever ready to champion the rights of his fellow-anglers, cursed "the millers, those base land-otters" for poaching salmon through the undue exercise and barefaced stretching of their legal rights? Did not Charles Kingsley, in "Water Babies," remark that "a keeper is only a poacher turned inside out and a poacher a keeper turned outside in"? And, further, there are two kinds of poacher: he who is out for gain and he who is out for sport. In the same way, the whole of poaching is easily divisible.

"I charge and requyre you that ye fysshe not in noo poore man's seueral water wyth out his lycence and good wyll," says "The Treatise," which, in thus championing the rights of the small man, classes such action, together with the taking of fish from other men's fish-traps, as robbery that should be "punysshed by the necke and otherwyse whan they maye be aspyed." That is the limit of the 15th century conception of poaching: one man invading the right of another, whether he be king or commoner, to own wild animals in their natural habitat.

Then the legislators stepped in and extended the meaning of poaching to include the taking of fish or game at certain times, during the close season or the fence months. At first, this protection was imposed as the corollary of the idea of personal ownership; but it has now come to be enforced in the interests of the sporting community as a whole. Numerous statutes were placed on the rolls of England and of Scotland to make close times and size-limits effective; but, except within the Liberty of the City of London, it is doubtful whether anglers with rod and line observed any but voluntary close-times.

A third class of poaching has gradually been built up, consisting of modes of fishing previously considered fair sport by the majority of anglers, methods that, if practised to-day, would bring upon the follower of them public opprobrium and, to parody the phrase in "The Treatise," punishment by the purse. Four of these curiosities of poaching are here lightly sketched.

"Noble lord," writes Thomas Barker to Edward lord Montague, "I have found an *experience* of late, which you may angle with and take great store of this kind of fish," namely, trout, dace, chub and grayling. "The bait is the roe of salmon or trout. If I had known it but 20 years ago, I would have gained a hundred pounds only with that bait." Old Barker, whose "Delight," published in 1657, is still our delight, was probably the discoverer of this secret, which he was most anxious should not die with him. Had it been known before his day, it would never have escaped the ranging eye of Gervase Markham who flourished and wrote exceedingly some 40 years earlier.

By 1689 salmon spawn had earned wide popularity as a bait, for Chetham describes the manners of its employment: fresh—boiled to make it hard enough to adhere to the hook—preserved in salt—and, to keep it fresh and of the right colour for a long period, stored in pots between layers of wool. He notes the custom of steeping salted roe "in strong waters" overnight against the next day's sport. "'Tis a lovely bait," he rhapsodises, "for the winter and summer, especially if used where salmon used to spawn," because, as he explains, many hungry fish—the *rowan gatherers* of a later age of fishermen—expect to find it there.

Not until 1840 do we find the slightest suggestion that salmon roe or "pea" is an unsportsmanlike bait. Kirkbride testifies to its wide use in Cumberland and Border rivers, but condemns wholeheartedly the taking with it of parr or brandling, that is, samlets. The chronicler, Blaine, writing at the same period, speaks of roe as "a favourite bait to this day" and gives a novel method of preserving it by substituting sugar for the customary bay or rock salt. He has nothing against the bait, except its excessive employment, and instances two anglers at Uxbridge who, by its aid, emptied a pool of its inhabitants, which "would have furnished excellent sport to the fly-fishers who frequented the White Horse Inn." The gallant Captain Williamson describes how to make artificial roe by staining pink the gluten of wheat obtained by boiling a paste of wheat and water until the fine parts are washed away. He had no scruples against the use of salmon roe, but found it at certain seasons very difficult to procure.

But, after the season of 1857, when this bait had never been more popular in the north, its use was barred by a statute that classed as poaching a practice that had been followed freely for 200 years.

"That barbarous practice of murdering fish by moonshine, as at other times to martyr them with the blaze of a wisp and a barbed spear" is how Richard Franck, the Roundhead, describes what the Laird of Abbotsford acclaimed as "the manly sport of burning the water." And much the same methods were employed against Avon trout, as we learn from a note in Evelyn's "Diary" about Darneford Magna, modern Durnford between Salisbury and Amesbury. This fish-spearing was considered by James Saunders, who about 1720 had witnessed it at the weirs of Trent, thoroughly unsportsmanlike; and yet no one seems to have taken any steps to make it illegal. When touching upon this matter half a century later the unknown author of "The Complete Fisherman" says that "it is not uncommon for salmon to be darted as they attempt to get over the weirs. In the neighbourhood of Flixon, in Lancashire, they set fire to straw, or light torches, which being mistaken for daylight, the fish approach it, and are either struck by a spear, or catched by a sudden jerk of cats." Flixon is Flixton on Mersey, within a few miles of Manchester! North of the Border this burning and listering was openly practised until the middle of last century. It was made famous by Scrope and, in lesser degree, by Lockhart who tells of the exploits of Laidlaw, Hogg and Sir Walter at the Pool of Gleddis Wiel, just as the former painted an unforgettable picture of the Purdies engaged at their "black" fishing on nights in late summer.

But, in 1859, the Duke of Roxburgh's Act, amending the Tweed Fishery Laws, classed as poaching a mode of fishing that had been openly indulged and in places jealously guarded for many generations.

There is a device to take fish that carries out a long line, armed with numerous flies, over the surface of lake or broad river, which is known as the "otter." It works on the same principle as does the naval paravane. The earliest notice I can find of this engine is in 1857, when Cliffe says that fishing in North Wales was then largely spoilt by poaching, especially by "the board," that is, the "otter" or "lath." About the same date, the "otter" was much used in the north of England, where the practice of taking fish with it was known as "jacking." Francis Francis, in his edition of 1870, observes that "otter and crosslines are both means of taking salmon. In England the one is licensed and in Ireland the other." To-day the use of otter, lath or jack is no less barred than that of the spear or leister.

Crosslining, to which Francis refers, was first recorded by Giles Jacob, in 1717, as a method in great vogue in Hampshire. "If you fish for trout with the fly (the best season for which is in May and the beginning of June) in large rivers, where there are not very high trees near it" you should go out with a companion, each of you having a rod and a line in common, from which depend short "dods," as Jacob terms them. To these short lines are fastened flies. You walk up the river on opposite banks and manœuvre the flies, so that they trip along the surface of the water—a deadly way of presenting them. Richard Durnford used this method on the crack waters of Test, whenever there was not a "sufficient wind" to carry out his blow-line. This was at the opening of the 19th century.

The verso of the picture is curiously shown in the attitude displayed by some old anglers to night-fishing, which frequently meant the setting of night-lines. "Bar night hooking and netting where you love angling," wrote Lauson in 1620. But Chetham's opinion is very amusing, if less logical. He admits that after nightfall is the time to take large, timid trout, but maintains that the practice is "unwholesom, unpleasant, and very ungentiel, and to be used by none but idle pouching fellows. Therefore," he continues, "I shall say nothing of it, only describe how to lay night hooks." Angling at night he classed with spearing and "firing at night." The 19th century authority on setting night-lines, Captain Williamson, looked at the practice from a very strange angle. "All things considered, I look upon the laying of *night-lines*, except in protected waters, as being a very hazardous affair." He advises his readers always to obtain leave from the owner of the water, before laying cords, of which, he writes, "I was once eased altogether" by a thief, who was later sent for such crimes to Botany Bay!

To-day there is no prohibition of night-fishing—it is just a matter of local ruling; but the use of night-lines for trout is quite another matter.

MR. COOKE'S RIVERSIDE RETRIEVERS

By A. CROXTON-SMITH

ONE good story often produces another. My article about Colonel Henstock's Labrador retrieving mahseer in Baluchistan has prompted Mr. H. Reginald Cooke to tell me of his flat-coated retriever Kim, who was most accomplished in bringing fish out of the water. The dog, then only ten months old, accompanied his master one day when he was fishing the Worfe, a Shropshire trout stream. He caught one that was too small to take out. Unfortunately, the fish was badly hooked and had to be killed before Mr. Cooke could disengage the hook. He then threw the trout over the river into a bed of nettles.

He had continued for about two hundred yards when he felt something cold against his leg, and on turning round he found the dripping dog with the fish in his mouth. After that he always took Kim with him when fishing, and he became very keen and clever. Towards the end of the summer the River Whorfe grows a thick weed, and it frequently happens that one gets hung up with a fish. On such occasions Kim would always go in and retrieve most carefully. He was also an excellent gun dog, but he seemed to be equally pleased to go fishing. He won several prizes in the show ring, but sport was his game.

Mention of Mr. Cooke's flat-coats inevitably provokes recollections. Many of the younger generation may be unaware of the important part played by the Riverside dogs in the retriever world. For some years after men began to breed a specialist retriever by crossing setters or spaniels with the lesser Newfoundland or Labrador, the dogs that ensued were not in any sense standardised, and I have always understood that the honour of shaping the flat-coats into some semblance of a variety belonged to Mr. S. E. Shirley, founder of the Kennel Club in 1873. That he succeeded admirably is beyond question, and most of the celebrities trace to his Ch. Thorn and Ch. Blackthorn through a mingling of the blood of Ch. Zelstone, half a Labrador, owned by Mr. S. T. Bartram.

Major Harding Cox's Black Drake and some of Mr. Shuter's dogs exerted a considerable influence upon the variety. Towards the close of last century Mr. Shuter had several dogs that earned him great sums at stud, and his kennel together with that of Colonel Cornwall Legh of High Legh were dominant about forty years ago. One will not go far wrong in saying that Ch. High Legh Blarney was responsible for determining the character of the flat-coats throughout this century. He got rid of the coarseness that was to be seen in many. After the death of Colonel Cornwall Legh his retrievers were sold at Aldridge's in the summer of 1905, and High Legh Blarney went to Mr. Cooke for 200 guineas. His purchaser can never have regretted giving his agent a blank cheque with which to buy him, for when he died in 1913 he left behind him many notable descendants, and it is said that he paid for himself in less than two years.

Throughout the present century Mr. Cooke's Riverside dogs have enjoyed a supremacy that has not been challenged seriously. Those of us who had the pleasure of meeting him at the last Cruft's found it difficult to believe that he bought his first retriever 57 years ago, that being Minet, which he got from one of Lord Boyne's keepers. He was a son of Ch. Blackthorn and therefore of Mr. Shirley's strain. There are far more flat-coats in the country than those imagine who base their calculations upon the numbers exhibited at shows or run at field trials. In all probability, too, the average of merit is as high as or even higher than ever it was.

LITTLE KNOWN LANCASHIRE

By ERNEST RHODES

LANCASHIRE is seldom looked upon as beautiful. The average impression is one of a countryside seared by collieries and innumerable cotton mills; of a damp and misty climate; of tripe shops, cobbled streets, mill girls, clogs, Wakes weeks, and noisy pleasure resorts.

This is partly true—as indeed it must be—of the industrial areas. But the "lungs" of Lancashire, those northern parts of the county which fringe the "lovely Lune" represent a Lancashire of moorland crag and rushing stream, a land of old-world villages with a beauty unspoiled by modern development, a district rich with historical association. Industrial Lancashire is known throughout the world, the other aspect of the county appealing to those of æsthetic and countryside tastes is hardly known at all.

Between Preston and Lancaster is "Windmill Land" and in 1880 (according to a directory of the time) there were 17 windmills still working. To-day all but three are idle. However, they can still be seen, representatives of an age which preceded nationalisation, rationalisation, big combines, and multiple stores.

To the east of "Windmill Land" and in the foothills of the Pennines, is Dolphinholme, a charming old-world, but rather windswept village which has some claim to fame, for, paradoxically enough, in this rural retreat, was built the first gasworks in Britain.

Owing to draught difficulties, the chimney was transported bodily to a distant hill, the smoke being carried underground from the works proper.

H. T. Morris

"A MONUMENT TO INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS"

The gasworks have long been closed, and the now ruined chimney stands on the hillside, very neglected looking, a monument to industrial progress.

A little to the north is the Lune, twisting and winding through the country as it takes its 45-mile course to the sea. The Lune has been aptly described as the "lovely Lune" and here we have Lancashire at its best, offering a well wooded landscape, with plenty of opportunity for the angler and sportsman.

On the north bank is Halton, with its quaint old cross in the village churchyard, the only cross of its kind in existence, and marking the conversion of north Lancashire from Paganism to Christianity. Christian and Pagan inscriptions are carved on two sides of the cross.

Lancashire's oldest church is at Overton Village, to the north-west of Lancashire, and dates back to the 6th century. The rude oak beams, still in an excellent state of preservation, are a feature here, and are accounted amongst the finest examples England has to offer for this particular period.

The church is within a few miles of the celebrated "Crook of Lune" where the river suddenly twists southward. The poet Gray, writing of this district described, "every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but in the best position." The Lune is practically the same now as it was then. Sport is freely indulged in, particularly otter hunting, and the photograph shows some otter hounds, together with the inevitable, and important-looking village youngster who is intent on watching everything and missing nothing!

To the west is Glasson, perhaps a sleepy-looking little place to-day, but one which has played an important part in the history of our mercantile marine.

Not London, Liverpool, Southampton or Hull had the honour of possessing the first tidal dock in the kingdom, but sleepy little Glasson, tucked away on the north-west coast,

H. T. Morris

THE CHOIR STALLS IN CARTMEL PRIORY

H. T. Morris

THE CROSS AT HALTON

Lancashire is especially rich in old mansions, and a typical example is Borwick Hall, near Carnforth. The great majority of these places are riddled with priests' hiding holes, and intersected with secret passages, grim reminders of a non-too-tolerant past. Here is to be seen an interesting hanging gallery and stone cheese press. Borwick Hall is one of the oldest mansions in Lancashire.

The north-west of the county is separated from Lancashire proper by Westmorland, and the tiny border village of Burton is of interest, for it was here that the first Corn Market was held in England.

Cartmel, a small market town near Grange-over-Sands is celebrated for its famous Priory. Cartmel Priory needs no introduction from me. Suffice to say that it contains some of the finest ecclesiastical interior carving in Europe. The photograph depicts the grandeur of the choir stalls, 26 in number, with old misericords still remaining.

Very briefly I have tried to show that there is another Lancashire, apart from industrial Lancashire—a Lancashire which can at least equal the beauty and attraction of many another better-known county.

THE CROOK OF LUNE

H. T. Morris

GORILLAS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THE Zoo has always had a fine collection of man-like apes, and has taken a great pride in it. For some years all four groups have been exhibited, the gorillas, chimpanzees, orang-utans and Gibbons.

According to Major Stanley S. Flower—who, is a living encyclopaedia as far as the history of animals in captivity goes—the first gorilla believed to have

THE GORILLA BABY, MENG

been brought alive to Europe was a young female brought to this country by a Mr. Hulse in 1855. It was exhibited in Wombwell's famous menagerie, but only lived for a few months. In October, 1887, the London Zoo purchased a young male from a Mr. Cross, and this was the first to be shown in the London Gardens.

It was soon realised that gorillas—and the other anthropoids for that matter—were very difficult to manage in captivity, under the usual Zoo conditions of the 19th century. In fact it was not until after the Great War that the proper housing and feeding of the great apes became generally applied. To-day anthropoids live under perfectly suitable conditions in many zoos in this country and in Germany, France and the United States, and in such establishments as the Primate Laboratory at Yale.

The London Zoo, finding that it was no easy task to keep anthropoids, until science could improve their environment in captivity, wisely deferred the exhibition of these animals (in any numbers) until the new monkey-house had been built; and the exhibition of gorillas in London had to wait for the modern gorilla-house now in Regent's Park.

It was while this house was being built that the Zoo's most famous pair of gorillas, Mok and Moina, arrived. They were given shelter at first in what is now known as the chimpanzee-house, but which should really be called the experimental anthropoid house—a building simple in design but highly suitable for apes in the early years of their life.

This was in 1933 when Moina, the female, was about six years old, and weighed 112lb., while Mok, the male, was about four, and weighed 70lb. By 1935 the gorilla-house was finished, and the animals moved in. They had grown so much by this time that Moina weighed 238lb. and Mok, at 210lb., had nearly overtaken her. In the next year Moina had reached her full growth, weighing 245lb., while Mok weighed almost exactly the same. At this stage Moina, who up till now had been the boss, began to show greater respect to her mate, and by September of 1937 he weighed 320lb. and was definitely the dominant animal.

The Zoo had begun to see a great future for these apes, now that they had reached this stage. They seemed to be doing extremely well; no expense was spared with their diet, which included twenty-three different kinds of fruit and vegetables, six accessory preparations containing vitamins and essential salts, and even occasional portions of chicken or steak. But in January, 1938, Mok fell ill and died of a disease which could not be fully diagnosed but which may have been related to Bright's disease. It may possibly have been congenital.

This was a great blow to the Society, and the future of the "widowed" Moina became something of a problem. Though she never seemed to miss Mok very much, she appeared to have rather an introspective temperament, and, though she was quite healthy and active for well over a year, she was sometimes inclined to mope. In the middle of 1939, however, she developed a poisoned foot, and a mood which made her difficult to treat. However, she kept confidence in her keeper, Smith, who was devoted to the gorillas, until, in spite of all efforts, she died in July.

The loss of these fine apes has left the gorilla-house empty, but it is hoped that this will not be for long. For over a year the Zoo has been nursing other gorillas to take their place, and "Meng" and "Moko," now over two and three years old respectively, look as if they would do better than their predecessors. Both are males; Meng belongs to the Kivu race and Moko comes from the lowlands of the Cameroons. Gorillas of the Kivu race are the biggest of all—a male at Berlin, though certainly exceptional, reached 42 stone—while the lowland race may never reach more than 30 stone. So Meng may one day be a huge creature, and there seems to be no reason why that day should not come.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THERE is a small island in the wonderful Bay of San Francisco wholly occupied by the state prison. When I was there, a few years ago—in San Francisco, not in the state prison—they told me with no little pride that this prison had the finest record for the good behaviour of its inmates. It had nothing to do with the inmates themselves: they were no better than the worst criminals lodged in similar institutions, but the governor of the prison was a man of taste and imagination.

Without spending a dollar more than the official rate allowed for the feeding of the prisoners in all state prisons, he had given to the preparation and presentation of the prisoners' food such care that they were excellently fed and thoroughly enjoyed their food; but—there is always a "but" in or out of jail—provided they did their allotted work well and behaved properly. Any sign of insubordination was immediately punished by a diet of stale bread and water that was not even cool.

There was no insubordination. Which shows that the appreciation of good food is not a matter of riches, and that it would be foolish in the extreme to make the war the excuse for ceasing to take an interest in what we eat and drink. On the contrary, whilst most of us have less time and money to give to fine food and wines, it is more important than ever for all of us to bring a little more imagination to the choosing of our meals, so that they may help us preserve our mental and emotional balance as well as give us pleasure at a time when so few pleasures are left to us to enjoy.

Here is an example of how the cheapest and commonest of foods can be made into a nourishing, tasteful dish fit for the epicure's table, the humble cottager or the hard-worked convict.

Gratin de Légumes. Boil and mash some potatoes; season with pepper and salt; add milk to make the *purée* fairly thin. Boil some carrots, turnips, spinach and cabbage, or re-heat any of these that may be left over, and mash them all together through a cullender. Line a baking dish with a layer of mashed potatoes all over; then fill with the other mashed vegetables, all mixed together. Cover with a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Sprinkle bread-crumbs over it all; pour a little melted butter, and brown in a very hot oven. (The melted butter is omitted when convicts are being catered for.)

To make this excellent vegetable pie more tasty, some finely grated Parmesan cheese may be thoroughly well mixed with the mashed potatoes. As to the wine to drink with this *Gratin*, a young and lively claret, costing from half-a-crown to three shillings a bottle, will be most suitable, should there be no guests present of heavy or dull disposition; if there are any such champagne will help the guests and the *Gratin*.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

IN these days of high taxation the investor has to look around for reliable securities to give as high a yield as possible. Trustees are, of course, tied down to trustee securities. Yields on such stocks are particularly small when income tax is deducted.

Average yield on Government stocks to-day is roughly 3½ per cent. gross. Taking tax at 7/6 in the £ the net return is not much over 2 per cent. This is a particularly small net return when the cost of living is rising in all directions.

In order to secure a better return some risk must naturally be taken with capital. Many are turning to preference shares. It is necessary at all times most carefully to study the position and record of a company before investing in its preference.

There have been sad disappointments on the part of preference shareholders on numerous occasions in the past. On the better class preference shares yields are not a great deal over 4 per cent. gross. There is, for instance, Woolworth 6 per cent. preference with a market price of about 27/9. Here the gross yield is roughly £4 6*s.* 6*d.* per cent.

It would be difficult to imagine a more reliable preference than this. The company is amazingly successful. It broke new high record profits during 1939 when the figure was £7,612,601, after providing for all expenses, except taxation.

Distributions totalling 65 per cent. were paid last year on an ordinary capital of £7,500,000 naturally ranking after the 6 per cent. preference, of which there is £5,000,000 in issue. There is, indeed, every appearance of safety in an investment such as Woolworth preference.

Many, however, require even better yields and are prepared to take some measure of risk in order to secure such a return. In such cases it is necessary to turn to equities. In the case of ordinary stocks and shares there is always a spice of speculation. Dividends are apt to vary considerably from time to time.

There appears to be a measure of doubt at present even in connection with dividends on electric power equities. That is due to war conditions, with rising costs and loss of revenue through the black-out. It is highly probable, however, that power companies serving industrial areas are compensated by a material increase in demand for industrial purposes.

There is the case of Midland Counties Electric. For some years up to 1934, ordinary dividends were a regular 7 per cent. Then, for 1935, the dividend was 7½ per cent. Each year since, up to the end of 1938, the distribution has been a regular 8 per cent. A final dividend for 1939 is due towards the end of February. Midland Counties ordinary at a price around 33/9 yield £4 14*s.* 9*d.* per cent., on an 8 per cent. dividend. These shares in my opinion, are worth attention.

The company controls a traction undertaking which contributed £45,062 to the 1938 profits. This transport business may eventually be separated from the company's other activities to the advantage of shareholders. The war may have postponed the plan, but it will materialise sooner or later.

Companies which are benefiting materially from war conditions must be ignored as permanent investments. It would be more advantageous to direct attention to the equities of companies which are suffering as a result of the war. Prices for such securities are well down.

If the investor is prepared to go a little short in dividends during the war period the chances of recuperation afterwards are substantial. There is the case of Associated Portland Cement ordinary. The price is back to about 51/-, which compares with a top during 1939 of over 78/-. Demand for cement is light at present with so many ambitious plans, such as road development, in suspense. After the war there must be a huge demand when the building trades revive.

BIRDS AS DISEASE CARRIERS. For a long time there has been controversy as to whether starlings are carriers of foot-and-mouth disease, bearing it from the continent to the detriment of our cattle. Now from a Press account it appears that a starling has arrived in Norfolk from Germany specially treated for spreading foot-and-mouth in English pastures and is to be scientifically examined. The only weakness in the story is that it was ringed as having come from Germany, and it seems hardly likely the initiators of this form of frightfulness would label their winged emissaries as "A Present from Germany."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TIGERS KILL AN ELEPHANT

SIR,—An incident occurred recently near the little town of Tanakpur, in the Naini Tal district of the United Provinces, India, which I think must be unique. Tanakpur is situated on the River Sarda, which separates the United Provinces from Nepal. There is dense jungle on each side of the river. Three men were catching fish in the river on the evening of September 22nd. About 8 p.m. they saw a tiger and tigress, with a cub, emerge from the jungle. Shortly afterwards they heard the trumpet of a wild elephant, and the tigers moved off in that direction.

Later, as the men were going home, a great noise was heard, the elephant trumpeting and the tigers roaring and growling, and this went on at intervals up and down the river bed until the early hours of the morning. Next morning the elephant was found dead, in the river bed, close to the Tanakpur bank, with wounds on its back, both eyes torn, and a great gash in the trunk. There was a heavy blood trail leading up to this spot. It was a big male elephant, a solitary rogue well known in the neighbourhood.

There is no doubt of the truth of the story, for many persons besides the men who had seen the tigers heard the noise of the fight. The tusks were removed by the local officials: the larger one was 4ft. 9in. in length, and weighed 45lb.

Yours faithfully,

Naini Tal. G. L. VIVIAN.
(Deputy Commissioner)

WAR AIMS

SIR,—Some of your correspondents, in the ferocity of their war aims, seem anxious to exceed what the Germans were supposed to have wanted to do to us, had they won the last war.

To those anxious to temper judgments based on emotion by those based on reason, I would recommend the reading of Lord Ponsonby's "Falsehood in War-time," dealing with the late war, and a book published by the British People's Party, 13, John Street, W.C.1, "The Truth About This War," dealing with the present one.

Yours faithfully,

Woburn Abbey, TAVISTOCK.
Bletchley.

WOODCOCK AND THEIR HABITS

SIR,—Recently when pheasant shooting I was standing in a ride in a wood while the beaters were driving, and saw a woodcock coming towards me. Instead of the bird flying over me, it settled on the ground in the edge of the wood from three or four yards from where I was standing. I was very interested watching the bird for about a minute and a half. As the beaters approached I could see that the bird was very undecided what to do.

Suddenly I saw the bird put its beak to the ground, and appear to lift its body off the ground with the assistance of its beak, and then fly away. I should very much like to know if this is common practice to the woodcock.

Yours faithfully,

Normanton Barracks, E.E.S.T.
Derby.

[An optical delusion obviously. The woodcock does not use its beak to help it to wing.—ED.]

"FOREIGNERS"

SIR,—While out shooting we bagged two birds which I call "rock doves." They are known locally as "blue rocks" or "foreigners."

These names I have frequently heard used by farmers for the pigeons that frequent this part of the country in the winter.

On consulting various books of reference, I cannot find any mention of these birds, if they are rock doves, as being immigrants to this country. A friend of mine tells me that he has seen large numbers of a similar bird in the hills above Monte Carlo and they appear to come from North Africa.

From what I have read I understand that our native rock dove does not travel far from its coastal breeding place, and is seldom if ever seen to alight in a tree. The birds we shot had been perching in a larch plantation. Incidentally, they were *not* stock doves.

Is there any reason to believe that continental rock doves migrate to this country in the winter? Alternatively, do our own home-bred birds move far inland at this time of year?

While on this topic, I might mention that, a few years ago I was walking up the Arnon river gorge, situated about half way down the Transjordan coast of the Dead Sea, and I noticed a considerable number of what appeared to be rock doves flying about the cliffs.

They are known locally as rock doves and I was told that they nested in the Arnon gorge. As I saw them, on the wing, they resembled the rock dove which inhabits our own cliffs.

Yours faithfully,

Hill Court, E. B.
Abergavenny, Mon.

[Surely not rock pigeons. Migratory wood pigeons?—Ed.]

DOG RETRIEVING FISH

SIR,—In your issue of December 16th you gave an illustration of a Labrador retrieving a mahseer.

Last summer I was fishing at Bickleigh on the Exe, wading. I caught a small fish and returned to the bank, where I banged its head on a stone, and left it, as I thought, dead. I waded back into the river, and a minute or two later heard a slight noise behind me, looked round, and saw the fish flopping about, and, as I looked, it dropped back into the water.

I was too far away to do anything, so I called to my mongrel terrier, which was lying on the bank looking rather surprised at the fish returning to the river. "Go on, fetch it, Jock," I cried. Into the river went Jock, collected it, brought it out in his mouth, put it down on the bank, and lay down again.

Jock is only a mongrel terrier, but he is extraordinarily clever and very useful out shooting. He retrieves to a certain extent, though he seldom brings the bird the whole way back; but what struck me as so curious in this instance was that the dog made no attempt to bring the fish to me, but put it back on the bank, and then lay down again, as if to show that he realised that his job was done.

Yours faithfully,

Forres, J. DAVIDSON.
Littleham Cross, S. Devon.

LEFT MASTER EYE

SIR,—In case my experience may be of use to your correspondent "Perplexed," I changed to my left shoulder, having the gun stock slightly cast off as would be the case with the right, and have had no difficulty. I think if "Perplexed" would practice a few minutes every day bringing his gun to the shoulder, as if actually shooting, he would be surprised how soon it would come naturally to him. He would have also the benefit of using the stronger eye, which may be a considerable advantage with advancing years.

Yours faithfully,

Yorks. LEFT SHOULDER.

A RARE BIRD

SIR,—About midday on January 4th, I noticed a large black bird with a crimson crest, a large strong bill and stumpy legs. The bird was resting on the roof of the house. Its flight resembled that of the woodcock.

I think the bird is very rare and I have never seen one before in wood or field. It answers exactly to the description of the great black woodpecker.

Yours faithfully,

Revesby Abbey, M. P. GILBERT.
Boston, Lincolnshire.

[It certainly does. The black woodpecker though reported many times is not acknowledged as a British Bird.—ED.]

EARLY APPEARANCE OF THE FROG

SIR,—The old-time naturalists never doubted that at the approach of winter frogs hibernated in the mud at the bottom of rivers and ponds in a complete state of torpor.

Some years ago in the *Field*, Mr. Eric Parker queried this assumption, and if I remember rightly, brought forward evidence to show this was not the case.

This year on January 8th the day was mild with sunshine, and I found a newly-awakened frog very active, making its way towards the river. It came through a hole in a fence enclosing a field, and on my picking it up and putting it in the water, promptly swam out and made its way into a hole under the river bank.

This is the earliest date I have known frogs to be awake, and think it worth recording.

Yours faithfully,

Horsham, J. GORDON DALGLIESH.
Sussex.

PIGS AND PIG FOOD

SIR,—I attended a lecture given to farmers at our principal market town, and we were enjoined to keep as large a live stock as possible. My land is poor and will not carry a big stock, and at this time of year there is very little feed in the fields. At the present time my place is fully stocked and I have been feeding pretty heavily since October.

Now my corn merchant tells me that my month's order has cleared him out and he sees no prospect of getting any more. I have applied to two other big firms without having much hope of getting supplies.

What is to be done now?

Yours faithfully,

Stocks Cross, CHARLES CALDWELL.
Fernhill, Dorset.

BITTERN IN SHROPSHIRE

But the bittern comes booming again,
His thunder by swamp and by drain:

Half drumming, half mumbling in mire,
Like the groan of an ox from his byre.

SIR,—On Thursday morning, January 4th, I was walking through an old mill pool (long since dried up) which adjoins the boundary of my farm, and accompanied by my beagles, when a couple or so of them showed interest in a clump of reeds. On investigation, this to my utmost surprise proved to contain a male bittern which, although still alive, was rapidly dying from gunshot wounds.

From where it came or when I have no clue, but it occurred to me that the bittern must be comparatively rare in this country nowadays, almost unheard of so far from its native Norfolk, and with all haste I had it sent to a taxidermist. Would the Arctic conditions which then prevailed with us have been likely to cause a temporary migration on the part of this unusual bird, or is it more common than I imagine? It is perhaps of further interest to you to hear that we had a covey of quail on the farm during the summer. They stayed on the same field, one of 30 acres, until the middle of September, afterwards they disappeared entirely. I think that this bird must be fairly uncommon in Shropshire, too, and I have not heard of one having been seen in recent years at any rate.

Yours faithfully,

Evelith Manor, E. V. LEA.
Shifnal, Shropshire.

CANKER IN APPLE TREES

SIR,—I saw the answer to a question in the *Field* of November 25th re "Canker in Apple Trees," not having seen or noticed the original question. I am rather diffident in replying, but if you think it worth while inserting the following it might be useful. The mixture is one used here and recommended by the Dominion Entomological Laboratory.

"To keep woolly aphis out of cankers and wounds": Castor machine oil (heavy grade), 1 quart; water, 3 quarts; wheat flour (boiled to paste with water), ½lb.; nicotine sulphate 40 per cent., 4 fluid oz. Boil the flour with the water three or four minutes until smooth paste, and add water to its original volume, pour in nicotine sulphate, and stir; lastly add oil and shake thoroughly, when it is ready for use. It should not be kept for more than three weeks, as the flour emulsifier has a tendency to break down.

Application: Apply with brush on the old and new wounds, May, June and July.

Yours faithfully,

Vernon, B.C. W. R. GRIEVE.

HEN HARRIER IN SURREY

SIR,—On January 4th, not far from here, I saw what was either the male hen harrier or the male Montagu's harrier, ranging over the heather. Unfortunately I had no glasses with me, but my impression was that it was the former. The locality was very close to that from which I have twice reported the hen harrier in recent years.

It may also be of interest to note that on January 8th in the same neighbourhood I saw a skein of 22 grey geese flying northward, my attention being first attracted by their clamour, which for a moment I took to be that of hounds running.

Yours faithfully,

Surrey. NORA C. HERMON-WORSLEY.

PLOUGHING UP OF GRASSLAND

SIR,—I should be interested to know if other land owners have had experiences similar to my own.

I have a grass farm of some 200 acres which has been let on lease to the same tenant, for grazing purposes only, for a long number of years. The lease expires in November, 1940.

A couple of months ago my tenant applied to the County Executive Committee for authority to break up a portion of his holding notwithstanding that his lease expired within a twelve month.

To this I objected as prejudicial not only to my interests but to those of the incoming tenant but my objection was over-ruled. I then endeavoured to have my tenant compelled to lime the land and by the application of slag to put it in better heart, it being at present in a very exhausted condition owing to half-a-century's grazing without the application of any manures; also to have the crop hand-hoed to prevent the land being over-run by the thistles with which it is badly infested. To all this my tenant objected on the grounds that as he was going out it would be of no benefit to him.

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINT
(See letter "St. George and the Dragon")

I was again over-ruled and the final decision of the committee is authority for the ploughing up of 53 acres of my land, sown with oats stimulated by a corn manure, the resulting crop to be wholly the property of the tenant, subject to the proviso that I may, should I wish, buy back the straw and chaff at a valuation. I get no increase of rent and after next harvest will find myself the possessor on this grazing holding of 53 acres of foul and exhausted stubble.

Yours faithfully,
E.F.I.F.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

SIR,—In the interesting church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Osbournby, Lincolnshire, are some very unusual carved bench-ends with poppy heads.

The enclosed photograph is of the subject "St. George and the Dragon," and is so splendidly carved and in such a good state of preservation for a piece of fifteenth century work that I feel sure it will interest your readers. The dragon is a fearsome beast; note how it has got its tail round the horse's hind leg, also the huge spur on the figure's foot.

Yours faithfully,
Langholm Crescent, J.D.R.
Darlington.

SOME QUAINT MUSEUMS

SIR,—Readers who saw your most interesting article recently on this subject may be interested to know of my wife's most complete cat curio museum, library, post card and cutting collection. The whole is most extensive and complete and covers every side of cat life, whether wild or tame, at home or overseas. My wife is well known as an expert on the cat, is the only totally deaf author in these islands, and has written several popular books on the Manx and ordinary cat.

Any reader who is passing through is most welcome to give us a call and see it and take a cup of tea, &c.; especially any who are on active service and who have to wait for a train. This house is right outside Lansdown L.M.S. Station and very near to Malvern Road G.W.R. The collection has been secured from all parts and has specimens in china, bronze, glass, skin and tiles. We also have old deaf books, &c. dating back to 1500.

Yours faithfully,
SELWYN OXLEY.

Honorary Organising Secretary and Librarian,
Guild of St. John of Beverley.
Southlands,
59, Queen's Road,
Cheltenham, Glos.

SAFELY HOME AGAIN
(See letter "The Domestic Fox")

THE DOMESTIC FOX

SIR,—Eight months ago the proprietor of the Pendyffryn Park Social Club, Prestatyn, North Wales, caught a fox cub which was then about one month old. The cub was kept around stable premises at the rear of the club and was a great pet. Its companions were two dogs and several fowls.

On Thursday, November 23rd, Mr. Bevins (the club proprietor) decided to set the fox free and so carried it to the top of the high hills at the back of the town and released it some miles away from the club, which is in the centre of the town area.

At 8 a.m. on Tuesday, November 28th, Mr. Bevins was amazed to see the fox arrive back and lie down at his feet. It appeared that it had had a rough time during its freedom and now it will not leave the vicinity of the club premises.

Yours faithfully,
Prestatyn, S. B. DODGE.
Flintshire.

USED AS A GATE POST
(See letter "Lost and Found Again")

A BEAUTIFUL CLOSING RING

SIR,—This curiously shaped wrought iron ring is on the door of Warboys Church, and is one of a few of these very interesting objects for pulling the church door to a closed position.

It is a beautiful piece of work fashioned like a lion's head, and the ring protruding from its mouth is like a snake. It is thought by some to be a sanctuary knocker, of which the best known example is that on Durham Cathedral, to which one of your readers referred recently.

A SANCTUARY KNOCKER?
(See letter "A Beautiful Closing Ring")

Yours faithfully,
Langholm Crescent, J.D.R.
Darlington.

LOST AND FOUND AGAIN

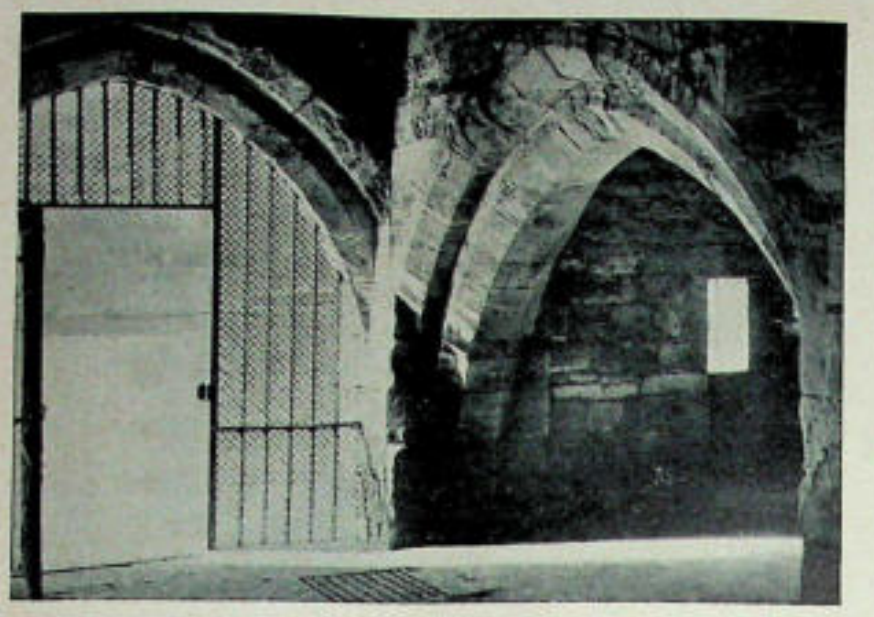
SIR,—When the Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments published the volume on Pembrokeshire in 1925, there were reproduced two sketches from a MS. now in the British Museum by the old antiquary, Edward Lhuyd, made in 1698. They represent an inscribed stone at Mathry, and it was thought that both depicted the same stone, although one was said to have been on the north and the other on the south side of Mathry church, and the form of the lettering was not identical.

This stone must have disappeared a long while ago, for there was no other record of it, nor could it be found by the officers of the Commission. But a short time back a thorough search was made by some other archæologists, and at long last the stone here illustrated was found in use as a gate post for a churchyard gate. The full inscription, given in the old drawing, may be translated thus: "Mac (son of) Dici, son of Catieus."

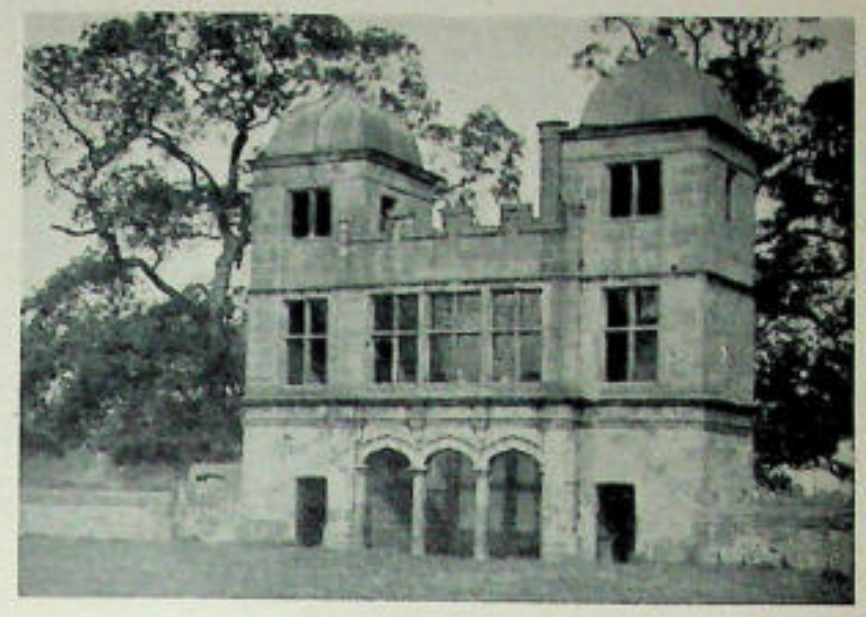
But as will be seen, the stone has been broken off at the top, leaving only a trace of the first word, MAC, which formed the first line of the inscription. There can be no doubt that this is at any rate one of the stones seen in 1698, if not the only one, and it is now carefully preserved in the church porch.

In the wall surrounding the churchyard there have been built in two other incised stones, each bearing a plain cross, which came from farms in the neighbourhood where no doubt there had been early Christian burials.

Yours faithfully,
Mordiford, M.W.
Hereford.



LANDING-STAGE AND ROMAN THOROUGHFARE
(See letter "York's Underground Street")



A PAVILION LACKING IN ELEGANCE
(See letter "The 'Tilt-Yard' of Swarkeston")

YORK'S UNDERGROUND STREET

SIR,—Mr. S. Moorhouse's interesting letter about a Roman road in the *Field* for November 25th prompts me to send the enclosed photograph which shows part of an equally interesting street—and one known even less than that on Blackstone Edge—at York. Actually situated beneath the Guildhall, it stretches from a landing-stage on the Ouse and emerges into daylight again near St. Helen's Square.

This street was once one of York's chief thoroughfares! It was then known as Common Hall Street, but its origin goes back to Roman days. Roman legions forded the Ouse at the place indicated by the landing-stage, and the hidden street follows the site of the track by which they reached the Praetorium, where the Minster now stands.

So secluded is this thoroughfare that it is quite easy to recall these and other wayfarers who have trodden this way during the centuries. In the Middle Ages, for example, there were the labourers who at this spot landed huge quantities of stone for the building of York Minster. They hauled their burden through this very street and then via Stonegate (hence the name) to the building site. In later days, the Archbishops of York, after sailing up-river from their Palace at Bishopthorpe, alighted here and proceeded in state to the Minster by the important street which is now hidden from daylight.

To-day, the street's only traffic (apart from an occasional visitor) is floodwater from the Ouse. High-water marks are recorded here by the water itself, for it has a petrifying effect on the magnesian limestone blocks of which the walls are constructed. Above the petrified stone one can easily discern the unwashed masonry; it shows visible signs of decay and looks every year of its age, which is eight centuries.

Yours faithfully,
Leeds. NORTHCOUNTRYMAN.

THE TOLL-GATE AT KERNE BRIDGE

SIR,—May I point out that the picture of this toll-gate in your issue of December 30th does not give the real toll-gate which is a beautiful little structure at the Gloucestershire end of the bridge just on the edge of the Wye.

Nearby, on the road from Ross, there lived old William Dew the last fisherman to use a Coracle on the Wye—a picture of whom appeared in the *Field* a few years back.

H. M. BIDDELL.

Sandown Vicarage,
Isle of Wight.

PILGRIMAGE TO A NORTHUMBRIAN ISLE

SIR,—The recent reference to the pilgrims' route to Whalley Abbey, Lancashire, by way of Holcombe Moor, reminds me of another North Country route used by the pilgrims of yore. This was to the island of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, and the journey entailed the crossing of three miles of sand covered by the sea at high tide from the mainland at Beal.

The first abbey on Lindisfarne was founded by St. Aiden, a monk of Iona, in 635, and in 864, St. Cuthbert, a former hermit, became the sixth in the line of prelates. St. Cuthbert died three years later, but he had become revered for his sanctity throughout the then Christian world, and King Alfred is said to have granted inviolable sanctuary wherever his bones rested. The saint was buried at Lindisfarne and his shrine became the scene of early pilgrimages. In 1935, 1,300 years after the foundation of the religious establishment on the island, the Archbishop of York led a pilgrimage to the ruined priory.

The route from Beal is marked by two rows of poles and the islanders maintain a "fleet" of old cars in order to take visitors to and from the mainland. The accompanying photograph shows the mail being brought to Beal by horse and cart.

Yours faithfully,
Marton, H. HAMER.
Blackpool.

SUBMERGED FORESTS

SIR,—Respecting submerged forests mentioned in the *Field*, November 25th, it may interest Mr. Eric Hardy that during excavating for a well on the Vange marshes, Essex, in 1905, at the depth of 25ft. a bed of skeleton leaves chiefly oak was discovered.

This bed was about a foot or more thick, and at 28ft. down the trunk of an oak about 2ft. in diameter was found. I have a sample of the timber given me at the time. I had one side of it polished; it was of metal hardness, but from the cracks and some of the grain, a yellow wax-like substance gradually exuded. The nearest forest trees then existing were fully a mile distant inland north of the Thames.

Yours faithfully,
Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

BRINGING THE MAIL OVER THE "SEA ROUTE"
(See letter "Pilgrimage to a Northumbrian Isle")

THE "TILT-YARD" OF SWARKESTON

SIR,—I do not know how many tilt-yards remain in this country, but I think it would be difficult to find such a well preserved "ruin" of one—especially amongst the smaller and lesser known houses—as that to be found at Swarkeston, Derbyshire.

Sir Richard Harpur, one of Elizabeth's judges built his home at Swarkeston. Most of it has gone to making a large farmhouse but there still remains this tilt-yard with its pavilion, a photograph of which accompanies this letter. As you will see, it suffers like so many other buildings of the time, from the un-scholarly use of the then popular architectural pattern books imported from Italy. Its preservation together with the walled yard warrants more notice than it receives. The yard is perfectly rectangular—almost square; the walls of stone are about 4ft. high with stone coping, and there is a gateway exactly opposite the pavilion.

I have called it a tilt-yard because that is its local designation, perhaps too because it is a little more romantic than "bowling green" by which it is described in Arthur Mee's *Derbyshire*. In comparatively little-frequented spots such places do not always get the recognition they might, their purpose is easily forgotten and liable to conjecture based on local hearsay—which is not too reliable.

I like to think of this place as a scene of knightly jousts with, perhaps, Sir Richard as learned judge in a less legal field. I hope none of your readers will disillusion me.

Yours faithfully,
Wollaton, RONALD BARRAUD.
Nottingham.

PICTURES BY RICHARD ANSDELL

SIR,—Apropos the reproduction of the picture by Richard Ansdell and another, on your Christmas number cover, it might interest you to hear that we possess an Ansdell, which I have always understood is an early one. It is signed Richard Ansdell, 1856, and is a picture of my grandfather's horses in a meadow or park. He lived near Liverpool.

Yours faithfully,
Ingleton, (Miss) H. R. MACGREGOR.
Hersham, Walton-on-Thames.

AN EVERGREEN OAK

SIR,—The special pride of Scriven, near Knaresborough, Yorks, is a fine evergreen oak which stands in the middle of the village green. This great tree is a phenomenon in that it does not shed its leaves in winter, but the old leaves wait until the new ones push them off in the spring. Visitors to the village often pull off a sprig to take home as a proof to their incredulous friends. The accompanying photograph was actually taken on Christmas Day.

Yours faithfully,

30, Swan Road, Harrogate. BERTRAM UNNE.

DOGS IN WINTER

SIR,—Now, more than ever, dog owners realise the value of the cheerfulness and sympathy of their canine companions. In this wintry weather, however, it is wise to pay special attention to their welfare in order to maintain that infectious optimism which comes from physical well-being.

A dog needs ample exercise and regular grooming if he is to remain healthy, and no matter what the weather may be he should have his daily run. After exercise in rain or snow a brisk rub down with a dry, rough towel will prevent chills. Any adherent snow should first be brushed from the dog's feet or body.

Those owners who can only exercise the dog during black-out hours need not be deterred, for with the advent of luminous collars and leads exercise is now much more safe on dark nights.

The kennel dog's abode should be raised a few inches from the ground on bricks or wood blocks and be placed in the snuggest, driest spot available (beware of drips!) Any chinks in the roof or walls

OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEIGH AN' ALL
(See letter "Widdecombe's Unknown Roysterer")

should be made weather-tight, and care taken to ensure a dry, clean bed. Old, crumpled newspapers, frequently changed, are warm and hygienic. But the best place for a watchdog on winter nights is inside the house.

Yours faithfully,

Victoria Station House, London, S.W.1. CHARLES R. JOHNS, Secretary, National Canine Defence League.

ST. GOVAN'S CHAPEL

SIR,—In his letter in a recent copy of the *Field* under the title of a "Pembrokeshire Hermitage," Mr. H. Hamer described St. Govan's Chapel set in the cliffs of S. Pembrokeshire. He told the legend how St. Govan lost his silver bell to marauding pirates and how thereafter a stone in the side of the cliff was used as a bell since it gave a metallic ring when struck.

Mr. Hamer says that this stone has disappeared, but this is not so. Below the chapel is a well and on the side of the path leading to the well is a stone which when struck, either with another stone or with a stick, gives a definitely metallic ring. All

THE PRIDE OF SCRIVEN
(See letter "An Evergreen Oak")

the surrounding stones have not this property and present a marked contrast to the clear note of the "Bell Stone."

I am surprised that Mr. Hamer was not able to find this stone since it is well known to locals. I was shown it when a schoolboy, and was demonstrating its remarkable properties to friends only six months ago.

Yours faithfully,

Aldershot. W. SEYBOURN REES.

WIDDECOMBE'S UNKNOWN ROYSTERER

SIR,—The beautifully designed pictorial sign at Widdecombe on Dartmoor has aroused the interest of many people, but has any reader detected a rather curious "slip" on the part of the designer?

I enclose a photo of the sign to illustrate my point. If one counts the jolly Devonians astride Tom Pearce's "old grey mare" there are seven. Now recall the lines of the immortal song.

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend oi the grey mare,
Up along, down along, out along len;
For I want for to go to Widdecombe Fair
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whidden, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh an' all."

So eight of them actually went to the fair you see, yet just because the song is traditional so one man is nameless and has been robbed of his share of immortality.

Perhaps a reader can supply some information about the unknown roysterer.

Yours faithfully,

34, Bamford Road, Bromley, Kent. H. J. PITTS.

"BOTTOMLESS PITS"

SIR,—Your recent correspondence on "bottomless" pits prompts me to send a photograph showing one of the Buttertubs—a series of vertical fissures in the limestone which are to be seen near the top of Buttertubs Pass, North Yorkshire.

The Buttertubs also once enjoyed the reputation of being bottomless. Actually, they vary in depth from 50 to 100 feet. Another reputation (and no doubt a true one) is that many a wandering pedlar, after being robbed on these bleak heights, was thrown down one or other of the limestone shafts.

Not long ago I talked with a man who, when a boy, had frequently been lowered by rope to the bottom of these chasms. He made a very interesting discovery. The "floor" of each one was covered with frozen snow. On stirring this with his boot-toe he found a layer of rowan leaves immediately beneath. Probing still further, he came to another layer of snow and another of leaves, and so on—snow and leaves alternately.

This, of course, was nothing less than a perfect record, or "calendar," of the autumn and winter seasons of many successive years. The accumulating process still continues. The snow never melts because the sun's rays cannot penetrate to the bottom of the shafts, and the leaves fall from rowan trees which grow at the mouth of each Buttertub.

Because of those old tales about pedlars having been waylaid at this outlandish spot, one cannot help speculating about the "evidence" of foul play that might lay buried beneath Nature's expanding coverlet!

G. B. WOOD.

10, Grange Park Terrace, Leeds, 8.

SIR,—The letter in a recent issue of your paper by Mr. Dugald Macintyre, anent the above, has interested me very much.

The writer spent his boyhood days in Ross-shire quite near to this famous gorge, and as it had a great attraction for us boys, we skipped school several times to visit this wonderful chasm.

The stories told by Mr. Macintyre are very mild compared with some of the "hair-raisers" I have heard related about the gorge. However, the one about the gorge being a side entrance to "Hades" can safely be discredited as we are led to believe the scarcity of water in this particular region is the cause of all the trouble. Nevertheless, the letter by Mr. Macintyre is most interesting.

It is now many years since I visited the Blackrock and at that time there used to be an old wooden bridge across the gorge with a notice, "Please do not crowd on this bridge," and some wag had deleted the D and made it read "Please do not *crow* on this bridge."

Readers who may not know about this wonderful gorge should pay it a visit when in the Highlands, as it is within easy walking distance of the village of Evanton and the station of that name.

Yours faithfully,

1, Morrison Place, Edinburgh, 8. DAVID BROTHERSTON.

CARS FOR THE NAVY

SIR,—An opening arises for one or two "estate" or old touring cars which it is possible some of your readers might, in these times of petrol restrictions and high car taxes, care to fill. It will be appreciated, I am sure, that I cannot say more than that the cars will be an inestimable boon to a large number of naval officers and men abroad, who will be performing one of those "vexatious tasks" to which our First Lord referred in his recent inspiring broadcast.

May I enlist your kind offices as a medium of communication with any gentlemen who may feel disposed to negotiate with me over the sale of any cars of this description. The latest date of shipment would be about February 10th, and there would be no need for the car to be licensed.

Yours faithfully,

J. S. DALRSON,
Commander, R.N.

H.M.S. "Edinburgh Castle," c/o G.P.O., London.

CHASMS OF THE "BUTTERTUBS"
(See letter "Bottomless Pits")

LOUGH INAGH, CONNEMARA

One of the best Sea Trout lakes in Western Ireland and the loveliest in all that lovely land

PICTURES IN THE SUNSET

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

TIME deals so gently with what is worth remembering that in retrospect maybe one casts away the dregs of disappointment and drinks only of the good wine of delight. For when I take them down to look at, it seems that many of the happiest pictures in my angling gallery are framed against a background of a sunset. Why this should be, I do not know, unless what one great writer said is true—that "sunset is the angler's golden hour."

I close my eyes to conjure up a vision of two boats side by side on Corrib on a fair June evening just a year ago. They are drifting down past Inchagoill, riding easily on long gentle waves; in the stern of each two rods boom out with spinning baits; in the bows two anglers ply light fly rods, while the boatman keeps a watchful eye on the flat stones lying on the trolling lines. To the windward, little clouds of midges and small black-fly are drifting on the breeze; now and then a heavy splash betokens feeding trout, and when a longer wave than usual silts the boat, one catches a fleeting glimpse of grey green shadowy monsters, four and five pounds perhaps, rising and then diving again deep down, and always keeping well below the surface.

A long cast sends the fly ahead of one; it sinks a little, and then is flickered lightly round as the fish comes up and turns to catch it. Then a silvery gleam; a swirl on the surface of the water; a sharp strike, and the trout is matching his strength against the spring of a light split cane. And at that moment, crash! One of those flat stones is flung into the bottom of the boat; the reel screams and the boatman, abandoning his oars, has just time to dive for the trolling rod as thirty yards away an ugly head shows up for a split second.

Down goes the pike and away the trout, both fighting mad and not easily held out of the weed-beds that fringe the island. And before first the 4lb. fish and then the 19-pounder give us best, the sun has sunk below the mountains and the evening star is twinkling over Doone.

Then framed once more against the afterglow of yesterday is Connemara and a river tumbling to the sea through swirling amber pools. Over terraces of rock pours a cataract of foam, emptying into an almost impassable gorge, about a quarter of a mile long and as deep as the stream is wide. The pool is full of salmon; the firmament alive with midges, and here on a slippery rock below the falls there stands an angler; behind him a faithful gillie raising a mighty column of smoke.

Through the cloudy pillar waves a 14ft. rod. A prawn is flicked across the pool, swings round with the current well under-water, and slowly works past a great rock in the centre of the river to the tail of the rapids. Almost past it, but not quite; for suddenly there is a boil in the water; the reel sings and the line goes taut. A salmon is hooked.

But how fast hooked? That is the whole point. This is no easy place to play a fish. You cannot hold him up and drop below him, hoping for the current to help you drown him. You cannot follow him along the bank where no bank is, nor can you scale a solid wall of rock and get above him. You cannot even lead him into quiet water where the gaff is easily applied. You must fight your salmon to a finish in a current which gives him six to four the best of very circumstance.

And the salmon of my picture is no fool. Maybe he has been hooked before this in this same place, for, with commendable strategy, he bores deep down and pulls me betwixt Scylla and Charybdis—the great rock in mid-stream and the more precipitous shoulder of the gorge—on either of which, in touching, he can break me in a second. There is nothing to be done except to hang on and pray hard, and I am getting a little dubious about the efficacy of either when from out of the ether there comes a voice: "Let ye stir him up; he's sulking. Drop yer rod a wee thing; easy now, reel up," and there, 50 yards downstream—scrambling, cursing, tumbling in and out of the rocks, and up to his waist in water—is the faithful Pat.

A little more strain and the salmon, swinging round, makes one last bid for freedom. A mad rush it is, but dead against the current, and a tiring fish swims straight on to a gaff that never misses and takes him in his stride. We toast his capture in the old time-honoured way, and as we drive home in the half light Pat is chuckling to himself: "Me toes is off me and me foot's in a jelly, the way I'm afther stabbin' it agin the rocks," he says, "but, bedam, a 14-pounder pays for all!"

And then I look into another sunset marking the close of one of the most memorable of all my fishing days. A summer night is gathering over Inagh, the loneliest, loveliest lough in all that lovely land, where the Twelve Bens and the Maam Turk rise sheer from either shore. There are 23 sea trout and a little salmon in the boat, and the air is so still that even the oar splashes echo back to us from off the mountain-sides. Wreaths of pearly mist are gathering on their summits: in shadow lie the lower slopes, and only here and there a shaft of light upon the lough reflects the after-glow.

Then suddenly, and like the splintering of a mirror with a stone, a leaping salmon breaks at once the dead calm of the water and the silence of the hills. Hurling upwards like an arrow from a bow, he describes an almost perfect curve, and as he drops back into the shadows, for a second he is held in one last rosy gleam of sunlight. And that, I think, transcends, in retrospect at least, the great catch that we made that day. For when I think of Inagh, it is always of one great golden fish from out of Fairyland.

CROWD CONTROL ON GOLF COURSES

Interference which penalises lesser lights

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

ALTHOUGH there will be no prospect of any championships figuring in our golfing fixture-lists until peace returns, there is one problem that should be resolutely tackled in the interim, and which, in the past, has caused considerable anxiety to those called upon to undertake the onerous task of championship organisation. I refer to the controversial question of the control of crowds at the major championships and tournaments.

Past experience has shown that there is still much to be desired in the methods at present employed, and it would be a very rash man who would venture to say that every competitor can be certain of receiving fair and equal treatment at the hands of the galleries. Broach the subject with any of our leading players and you will find their views decidedly illuminating. Some of their criticisms have reached the public's ear, but the strongest protests have never been heard, possibly because the players concerned are not deemed of sufficient importance to justify the publication of their views. Nevertheless, it is this vast army of comparatively unknown golfers who are invariably called upon to bear the brunt of the crowd's unruly behaviour, and their grievances should be recognised.

The largest galleries are always attracted to follow the fortunes of the champions, or those players most likely to win, and such attention inevitably brings in its train many inconveniences. The long waiting whilst the sorely-harassed stewards manœuvre the crowds into positions safe enough for the players to drive, is an undoubted trial for patience and nerves. At the same time it must be remembered that a large gallery can on occasions be of great help. The closely lined fairways and encircled greens offer a more clearly defined target to the players, and spectators packed tightly round the greens have often been the means of preventing an ill-directed approach from finishing in a bunker. Two instances come to mind.

The famous final of the Amateur Championship at Westward Ho! in 1912 showed how accidental interference by spectators can affect a match. In the afternoon round John Ball was too strong with his tee-shot to the short fifth, and the ball was heading for a bunker, when its flight was deflected by a spectator's umbrella, and the danger was avoided. Abe Mitchell played his shot, and his ball likewise came into contact with another umbrella, only this time it finished in the bunker. As the match was only decided in Ball's favour on the thirty-eighth green this incident may well have cost Mitchell the title.

The occasion of Walter Hagen's second win in the British Open Championship at Hoylake similarly provides an excellent example of how a large gallery can frame the way to the green. Hagen came to the seventeenth tee requiring two par 4's for victory. His tee-shot going out to the right opened up the narrow green, which is heavily bunkered on the left, with an out-of-bounds road on the right. The wind did not favour a bold approach, but the presence of a large gallery round the green quite likely induced him to take the risk. He played for the pin. The gamble came off, and he narrowly missed holeing his putt for a three.

On the other hand, just to show how a gallery can be a hindrance to even experienced golfers the unhappy lot of Macdonald Smith at Prestwick in 1925 comes to mind. With one round to go and a 78 required for victory, it seemed that at long last this popular Carnoustie-born professional was about to achieve his greatest ambition. Every loyal Scot went out to help Macdonald Smith win, but their attentions proved more distracting than helpful, and, after a nightmare round, his chances slipped away. His collapse was nothing short of a tragedy and it was due to the thoughtless enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen.

So much for the galleries of champions. Let us now turn to the grievances of their less famous brethren. Instead of attracting hordes of anxious supporters, they, poor fellows, have to contend with straggling crowds who are unconscious of the existence of such players. Time and again they are held up before approach shots can be played to the green. In every sense, the crowds to them are an unmitigated nuisance.

This is true of every major event, but a particularly bad example came to my notice a few seasons ago at an Open Championship. On the final day there were four key matches, any of which might easily have produced the ultimate winner. Three of these games were bunched together with about a couple of matches between each. I still marvel as to how the men in these sandwiched games kept their tempers. Throughout the final round they had to contend with the backwash and running to-and-fro of all three galleries, each of which wanted to be in three places at the same time. There was plenty of shouting and flag-waving from white-coated stewards following the key matches, but practically no assistance was given to the smaller games, in one of which I saw a marker vainly trying to assert some unofficial authority. All that is now past, but that the faults still remain was apparent from the impressions gained at last season's Open Championship at St. Andrew's, where it was obvious that steps would have to be taken to remedy this grievous failing in organisation.

Many suggestions have, of course, been offered from time to time. One was that the stewards should have golfers of note as their leaders. The idea being that they would be easily recognised by the crowds and presumably as quickly obeyed. This seems rather like wishful thinking, for all the king's horses and all the king's men, let alone the magnetic personalities of a few ex-champions, could not have stayed that last minute wave of excitement which swept thousands into a wild stampede down the first and eighteenth fairways at St. Andrew's during the last Walker Cup match. Fortunately the issue had been decided and the scene was therefore partly pardonable, but if the circumstances had been different, and the final result had turned on the Billows-Ewing match, there might have been an unfortunate repercussion.

Another suggestion was that there should be teams of mobile-reserve rope-men who could rush to any part of the course and relieve pressure; but teams of rope-men dashing hither and thither in response to urgent calls would be just adding to the disturbances of a final day. Other proposals include the increasing of gate-money on the final day to ten shillings, which, if it were ever adopted, would be a great mistake. Crowds would undoubtedly be reduced in numbers, but it would create the unfortunate impression that golf was a rich man's entertainment, whereas the game has now assumed a strong democratic character largely through increased artisan activity.

Personally I am convinced that the solution lies in the scheme of roping-off fairways and leaving room for spectators to follow along the flanks, though white-coated stewards there will have to be.

The method at St. Andrew's has proved a pronounced success. The ground behind the seventh green and eighth tee has been banked so as to form an excellent grandstand on similar lines to the one alongside the eleventh tee. From these two vantage points thousands of spectators are able to watch the play at five holes in comparative comfort. Competitors refer to "the loop" as a haven of peace.

This also demonstrates the simple truth that the further the spectators are kept back from the players the greater the number that will have an uninterrupted view of what is happening but how difficult it is to make an excited gallery realise this! Stewards call for a halt and for a moment or two the order is obeyed, then someone will steal forward a few inches, his neighbour follows suit with an inch or so ahead, and so the ripple spreads. The only time this seldom happens is when the crowd comes to the whitewashed lines round the greens, which, somewhat surprisingly, have proved one of the most effective measures so far introduced; their effectiveness being due to each man seeing that his neighbour does that which is right in the eyes of the law.

There are, of course, many difficulties connected with the idea of roping-off the fairways, brought about by the geographical irregularities peculiar to the different courses, but even these obstacles should not prove insuperable if resolutely tackled.

UNDERSTANDING MEMBERS OF GOLFING GALLERIES

In the top picture can be seen, left to right, Jacqueline de la Motte, Mme. G. Boulomnie and Lord Annaly. Below can be picked out, Mrs. John Baillieu, wife of the well-known Australian golfer, and (centre) Mrs. A. C. Critchley, n/e Diana Fishwick

SHEPHERDS' CROOKS

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. L. JULYAN

AT Weyhill Fair last autumn there were about 6,000 sheep and many shepherds. Only by waiting for the numerous men about to be addressed by their employers could one distinguish the shepherds from ordinary farm hands. The latter are Jack or Bill, Smith or Jones, but the "Shepherd" is always so addressed. He is the aristocrat of the farm. There was a time when no self-respecting shepherd would be seen without his badge of office—the crook. Now this useful article is kept for practical service mainly with the downland and other grass sheep. The crook is used for ease in catching any animal that appears to need attention. It is hooked round the lower portion of the leg, deftly moved up and drawn towards the shepherd who then seizes the sheep. Without a crook and a good dog the task of the shepherd would be almost impossible.

The crook is generally made of metal with a long wooden handle—technically known as the "crook stick." Nearly every shepherd has one or two spare sticks drying on a rack somewhere. In southern England the hazel is the favourite wood, though a straight holly, cherry or other suitable wood is occasionally seen. In the Midlands the ash seems more prominent. In parts of Scotland wooden crooks—like gigantic walking sticks are favoured. The wooden crook is also used in Wales where it is known as a "shepherd's hook."

Metal crooks are of many patterns, and they vary in size to suit the particular breed of sheep. Some of the old crooks are very beautiful in design and in workmanship. No two are exactly alike and they have the individual charm of hand-made things. They display the traditional pattern of a district together with the fancy of the individual maker. There are now few really good crook makers, but at one time it was an article every village smith would be called upon to supply. Even in the old days there were villages that became famous for their particular crooks which had some outstanding features. Such places, for instance, were Falmer, Kingston and Pyecombe. The latter still keeps up its reputation. The forge is opposite the very interesting village church in the hills at the back of Brighton. Up to about 1856 one Berry turned out crooks here. I have a Berry crook and it is a work of art even after many years' use on the Sussex Downs. It was made out of a gun-barrel.

Mr. Charles Mitchell followed Berry. He retired a few years ago after some 60 years' work at the Pyecombe forge. His sons succeeded him. In my collection there is an old crook made by the father and I have just added one made by the sons. Mr. Mitchell senior is still alive and interests himself occasionally in adding the final polish to the crooks made by his sons. The traditional pattern is followed but instead of gun barrels tubular steel from a discarded motor car chassis is now utilised.

In the illustration (at bottom), is a Pyecombe crook in the making, and above it a finished crook with its silver-like polish. The longer crook of different pattern was made in Suffolk a century ago. There is one technical detail of interest to note in the two crooks. The Pyecombe article is kept fixed by the end of the stick being split and a wedge inserted. As the crook is forced on to the stick the wedge widens the split and makes the fit perfect without any peg. In the Suffolk variety the tapered stick is driven in and kept in position by a screw inserted through a hole in the shaft of the crook. It will also be noted that the Pyecombe crook has a simpler twist. The article on the right is a sheep brand, and was made for use with a Crown flock that formerly grazed on Crown lands near Brighton.

As there were no old Oxfordshire and Berkshire crooks among my collection I sought out two craftsmen who were able to make reproductions. Both these finish with a knob instead of a twist and I notice that is favoured in Leicestershire and in the North where metal crooks are used. Shepherds in these areas regard the twist as being more likely to get caught in the wool. In some districts the crooks are not polished as the shepherds have an idea that in this way they are safer in thunderstorms.

The few expert makers of shepherds' crooks not only make them for their specific purpose, but for bishops, and for collectors. Bishops in their pastoral visits sometimes carry a staff surmounted with a shepherd's crook instead of making use of their official staff. Visitors to this country now and again take back shepherds' crooks possibly as a link with boyhood days in sheep areas. An Australian sheep farmer recently asked me to recommend a smith who could turn out two or three really good crooks for him to take back to Australia to hang in his hall. He had never seen a crook used in Australia as they rely on dogs.

The extreme length of the Pyecombe crook is 7¼in., and from the bend to the tip 4¼in. In the Suffolk crook the measurements are 13in. and 7 in., while in Berkshire it is 11in. and 4in. In all the opening to admit the sheep's leg is just under one inch. This is said to represent the shepherd's thumb joint which for some reason is said to be a fraction wider than that of the average man.

In my collection there is a set of four crooks—made by Mr. Burgess of the Forge Shipton-under-Wychwood for display in the British section at the International Exhibition in Paris. The workmanship is exceptionally good and they won well-deserved certificates of merit. Unfortunately the lack of demand for hand-made iron work in general has since caused Mr. Burgess to retire from business and become an instructor in a technical school. He was the last of his line following the art of blacksmithing for eight generations.

TYPES OF SHEPHERDS' CROOKS AND A SHEEP BRAND

Brass crooks once had a short-lived popularity in Sussex. They were cast at the railway workshops using a Pyecombe crook as pattern. They were found to be less reliable than steel articles and were discarded by shepherds, though sought after by collectors. However they are merely curios and the traditional crooks have a history lost in antiquity.

A Legacy of Content

Chairman is indeed a legacy of content for all men. It is a gift of no mean value, for he who smokes it shares in all the best that tobacco can give. It fills the passing hour with a deep content; it induces the kindly thought—the tolerant view; it brings the silver lining to life's little clouds of fret and worry. Cool, fragrant, with a flavour as pleasing as it is unusual.

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EARLY FLOWERING SHRUBS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AMONGST the most welcome signs of spring are the first blossoms on the early flowering shrubs. Many indeed, such as *Viburnum fragrans*, *Jasminum nudiflorum* and Rosemary begin as early as November and through the bleakest weeks link the last of the autumn flowers with the first of spring.

Two that have been cultivated in these islands for centuries, *Daphne mezereum* and rosemary, can still hold their own with more recent introductions. *Daphne mezereum* is supposed to be a native plant, and in the 1807 edition of Phelip Miller's *Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary* it is recorded that Gilbert White found it growing wild in Selborne. Country folk formerly used the berries to make a yellow dye for wool. These berries are poisonous to human beings, but birds eat them.

It is only in mass that *Daphne mezereum* can be seen at its best, and the white flowered form makes a picture of ethereal beauty, for the flowers have a pearl-lime loveliness. In the mildest parts this Daphne flowers in January. In most parts the first flowers appear in February, and the branches increase in beauty until by April they are thickly clustered with flowers and the first leaves shine like pale emeralds amongst them. *D. mezereum* does particularly well on chalk and, in any case, it needs a well-drained soil. A site sheltered from cold winds is to its liking, also one where it is not subjected to mid-day sun in summer.

The pick of the Daphines is the Chinese species *D. odora*. Except in the most sheltered parts it is essential to give it the protection of a wall. Unlike *D. mezereum* it is evergreen and the foliage is rich and abundant. *D. odora* needs a loamy soil that is not lacking in lime.

One of the loveliest Chinese treasures in flower now is *Prunus Davidiana*, introduced from North China in the middle of the last century by the great French missionary, Armand David. It is surprising that this flowering peach has not become more popular, for it is only when young that it is rather tender. The flowers are about an inch in diameter and look particularly well against an evergreen background, such as yew or holly. If such a background is available the peach should be planted, if possible, in such a position that the evergreen shelters it from the north and east. In common with various early flowering trees and shrubs, *Prunus Davidiana*, gathered in bud and put into water, expands its flowers to perfection. *Prunus subhirtella autumnalis* has been flowering until stopped by the very cold spell at Christmas time.

VIBURNUM FRAGRANS—AMONGST THE MOST SWEETLY SCENTED SHRUBS IN FLOWER NOW

One of the daintiest shrubs in flower now is *Clematis cirrhosa*. This graceful clematis, with its fairy-like cup-shaped bells, has never become popular, though it was introduced into this country in the latter half of the 16th century. Gerard, who figured it in his Herbal, called it "Traveller's Joy of Candia." *C cirrhosa* is evergreen and perfectly hardy, but it is intolerant of cutting winds. This clematis takes comparatively little space, and is well worth giving it against a house wall, for it is as beautiful in seed as in flower. The seed-vessels have big silky tassels.

Amongst the most sweetly scented shrubs in bloom now are *Chimonanthus fragrans*, *Lonicera fragrantissima*, *L. Standishii* and *Berberis hyemalis*. *Chimonanthus fragrans* is one of the few plants that is commonly known by its botanic, instead of its popular, name, "Winter Sweet."

This shrub was introduced in 1766. In the open it flourishes exceedingly and requires no pruning, but it is nearly always planted against a wall to secure very early flowers. I have frequently noticed that those planted against a wall are short-lived. They cannot endure the slightest drip and they need skilful pruning. Even a few sprays of this shrub brought indoors fill a small room with their delicious fragrance.

Lonicera fragrantissima, which was one of Fortune's introductions, has deliciously scented flowers, but unfortunately they are very sparsely produced. In sheltered parts it is evergreen and grown against a wall it attains about 8ft. The tiny cream-coloured flowers are borne in pairs. *L. Standishii* is scarcely worth the space it takes in a small garden, for it makes a bush 6ft. high and quite 4ft. through, and except in the most sheltered parts the flowers are badly browned by cold winds.

Berberis hyemalis flowers as early as November in mild parts of the west. Amongst winter-flowering shrubs it is pre-eminent for handsome foliage. The striking spiky leaves stand out like rays round the cluster of flowers, which have a scent almost indistinguishable from that of lily of the valley. *Berberis Japonica* is not so attractive, for the flowers are so short stemmed.

In striking contrast to the sweet scents of the shrubs mentioned above is the curious dusty scent of the flowers of *Hamamelis mollis*, which hang like barbaric bracelets on the bare branches. This Chinese witch-hazel is generally regarded as the pick of the Hamamelis family. It is hardy only in mild parts.

If *Viburnum tinus* were a recent introduction and difficult to grow it would probably be appreciated at its true value. Ever since late autumn its pink-tipped buds have held the promise of spring, and with its rich foliage it has a quiet satisfying beauty which makes its absence a real loss in the winter garden.

Garrya elliptica, like *Viburnum tinus*, lacks the attraction of scent, but few winter flowers have such architectural beauty. Brought into a warm room the catkins elongate swiftly, and soon show their yellow stamens. It is only with a magnifying glass that it is possible to appreciate the real beauty of these green flowers.

VEGETABLES TO SOW NOW

MOST of us are inclined to try and get ahead at this season in any brief spell of mild weather that may come along, but in the end nothing is gained by undue haste. Theoretically, early peas can be sown on sheltered borders, but if not sown in December or early January, when the ground was still comparatively warm, it is usually best to wait until March. Peas that in the seedling stage have had to contend with a very long spell of bleak weather rarely come to much good and are little earlier than those sown a fortnight to three weeks later. Those sown in December and January in the open need attention. Cottoning should be renewed if necessary, and brushwood is very helpful in keeping out many degrees of frost.

The lighter and warmer the soil in which early peas are sown the better. Also, it should be a site protected from cutting winds. Very dwarf early peas, which do not grow more than a foot to fifteen inches high, are now very popular, especially where labour is short, for these varieties scarcely need any support. Little Marvel and William Hurst are first rate and amongst the most reliable kinds. Amongst the taller sorts that grow three to four feet high I always grow those well-tried favourites, The Pilot and Gradus.

Shallots can be planted now provided the ground is not frozen. It is surprising in how many gardens this useful crop is conspicuously absent, yet old-fashioned gardeners used to say that no other vegetable required so little attention, and no other is in such continual demand in the kitchen. If just a little onion flavouring is required it is wasteful to cut up a big onion and shallots always come in handy. They are amongst our oldest cultivated vegetables, and were almost certainly introduced during the Crusades. The name is a corruption of Ascalon, the famous Philistine city where Richard Cœur de Lion defeated Saladin's army in 1192.

It is not much use planting shallots on heavy clay. They do well on most other soils, particularly warm, light soils. Their yield is good, for one bulb usually produces a dozen. Further, they store well and rarely go bad.

As with all members of the onion tribe, it is better to store them in string bags rather than boxes, for in the latter they cannot get enough air. The giant kinds are the best and they should be put in ten inches apart, leaving a foot between the rows. They should be merely pressed into the soil so that half each bulb is above ground. Birds are apt to tweak them out occasionally, apparently from sheer mischief, so it is as well to look them over occasionally.

Horse-radish can be planted this month in open weather. This root will grow literally anywhere and can be a most tiresome weed, but unless well grown it is not worth the ground it occupies. The soil should be trenched and the bottom spit liberally enriched with manure, but not in the top spits or the roots will certainly fork. Take cuttings of young roots about eight inches long and half an inch or so in diameter. Plant these fifteen inches apart, putting in the cuttings upright and barely covering the tops with soil. After planting, horse-radish needs no attention beyond keeping free of weeds.

This is a rare instance of a plant used formerly only medicinally and now only for culinary purposes. Further, it was formerly used as a condiment with fish and not meat. Until the war the greater part of our supplies came from Germany and Sweden, yet in the early 19th century it was amongst the most profitable crops raised by the market gardener.

Horse-radish sauce fit to eat needs to be well made: one of the best ways is to make the finely grated root with thick sour cream. Hot horse-radish sauce is a pleasant change. This is made by stewing the grated roots in good stock, allowing half a pint of stock to a teacupful of grated root. When hot, but not actually boiling, add the yolks of two eggs one at a time, stirring well while adding them. If the sauce boils after the yolks are added it curdles.

Saladings in mid-winter are always scarce, but much can be done to supplement them. If the early Brussels sprouts are being dug up, instead of throwing away the plants put them in a dark shed or cellar and they soon throw out masses of delicate young blanched growths that are excellent saladings.

Roots of swede or beet put in the dark in slight warmth, such as in a cool greenhouse, throw out young growths. Also, in such warmth, boxes can be sown with cos lettuce, onions, etc., and the seedlings in a very young stage can be used. Our great grandmothers used to plant orange pips thickly in boxes and used the young growths in salads. They have a pleasant, rather aromatic, flavour.

At this season most of us are rather tired of apples, apple jelly, or even apples cooked in the usual way. Apple ginger preserve makes a change, but only possible if say two members of the household do not use their sugar ration! To make it, take 4lb. of apples, weighed after peeling and coring them. Cut them into quarters. Prepare a syrup by boiling 2lb. of sugar in one pint of water. Pour this over the apples as hot as possible and leave for two days. Add 4lb. of loaf sugar and the grated rind and juice of two lemons, 2oz. bruised ginger in a muslin bag, and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Simmer for one hour, by which time the fruit should be clear and soft. Put into jars and cover closely.

E. S. R.

* * *

Miss Eleanour Sinclair Rohde's new catalogue, "Aromatic plants, bee plants, herbs and uncommon vegetables," may be had on request from the author, Cranham Lodge, Reigate, Surrey.

FROSTY WEATHER ON THE ESTATE

By REGINALD DAVEY

"SUCH welcome and unwelcome things at once 'tis hard to reconcile." Shakespeare might have been writing of the annual winter visitation of frost and snow, welcomed by small boys and farmers, abhorred by householders, and received with mixed feelings by foresters.

Frost, the powerful pulveriser of clay soils, performs a task on stiff land that no amount of human ingenuity and labour could achieve. The intractable clods are reduced by the rupturing effect of the expansion which takes place when water freezes. Upon thawing they fall to pieces, leaving that fine tilth and friability that is sought by farmers as a suitable condition for the planting of seeds.

To be sure, this great benefit is tempered by the widely known inconveniences of frost and snow. The roads become icy, hindering transport, and water gets frozen. Cattle and sheep that are wintering out suffer the most. The streams and ditches soon freeze over, and even before this the more exposed drinking troughs are out of action.

It is possible to mitigate this nuisance in all save the most severe weather. The rising water pipe can be covered with straw, laid on as would a thatcher, in layers starting from the ground. Each layer is secured by a tying of twine, and the layer immediately above it ensures that the rain is excluded. Were it packed in any other way, the straw would become a sodden mass, which would freeze solid and protect the pipe no jot.

The freezing of the tank itself can be delayed by adding glycerine, which is harmless to animals. Glycerine will not clog the ordinary pattern of ball valve, as it remains on the surface of the water. Nothing effective can be done in very severe weather, when the laborious business of water carting is the lot of the farmer.

Bitter experience teaches us where lies the danger in our own homes. On the side of the house exposed to the north wind, the traps of the fitments may freeze, causing much exploration with wires to remove the supposed stoppage, until the cause is realised. This is not usually serious, unless a leaky tap causes an overflow. The trap can be thawed by standing it in a basin of hot water raised on boxes so that it is the right height; but in any case it is not serious, and very rarely will the thaw reveal a fracture.

The cracked pipes, caused by the expansion which takes place when water becomes ice, are brought to notice during the thaw, when much damage by water may result to the house. The most dangerous point is the rising main, which connects with the water main, enters the house and leads to the main storage cistern. If this cracks there may be a flood, but it is usually well protected at the point where it enters the house, by being cased in a box containing hair felt or cork chippings. If it is not so dealt with, prudence suggests that the defect should be remedied.

Pipes on internal walls of the house, or in the vicinity of the hot water pipes are not likely to suffer, but isolated cold supplies to lavatories and so forth will repay casing, especially if they are on north walls.

Plumbers are always much occupied after frosty weather, and a burst pipe does not brook delay, if serious damage to the house is to be avoided. There is a limit to what can be achieved temporarily by binding up, and setting pails to catch drips. It all depends upon the situation of the burst, for in some cases nothing can be done. In a bad case it is possible to turn off the water by means of the stop valve set underground where the rising main enters the house, and to empty the system by letting all taps run dry. This is rather a nuisance for it completely cuts off the water supply.

If the leak can be traced, it will usually be found to be either in the rising main, which can be shut off and emptied, leaving the main supply cistern standing full for use pending repairs. Or the leak may be in the cold water service, which will, in a house of any size, consist of several pipes leading from the main cold cistern. Each pipe has (or should have) a stop valve beside the cold cistern, and if this be turned off the pipe can be emptied by turning on the lowest tap or all the taps on that pipe.

It is not a difficult matter to trace a pipe, by starting from the burst and following it up through the floors to the cold cistern. The presence of a burst pipe is readily seen if it shows itself during the daytime, but at night extensive damage may be done with no one the wiser. For this reason it is a sound precaution, which few of us take, to turn off the main stop valve outside the house, and the cold water supply pipe stop valves by the cold water cistern, before retiring to bed on the night of the thaw.

In most cases it is quite easy to know which pipes are frozen, for the taps that they serve will not run. If all taps run then one is pretty certain that the thaw holds no trouble in store, and the precaution suggested is needless.

Outside the house, the gravel paths and drives will present a harrowed appearance. Just as the frost breaks up and makes friable the clay clods, and causes the little pegs that hold down the white lines of the hard court to rise up, so it acts upon the substance of the gravel causing the larger stones to be forced out of position. Hence, the need for rolling paths and drives after the thaw, a task that should never be forgotten if drive maintenance is to be kept at a reasonable figure.

Surface spraying of drives and paths with hot tar or some patent cold preparation, is an excellent way of waterproofing. The water, unable to gain access to the substance of the drive, does not break up the surface. The hot tar treatment is good, and still leaves a natural gravel colour as it is brushed over with gravel chippings well rolled in. It is rather more expensive than any of the cold preparations, owing to more difficult application, but whatever is done needs repeating every other year.

This work is of the "stitch in time" nature and should be done in summer when the ground is dry.

LANDSCAPE ARTISTS SNOW AND FROST

Both benefit the farmer at the right time of year even if they are the bugbear of the householder and the car driver

MORE PROBLEMS FOR THE FARMER

The Marketing of Fat Stock

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

As the days of the war drag on, still further problems confront farmers; and the latest of these appears to be a problem overlooked entirely by those who are responsible for the scheme for the marketing of fat stock. Under present arrangements all animals destined for the butcher have to be sent to collecting centres—and every animal sent to one of these centres has to be slaughtered. Further 12 days' notice has to be given by the farmer to those responsible for the collecting centres that a consignment of cattle are to be sent to that particular collecting centre on a certain date.

Now it has been the custom of many farmers to sell off their calves within a few days of birth, and I have heard this raised as a point of objection because it will always entail keeping a calf for at least twelve days. No man living can state with certainty the day upon which a cow will calve. There appears also to be grave danger, too, in making a regulation that *all* animals sent to a collecting centre *must* be slaughtered, and very many practical men have recently called my attention to this danger.

In the past it has been the custom at the majority of markets to tie up all calves for sale in a long line irrespective of whether they are vealers or are fit for rearing. Buyers have then gone down the line, examined the calves, and have decided which they require and for what purpose. Very frequently butchers and rearers have taken a fancy to the same calf, and the consequent keen competition has raised the prices; for which the farmer has been duly thankful.

Although I have never held that this was a good principle, considering the agricultural industry as a whole, and feeling that it was waste to allow such young animals to go for slaughter when they should be reared, yet the fact that this system raised the price could not be overlooked. To-day, as the regulation stands, all calves sent to the collecting centre will have to be slaughtered and thus rearers will be cut out altogether.

It may be advanced that those farmers who do not wish their calves to be butchered should send them to the store markets which will still be held. How many farmers will do this when they will get a guaranteed price per pound for a calf for slaughter? Once again (and after the repeated lessons he has had) the Minister of Food has proved his inability to plan for the future.

Where, in the future, are our supplies of store cattle to come from? Where are we to get those promising heifer calves to rear for the replenishment of our dairy herds? Where are graziers to obtain the bull calves which they afterwards steer and turn into prime beef? Surely our war-time policy need not be so blindly framed as to throw the whole of our future beef trade into the importers' hands, while at the same time threatening the future of our dairy herds, of which we hear so much from certain sources with regard to the food value of milk! Surely it would be a wise move, in view of these facts, for all calves at collecting centres to be inspected by responsible practical men, and a certain number, if fit for the purpose, should be allotted for rearing at a small premium above killing price. These calves would then be saved to help supply the never satisfied demand for home-bred store cattle.*

So much for cattle breeders and rearers, but what about the position of the pig and poultry industries? The pig industry has ever been the Cinderella of other industries. Such schemes as have been devised for its benefit (?) have always contained too many "buts and ifs." However, just prior to the war, we were led to believe that the pig and bacon industries were of such importance that they were going to be maintained and even rendered a moderately paying proposition.

After just over four months of war the position is that we cannot afford to maintain our present pig population fed on the lines to which we have been accustomed. The Government have warned both the pig and poultry industries that the proportion of their feeding stuffs derived from imports would be reduced by at least one-third as compared with the normal pre-war quantities. The tragedy is that so many pig producers say that they are unable to get pig foods *at all*, and, that this being the case, they are compelled to market their animals in a half-finished condition, while, as regards stores they are in despair of the future. It is so very easy to talk glibly of "acorns and beech-mast" and of turning sows into the woodlands to root for a living; there may be no such woods available, while surely such a text premises a sermon of despair?

Realising—as surely they must have done—that such a situation might arise, it would have been kinder to warn pig breeders and feeders in advance and so gradually got them to the point when they would have explored the possibility of substituting other methods of feeding for those which from long usage they have come to consider the only methods possible.

So too, with the poultry industry, which in the past has shown a greater cash turnover than all the cereals produced in this country. Much the same muddle applies, even though we all know the food value of new laid eggs produced under good conditions at home. Many cannot get feeding stuffs, many in despair are culling and killing wholesale. To-day egg production on a large scale is in the hands of expert specialists who know the last thing about producing eggs cheaply. Yet we must not lose sight of the smaller men with their 200-500 hens, or the backyarder, who also help our food supplies.

Must yet another branch of the agricultural industry be crushed out for lack of foresight, and placed in importers' hands? But then, when Minister of Agriculture, the present Minister of Food, uttered some such wise-crack as to our looking foolish if we prepared agriculture for war—and no war came!

Yet we were on the threshold!

* [*These facilities have now been granted.*—ED.]

THE WAR-TIME FLOWER BORDER

Plants which need little Attention

THOSE who will have to do most of the gardening themselves during the war will do well to seed out the flowering plants that take very little looking after. Plants that are rampant in growth have to be continually checked. Varieties that are weak stemmed must be staked and tied. Kinds that go to seed quickly may have to have their seed pods removed regularly, if they are to be kept in flower.

HELENIUMS, DELPHINIUMS AND GYPSOPHILA IN THE HERBACEOUS BORDER
In the war-time border dwarfish plants will predominate and those with stout stems that need little staking, but there must be room for pet flowers such as delphiniums

The war flower border will surely consist of sturdy flowering herbaceous plants which know their place, which will grow well without support and which will give a brilliant show with the minimum of attention.

There always will be the pet flowers that cannot possibly be left out, perhaps the tall delphinium that though it needs staking is well worth while, or some frail but beautiful treasure which no one will mind mothering.

On the whole, however, the ideal border will be one with a long flowering season and one whose plants do not look bedraggled even when flowering is over. Plan a border with tidy plants, plants that "stay put," plants that have firm upright stems. Such is surely needed for the busy man or woman. Remember bamboos may be difficult to get. Cotton twine and raffia will be scarce.

Though naturally many of the plants chosen will be dwarfish in nature, there are several of the taller plants that fit the bill quite well. The Day Lily, for instance, needs no support neither do any of the bearded Flag Irises, and there is plenty of variety to choose from here. The beautiful crimson flowered Lychnis grows in a stately fashion and is really brilliant, but it does not "ramp" nor does it fall about. The Helenium known as Crimson Beauty is a great favourite for the autumn. It is as useful as a cut flower as it is in the border. Though perhaps its flowers are not particularly bright, the pleasant creaminess of the flowers and the fern-like foliage of the Artemisia, makes an excellent foil for the most flamboyant members of the border.

The new delphinium known as Pink Sensation is an interesting introduction. It is a fine subject because of its sturdy habit and stout branching stems. It bears masses of soft pink flowers from June onwards. Another new introduction is the Red Hot Poker Snowdoni, a real treasure from Uganda. It throws a spike four to five feet high and the coral scarlet florets are widely spaced. The Winter Cherry is nice for Christmas, especially the new variety, Gigantea. The brilliant orange scarlet Chinese lanterns it bears are often 3in. in circumference while the stems are stout and clothed with handsome dark green foliage.

A pleasing plant because of its Eau de Cologne scented foliage is the Bergamot, sometimes called the Bee Balm. The variety known as Cambridge Scarlet is the best, and the bright red crown-like flowers are not only brilliant but interesting, for through the centre of them grows another stem on which a similar flower will be produced. Close to the Bergamot grow the Sea Lavender known as Latifolia. The stems and the flowers have a feathery appearance, the blooms being of a lavender colour and quite tiny. Like the Winter Cherry, already mentioned, it is an excellent plant for Christmas decorations.

The Crimson Star Columbine does not need staking. The wings of the petals of the flowers are crimson and the corolla is pure white. It grows 18in. high and is brilliant in May and June. The Bee's Ruby Thrift or Sea Pink is the giant of this family, and yet needs no support, it has pin cushion-like deep red flowers on stems 1ft. long. The Heucheras or Alum Roots look after themselves. They are a mass of dainty flowers in June and July. Firefly is a deep fiery red and Shirley bears large crimson scarlet flowers on long stems.

Other perennials that could be planted in this labour saving border are the new dwarf hybrids of the Michaelmas Daisies like Marjory and Victor; the late dwarf lupin called Ada, the Japanese Stonecrop, the Funitory; the dwarf Indian Mallow called Scarlet Beauty and the Spider Wort known as Leonora with its rich deep glowing violet flowers and golden anthers. This is in bloom from June to September.

To skippers of the land fleet—

"What we must now do is to plough . . ."

SIR REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH

"...our land...the more we can produce from it, the more foreign exchange and shipping we can save for the purchase and import of raw materials and munitions which we require for our War effort."

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FARMING IN WAR-TIME

[The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service.]

ANXIETY has been expressed in some counties as to the supply of seed oats. The Ministry of Food have announced that feeding oats will be controlled at a maximum price of 11/- per cwt. and milling oats at a maximum of 13/- per cwt. until February 29th. After that date the maximum for milling oats will be reduced to 12/- per cwt. The market in seed oats will be left free as regards prices. This should ensure that adequate supplies of seed for spring sowing will be available. All the evidence coming into the Ministry of Agriculture goes to show that, taking the country as a whole, there are sufficient oats to supply seed requirements, provided that oats suitable for seed are not fed to stock.

Now that the position regarding oats prices has been clarified, it is hoped that the threshing of oats suitable for seed will proceed without delay. Although the supply position is satisfactory, we are unlikely to be embarrassed with a great surplus of seed oats and sowing will be started in February. Moreover farmers will have to rely to a greater extent than usual on their own seed for spring sowing. Some of the larger farmers who have their own threshing sets will find an opportunity to be of national service and do a good turn to a neighbour by sending their machines to thresh on a farm in the vicinity where threshing is held up.

HAMPSHIRE DOWN LAMBS IN A SHELTERED CORNER OF MR. GASKELL'S FOLD AT KIDDINGTON, OXFORDSHIRE

The flocks are lambing well with a large proportion of twins

GETTING THE BEST FROM SWILL

Much has been said and written of late on the subject of swill for pigs. This is a form of pig food freely used in countries such as Germany and the United States at all times, and now, when cereal rations must be made to go further, swill is a matter of national importance in this country. But without knowledge and care swill can cause havoc in the herd and a note on the findings of the Pig Experiments Co-ordinating Committee, who have questioned and visited a number of swill-feeding establishments, will be helpful to many in making the best use of this form of pig food.

Its composition is very variable and it is most unusual for it to form a balanced ration in itself. Frequently it contains excessive fat. It this is not removed, it is liable to cause digestive troubles and soft, oily carcases. Other substances likely to be harmful are also found in swill. Soap or soda, for instance, that induce scour, or excessive salt that may cause salt poisoning. These substances cannot be satisfactorily removed when in solution, so they should not be allowed to get into the swill tub. Nor does the pig's digestive organs welcome such additions to its diet as orange, lemon or grapefruit rind, fish bones, skewers, sardine tins or bottles. A preliminary rake over is necessary to guard against them. Some establishments devote separate containers to vegetable waste and thereby secure a particularly valuable food for sows and fattening pigs kept indoors. The vegetable material is useful in keeping pigs open when bran and weatings are difficult to procure.

Swill should be collected daily. If left longer meat wastes may putrefy and bread fragments develop unpalatable moulds. After the preliminary raking over, all swill should be boiled for at least an hour. This is the law, under the Foot-and-Mouth Disease (Boiling of Animal Foodstuffs) Order. But it is not only a safeguard against the dangers of foot-and-mouth disease infection, it facilitates the removal of excess fat, that can be skimmed off, and one successful feeder boils the swill for at least three hours, and five hours if possible. In this way he obtains a uniform pulp that mixes readily with the meal and rarely gives rise to stomach troubles.

Many variations in feeding methods were found, but some general principles emerged. It was not usually considered advisable to feed swill, save in very small quantities, to pigs below 80lb. live weight or to suckling sows. An all-swill ration was generally restricted to empty and in-pig sows on grass. It was not found suitable for fattening pigs. Swill cannot be fed to formula; it depends on the daily balancing of the ration and the pigman's ability to watch the progress and condition of his pigs. Swill containing large quantities of meat was balanced by adding maize, middlings or barley meal, while that consisting largely of bread and potatoes required fish meal, soya bean meal or some other form of protein.

The herd at one successful centre received at 80lb. live weight a ration of 3–4lb. made up of 60 parts weatings, 15 flaked maize, 15 barley meal and 5 parts each fish meal and soya bean meal. This was gradually reduced to 2lb. per head and swill added to appetite. At 100lb. live weight the basic ration was 2lb. of a mixture containing equal parts of weatings and barley meal, plus as much swill as the pigs would eat. This was continued to bacon weight but varied slightly each day according to the swill and the pigs. If they were loose, the barley meal was increased; if constipated, the weatings proportion was raised.

In-pig and suckling sows were successfully fed at one centre throughout the year on swill and occasional raw potatoes. The sows ran out on clover leys and were housed in large wooden huts. In the morning, each received a bucket of swill spread on the ground, and at midday, if the morning supply of swill was short, a few raw potatoes were given. No meal was fed, even during suckling. The little pigs, from three weeks, were given selected scraps of swill in creeps.

It was evident, from the investigations, that swill if properly handled, can be used in pig feeding with great success. The pigs reached bacon weight at a reasonable age and the bacon was of good quality. Naturally a good deal more skill is required in the feeding of swill than of meal.

COAL FOR FARM USE

No shortage of fuel for essential purposes is anticipated in the country as a whole and farmers who use coal for grass drying or other agricultural purposes have no need to fear any serious restriction of supplies.

At the same time it would be prudent for them to maintain adequate supplies and to waste no time in reporting any difficulties, firstly to their usual suppliers, and, failing satisfaction there, to their Divisional Coal Offices. Farmers might consider the present a good opportunity to increase existing stocks.

VETERINARY COD LIVER OIL

A scheme submitted by the British Cod Liver Oil industry designed to ensure adequate supplies of veterinary cod liver oil for the next six months has been approved.

The scheme involves the dilution of certain stocks of cod liver oil of a high vitamin potency, which are in the hands of producers, with a suitable marine oil supplied by the Ministry of Food. The mixture will fulfil certain minimum technical standards, both as regards vitamin content and other characteristics. The mixture will be known as "Controlled Cod Liver Oil Mixture" and will be sold in packages bearing this title and the producers' names, but not brand names. The oil will be sold by the producers to their usual customers and distribution will be made through the normal channels. Supplies to individual purchasers will not exceed the quantities received by them before the war.

The producers' selling price for the cod liver oil mixture to primary wholesalers will be 6/6 per gallon, and the wholesalers and the retailers will be required to sell at their usual price margins.

CERTIFIED POTATOES IN ENGLAND AND WALES

THE Ministry of Agriculture announces the issue of the Register of stocks of potatoes which were inspected whilst growing during the past season and certified as true to type and reasonably free from rogues. The Register shows the varieties, the counties where grown, the names of certificate holders with addresses, the certificate numbers, and the acreage certified. Stocks that have been approved under the special schemes for sale as Class I (English Special Stock) and Class I (Welsh Special Stock) are denoted. Copies of the Register may be obtained from the Ministry (Dept. X.A.) at 83, Baker Street, London, W.1, at price 1/- post free.

Growers are reminded that, under the Wart Disease of Potatoes Order of 1923, the only potatoes that may be planted in land on which wart disease has occurred at any time are potatoes of approved immune varieties which have been inspected whilst growing and certified as true to type and reasonably free from rogues, or potatoes of approved immune varieties saved from crops grown on the land in the previous year. The Order further provides that, on the sale of any potatoes for planting, the number of the relative certificate issued under the Order must be quoted. In the case of potatoes of approved immune varieties, the certificate number to be quoted is the "T.S." or "A.T.S." certificate number given in the Register referred to above, but in the case of other varieties the number to be quoted is that of the relative "C.L." Certificate issued to the growers concerned.

Growers are also reminded that no potatoes may be sold for planting in England or Wales unless they are the subject of a certificate in one of the forms prescribed by the Order. Any growers in England or Wales who propose to sell seed potatoes from their 1939 crop and who have not yet obtained the necessary certificate should accordingly make early application for it to the Ministry.

It should be remembered that the seller of uncertified potatoes is not the only person who can be proceeded against under the Order. Any person who plants uncertified potatoes (other than seed saved from the crop grown on the same land in the previous year) renders himself liable to legal proceedings; all growers should therefore, for their own protection, insist on being furnished in writing with the number of the certificate relating to any potatoes which they use for seed purposes.

AN ARCTIC BICYCLE RIDE

By L. S. V. VENABLES

WE were staying for a short time in Vadsö, a little Norwegian-Lapland fishing town situated on the northern shore of the Varanger Fjord, about 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Brilliant sun shone endlessly all day and night and, having covered all the local hills, we decided to try our luck further afield. The obvious way was by means of the rough road which ran parallel to the sea, first east and then north up towards the island of Vardö, and the obvious method seemed to be on two bicycles owned by the hotel boy and his friend, and upon which we had already cast covetous eyes. A financial settlement was quickly arrived at and early next morning the bicycles were brought round to the front of the little wooden hotel. Filling our pockets with hard-bread and smoked salmon we mounted and set off.

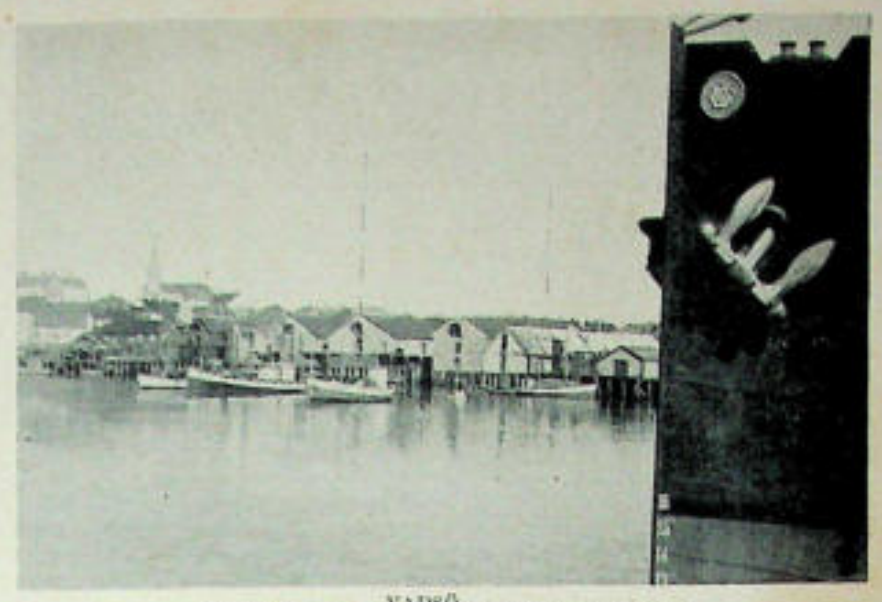
For a short time we were still in the town, winding in and out of wooden houses and dodging amazingly un-traffic-conscious children. The Arctic Ocean came lapping over grey stones almost to the doors, helping the ravens and black-backed gulls to dispose of the garbage which was thrown out. Life in an Arctic fishing town renders its inhabitants immune to smell and such waste products as fish or sea-bird's entrails just lie scattered about the place as do rose petals in an English garden.

The road presently began to climb and soon we had nothing around us but the stony hills on our left and the sea below us on our right. Dwarf salix bushes grew here and there, and among them were frequent red-throated pipits. The song—like a meadow pipit crossed with a canary, if this can be imagined—was often heard and when we dismounted in the vicinity of a nest the anxious birds called a low, full-toned "chup" and an explosive "squeeze"—both completely different from the calls of any British nesting pipit. Over a year later I was to hear the same notes from a migrating red-throat on Fair Isle, and instantly to recognise them even though, by that season, the distinctive throat colouring had all gone.

By this time we had come to know our bicycles. One needed the most strenuous of efforts to make it go, but had a reasonably comfortable saddle. The other went along quite well but had a saddle consisting largely of sharp metal corners. This combination of failings, coupled with the rough, stony road, would have been unendurable without frequent changing over from the comfortable-difficult one to the uncomfortable-easy one and each time we made such a change we were able to watch more birds.

On the barren hills rising up from the left of the road were shorelarks and snow buntings. The former were running about among the stones with their quiet little notes much like the birds one sees along the Norfolk coast in the winter. The snow buntings, however, were feeling more active and their cheerful whistling song was echoing among the boulders which the striking black and white males chose as song-posts. An occasional rough-legged buzzard would come sailing over the hilltops and, just as exciting, any tall patch of birch scrub in a sheltered hollow was liable to hold a blue-throat.

THE NEST OF THE TURNSTONE



VADSÖ

The buildings are all of wood and corrugated iron

On rare occasions we would pass tiny fishing villages or even isolated cottages. Our noses always told us when we were approaching a human habitation, owing to the rows of drying fish hung up at each cottage in a sort of pergola effect. It appeared to be a race between mummification and putrefaction, but, as far as we could see, the former usually won. Those fish whose fate still hung in the balance, so to speak, advertised their presence for a remarkable distance. At such places the damper hollows were always carefully cultivated into little meadows of surprisingly green grass and here, almost invariably, Temminck's stints were breeding. These minute waders would be doing their trilling courtship flight above the meadow patches or alighting on fence posts with quivering wings. The thicker ground vegetation brought in the gay black and chestnut Lapland bunting and most cottages had their attendant pair of white wagtails. Northern golden plover, Lapland dunlin, ruffs and reeves, and an occasional purple sandpiper were feeding at the edges of the pools and no pool, small or large, was without at least one pair of red-necked phalarope.

And so, always close to the sea, we pushed up hills and rattled and bumped down them, stopping frequently to look at new birds until, after some hours, we came to the estuary of a river—the Storelv. It looked so attractive with its sandy delta covered with kittiwakes that we decided that here was the spot for a much belated lunch and a lazy afternoon in the sunshine.

Northern ringed plovers and turnstones were running about on the beach and without much trouble we found a nest of the latter just back from high water mark—the first either of us had ever seen. Bar-tailed godwits and knots were feeding among the weed-covered rocks, both very brilliant in their red summer plumage and looking much more showy than the grey birds one sees on the English coast in the winter. A few days before we had found bar-tailed godwits nesting along the Pasvik river-valley further south, but seemingly non-breeders.

Some places attract one immediately, a sort of love at first sight, and such a place was the mouth of this river flowing into the Arctic Ocean. The river came winding through a grove of scrubby birches in which blue-throats and red-wings were singing, and out through the sandy delta into a wide, cold bay where Arctic terns were plunging or being harried by Arctic skuas, and divers and ducks were leisurely drifting about. Far away across the sea could be seen the snow-capped hills of the southern shore of Varanger Fjord, the lower elevations being usually hidden by the lines of fog which drifted along far off shore.

We lay about watching all the northern sea birds, shore birds and land birds and agreeing that this was indeed the place for a seaside holiday when, suddenly, one of those great ornithological moments happened. A party of 13 Steller's eider came swimming round the point and were shortly diving and upending in the shallows quite close to where we lay speechless. They were decidedly daintier birds than the common eider and the long, tapering violet-purple and white scapulars of the males showed up brilliantly in the bright sunlight.

The afternoon wore on but it was difficult to leave the spot. Time was of no object, however, with 24 hours consecutive sunshine and it was somewhere about midnight when we made our last change-over of bicycles and bumped down the final hill into Vadsö again. The children were still playing in the road and many adults were still going about their fishy occasions. As much life and activity as possible must be crammed into the summer, for up here, one has the long, dark winter in which to make up one's complement of sleep.

A LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE ON THE VADSÖ-VARDÖ ROAD

Note the customary "pergola" of dried fish and the Viking type boat that is always used in this locality

A THREE-PHASE CAR

The Value of an Overdrive

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE latest 2½litre 18h.p. Daimler is a car that possesses three personalities or phases, for it combines in a singular manner the verve and spirited behaviour of the American high-powered car, the stick-fast security and pin-point steering accuracy of a first-class continental car and the quality and finish that are typical of British motor engineering at its best.

This triple alliance of attributes, expressing different ideas of motoring desirabilities, makes this Daimler a most interesting and amusing car to drive. If you want to go royal or county you amble along in silence and ease at a modest 50 or 60. With the fluid flywheel and pre-selective gear, driving technique in the matter of gear-changing can be reduced almost to nothing. In other words, you can start from rest on the level on top, third, or overdrive, i.e., geared up fourth, and do practically all your driving on these two speeds.

But if a different mood takes you and you use the accelerator and the lower gears, the car becomes a living thing. Acceleration of the most satisfying kind surges you forward right up into the seventies. There is no waiting for the engine to wind itself up before giving its best. The answer to the pedal is instantaneous and even thrilling. And in this respect the car attains the flash so often attributed to cars of trans-atlantic manufacture.

The Daimler individual front wheel suspension by coil springs is responsible not only for this limpet road grip but also for the all-round insulation from inequalities of road surface that is another notable feature of the car's progress. In the past this sort of immunity from road shock, coupled with a profound sense of security when cornering, were too often the prerogatives of the better class continental car. It is therefore refreshing to find a British car which possesses the same feature to a high degree and supplements it with others which the continental cars often lack, such as the finest possible finish and high grade bodywork.

One of the most interesting features on this car is an overdrive or geared up indirect fourth speed controlled, like the other speeds, by the pre-selector lever and gear operating pedal. The overdrive ratio is 3.55 to 1, while what is called top gear, which is really third speed, has a ratio of 4.86 to 1. Now this top gear ratio is quite a normal reduction for this sort of car and is intended to be used as a normal top gear. Being a direct drive it is both silent and efficient in action. It provides swift, though naturally not such remarkable acceleration as second speed, takes most main road hills in its stride and allows a cruising speed to be maintained without effort anywhere between the 50's and 70. Under favourable conditions on this top gear the speedometer rose to 80.

same road speed on top the engine speed was increased to 2,100 r.p.m.

The slowing down of the engine in relation to the road speed produces a sense of extra ease and luxury. It also reduces engine wear, promotes economy in oil consumption and, under certain circumstances, in petrol consumption too. This last point formed the subject for some fuel consumption tests, for I wished to solve a problem that occurred to me while driving this car. On the one hand it seemed that given a certain load to be moved at a certain speed it should not make any difference to the petrol consumed whether the work was done with the engine turning fast or slow within comparatively narrow limits. And in this connection I remembered that a fellow scribe had actually found that he used less petrol when climbing a hill third with the throttle only partly open than he had when mounting it on top on full throttle.

On the other hand I thought that with the engine turning over slowly and well within itself on overdrive there should be a worth while saving of petrol when compared with the performance on third.

So I armed myself with two measured gallons of fuel and filled in the first one when the main tank ran dry. Having noted the speedometer reading I proceeded on my way on overdrive maintaining as nearly as possible a speed of 40 m.p.h. This

THE 2½-LITRE DAIMLER ON THE WINCHESTER BY-PASS ROAD

But it goes one or two better than some of these American machines because, as already noted, another characteristic of this car is its amazing stability and extreme accuracy of its steering control. It is a very long time since I have driven a car that clings more closely to corners taken almost too fast. Its ability to follow the prescribed course under these circumstances inspires the greatest possible confidence. So contrast this characteristic with the waywardness of other cars you may have tried and which on emerging from a fast bend evince that nasty tendency to heel over and take you across to the wrong side of the road.

If you are driving with a view to obtaining the greatest efficiency out of the engine you will do most of your work on top, but when favourable conditions present themselves, such as a following wind, a light load, long descents or miles and miles of flat road as on the continent, you will engage the geared up overdrive. By this means you will travel just as fast but with the engine turning over more slowly than it would if a normally geared top were employed.

My rough observations of the speedometer and revolution-counter showed that at a road speed of 40 m.p.h. when using overdrive the engine was turning at about 1,600 r.p.m., whereas at the

first gallon carried the car 25 miles, a highly creditable performance. The second gallon was then decanted and the speedometer noted once more. This time top gear only was used while the speed was still maintained at 40 m.p.h. The gallon ran out with the speedometer trip reading between 22 and 23 m.p.g., and so showed the extra economy to be obtained by using the overdrive under the particular conditions of this test.

The maximum speed on overdrive was only a little better than on top even under favourable conditions. So the maxima on the various gears were 25, 50 and about 80 on top and overdrive.

This car originally appeared last spring in open tourer style in which it competed with marked success in the principal rallies of the year where it scored not only on performance but also in appearance. In its latest form, now under review, a good deal of the experience gained in these rallies has been incorporated. Twin carburettors are fitted, the compression is raised to 7 to 1 and an aluminium cylinder head is used. These improvements have increased the output of the engine considerably and a maximum of some 90 h.p. is available at between 4,000 and 4,500 r.p.m.

It might be thought that the high compression ratio would result in chronic pinking on present day pool petrol. But by setting the ignition control on the instrument panel rather more than half-way advanced any signs of distress were eliminated.

Another practical feature on the panel is a reserve petrol supply tap, a feature that many experienced motorists consider should be a standard fitting on any car.

The very high finish and chromium-plated engine effects will appeal to the connoisseur of fine engineering just as much as the slickness with which such mechanical details as the pre-selector lever, controls and door handles operate. While these are only details they are indications of the care lavished throughout the whole construction of the car.

The open touring body has a graceful and well-balanced look. A useful feature is the rear decking or scuttle which helps to protect the rear seat passengers. There is a sizeable luggage container which can be illuminated at night. When the hood is folded it lies neatly in a container placed behind the rear squab, thus preserving the handsome and flowing side lines of the body.

The price of this model is £700 and its tax, under the new 25/- per h.p. basis, £22 10s. While it will appeal most to the sporting motorist I understand that at a later date it will be supplemented by several closed or closable models, which in their own sphere will be just as graceful and well thought out. These models will be available in small quantities and should constitute an investment which should be subject to a very small depreciation, as the h.p. is not excessive, while the performance, style and economy are most attractive.

Indeed, had it not been for the war no maker of high-class British motor cars was in a better position than the Daimler Company to reap the benefit of the new and inspiring policy which had directed it during the past few years. Starting with a generation-old tradition for the quality and stateliness of its products a new direction decreed that while these virtues were good enough for our fathers, the present age expected something more, to wit an appearance of modernity allied to a performance that would make even a sports car driver sit up and take notice.

That policy caused a fleet of Daimlers of various body styles, becoming in their lines, ingenious in their fittings and sparkling in their performance, to feature regularly in many important British and continental events. In these they not only won success but experience, which was of still more permanent value, for the lessons of these events, in which the most modern productions of various countries figured, were carefully digested by the Daimler engineers, and in many cases followed by the incorporation of practical improvements into the cars themselves. That the fruits of all this endeavour and enterprise have not brought their just reward is, let us hope, only a temporary set-back and that, the war over, the benefits so justly earned may be at last enjoyed.

BRIDGE

DISTRIBUTION

THERE are thirty-nine ways in which the suits can be held by a player. They range from the very usual 4, 4, 3, 2 to the very unusual 13, 0, 0, 0. The most usual distribution is either 4, 4, 3, 2, or 5, 3, 3, 2, or 5, 4, 3, 1, and, in fact, in precisely 50 per cent. of deals a suit will be divided among the four players in one of these ways. To hold all thirteen cards of a suit is so unusual that, of course, when a player does so (usually in America, where they do things in a big way) the fact is duly recorded in the newspapers. Indeed, the holding of even a ten-card suit is worth recording, since the 10, 2, 1, 0 distribution has a chance of appearing once in about ninety-one thousand deals.

To tabulate the thirty-nine different distributions is unnecessary; but, for convenience, they may be divided into two classes: the normal and the abnormal. Only ten distributions (4, 4, 3, 2; 5, 3, 3, 2; 5, 4, 3, 1; 5, 4, 2, 2; 4, 3, 3, 3; 6, 3, 2, 2; 6, 4, 2, 1; 6, 3, 3, 1; 5, 5, 2, 1 and 4, 4, 4, 1) are normal distributions, since the hand contains at least one card of each suit, no suit longer than six cards, and not more than one singleton. The other twenty-nine distributions are abnormal, or freak, distributions, since twenty-one of them are void in at least one suit and, of these, sixteen contain a long suit (seven or more cards) as well. Of the other eight abnormal distributions, seven contain a long suit, and one, although it contains no long suit, contains two singletons.

Abnormal distributions are not worth discussing unless they are accompanied by some interesting point in bidding or in play; but there is one point about abnormal distributions that is worth stressing: it is that the division of the suits in one hand cannot possibly influence the division of the suits in the other three hands. It is, in fact, a notorious fallacy to suppose that because you hold an abnormal distribution there will be an abnormal distribution in one or other of the three hands. Everyone knows, or might know, that if he holds five Spades the most likely division of the other eight Spades is 3, 3, 2, then 4, 3, 1, then 4, 2, 2, and so on down to 8, 0, 0, which is the least likely division. And this holds good whether the player holds such a normal distribution as five Spades, three Hearts, three Diamonds, and two Clubs, or such an abnormal distribution as five Spades, eight Hearts, and no Diamonds and no Clubs.

In the past we heard much about the power of distribution: "wrecked on the rocks of distribution" was one of Culbertson's favourite sayings. Distribution cannot be ignored (at times it may be the deciding factor) but it is not so powerful as Culbertson would have us believe; for, boiled down, distribution consists merely in ruffing values and length values.

Suppose, as dealer, you hold:—

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

Although you hold only one-and-a-half honour tricks you should bid "One Heart": the distributional value of the hand makes such a bid essential. For if your hand happens to fit with partner's you have a good chance for game. If you pass the hands may be thrown in; and, even if the hands are not thrown in, a bid on the second round will not indicate your strength to partner as would an opening bid. For here the singleton Diamond is an asset. With only four or five trumps, a singleton in the declarer's hand is a weakness, since, if the declarer is forced to ruff, he cannot draw the adverse trumps; but with seven trumps the singleton is of value, since the declarer can afford to ruff and still have sufficient trumps to draw those of the adversaries.

Again, you hold:—

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

You open the bidding with "One Heart." Second hand passes and partner bids "One Spade." Although the bid of "One Heart" showed the full strength of the hand, the singleton Club and length in partner's suit gives the hand added value in support of Spades, and the distributional value, therefore, justifies jumping partner to "Four Spades."

Here is another case where a player should bid on his distribution:—

♠ 8. ♡ 7, 4. ◇ 6, 5, 3. ♣ K, Q, J, 10, 8, 6, 4.

Holding such a hand a player should not hesitate to open with "One Club," even though he holds only one trick, if that, in defence. For with Clubs as trumps the hand is worth six tricks, and it would be folly to pass with a hand that is so powerful in attack.

Many players insist that with no defensive strength the hand should be bid only on the second round. At Auction I would agree, but not at Contract; for the Contract-player who "lets I dare not wait upon I would" may be unable to bid on the second round, except at a dangerously high level. And even if the player can bid on the second round at a reasonable level, by no stretch of the imagination will his partner be able to credit him with a hand worth six tricks in attack. The only danger, in opening the bidding with such a holding, is that partner may double the opponents on the assumption that some defensive strength is held. The danger is there (and to succeed at Contract some risks must be taken), but the danger is not so great as those who insist that a player should never open the bidding with less than two-and-a-half honour tricks would have us believe. For if partner doubles he must have at least three tricks in his hand, and the double can be taken out, and, with Clubs as trumps, the contract cannot fail by more than two or three tricks, against which there is a score for honours. The danger of opening the bidding with such a hand is more remote than real, and the risk is worth taking, since failure to open the bidding may result in a game, or a valuable part score, being missed.

Abnormal distributions are a law unto themselves, and bidding them necessitates, more than ever, the judgment of the player and the abandonment of the standards, laid down in text books, which apply only to normal distributions.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Clubs are trumps. A leads J♡. Z and Y to make the small slam.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

VARIATION I.

Trick 1 .. Z leads 2♡. A plays 7♡. Y wins with A♡.
Trick 2 .. Y leads 3♡. B plays 10♡. Z discards 2◇. A wins with Q♡.
Trick 3 .. A's best lead is Q◇. Z wins with K◇.
Trick 4 .. Z leads 4♠. A plays J♠. Y wins with A♠.
Trick 5 .. Y leads 7♣. Z wins with K♣.
Trick 6 .. Z makes A♣. Y discards a ♡.
Trick 7 .. Z makes A◇. Y discards a ♡.
Trick 8 .. Z leads a ◇. A wins. Y discards a ♡; and Z and Y must make two tricks more.

VARIATION II.

Trick 1 .. Z leads 2♡. A plays Q♡. Y ducks.
Trick 2 .. A's best lead is Q◇. Z wins with K◇.
Trick 3 .. Z leads 4♠. A plays J♠. Y wins with A♠.
Trick 4 .. Y makes A♡. Z discards 2◇.
Trick 5 .. Y leads 7♣; and play continues as in Variation I.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A lively game from the match between Cuba and Palestine.

(*Caro-Kann Defence.*)

WHITE. J. R. Capablanca. (Cuba.)	BLACK. M. Czerniak. (Palestine.)
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
3. P takes P	P takes P
4. P to Q B 4	Kt to Q B 3 (a)
5. Kt to K B 3	B to Kt 5 (b)
6. P takes P	Q takes P
7. B to K 2	P to K 3
8. Castles	Kt to B 3
9. Kt to B 3	Q to Q R 4
10. P to K R 3	B to R 4
11. P to R 3	B to Q sq (c)
12. P to K Kt 4	B to Kt 3
13. P to Kt 4 (d)	B takes P
14. P takes B	Q takes R
15. Q to Kt 3 (e)	R takes P
16. B to R 3 (f)	B to B 7
17. Q takes B	Q takes B
18. Kt to Q Kt 5 (g)	Q takes P

WHITE. J. R. Capablanca. (Cuba.)	BLACK. M. Czernak. (Palestine.)
19. K Kt takes R	Kt takes Kt
20. Kt takes Kt (h)	Castles (i)
21. R to Q sq	Kt to Q 4
22. B to B 3	Kt to B 5
23. K to R 2	P to K 4 (j)
24. Kt to B 5 (k)	P to K Kt 3
25. Kt to K 3	Kt to K 3
26. Kt to Q 5 (l)	Q to R 6
27. R to Q 2	Q to R 8
28. R to Q sq	Q to R 6
29. R to Q 3 (m)	Q to R 8
30. Q to Q 2 (n)	K to Kt 2
31. Q to K 2 (o)	P to B 3
32. Q to K 3 (p)	P to Q R 3
33. R to Q sq	Q to Kt 7
34. Kt to B 3 (q)	Kt to Q 5
35. R to Q Kt sq	Q to B 7 (r)
36. B to K 4	Resigns.

(a) The usual move, Kt to K B 3, is better.
(b) Black should, instead, play Kt to B 3. White now forces him to bring his Queen into play too soon.
(c) B to K 2, preparatory to Castles (K R), is better.
(d) The beginning of some very interesting complications.
(e) Threatening to win the Queen by B to Kt 2.
(f) Not 16. B to Kt 2 (because of 16. . . . R takes P; 17. Q takes R, Q takes R, ch; 18. K takes Q, Kt takes Q) and not 16. Kt takes B (because of 16. . . . Kt takes Kt; 17. Q to B 4, Q takes Kt; 18. Q takes Q, Kt takes R, ch; 19. K to Kt 2, Kt takes Q).
(g) Not 18 Kt takes R because of 18. . . . Kt takes Kt; 19. Q to Q 2, Q takes Kt; 20. Q takes Q, Kt takes R, ch; 21. K to Kt 2, Kt takes Q.
(h) Not 20. Q to B 8, ch, K to K 2; 21. Q takes R because of 21. . . . Kt takes B, ch followed by 22. . . . Q takes Kt.
(i) Not Q takes Kt because of the winning reply R to Q sq.
(j) This weakens Black's Q 4 and K B 4 but in any case he has a difficult game. If, instead, 23. . . . Q to Q 3, then 23. Kt to K 2, Q to K 4; 24. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt, ch; 25. K to Kt 2, P to Q Kt 3; 26. R to Q 7 and White soon wins one of the Queen's side pawns.
(k) White now threatens R to Q Kt sq.
(l) If 26. R to Q Kt sq, then 26. . . . Q to B 5, ch; 27. K to Kt 2, Q takes B, ch; 28. K takes Q, Kt to Q 5, ch; 29. K to Kt 3, Kt takes Q; 30. Kt takes Kt, R to B sq followed by 31. . . . P to Kt 3.
(m) Repetition of moves in order to gain time on his clock.
(n) Threatening 31. Q to R 6, P to B 3; 32. Kt to K 7, ch followed, if 32. . . . K to R sq, by 33. Kt takes P, ch or, if 32. . . . K to R 2, by 33. Q takes R P, ch.
(o) Threatening R to Q sq followed by Q takes P, ch.
(p) Now White threatens to win the Queen's Rook's pawn by playing R to R 3.
(q) A strong move, threatening R to Q Kt sq. If now 34. . . . P to Q Kt 4, then 35. R to Q 7, ch, K to B 2; 36. R takes R, ch, K takes R; 37. B to Q 5 (threatening Q to R 7, ch) with a winning attack.
(r) A mistake which loses the Queen, but in any case Black's game was hopeless.

TOURNAMENT IN LONDON

The following game was played in the tenth round of the recent tournament at the City and National Chess Club.

(*Alekhine's Defence.*)

WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. H. Golombek.	WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. H. Golombek.
1. P to K 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to Kt 5	B takes Kt
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	15. P takes B	Q to K 2
3. P takes P	Kt takes P	16. B to Q 2	P to K Kt 3 (p)
4. B to B 4	Kt to Kt 3 (a)	17. Q to R 4 (k)	P to K R 4
5. B to Kt 3	P to Q B 4	18. Q takes Q P	Q to B 4
6. P to Q 3	Kt to B 3	19. Q to K 3	Q takes Q, ch
7. Q to R 5 (b)	P to K 3	20. B takes Q	R to K 2 (q)
8. K Kt to K 2	B to K 2	21. R to K sq	Kt to B sq
9. Castles	Castles	22. B to B 5	R to B 2
10. P to B 4 (c)	Kt to Q 5	23. B to Q 6	R to B 5
11. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt (d)	24. B to R 3	P to Kt 4
12. Kt to K 4	Kt to Q 2	25. Q R to K B sq	Resigns (r)
13. R to B 3 (e)	R to K sq (f)		

(a) Either 4. . . . P to K 3 or 4. . . . Kt takes Kt followed, if 5. Q to B 3, by 5. . . . P to K 3 is, perhaps, to be preferred.
(b) If, instead, Kt to B 3, then B to Kt 5.
(c) Kt to K 4 is generally played here. The text-move seems stronger.
(d) If 11. . . . Q takes Kt, ch; 12. K to B sq, P to B 5, then 13. P takes P, in reply to which Black cannot play 13. . . . Kt takes P because of 14. R to Q sq which would win a piece.
(e) White has a very good game.
(f) If 13. . . . Kt to B 3, then 14. Kt takes Kt, ch, B takes Kt; 15. R to R 3, P to K R 3; 16. P to B 5, threatening 17. B takes K P.
(g) If 16. . . . P to Q Kt 3, then 17. Q R to K B sq, Kt to K 4 or R to B sq; 18. R to R 3.
(h) White now threatens either R to R 3 or Q R to K B sq. Black appears to have no satisfactory move.
(i) If P to Kt 3, then B to R 4, threatening B to B 6.
(j) His game is hopeless. If 25. . . . R to B 2, then 26. B to Q 6, R to Kt 2 (if R to Q 2, then B takes Kt followed by B takes P); 27. P to Q 4, threatening 28. P to Q 5.

PROBLEM No. 4051

By Dr. G. PÁROS.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K R 6, Queen at Q B 4, Rooks at Q 5 and K Kt 5, Bishops at K R 3 and K 5, Knights at Q 6 and K Kt 8, Pawn at K Kt 4.

BLACK (12 pieces): King at K 3, Queen at Q B 3, Bishops at K 7 and Q R 8, Knights at Q B 4 and Q 5, Pawns at Q 2, K R 2, Q B 3, K R 4, Q Kt 6 and Q B 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* Second Hon. Mem., *British Chess Magazine*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4050

1. R to Q 3, Any move; 2. Q_x R or B mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 553

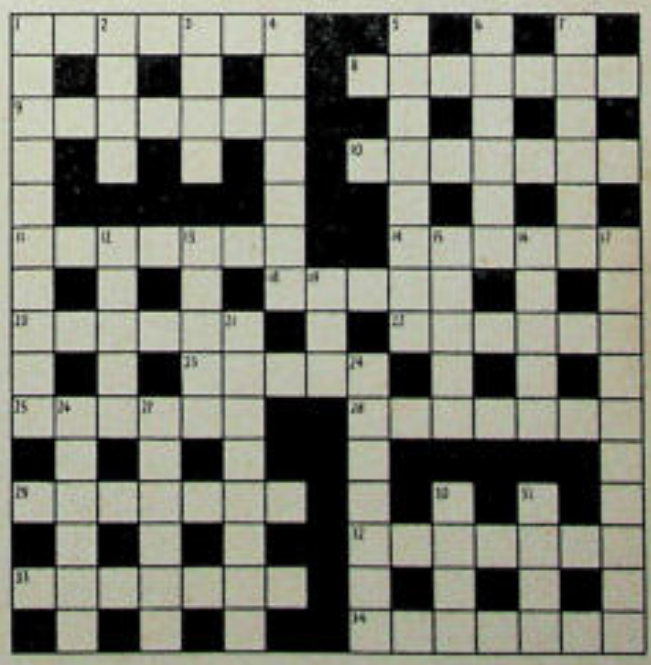
ACROSS.—1. A sportsman's date (7). 8, Stimulating (7). 9. Above the ocean one gets ahead (7). 10. Nourishing drink (7). 11. Pasturage (7). 14. The original writer (6). 18. To be seen in Turkey (5). 20. He would be found in any farm erections (6). 22. A language (6). 23. Apparently this is uniform either way (5). 25. The end of these flowers is deceitful (6). 28. Danger to shipping (7). 29. A pastime (7). 32. Reeding (anag.) (7). 33. From whence oil is obtained (7). 34. Nearest (anag.) (7).

DOWN.—1. This form of meditation contains nothing (10). 2. The first garden (4). 3. To be found in the end of 9 across (4). 4. One would find this shrub growing on a good half of itself (7). 5. Child imitating Daddy after rabbits (4, 4). 6. Frequented at dances? (6). 7. Colour (6). 12. This suggests the countryside (5). 13. Species of poplar (5). 15. Are we getting shi with this treatment? (5). 16. Tool handle (5). 17. Of interest to the gardener (10). 19. Found in amusement (3). 21. S.O.S. Lever (anag.) (9).

SOLUTION TO No. 552

Published January 20th

S	E	A	S	I	D	E	■	C	E	N	S	U	R	E
E	■	T	■	D	■	Q	■	L	■	C	■	N	■	S
A	T	T	R	I	D	U	T	E	■	I	N	D	U	S
M	■	I	■	O	■	A	■	M	■	G	■	E	■	A
E	X	C	I	T	A	B	L	E	■	H	A	R	R	Y
W	■	■	■	■	■	L	■	N	■	D	■	M	■	E
S	C	R	U	I	C	E	■	T	W	O	F	O	L	D
■	■	I	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	S	■	■
C	O	G	N	A	T	E	■	S	C	R	A	T	C	H
H	■	H	■	S	■	L	■	H	■	■	■	■	■	O
A	Z	T	E	C	■	E	V	E	R	G	R	E	E	N
I	■	E	■	I	■	G	■	R	■	O	■	R	■	E
R	H	O	M	B	■	A	M	B	E	R	G	R	I	S
E	■	U	■	L	■	N	■	E	■	G	■	E	■	T
D	I	S	S	E	C	T	■	T	U	E	S	D	A	Y



24. This should be obtained for sport on 1 across (7). 26. This usually accompanies frost (6). 27. After an arduous day 20 across likes to do this (6). 30. Does an auctioneer get tired of hearing these? (4). 31. Indian butter (4).

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

Salmon Scales from River Tare.—We have examined the scales sent in and from them we make out the following:—Two years in river; two years in sea, returned for spawning; one more year in sea and just returning for a second spawning. The spawning mark at the fourth year is very distinct, and we would put the fish down as a 5-year-old fish.—*C.S.S. Umberleigh.*

Aviary

Red Mite Infestation of Canaries.—We received the body of a hen canary which had died of anæmia due to the attack of red mites. The owner informed us that it was one of three found dead during the week out of a collection of 45 canaries in an outdoor aviary. Red mites are minute insects which live during daylight in dark crevices, under perch sockets, in nest-boxes, among litter, and at night attack the sleeping birds. The mites feed on the bird's blood. It is after feeding when their bodies become red in colour that the mites are more readily seen; in the unfed condition the mites are a faint yellow colour and are difficult to see in crevices or under pieces of litter. Consequently few owners become aware of their presence until one or more birds have been killed by the insects. To destroy the mites all the litter from the aviary should be burned. The entire interior of the aviary and all its fittings should be thoroughly scrubbed out with soft soap and hot water, to each bucketful of which a handful of washing soda and a cupful of paraffin have been added. Deep cracks in woodwork and metal sockets of perches should be burned with the flame of a blow-lamp. Thorough and regular weekly scrubbing of the aviary is the most effective preventive of red-mites.—*E. K., Bungfshire.*

Chilling of Canaries.—A pair of canaries were found dead in the morning; previously they had appeared to be in perfect health. On post-mortem examination death was found to be due to congestion of the lungs brought about by the birds having been exposed to a draught. In this case the cage had been suspended from the ceiling of the sitting-room; it was beside the window. There are two lines of draught in most rooms; one passes from the door to the fire-place, and the other from the door to the window. As caged birds are highly susceptible to chilling the ordinary all-wired caged is not a suitable habitation; the bird has no shelter from draughts. The more satisfactory cage is the model used by most experienced aviculturalists, viz., a cage built on the box-principle with only the front wired; the top, three sides and base are constructed of wood or sheet-metal. The all-wired cage can be made more suitable for the bird by a cover which fits closely over the top and three sides. The cover should be made of American-cloth or rubber-sheeting, material which is durable and washable. When fitted with such a shelter from draughts the cage-front need not be covered at night. No cages of the ordinary commercial sizes are ideal for birds in which to keep healthy, and thus to enjoy full use of their bodies must have room for flight. For canaries and budgerigars a small indoor aviary about the square-area of a dining-room side-board and some 6ft. in height will provide room for healthy wing exercise by the birds. Such indoor aviaries are easily built on the box-principle, leaving only the front to be wired. The fewer the perches and fixtures in the interior the more flight space is available for the birds.—*H. T. S., Cornwall.*

Country House

To Establish Bracken Fern.—Bracken will grow in almost any soil except those containing chalk or impregnated with lime. The best way to establish it is to obtain sods containing the roots and bury them just below the surface. If a small quantity of soil from a bracken moor or common can be placed around the sods so much better. We have often accidentally planted a clump and it has established itself where it was least wanted, and have also had reports of its being difficult to establish, but this is probably where the soil is unsuitable.—*C. E., Stud bridge.*

Farm

Sawdust and Manure.—Sawdust has no manurial value whatsoever, and the value to the land of an application of pig manure and sawdust lies in the value of the pig manure. There will be no harm in using this mixture as a top dressing for grassland or for cereals when ploughed in. Sawdust will absorb the liquid manure, but unlike straw and bracken when so used, which have a manurial value of their own, it has no value *per se*. The value of pig manure in itself lies in the unexhausted residue of the feeding stuff which the pig has consumed.—*V. I. H., Waterford.*

Shooting

Right of Killing Ground Game.—Under the Act the occupier has the right to kill the ground game himself and can also authorise persons in writing to do so, but such persons must be either (a) members of his household resident on the land, (b) persons in his ordinary service on the land, or (c) one person *bona fide* employed for reward in killing and taking ground game. Only the occupier and one other person, who must come under one of the above-mentioned classes, can kill ground game with firearms.

He cannot, therefore, authorise two sons to shoot but he can authorise any number of persons under (a) and (b) to kill ground game without firearms.

Persons having a right of common only and persons having a right of grazing or pasturage for sheep, cattle or horses, for not more than nine months, are not deemed to be occupiers and have no rights under the Act.

On moorland and unenclosed lands, not being arable lands, which either do not adjoin arable lands, or if they do, are not less than 25 acres in extent the full rights can only be exercised from December 11th to March 31st, inclusive, but under the Amendment Act the right of killing and taking ground game otherwise than by firearms may be exercised from September 1st to December 10th, inclusive, and in respect of this last period the occupier and the owner or person having the sporting rights may make an agreement as to the joint exercise of the right of killing ground game.

As regards the question of licences, a gun licence only is required.—*A. T., Alford.*

Cartridge Tests.—Your "A" cartridges contained 33.2 grains of Emerald powder and 400 grains of No. 6½ shot. Your "B" cartridges contained 33.8 grains of Emerald powder and 488 grains of No. 6 shot. Whereas the "B's" give most excellent results, the "A's," owing to one exceptionally bad cartridge, could not be considered satisfactory, inasmuch as the pattern from a choke barrel (40yds., 30in. circle) varied from 81 pellets to 205 pellets. The "B" cartridges, however, were very even, there being only 20 pellets between the high and the low. Although felt wadding is becoming very popular, we do not think it gives as reliable results as the best white felt.—*J. P., Walton-on-Naze.*

Kennel

Irish Water Spaniels.—There are few breeders of Irish water spaniels, by far and away the biggest being Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke, Breifny House, Bodmin, Cornwall. Others are Captain Anwyl, Llwyn, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire; Mrs. Birkbeck, Anley, Settle, Yorks, and Dr. James, The Knoll, Frodsham, Cheshire.—*T. G. M., London.*

Doggy Smell.—A doggy odour is more apparent in some breeds than others, those with oily coats usually being the worst. All may be inclined to smell a little when the coats are wet. Certainly, we should not expect a young cocker to be troubled in this way if he has no skin complaint. Groom him well every day with a strong brush and wipe afterwards with cloth or sponge wrung after being dipped in water containing a few drops of Lysol. Do you think the puppy wants dosing for worms? That might possibly be the cause.—*A. MacD., Ryde.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name)_____

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed)_____

Address_____

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Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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

VOL. CLXXV. No. 4545. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1940 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE (INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2D.

TWO GREAT FOXHUNTERS, Capt. C. M. WELLESLEY-WESLEY and Mr. A. H. HIGGINSON

Capt. Wellesley-Wesley although serving with the Army still retains the Acting-Mastership of the South Dorset. Mr. Higginson, formerly President of the M.F.H. Association in the United States and until this season Master of the Cattistock, writes in this issue on the History of Foxhunting in America.

LOOKING AHEAD

The Rover owner of today has the satisfaction of knowing that his car is an asset which so far from not depreciating during the war will increase in value. And remember the Rover Free-wheel gives added m.p.g.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - - 161
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL - - - - - - 165
PIGEON SHOOTING - - - - - - - - 165
THE BRIGHTON BEAGLES - - - - - - - 166
GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAPS - - - - - - 168
THE HISTORY OF FOXHUNTING IN AMERICA—II - 169
THE CAPTURE AND DOMESTICATION OF THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT IN THE BELGIAN CONGO - 170
THE GUN MONTH BY MONTH - - - - - - 172
NIGHT FISHING FOR SEA TROUT - - - - - 173
CONCERNING WILD GEESE MIGRATION - - - - 174
RECLAIMING 1,000 ACRES OF "DERELICT" LAND - 175
HUNTING IN IRELAND - - - - - - - 178
WHY NOT A BULL-TERRIER? - - - - - - 179
CHIMPANZEES AT THE ZOO - - - - - - 180
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - 180
KINMEL FIELD TRIALS - - - - - - - 180
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 180
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - - 181
THE STORMY PETREL OF AMERICAN GOLF - - 185
FEBRUARY CROCUSES. IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN 186
MUSHROOM GROWING AS A SIDE LINE - - - - 188
LOOKING AHEAD IN FARMING - - - - - - 188
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - 190
THE WALNUT TREE - - - - - - - - 192
FROST IN WOODLANDS - - - - - - - 192
THE VEILED TRIBES OF THE SAHARA - - - - 193
PROTECTING THE LAID-UP CAR - - - - - 194
THE NEW FORD-8 - - - - - - - - - 194
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - - 195
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - - 196

BACON SUPPLIES

IT has been the policy of the Ministry of Food since the outbreak of war to conserve supplies of bacon, in order to build up a reserve stock in preparation for rationing, and as a safeguard against possible interruptions of imported supplies. Rationing is now with us. But the supply position as a result of this policy is, we are assured, relatively favourable, though it would naturally be most unwise to prophesy as to the flow of imports in the future.

However the position is so favourable that the Ministry decided to supplement the basic 4 ounces ration by permitting, for the time being, the sale of certain kinds of bacon free of the coupon.

No coupons need be surrendered for bacon or ham sold as part of a meal in restaurants, hotels, canteens and other catering establishments, or for ham sandwiches. Furthermore certain types of bacon may now be bought without coupon in retail shops. There are fore-hocks and gammon hocks, and gammon and ham sold cooked. Fore-hocks and gammon hocks are suitable for boiling and may be sold with the bone at a price not exceeding 1/1 a pound. Cooked gammon and ham may be sold at 3/3 a pound sliced without bone, and 2/4 a pound whole with bone.

And now the Ministry has gone further. So improved is the stock position of bacon that the basic ration has been increased from 4 to 8 ounces per week. That all makes excellent reading. Quite evidently there is plenty of bacon in the country. Yet it is quite a general complaint amongst retailers that they cannot sell bacon and are left with stocks on their hands. That is not surprising. The vast majority of people in this country live on wages of £5 a week or less. The price of bacon, rationed or not, is high, and the small wage earner, faced with a steep rise in the cost of living, cannot afford to buy bacon. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere. Sufficient stocks to do without rationing in certain types; prices too high and stocks unsold. That is doing no one any good—and it does not make sense.

One wonders, every now and again, whether we are not too organised. Bureaucracy, we all know, has certain marked failings and we are, according to some people, becoming more and more of a bureaucracy every day. Over-organisation (we prefer to think about it thus) seems to be most noticeable in the Ministry of Food. Meat, of which there has been no shortage since the war began, was scarce in several districts immediately it was taken over by the Ministry of Food. The scarcity, we are assured, was only temporary and was, anyway, the fault of the butchers. All the same it seems odd that the butchers should not have been at fault previously. And we have heard similar complaints about butter.

It is, perhaps, not right to blame the Minister, though his Ministerial career has not been outstandingly successful. It is, perhaps, not right to blame anyone in the Ministry of Food. Perhaps all blame should be directed to the retailer. We are not, in any case, concerned in apportioning blame. We do, however, think that such things should not be and that really efficient organisation would prevent them.

That famous Englishman, the man-in-the-street, is facing up to this war admirably. His taxes have gone up, the cost of living has gone up, all too frequently his wages have been reduced; he stumbles about in darkness, he works harder than he has ever worked before; in many cases he has to keep two homes going. He is assured by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he will have to face yet heavier burdens. He knows it and is prepared to accept it and to do his bit. It seems a pity that he cannot buy some of this excellent supply of bacon that the Ministry has so wisely secured.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 196.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

ON THE HOME FRONT

"THEY also serve who only stand and wait." If one might paraphrase this a little it can be made to apply to those who are carrying on on the Home Front. In the matter of a war we are apt to think mainly, if not entirely, of those on active service, forgetting those who are still at home carrying on the essential services, transport, supplies, etc.

They are not standing and waiting, by any means, but they are getting on with their job, tackling extra duties, and putting up with considerable sacrifices. It is true that those whose duties form part of the defence scheme, members of the A.T.S. and so on, get some concessions made to them, but it is of the ordinary worker in industry that one is thinking now.

In the matter of transport alone tremendous extra work has been, and still is being done in moving supplies and personnel by rail and road. One railway company alone in the four months since the war started has handled two million more loaded waggon journeys than in the same period last year and run a daily average of 4,000 freight trains, while passenger traffic, including military and evacuees, increased by 70 per cent. of the normal.

This is just one instance in just one branch of industry, but it can be multiplied almost without number throughout the key industries of the country and behind it all is the man who makes the wheels go round, just as on the active service front we have the man behind the gun. If he be worthy of his hire he is also worthy of a little thought when praise is being meted out.

FISHERMEN'S DEPENDENTS FUND

In these days all of us think, every now and again, of the fishermen who are now mainly engaged in that most hazardous of all war-time occupations, minesweeping. When we think about them—and we do not do so as frequently as we should—we feel proud and sympathetic, and many of us would like to help the dependants of those lost at sea. The best way is through the Fishermen's Dependents Fund. This fund has the appropriate machinery for the proper distribution of all monies in this direction. It is now open to receive gifts. These should be forwarded to Albert S. Austin, The Port Missionary, Grimsby. Clothing of all kinds is urgently needed, but especially clothing for women and children.

LAST OF THE PHEASANTS

At the happiest of times we are always assailed with some feeling of regret when we go out to launch a final attack upon the cock pheasants. This year, in view of the unfortunate circumstances that have been thrust upon us, the regret is bound to strike deeper than usual, for we know not how long it will be before we can again enjoy a full measure of covert shooting at its best. It has been a good season for the birds on the whole, and having regard to the fact that little, if any, rearing can be anticipated during 1940, it is fortunate that this has been the case. For a larger stock will be available to form a reserve against the rainy days ahead. And so long as an estate offers shelter and quiet and a normal amount of natural feeding, there is every reason to hope that at least a nucleus of game will survive which, while perhaps affording limited sport, can be used as a foundation for future building. Nor must it be forgotten that there are places so plentifully endowed with all the requisites for game that they yield first-rate bags year after year without the aid of any artificial rearing.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

Over the marshland a trumpeting north wind blows,
And those who have feathers fold them close, and those who have fur hide
From the icy sword, the indigo cloud and the field where the hunter goes.

The river is heavy with ice, the curlew calls
Over the yellow marsh where the herons have fished and gone,
And the hunter hunches his shoulders and longs for his fire-lit walls.

Like an old man frozen ponderous with sleep
The earth breathes slow and sighs and moves her difficult limbs,
Welcomes the laden cloud descending, still too cold to weep.

The signpost points white fingers home
To villages where houses flock together like grey sheep,
And cottages where love is a protection, and no-one sits alone.

M. SCOTT JOHNSTON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE tragedy for the townsman is not only that he is cut off from the realities of life but that nothing short of the crudest ABC necessity will ever open his eyes to knowledge of that fact. Perhaps five per cent. of townsmen read in the newspapers that there is a shortage of feeding stuffs for stock in the country. Does this information convey any mental image to them; do they wonder why; do they connect what they are told with their own daily lives, with the normal routine of existence at the desk, in the restaurant or listening to the wireless over the fireside after supper? No: it means no more to them, their fate, future, blood and bones than Lady Di's devorce or a flight of birds overhead speeding in terror from the frost or a blizzard in the North Sea when the sailorman can no longer feel the end of his nose.

But when the countryman leaning over the gate sees George the cowman pitching a forkful of weedy aftermath hay out into the frozen field, and sees the sheep galloping over the iron ground to get it, and the cattle for the first time that day coming to life, he knows that this item of news to fill up a blank space does mean something. And what is more, he knows the reason why those sheep and cattle have no swedes nor oats nor kale nor anything good to eat except a wretched truss of hay. He knows too that the real reason does not appear in the newspapers, nor over the wireless, and that it goes back to the times when England deserted her own country for the glittering prizes, and fat illusory gains, and empty comfortable pickings that were to be got out of the race for wealth overseas. He cannot put it all into words, but the essential significance of the scene before his eyes is not lost upon him.

Let me try to translate and interpret what is going on in his mind. First of all, he is thinking of a farm about two miles away, the only one within a circuit of about ten miles, where there are cattle and sheep, poultry and pigs, and horses; all of them well fed. He knows why: this farm is an old-fashioned family farm with only a little machinery on it, partly in grass and partly arable, and pursuing an out-of-date rotation. The farmer sits tight; he has been polite to the commercial travellers who kept on importuning him to buy their foreign cake and concentrates and what not. He had no need to buy them because, in the face of every discouragement and adversity, he has gone on growing all that was necessary for the health of his stock himself.

He has not stuffed his soil with expensive chemicals because the fertility of his farm is self-made, supplied by the beasts and the crops themselves. The family farm, balanced between arable and grass—this archaic relic, the non-mechanised, self-sufficient, self-supporting farm of our forefathers—this is the only farm that in these days of a necessity, that would make that townsman's flesh creep if he could visualise one-tenth of what it meant, can afford to smile at the research institutes, the new-fangled machinery, the boards and the bureaucrats, the financial deals with foreign imports, the very perils of the sea.

These are the realities that present themselves to his experience, and so by a natural transition he thinks of their obverse. He feels in his bones that there is a cardinal falsity somewhere, the surrender to a vicious principle in a nation sacrificing its own sacred soil, the land of its fathers and makers, the bone of its existence, the mother of all its energies and the nurse of its character, for the parasitism of being fed at the end of a long tube. When war nibbles at that tube, like a toothed fish tasting the diver's oxygen line, the weakness of such contempt for the motherland is as clear to him as the cold winter daylight. And in an obscure way, though without formulating general principles, he realises that what the old husbandry stood for is being proved upon our bellies to be more stable, practical and fundamental than the whole intricate edifice of progress built up since the Industrial Revolution.

I do not think that my philosopher of the gate-post is far wrong. *Multum in parvo*—out of the cowman's sickness of heart, because he does not know how to feed the beasts that feed the people, will come a slow opening of the eyes to the fact that some law, some power, some universal truth that science professes to have abolished will not tolerate our violation of the essentials of life, and will recall us to the verities of our residence upon earth by such a pressure as even modern civilisation cannot resist. Those verities are the earth under our feet and the sky over our heads, our daily bread and the spirit that is more than bread.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

SETTING UP THE DECOYS

PIGEON SHOOTING—Some Reflections

THE recent appeal by the Ministry of Agriculture to landowners and farmers for co-operation in a campaign against wood pigeons comes at a time of year when our resident birds are augmented by countless hordes of Continental migrants. The consequence is that natural food supplies are quite inadequate to their support, and in most parts of the country the pigeons live almost entirely at the farmer's expense. The fact that they are only less destructive than rats is in itself sufficient excuse for reducing their numbers whenever and wherever possible. Moreover it cannot be gainsaid that the sporting nature of pigeons gives an added zest to their pursuit. For apart from their partiality for flying so high as to be almost out of shot, they are warier and as a rule more difficult to hit than any game bird, and unless touched in a vital spot they will carry a large quantity of shot.

In many places shoots on a large scale are organised where covert owners, at the close of the season, are willing to co-operate by throwing their woods open. This is really the only way to make any substantial impression upon the legions which batten upon the newly sown crops. But as often as not these shoots prove disappointing for a variety of reasons. Either attempts are made to cover altogether too wide an area, or the same ground is bombarded day after day until the birds seek permanent sanctuary elsewhere, and as a rule there are far too many guns, the majority of whom have no conception of shooting discipline.

Straight shooting is not the only condition of pursuing pigeons with a reasonable prospect of success; intelligent appreciation of their wary habits is more than half the battle. Yet only too often the woodcraft of a few good men is entirely negatived by the behaviour of a vast array of gunners, who fail to understand that sometimes it may be more profitable to restrain their ardour than to set up a formidable barrage in a sector of the line. Fifteen to twenty shooters maybe are pressed into service, many of whom have but the vaguest appreciation of the range of the modern shotgun. They get over-excited; they neither stay where they are placed, nor do as they are told; they loose off at any bird within a hundred yards, and so doing deflect the course of several hundred others, and not seldom they are a source of far more danger to their companions than to the pigeon flocks.

While the number of guns must necessarily be relative to the extent of ground to be covered, generally speaking, I think half a dozen experienced shots well placed will get infinitely better results than an army of indifferent performers. Local geography has a great deal to do with the strategy employed, but among certain definite principles I would suggest first and foremost that say six good guns to every hundred acres of woodland are a better proposition than double the number of "doubtfuls." If a very wide area has to be tackled, it is a much better plan to map it out in different beats rather than to try and cover half a county at one time, because every sector of the battlefield gets a rest, and although the birds are kept moving, they are not so incessantly pushed backwards and forwards as to make them seek pastures new. A point to recollect in attacking pigeons as they come to feed is that if you try exactly the same tactics for a couple of days running in the same place they will not oblige—at any rate with any confiding freedom—at the second time of asking.

After all the strategy of pigeon shooting is the same whether one goes out single-handed or as one of a large party. The best days for the job are such as are dull and threatening, and a strongish wind is all to the good, for then the pigeons will come in to roost an hour or so earlier than on bright calm evenings. Besides, in still weather the first few shots at the advance guard will be quite enough to warn the main body of the ambush. Then decoys in the trees and placed head to wind on such ground as the birds usually elect to feed, assist to allay suspicion. But it may be emphasised that there is an art in setting out decoys; they must be placed in such a way as to appear most natural, otherwise they emphatically defeat their object.

Pigeons drifting in to roost usually fly at a great height and then glide slantwise over the trees to windward, scouting first for any danger signals. Then they come beating upwind much lower and more slowly till they eventually settle. There will always be two or three reconnoitring birds in advance of the main flocks, which will probably fly round for several minutes before satisfying themselves that the coast is clear. Wherefore not only must the gun or guns be very carefully concealed (it is a good plan to decorate one's headgear with foliage harmonising with one's surroundings), but also they should restrain impetuosity. To loose off at the first bird or two may destroy the chance of a whole flock settling in.

The ideal hide is therefore a spot surrounded by close cover with a clear field of fire between the tree-tops. And, as has been said, the lone shooter's best chance is on a windy evening when the birds will drift in by ones and twos and in small flocks at intervals rather than in one great company. For his single shots will not cause undue alarm, because the wind will dull if it does not smother their sound, and so long as he does not move about or allow the glint of his gun barrels to be seen, he can be pretty certain of continuous shooting until it gets too dark to see.

And what applies to the individual applies equally to a number of guns. So often collective shoots fall because no pre-arranged method is insisted on. A director of a shoot stationed in a position which commands the field of operations is, I think, desirable. Co-operation is important, yet it is next to impossible to procure where there are considerable distances between the various guns, unless some definite system is arrived at.

Time and again a few solitary birds will drift in—an advance guard of the main flocks—and two or three men, who have not had a shot for half an hour or so, will naturally loose off in ignorance that there is anything more to come. The result is that the bulk of the birds will sheer off, and do not return, or if they do, precisely the same thing happens, and half a dozen pigeons are bagged instead of the fifty odd which might have been. But a man in a position to see what is happening all around, can arrange a system of whistle signals with his fellow guns, both for withholding or concentrating fire, so that the heaviest barrage can be brought to bear when and where it will be most effective. In point of fact, I have seen this method worked with remarkably good results.

J. B. D.

THE PACK MOVING OFF FROM THE DYKE, BRIGHTON

THE BRIGHTON FOOT BEAGLES

By ROBERT COLVILLE

THE country hunted by the Brighton Foot Beagles lies in Sussex, and is also hunted by the Southdown Foxhounds. Much of it is, of course, downland, where the hares are apt rather to concentrate in particular valleys than to spread themselves equally. But the Downs are well stocked. In the weald the country is inclined to be rough and, in wet weather, rather difficult for the beagler to cross—at all events until it becomes a matter of no concern how much wetter he becomes.

The kennels are situated at Fulking, under the imposing height of the Devil's Dyke, where the hotel with its clump of trees makes a useful landmark for the lost and where scent is nearly always obliterated by the toiling feet of a thousand pilgrims—and their dogs.

Few beagles have better or more extensive kennels than the Brighton Foot. They were built by Sir Reginald Blaker, Bart., the last Master, and besides the main building comprise a hospital where the temperature can be kept even, an independent water supply, and a most useful building which must be an admirable retreat during an inclement puppy show.

The exercising duties of the kennel huntsman are considerably lightened by the position of the kennels. S. Knight, who has been with these hounds for 17 seasons, and between whom there exists an obvious mutual affection, is working single-handed. Exercise is, however, made easy for him by a long lane with high banks, surmounted by thick bushes and shrubs. Even more fortunate is the right to use a large field which adjoins the kennels. Although not the property of the Hunt, it is an ideal exercising ground. Hounds are taken for a short walk early in the morning, a longer one after feeding, and once more during the afternoon.

IN THE KENNELS
With the hounds is S. Knight, the kennel huntsman

Captain F. H. B. Samuelson assumed the Mastership this season. Formerly he whipped-in to and hunted the Storrington Beagles, whose country lies further along the Downs. He very kindly came to the kennels on an exceedingly cold morning to show me his hounds.

There are 14 couples of hounds in kennels, and it has fortunately not been necessary to put many of them down so far.

The young entry consists of two couples. Vesper is a nice dark bitch by Loyal out of Vanity. She is true to the Brighton Foot type, with a strong short back, good shoulders and head and excellent legs. Both her parents are still hunting in the pack. The height of the hounds is 15½in., and all are entered in the stud book.

Dahlia is an interesting hound, who proclaims her breeding in every line. She is a daughter of Lightfoot by Skegness Damper, and she has a real

"WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT US?"

Skegness head. Lightfoot is a daughter of Lucy, an eighth season hound, and both have done exceedingly well in the show ring. Nettler and Nancy are brother and sister by Bolebroke Carnage out of Nosegay. It is a good entry as regards looks and type, and their promising working capabilities were well exhibited not long ago. During a very long and arduous hunt the hare swam across the River Adur at a point where it is still tidal. All the first season hounds plunged in with obvious keenness and relish.

Among the second season hounds I thought Radiant and Ringwood stood out. Radiant is a well-made bitch, and there was never a beagle who had more of the true beagle look in her eye. They were sired by Bolebroke Rinker and their dam was Ruby. Noble is a seventh season dog who has been used with much success in the pack. Two of his children I liked very much are Lucifer and Lawful—both fourth season. I think it would be true to say that the outstanding point in all Noble's children is the excellence of their backs and shoulders, which is a most important matter in view of the nature of much of the country hunted.

A general impression of the pack as a whole is that they are all very much of a type, level and of the right build. Indeed, I can remember only one who had any tendency to avoid this admirable similarity. Lincoln is one of the best working hounds in the pack, but he certainly does resemble a miniature foxhound. Considering the conformation to type and the large number of names beginning with L., it must take a long time for a stranger to call on any one of them with certainty. But, of course, they present no problem to Knight, and indeed the bond between him and the hounds both in kennels and the field is one of the most pleasant features of the pack.

CAPT. F. H. B. SAMUELSON, THE MASTER (*centre*), TALKING TO HIS HUNTSMEN

THE PACK
There are at present fourteen couples of hounds

I was glad to have the opportunity of a day's hunting with these hounds. The meet was on the north side of Chailey Common, from which a view of country such as the name of Sussex always conjures up is obtained. When hounds met there, a certain amount of mist was lying in the vale below, but it was remarkable how the wind had dropped. It is true that there was a cold breeze from the north, but only a few miles away a strong wind had been blowing all night. Whether it had been blowing at Chailey, too, I do not know, but the other conditions were ample to account for the patchy scent.

Hounds were taken down the hill to Mr. Croxton's farm, and some kale was drawn without success. This is a part of the country which is very rarely hunted, but hounds got a hare away from a wood and hunted her round and round for just over an hour, finally killing close to where they had found. They did not find again all day.

But the day was sufficient to enable me to appreciate the excellence of the hound work. On a very bad scent, hounds worked well as a pack, and the Master helped them only when strictly necessary. The season has been a very good one so far, and the rest of it should be equally enjoyable provided the war does not compel any further putting down of hounds.

THE MASTER AND THE KENNEL HUNTSMAN EXERCISING HOUNDS

WITH THE BEAGLES ON THE DOWNS. A GATE AND SOME WIRE FOR THE STAFF TO NEGOTIATE

GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAPS

Record Restriction which Favours Top Weights

NEVER since the Grand National became a handicap about 90 years ago have the weights been restricted to such an extent as those which Mr. G. H. Freer has set for the race to be run at Aintree on April 5th. He has placed Royal Mail and Airgead Sios at the top, both with 12st. 11lb., and there are 18 horses at the bottom with 10st. 3lb. to carry.

Two new factors have contributed to this reduced range. Previously the top weight in the Grand National was 12st. 7lb. The minimum has been changed frequently and has varied in comparatively recent times between 9st. 7lb. and 10st. 7lb. Last year, Royal Mail was the obvious selection for top weight, and so automatically received 12st. 7lb. The minimum was then 10st. Recently the National Hunt Committee adopted a new rule to the effect that in handicap steeplechases of four miles or over, the top weight need not be more than 12st. This coincided with the decision of the Liverpool executive to raise the minimum weight to 10st. 3lb., in order to relieve some of the jockeys of the necessity for hard wasting and the use of light saddles.

Royal Mail carried 11st. 13lb. when he won the Grand National of 1937, and though, as I have said, he was bound to have 12st. 7lb. in '38 and again last year, it was always very doubtful if he was good enough to win the race a second time under this burden. When Reynoldstown gained his second success he had 12st. 2lb. to carry. Every pound over 12st. counts double, they say, in the Grand National, and I shall always believe that Reynoldstown was a considerably better horse than Royal Mail. However, the latter has won this season and if, as is probable, he retains his form, he clearly holds a much brighter chance this time than in the last two "Nationals."

Though Kilstar finished 15 lengths behind MacMoffat at even weights he has 4lb. more to carry this time than Captain L. Scott Briggs's former hunter. The reason for this is that after the weights were published last year Kilstar showed that he was a better horse than the Liverpool handicapper had rated him. A bad blunder at Becher's the second time deprived him of more than this advantage, but I would not say that his chance of a "National" victory has gone for ever.

The mare Symaethis finished fifth last year under 10st. She now receives 10st. 7lb. and, all going well, she will be a popular fancy.

One waits with some impatience and much interest to see many of the Grand National horses in public. Few have run so far this season to an extent which permits any judgment of their form or the difference last summer's rest may have made to them. I am particularly anxious to see again Red Prince, the My Prince horse who, as a six-year-old, beat the Uplifter for the Stanley Chase at Liverpool in 1938. An early fancy is Red Eagle, who has 11st. 2lb. to carry.

Major Hugh Peel's Poethlyn, who has just died at the age of 31 years, was one of the four horses who have won the Grand National under 12st. 7lb. The others were Cloister, Manifesto and Jerry M. Though he cannot be placed among the equally select band who have been twice successful in the great race, it is to his credit that he also won a war substitute "National" at Gatwick in 1918, twelve months before his Liverpool triumph.

Poethlyn was easily the most brilliant steeplechaser of his day and twice won the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester, carrying 12st. 9lb. on the second occasion. His last race was the Grand National won by Troytown in 1920. Poethlyn started favourite and fell at the first fence. He lived in easy retirement for 20 years at his owner's place near Wrexham, and has been buried alongside the greyhound Bryn Truthful, winner of the Waterloo Cup of 1934.

Ernest Piggott, now training at Letcombe Regis, Wantage, and the father of Keith, the good National Hunt jockey, was Poethlyn's regular rider. As he also rode Jerry M. when he won his "National" in 1912, his comparison of these two great steeplechasers is worth recording. "Of the two horses," he has told me, "I preferred Jerry M. at Aintree. He was a careful and honest workman, but Poethlyn was inclined to jump wildly and so took some unpleasant chances."

Piggott recalls the difficulties which both horses overcame when they won the Grand National. "At the canal ditch," he says, "Jerry M. jumped over a horse who was lying across the fence, and cleared the lot without touching a thing. Poethlyn in 1919 nearly came to grief at Becher's the first time round. He jumped a foot higher than the fence and that made the drop so big on landing that he was scrumbling on his knees and nose for some distance. Perhaps that knocked some sense into him because afterwards he jumped perfectly. I think the reason why he had jumped so high was the snow on the fence. You will remember that there was a snowstorm while we were at the post and Lord Lonsdale walked across from the members' enclosure and told the starter to send us back to the paddock. When we got there it was deserted and there wasn't even a boy to hold a horse. I placed Poethlyn in a stall and held him myself. The storm lasted about 10 minutes and the course was absolutely white."

Poethlyn was bred by Major Peel. His sire was Rydal Head, a St. Frusquin horse whose only victory when in training was gained in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot in 1904. I cannot trace any record of Poethlyn's dam, Fine Champagne. Major Peel sold Poethlyn as a foal to a farmer for £7. When, two years later, Major Peel was offered an overgrown two-year-old by a Shrewsbury man, he found when he saw the pedigree that the animal was Poethlyn. He bought the horse back for £50, and the promise of the next salmon he caught in the Dee.

YEOMAN.

DOMINICK'S CROSS, WHO CARRIED 11ST. 1LB. WHEN SIXTH LAST YEAR, IS A LIKELY RUNNER THIS YEAR

ROYAL MAIL, JOINT TOP WEIGHT THIS YEAR AND WINNER IN 1937
He carried 12 st. 7 lb. in 1938 and 1939; this year he has 12 st. 1 lb.

[W. A. Rouch

SOLD FOR £7: BOUGHT BACK FOR £50 AND A SALMON
Poethlyn, twice winner of the National, and one of the four horses to do so carrying 12 st. 7 lb.

	1939	1940
Workman (1) ..	10st. 6lb.	11st. 5lb.
MacMoffat (2)	10st. 3lb.	10st. 10lb.
Kilstar (3) ..	10st. 3lb.	11st.

The handicapper cannot possibly have done justice to every one of the 58 horses, within a scale of 1st. 12lb.; there are some at the bottom, with 10st. 3lb., who would not be well handicapped if they had 10lb. less. A better handicap, "on paper" at least, would have been made with a top weight of 12st. 7lb., but Mr. Freer has availed himself of the new rule to allow for his belief that neither Royal Mail and Airgead Sios, though they are the best in the race, would have a fair chance, if asked to carry this burden.

Royal Danieli comes next with 11st. 13lb. When he was narrowly beaten by Battleship two years ago he carried 11st. 3lb.

A comparison of the weights given now to the first three in last year's race is interesting:—

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND COVERT AT MILLBROOK, N.Y.

THE HISTORY OF FOXHUNTING IN AMERICA—II

By A. H. HIGGINSON

IN the first article dealing with the History of Foxhunting in America, I had not the space to touch upon the progress of the sport in the Northern United States, and although this article will deal mainly with foxhunting during the present century, I feel that it would be unfair not to mention that both in the State of New York and in New England, the sport had been established to a minor degree. In Western New York, the Genesee Valley Pack, still extant, was founded by Major Wadsworth in 1876, and in the vicinity of Boston, Massachusetts, there was foxhunting with the Myopia Hounds five years later, to say nothing of the private pack maintained by Mr. E. F. Bowditch as early as 1866, which hunted a country to the west of Boston. Nor should it be forgotten that on Long Island—where one of the Royal Governors of the Province of New York in 1770 was said to have liberated a number of red foxes imported from England—there had been organised foxhunting since 1877.

Mention of the importation of red foxes leads me to the question, often asked, as to the difference, if any, between the red fox of Great Britain (*vulpes vulpes*) and that of North America (*vulpes fulvus*) which is indigenous to the country. The two species are so much alike that, as Captain Curtis states, only a trained mammologist can differentiate between them; and it is not so many years ago that I puzzled one of these gentry who was high up in authority in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, over some specimens which I had imported to America, from Scotland, for the purpose of comparison. The two animals are practically identical, but I cannot agree with Captain Curtis in thinking that they are as plentiful, or anywhere near as plentiful, in America as they are in England.

In most of the United States, a fox is vermin, and every man's hand is against him; and in addition to this, in New England, fox shooting as a sport is still common. Now, I know that this will shock a great many British foxhunting men. When I was young and less reasonable, it used to shock me, for although I am an American, I had always been brought up with the idea that it was wrong to shoot a fox; but when I first had a place of my own in New England and maintained my own pack of foxhounds, more than forty years ago, I came to know the New England fox hunter, who had hunted the New England red fox in his own way, with his slow, deep-mouthed New England "fox-dogs" and his gun, just as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had done before him. He did not understand my sport at first, and I did not understand his; but we came to respect each other, and many a puppy was walked for the Middlesex, of which at that time, I was Master, by the men who had always followed their own sport in their own way.

But, to speak of what might well be called the "Renaissance" of Fox Hunting in America; in 1905 there was a match between two packs of foxhounds—one composed of American hounds, trained, handled and hunted in the American way, and the other of hounds either bred in England, or descended from stock which could trace direct to the Fox Hound Kennel Stud Book, hunted by an English Huntsman in the English way. I was at that match, and I saw everything that went on. I have always felt that it proved nothing, and in this opinion I am borne out by many sportsmen who were there, but it did give a very considerable impetus to foxhunting, for it was less than two years later that the Masters of Fox Hounds Association of America was formed; and it was not long before packs of foxhounds began to spring up in many parts of the country in which foxhunting had previously been unknown.

How well I remember those early days of the M.F.H. Association meetings at the Hound Show in New York, when six or eight of us gathered around a table in the little restaurant of the Madison Square Garden! As I recall it, the membership of the Association at that time hardly amounted to twenty-five, but in 1915 there was a dinner at The Riding Club, in New York, which was given by the members of the Association to Captain C. F. P. McNeill, late Master of the Grafton and the North Cotswold, who was in America on British Remount Service. That was the first of the annual American M.F.H. Association dinners, and the membership has kept on increasing ever since, until to-day it comprises practically all the recognised hunts in the United States and Canada, for the Canadian membership has always been an integral part of the M.F.H. Association of America, and there is a Canadian vice-president of the Association to-day.

The growth of foxhunting in America has been very rapid. In 1908, a history of the Hunts of the United States and Canada showed that there were 57 packs which were included. Twenty years later, a similar volume by the same authors, included 96, and now at this time, I find 122 Recognised Hunts listed on the Roster of the Association for 1938-39; truly an almost unbelievable increase in the sport. In addition to these 122 Recognised Hunts, there are at least as many more unrecognised private packs, principally in the South; some of them consisting of only a few hounds, some of them of the "trencher-fed" variety. These unrecognised packs are composed entirely of American hounds, and this is also true of 75 per cent. of the recognised packs. Of the remaining 25 per cent., not more than a dozen are made up of Stud Book hounds; the remainder being of the so-called "Cross-bred" variety; but one and all, they show good sport over a country which varies in its topography and the style of the obstacles to be encountered, as much as it all differs from England.

When one remembers the immense area that is covered by even the Eastern half of the United States, with the small portion of South-eastern Canada adjoining, and realises the tremendous variation in climatic conditions in this area, it is easy to understand that it is quite impossible to make any statement regarding scenting conditions which will apply to the whole, or even to a large proportion of the country hunted. Perhaps it is because of its comparatively mild climate, that Philadelphia is recognised as "The Melton of America." One can stay here and reach by motor the meets of the Cheshire (Mr. Stewart's), the Radnor, the Rose Tree, the Brandywine, and a dozen other packs, and in Pennsylvania—be it noted—the foxhunters have gone even a step farther than their English brethren, for "Charles James Fox" is protected by Law, in this State, and anyone shooting or trapping, or molesting him in any other way than by hunting him with hounds, quickly finds himself in court, charged with a violation of the Game Laws!

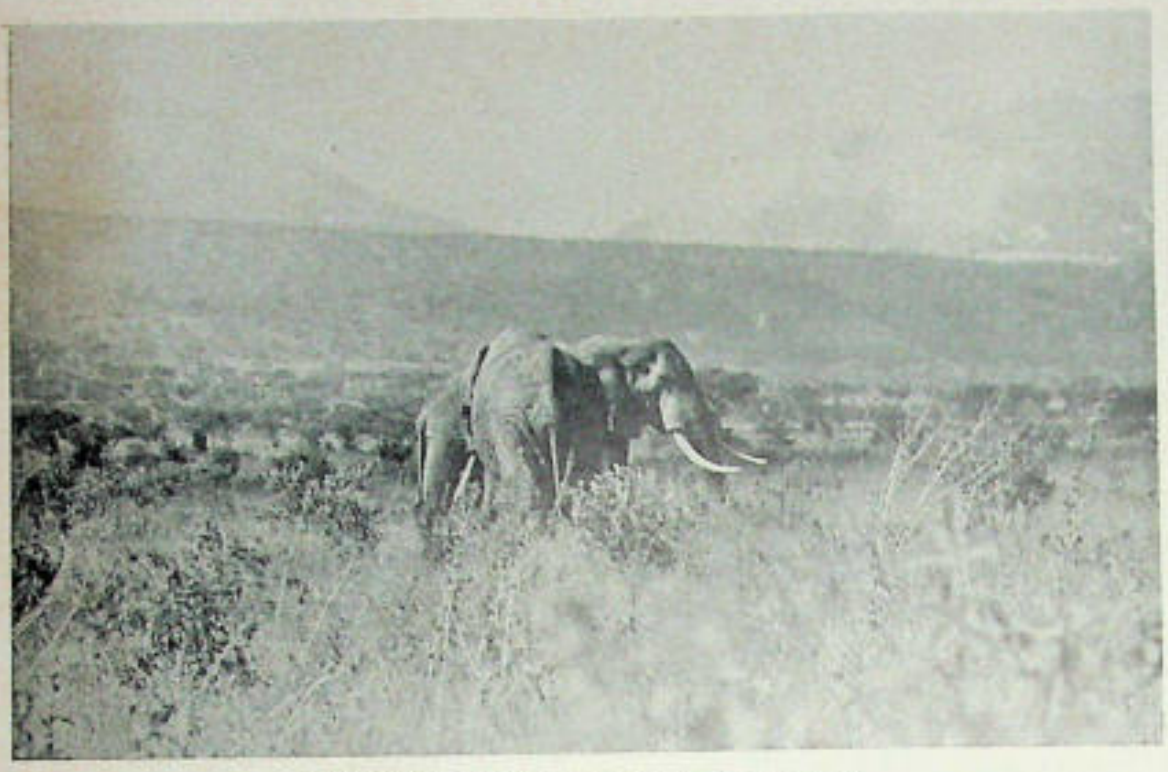
I do not know that hound shows are worthy of inclusion in an article which has as its title "The History of Fox Hunting in America"; for I am well aware that there are many people in both England and America, who regard hound shows with considerable disfavour, on the theory that they tend to tempt the breeder to pay more attention to Show conformation than is good for the working qualities of the foxhound. However, as I am not one whose feelings tend that way myself, but am inclined to feel, with the old Lord Willoughby de Broke that "it is only those who cannot breed straight hounds who prefer crooked ones," and although no one places more value on work than I do, it has always seemed to me that hound shows are of great benefit; in that they bring Masters and those interested in foxhunting together at a time of year when they would not otherwise meet. In America, we have two great hound shows, one at New York during the month of February, when most American countries are frozen up; and one at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, in September; and at both these Shows, which are under the jurisdiction of the M.F.H. Association of America, a similar classification to that used at Peterborough has been adopted.

MIDDLESEX FOXHOUNDS (U.S.A.)

Pack moving off to draw, with Charles Morris, first whipper-in, and other hunt staff

Finally, I want to say for the Masters of America, for although I live in England most of the time, I am, and shall always be, a citizen of the United States, how deeply they all sympathise with their brother-sportsmen on this side of the Atlantic in the struggle in which they are now engaged, and how sincere is their hope that those hunting men of England who are now at the front may soon return victorious with their colours flying to carry on the sport which has made such gallant soldiers.

THE CAPTURE AND DOMESTICATION OF THE AFRICAN



AFRICAN WILD ELEPHANTS SEEN IN THE OPEN

EVER since Hannibal's "elephantised" troops repeatedly defeated the Roman legions in the second century B.C., the domestication of the African elephant has remained a riddle which was solved only about fifty years ago.

History does not record how Hannibal got hold of his elephants nor how they were trained.

In fact, the African elephant has borne for about two thousand years, the reputation of being untameable. And when the King of the Belgians, Leopold II, then Sovereign of the Congo Free State, decided to try and have the African elephant domesticated, everyone said his experiment was doomed to certain failure. Did the King have other Roman reminiscences? For instance, did he recollect what Julius Cæsar said about the Belgians, and resolve to risk trying all the same?

Scientists, anyhow, set to work to prove the African elephant's brain was smaller than the Indian's and that it would be useless to try to tame them. However, the King sent a mission to India which persuaded some Indian mahouts to come to the Congo, but it was soon found out that Indian methods of capture did not apply to Africa.

Commandant Laplume, in charge of the experiments, put other methods into practice, enlisting the help of the Asande warriors, famed for their courage. He succeeded by his own methods, in capturing a few elephants, and the system he evolved is still used to-day. The task calls for skill and no little ingenuity, and needs courage on the part of the captors.

The methods can shortly be described as follows:—At break of dawn, one day during the season most propitious for the capture of elephants (February and March), a team of about 15 natives—every one of which has a definite well-ruled-out part to play—approaches a herd in the greatest silence, and with favourable wind conditions. They approach as close as possible, which, for well-trained natives, means at a very short distance indeed, and then scrutinise the herd in detail.

THE CAPTURE: FIRST OPERATION—LASSOED

LASHING THE ROPE TO A NEARBY TREE

A medium-sized elephant is singled out. At a given signal, all the natives start shouting and the herd stampedes away.

Now is the decisive moment: the natives try to isolate the chosen animal from the herd. The whole team—which has been undergoing extensive physical training for the past six months—starts off at a run to catch up their elephant.

Once caught up, a member of the team hangs on to its tail, another succeeds in lassoing its hind legs, and then, the whole crew lets itself be dragged along by the rope, a procedure which notably impedes the elephant's flight.

As soon as it can be done, the rope is lashed round a tree, one of the team meanwhile tying another rope round another leg.

At last, like Gulliver tied up by the Lilliputians, the elephant is made fast against a tree, and the ropes are gradually shortened.

This method of capture is, needless to say, certainly not bereft of danger, but the natives are brave; encouraging each other by a lot of shouting.

AFTER A VERY SHORT TIME, THE YOUNG CAPTURES WALK TAMELY ALONGSIDE THEIR TEACHERS

ELEPHANT IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

By LION and PHILIPPE LIPPENS

they get very excited, and the handsome reward the first man gets who fixes a rope round the elephant's leg, is also a great enticement.

The elephant sometimes turns round and charges, but the natives are so clever at the game, and so nimble-footed, that they disperse in all directions at once, only to return a few seconds later.

A native subaltern stands by with a gun. He may not shoot unless the life of one of his companions is in real danger. The team is usually so good at its job that it is only on the rarest occasions that guns have been used.

A European is on horseback in charge of the operations, whose result depends entirely on the team spirit, cool-headedness and pluck of the native crew.

The manœuvre sometimes fails. Too large an elephant has been chosen, for instance, and then, an extraordinary sight is presented to the onlookers. A native, desperately holding on to the tail of a squealing and rapidly disappearing elephant is seen followed at full speed into the forest by a dozen natives carrying ropes, and trying to catch up the strange pair, but incapable of stopping the huge animal and his human parasite.

When an elephant is captured and securely tied to a tree, two trained elephants are brought up on either side of it. The new elephant is bound to them, and with gentle persuasion is taken to the Elephant Farm. The two tame elephants seem to regard the newcomer as a child who has to be taught good manners, and they occasionally give him a whack of the trunk to speed up the process.

The Elephant Farm, at Gangala na Bodio, in the Uele district, is under the able management of Commandant Offerman, an officer of the Belgian crack regiment of the Guides.

WILD ELEPHANTS IN AN ACACIA WOOD

SHORTENING THE ROPES

TRYING TO MAKE HIM FAST

A new elephant's training is a matter of infinite patience and kindness. The first thing to do is to get him used to the presence of man. His mahout sings him native lullabies and pats him. He is given treats when he is good, such as bananas, pineapples and sweet potatoes.

After a few months time, his real training begins. He must learn to carry tree trunks, draw waggons, plough and so forth.

About 25 elephants are captured and trained yearly at Gangala. They are in great request with the European settlers and are sold to them for about £150 to £200. They are also hired out to planters.

The Elephant Farm attracts an ever growing number of tourists, from American cameramen (who find it more convenient to film "wild" elephants in between two glasses of whisky, in the nearby forests where the tame elephants are made to graze), down to sportsmen in search of excitement who ask hospitable and charming Commandant Offerman the loan of a horse and permission to follow an elephant capture with him.

All those who actually visit the Eastern Congo, want to see this very interesting and unique sight, the capture and domestication of the African elephant.

BATHING TIME FOR TEACHERS AND PUPILS AT THE ELEPHANT FARM

SNIPE APPROACHING NEST

The Gun Month by Month

THE CHANGING SEASON

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

"WHAT do you do with yourself when the shooting season ends," a friend asked me not so long ago. "Sit and wait for the next one to come round?" When I replied that since game does not automatically and abundantly increase without assistance, shooting seasons, in the fullest sense of all that they imply, do not come round at all for those who simply "sit and wait." I could see that he was unconvinced. Still less did he believe me when I said that although I would not ask to be confronted with such stark alternatives, were I forced to choose between the close season management of game or killing it, I should prefer the former.

I yield to no one in my love of wild sport, the spoils of which, however meagre, are the reward of unaided effort. But for the "big" days that occasionally come my way, I am not as grateful as I should be, partly because my average performance is not such as I would care to advertise, though that is not the real reason. The older we get, I think, the more we incline to preservation than destruction on the grand scale.

What the uninitiated (and the propagandist) fail to understand is that the average shooter is not animated solely with a blood lust. The shooting season is not the shooting *year*. It is merely an episode, admittedly delightful while it lasts, yet heralding another equally delightful and for many of us more brimful of interest.

Without presuming to criticise, one cannot help feeling that those who put away their thoughts of game birds with their guns, have no conception of what they lose thereby. For with the first breaths of springtime comes the mating urge, when all wild creatures lose to a great extent their fear of man, and we get more movie pictures of their domestive lives than at any time of year. And some of them are well worth seeing.

One day I strolled home through a little coppice that marks my shooting boundary. It was dusk and very still, when suddenly a queer sound broke the silence of the wood. It was one that is quite impossible to put into words—a kind of guttural croaking that I have not heard for a long time. So, like a famous comedian, "I stopped, and I looked and I listened." And I was not mistaken. Almost lazily rolling and dipping towards me down a glade came two woodcock. In the shadow of the trees I was most probably invisible, for they passed within a few yards and I was watching one of the most charming courtships in the world of birds.

In those few seconds I went back in spirit to my Irish home, where many a time in days gone by I used to see the roding 'cock, and where because I could never look unsentimentally upon those pairing couples, long years ago I made a vow, which has been strictly kept, that I would never shoot a 'cock in February.

I know there are people who maintain that our resident 'cock are on the increase, though I do not know on what grounds they base their claim. If it is true, it is by some merciful dispensation of Providence, and no thanks to our Game Laws. We call woodcock game, and yet subject them at the same time to the Wild Birds Protection Act. Over most of Britain it is legal to shoot 'cock from the beginning of August, when the elders are in moult, and the youngsters immature, until the end of February. Which means that at both ends of the season the resident birds must get it in the neck. For they are vulnerable for full three and a half months before the first migrants arrive as well as when they have begun to pair. Though I am also aware that some people deny that 'cock mate before March.

Well, I am not often self-assertive, but this is nonsense. No doubt the average pairing depends in many places on seasonal vicissitudes to some extent. But I have watched woodcock too often in February to disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes, and I have even seen them nesting in the snow. And to shoot birds in such circumstances seems to me to be not only criminal, but foolish also.

Snipe are in a different category, of course, because, although as a rule they nest on or about their winter feeding grounds, they seldom get down to business before mid-April. Some of the best bags I recall on Irish shoots in fact were made in February, partly, maybe, because often one hits off big flights of migrants converging on the coasts in ideal shooting weather. That most outsize bags of snipe are the outcome of such combination of circumstances I am sure, for I recollect three or four years ago that four guns, on a quite obscure bog leased by a little hotel in Co. Limerick, got over 400 birds in five days, a feat never before or since approached in that part of the country.

Of late years, too, we have nearly always had hard spells of February weather. Snipe shooting seems to me never more delightful or more difficult than after a few days' frost of just so much severity as to lay a thin ice-coating over the pools. It is delightful because there is no more invigorating shooting weather; it is difficult because every step you take makes a crackle and puts every bird in the parish on the *qui vive*. So you never get two shots quite alike. You may walk clean on to birds which are feeding late into the morning at some spring which is unfreezable and approachable comparatively silently; on the other hand when you set the ice crackling at one end of a belt of rushes, your little friends will quit instanter at the other.

But the best of shooting in a frost to my mind is the unexpected places in which the snipe will lie. Naturally open springs and such-like are bag-filling rendezvous, but in really hard weather I have even shot birds in turnip and potato patches, which they have sought in all probability because the ground protected by the heavy growth has remained damp and food productive. When hunger drives them to it they will in fact congregate in all sorts of spots where, under more normal conditions, they would not be found in any number.

As a case in point I recollect the rifle range of the Belfast garrison, where donkey's years ago I was wont to spend many weary hours a week with rifles and not with guns. It was a marshy spot about three-quarters of a mile long by perhaps 500yds. broad, abutting on Belfast Lough. There were always a few snipe there, but during two long spells of very hard weather, which is rather exceptional in those parts, the place became literally stiff with them. Once in a short interval between two parties of recruits firing their set piece for the day, a fellow subaltern and myself got seven couple, and this within a few yards of the railway line. It is such incidents, trivial in themselves, that are none the less among the landmarks of the shooting season.

So, to come back to where I started, my guns are put away without an infinite regret. For I still have some secret chambers on my little shoot wherein to while away an idle afternoon; a "use of leisure" which may be commended to such as suffer from any irritation of the nervous system. For if there is one thing more than another that I have discovered in the course of years, it is how extraordinarily difficult it is to keep quite still. And when one notices how the almost imperceptible movement seems to be mysteriously communicated to birds and beasts, which have no cause to suspect danger in their immediate environment, one realises how much more acute their perceptions must be when they are actually in progress of being hunted.

My wigwam is at its best for a couple of hours before dusk, for as the sun goes down all the creatures which have been resting in the daytime get on the move. Hares come down from the uplands; before they go to roost the few pheasants in the river wood take an evening stroll, while in twos and threes the wood-pigeon begin to come home, never settling for very long. A large white wraith, shapeless in the dim light, glides along the edge of the wood, a white owl, flying only a few feet from the ground quite soundlessly. As he reaches the hedge, he disappears for a minute or two, and when next one sees him he is skirting the wood again just above the river bank, and this is a nightly round at almost exactly the same time according to the sunset. Sometimes one sees an old dog fox slinking along the hedge on his voyage of discovery of any hen-roost imperfectly shut up, or more probably hoping for a belated pheasant.

This is free entertainment any day in the week provided, as has been said, one does not move. But it is time for a bath and dinner, so up one heaves out of the bramble and, step never so lightly, the small birds that have come unnoticed into the wood to roost sound the alarm for all. The rabbits near the hedges are gone like a dozen streaks; those further afield crouch in the furrows and grass, and as one approaches white scuts are bobbing up and down in all directions. There comes a harsh call from a pheasant, and the pigeon again begin to shift restlessly about until one's footsteps die away. As one crosses the bridge, the moonlight begins to throw long beams over the river, and one sees moor-hens feeding in the sedge; they have come up from the mere below, just as the duck and teal do in the winter. And perhaps the last sign of life as one crosses the water-meadow bordering the garden is a belated snipe, which swoops down in a flash a few feet above one's head, and is outlined for a split second against the moon-flecked cloud as he nose-dives to the nightly banquet.

NIGHT FISHING FOR SEA TROUT

By JOHN ANDERSON

NIGHT fishing for sea trout has been horribly maligned in some circles; and the fervour with which it has been condemned as unsportsmanlike and unworthy of the attention of the skilled angler arouses certain suspicions. Surely it cannot be that these gentlemen cannot catch sea trout at night? Have they never sneaked out after dark and returned with a bitter heart and a broken rod tip, or a very real fly in the ear?

The best sea-trout fishing, let us grant, is to be had on those days when the bulk of the flood water has run off, when the river flows 12in. above its normal level, the colour of good bitter ale, alive and fish-bearing, rewarding the small flies on the 2x cast with silver lightning at each pool and run. But such are a negligible percentage of our fishing days, and the sea trout of summer is a creature of dark places, lying like the Miller's Thumb beneath stones, afraid to show its brilliant flank in the sunshine. To fish for them at the specific time when they do not feed, and to make a religion of doing so, is lunacy. But enough apologetics.

Night fishermen must do better than land an occasional sea trout in the runs; more than in day fishing, method is essential if odd victories are to be turned into a three-figure total for the season. By humility in listening to the advice of the local anglers and by patience in putting it into practice the score slowly mounts. Any typical modern 9ft. rod (I use a Black Gnat No. 1) is eminently satisfactory, even for the coveted 5-pounder, and it does not tire the wrist like the traditional monstrosity. A level line is recommended, as it is sometimes necessary to "shoot" line in restricted places, and its weight is then invaluable. Above all, do not be ashamed to use stout sea-trout cast.

Good flies seem to be very light or very dark in colour, and tinsel bodies or silver wire are desirable. Still, I have a creation of my own as follows: wings—light turkey; body—very thick, of white rabbit fur; hackle—guinea-fowl; whisks—winter-mallard fibres, which kills early in the evening when fished like a moth under trees. Other killing patterns are the John Spencer (of Yorkshire and Lancashire fame), which must be tied with plenty of wing, a short and dense hackle, and with the red-dyed calf's-hair whiskers pointing *forward*, not tied along the body; the Black Pennell; and, finally, the only fly for moonlight nights, the Yorkshire Silver-Grey—whitest of mallard wings, lightest of light partridge hackles, and brightest of tinsel bodies. Red McCaw horns may be added. Only anglers who do not use this fly still deny that sea trout can be caught at the full moon. If a Silver-Grey is fished even on the dropper on a moonlight night it will take three, four or even five fish to the one of the standard fly on the tail.

Anything I may have picked up about night fishing has been gained entirely by listening to advice given by experienced Yorkshire anglers and water bailiffs. I have tried to summarise it here, for it only pays to indulge in strange fancies when the creel is empty. Learn one pool at a time, say the Northern anglers, and learn it well; stay at a pool where sea trout are known to be present, and do not try to fish more than a couple of pools before midnight, because the crucial 20 minutes may be missed altogether.

First, inspect the chosen pool by day. Map it when low, marking snags and good stands. If wading is intended, every inch of the bottom must be learned—and here is the first important wrinkle. Pick four or five good stands by day which can be easily found, by feel or sight, on the darkest night. Next, and again by daylight, cast across the stream from each "tee" as near as possible to the other bank, and bring in the line in little loops in the left hand, first catching it between forefinger and thumb, and then between the little finger and the heel of the palm. Count the loops so formed before the cast reaches the rod tip. The chief problem is solved; the angler has some idea of where his flies are on the darkest night, for by taking his position and casting downstream until the right number of loops are out, he is confident of putting his flies within 4in. or 5in. of the opposite bank. Accordingly, mark the map with (1) white stone at run-in, 26 loops, (2) sand patch 4ft. out, 19 loops, or whatever the local details may be.

A good way of killing time until dusk is to cast a dry fly in the long gravelly flats. Stay in the bar rather than disturb the pools before nine o'clock.

For the first hour or so of dusk use smallish flies, say No. 9 Old Sizes, and later change to something like a No. 6. But larger or smaller flies may be used according to the light. For those who like the new numbers the general range is reversed, from 6 up to 9. However great the temptation not to do so, fish the upper part of the pool until it is dark. Get out the right number of loops appropriate to your stance, as described above, and cast fairly squarely across the stream.

Now, instead of working the rod tip, as is usual during the day, hold the rod low and quite still (apart from following the direction of the flies), count three to allow the flies to sink, and bring the line in slowly by hand, using the same method as in counting the loops. The weight of the flies should now be felt very delicately. There is little danger in holding the rod low, for apart from the rare "tiger," most sea trout take as gently as a leaf drifting into the flies. When a "wild 'un" is hooked there is plenty of loose line in the left hand. If the rod is held high real sensitivity and speed of striking are lost.

Making a dozen or more casts from each stance, fish the flies right up to the rod tip, and then swing the rod slowly upstream—a very profitable moment. In general, the flies should be fished, deep and slowly, and the slightest sign of drag or knock should mean a really *hard* strike.

Fish should be kept deep while being played. Acrobatics mean that the fish is lightly hooked or is playing with the angler. A leap or two at the beginning and the end of the fight are the greatest thrills of sea-trout fishing, but if there is a rolling, continuous flurry on the surface it should be stopped by lowering the rod to one side and drowning the line, at the same time being careful to maintain a good angle at the rod tip. Herling must be treated firmly. Over-gentle handling of them causes more losses than does hamhandedness. Unless the fish is very large, it pays to net it in the dark.

A torch may put down the fish for the night, and on most nights there is enough light to catch the gleam of the fish as it rolls in exhaustion. When the end of the pool has been reached (and it must be fished to the bitter end) the best thing to do is to "back it up" in the manner of which Alfred Walker is the greatest exponent in Yorkshire. That is to say, cast squarely across, and walk upstream slowly for three or four paces without interfering with the flies before repeating the process. This method often means well-hooked fish.

A WEST OF SCOTLAND SEA-TROUT POOL NEAR GIRVIN, AYRSHIRE

Finally, a few points of detail. A deep net is needed or the angler will part company with the first fresh-run 2-pounder he meets. If he has a deep net, a long priest is easier to find when he wants to kill his 2-pounder (I suggest a solid brass rod on a leather thong). When a fish is hooked while you are wading, do not stand like the Colossus of Rhodes—or there will be droppers embedded in waders, broken casts and much gnashing of teeth. Never slacken until it is a moral certainty that it really is a stone—it is liable to be the father and mother of sea trout. Last season a well-known medical angler on the Hodder, who should have known better, waded across the stream and poked at a supposed stone to free his flies with the handle of his net—but that is too painful a story, and he taught me to fish for sea trout, anyway!

The crucial hour for sea trout is towards eleven at the beginning of the season on many rivers, and in late August and September from 9.30 to 10.30 is worth the rest of the night, though there is often a good period at about midnight. If the time of capture is kept year by year it is a very great help.

A last suggestion may be helpful. Mark on the map already mentioned a cross for every herling caught, a circle for every decent fish, and a red circle for every fish over 3lb. This is very valuable after twenty or thirty fish have been caught in a pool, as it gives an idea of the spots which merit the most careful fishing.

And may your map be obscured by a multiplicity of red circles!

[Ursis Maxwell

DAWN FLIGHT OVER THE MARSHES

CONCERNING WILD GEESE MIGRATION

By D. HAIG-THOMAS

ALL the winter the marshes ring with the cries of the wild geese. We hear a lot about their life in the estuaries from the gunners who pursue them. We hear a little of their nesting in the northern lands from undergraduates who spend the summer in Spitsbergen, Iceland and Greenland, but of their migrations we know practically nothing.

The grey geese that winter in the British Isles breed in East Greenland, Iceland, Spitsbergen and Scandinavia. The white-fronted geese come to the east coast from Finland. They have flesh-coloured bills and so are distinct from the white-fronted that breed on the west coast of Greenland and have orange bills and dark plumage. From West Greenland these unnamed sub-species migrate to the Hebrides and the west coast of England and Ireland. Whether they come across the Greenland icecap and join the hordes of wild geese that collect there before proceeding south, or whether they fly straight across the sea, no one knows.

Iceland farmers tell me that enormous flocks of geese congregate on the north coast of Iceland: greylags, whitefronts, pinkfoot, brent and barnacle, and then fly straight across Iceland, following the huge rivers that go rushing through the lava deserts from the big Vatna Jökull icecap. Here they meet large flocks of pinkfoot geese that have bred there and together they slowly make their way up the valleys.

At this time of the year they are especially tame, particularly the brents, and the farmers can walk right up and shoot them like partridges, but when they reach the southern coast they have regained their wariness. There I have several friends who are interested in migrations. They tell me that they usually see the first geese fly south across the Atlantic on September 15th. The 19th is the usual day that the first flocks arrive on the Solway. I have lain there on the sands and watched them arriving from the north. They come in little parties and drop down from such a great height that their cries can be heard long before they can be seen.

Many times I have seen them arriving, no bigger than starlings up in the blue sky and the white scudding clouds. Their cries grow louder as they drop down and the rushing of the wind through their feathers can be heard a mile away. The clammering grows even greater as little parties welcome each other. They turn and twist like leaves in the autumn, sometimes turning right over on their backs, to lessen the speed at which they are approaching the ground. One would expect them to pitch on the green marsh and feed hungrily, or possibly to sleep on the mud-flats, but as soon as they arrive they begin flying here there and everywhere, making little journeys on to the marshes and into the fields.

The young geese know nothing except the icecap mountains and rushing rivers, and the grey seals sleeping on the floes. They have met no danger except the Arctic fox and the snow-white falcon, so they do not fear a dark form hiding in a creek and some years very many are shot.

I have seen some of these early arrivals; their feet are no longer pink, they are faded to an ashen grey by the hardships of their long journey; but within a few days they have recovered and learned the dangers of the estuaries, and are as wary as their parents.

WILD GEESE ARRIVING IN THE SOLWAY

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELIZABETHAN MANOR, WAKEHURST PLACE

RECLAIMING 1,000 ACRES OF "DERELICT" LAND

The Restoration of Wakehurst Place

A THOUSAND acres of fine Sussex agricultural land which has lain fallow and uncultivated for over ten years is being put back into a profitable condition on the Wakehurst Place estate of Sir Henry Price, near Ardingly, Sussex.

The land is part of the extensive grounds surrounding the manor of Wakehurst Place, the Elizabethan mansion which is scheduled as a valuable historical monument and is probably one of the finest examples of sixteenth century architecture in this country.

The present large-scale agricultural development plan of Wakehurst has now brought to light the fact that the manor, which was purchased by Sir Henry Price some years ago, has been restored by him to the exact condition it was in 350 years ago. The work of restoration was completed in 1938. At the outbreak of war, Wakehurst Place, like many other famous country estates, evolved its own special "war-time plan," of which the present agricultural development is part.

The farming policy at Wakehurst has been placed by Sir Henry Price in the hands of Mr. Andrew Rutherford, a Roxburghshire farmer who before coming to Wakehurst was in charge of a Government agricultural scheme for giving work to unemployed miners in Monmouthshire, South Wales. A "Four-year Plan" of land reclamation has been mapped out for Wakehurst which by 1942 will have restored to fertility and maximum usefulness the whole of the former waste land on the estate.

Sir Henry's aim is to make the land support the traditional "one cow per acre." A valuable pedigree herd of Guernsey cattle has been assembled and a regular daily average of 100 gallons of highest grade tuberculin-tested milk is expected to be produced. Progress in the reclaiming of the derelict grazing land has so far been advanced that the estate now has a hundred head of cattle. This includes in addition to the pedigree herd, commercial dairy cows and a number of grazing cattle for beef production.

Up-to-date cow-sheds equipped with mechanical milking machinery, refrigerating and bottling plant and other dairy equipment have been built. In a year's time it is expected that 40 cows will be milked regularly in the 60-cow buildings.

The basis of the Wakehurst herd is the pedigree Guernsey bull "Lewiston Viscount." By careful selection a larger breed of cattle is being built up with a better constitution and greater hardiness than the usual pedigree Guernsey breed. At present there are eleven heifer calves of different ages among the Wakehurst herd.

The "Four-year Plan" of land reclamation which has been evolved for the long-neglected land of Wakehurst is divided into ploughing, wheat growing, grain growing and roots for cattle feeding, and, for the fourth year, a grain crop seeded down with a clover ley. The land at Wakehurst is thought to be capable of producing around nine bags of wheat per acre. One of the troubles here has been rabbits, and a considerable amount of wire fencing has had to be erected. Owing to the derelict condition of the land when the present scheme was begun, weeds of all kinds had been allowed to get completely out of hand. In some fields they stood as much as three or four feet high.

Among the measures which were taken at once to improve the condition of the land was five-fold ploughing of the grass-land, combined with slagging, designed to put back the vitality into the exhausted soil. The whole of the estate was formerly divided between four farms. For many years these have been unoccupied by farming tenants. Now they are combined under the Wakehurst agricultural development plan, which let it be said, is not a wholly philanthropic scheme. When the land is in full productivity the farm will be able to pay its way and will again make a profit sufficient to put it on a proper business footing. This is Sir Henry Price's aim.

By concentrating on milk production and the development of the best strain of dairy cattle combined with the most up-to-date methods of production and soil with a high degree of grazing efficiency, it is expected that Wakehurst Place will help to play a real part in Britain's war-time economy. Beef production, and later sheep, are to be two side-lines on the estate.

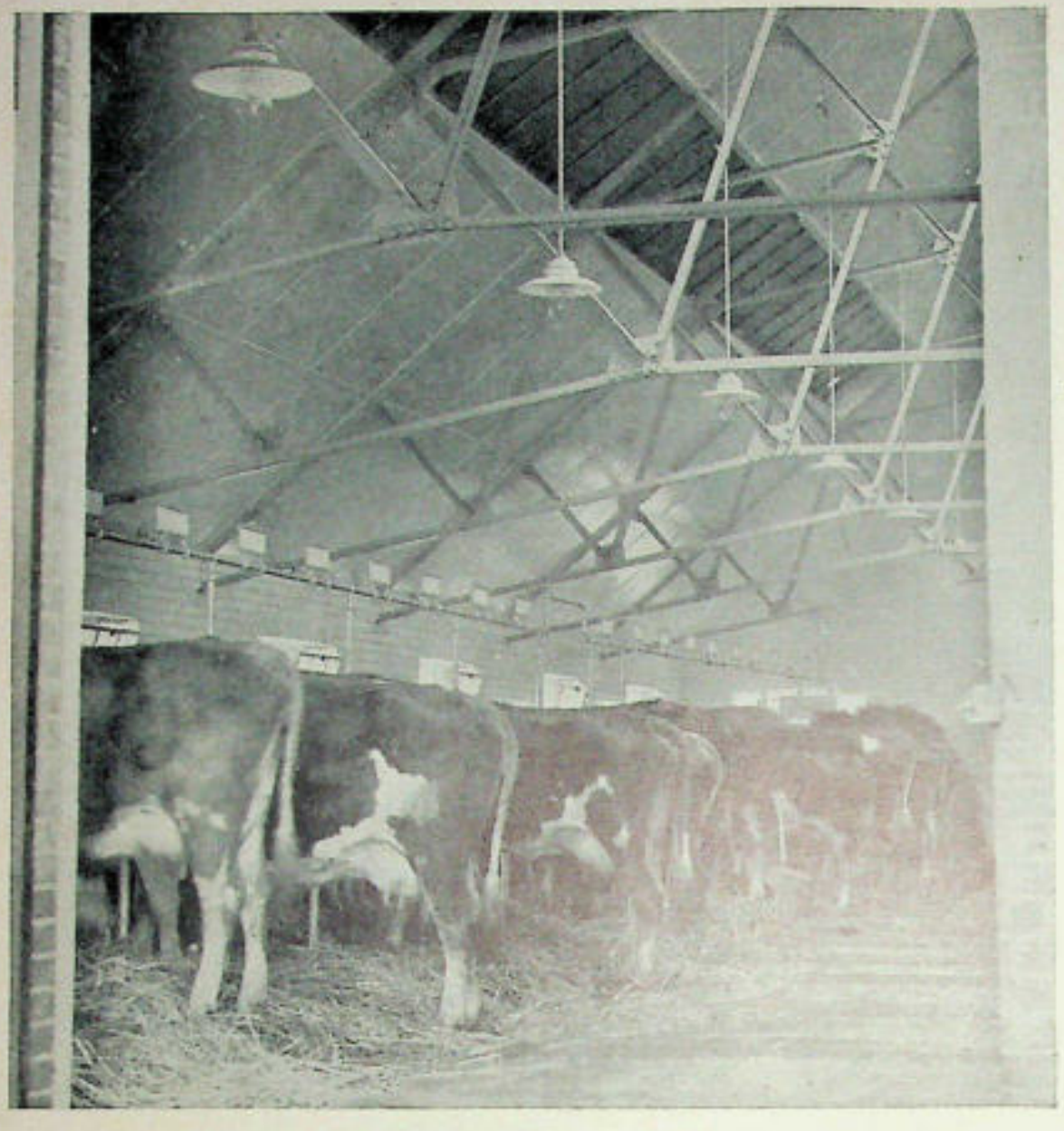
The old Elizabethan manor house has also been reclaimed as well as the land. The restoration which was carried out under the supervision of the architects, Messrs. Adie, Button & Partners, presented many interesting and at the same time difficult problems, and is regarded as one of the most accurate and complete works of the kind undertaken in this country for many years. The structural timbers were so decayed and eaten away by death watch beetle, and so eroded by years of weathering and creeper growth was the stonework that how to begin without parts of the structure entirely collapsing required much care. Stone by stone the fine weathered masonry was taken down and each piece placed next to its neighbour on the ground.

The oak supporting timbers were then exposed and when one could see how great were the ravages caused by the death watch beetle, one wondered why the roof had not long ago fallen in, carrying with it the heavy stone corbelled dormers. That this had not happened is a tribute to the craftsmen of 350 years ago, and an equal tribute can be paid to the craftsmen of to-day, whose patient and laborious work has preserved every piece of fine detail and restored every unsound timber and crumbling joint until the mansion now stands good for another 350 years and looking as if it had been undisturbed since the days of its original construction.

As one passes round the east wing of the building which houses the chapel, study and library and surveys the charming south elevation, and finally passes on to the west wing, it is indeed difficult to believe that the entire roofs and large portions of the original stonework have been removed and rebuilt again, each stone exactly in its original position but with new joints more durable than those originally constructed. Of the seven stone dormers seen from the south elevation, all but two were entirely taken down, and in some cases the masonry was removed to the sill height of the floor below.

Of the structural joinery inside, not a single timber remains which has not been restored or preserved in some way. A great number have been strengthened with steel plates, spliced and lengthened where eaten away, and all have been treated with a solution of chemicals as a precaution against death watch beetle and finally with another solution of chemical to render it non-inflammable. Many other remedial and restorative measures have been carried out but to enumerate them would require a large-sized volume.

From outside perhaps the most interesting work is the removal of all the brick chimneys built in



THE INTERIOR OF THE MODERN COWSHED
(In a year's time it is expected that 40 cows will be milked regularly in the 60-cow buildings)

the last century and the erection of stone chimneys closely following the design of those originally built when the mansion was first constructed. These stone octagonal chimneys, the surfaces of which have been treated to give a mellow effect, are already weathering and harmonise with the clusters of stone finials, which are one of the most unique features of the mansion. Finally the restoration of the roofs by re-roofing with old Horsham Stone tiles has perfected the work to the outside elevations.

There is only one new feature of the south elevation which is not in accordance with the mansion as originally built, and that is where moulded lead gutters have been fixed at the stone eaves to deal with the roof water. The gutters are square in section and are interesting examples of the art of the lead-worker with moulded rim and vertical face decorated with raised shells and strapwork. Originally the rainwater debouched from the roof on to the stone flagging below and caused much damp to the lower storeys; what did not reach the ground ran down the building face and found its way by crevices into the walls causing damage to structural timbers.

Facing the north side of the mansion is the stable building which is in classical mould of the Wren period. Here, perhaps, the worst ravages were discovered and the most difficult tasks encountered. As was sometimes the case with work carried out at that time, insufficient care was paid to foundations. In this instance the whole plinth of the building on the south elevation had slipped forward and a considerable curve had developed on the front elevation with the coping overhanging at a dangerous angle.

It was found necessary to take down the entire elevation stone by stone; this was accomplished without removing the roof, which with all its timbers and great weight of stone roofing was upheld on timber supports until the main wall, this time resting on sound foundations, was re-erected again beneath it. Considerable work of restoration had then to be carried out to the woodwork as all the timber wall plates were rotted completely away and also the ends of every mean and rafter. These were all cut back, spliced and reinforced, and the whole roof was finally placed back again on the re-erected main wall. It is interesting to note that had the original builders taken their foundations 18in. lower they would have encountered solid sandstone and most of this work would not have been needed. But now it has been completed, the building wears again its original stone face and gives no indication that it has ever been disturbed by mason or joiner since its construction.

THE SOUTH ASPECT OF THE THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEAR-OLD MANOR HOUSE

The joinery cupola above the roof had to be entirely done away with and is now superseded by a new one surmounted by the original weathercock in the form of a golden pheasant and containing the old clock, now restored and in working order. The oak work to the cupola looks no younger than the building itself as all the processes of time have been artificially applied to it, but at a greatly accelerated speed, and it already has a well-weathered appearance.

The remaining buildings to the north of the stables are new but carried out in correct detail and in old materials where possible so that harmony already exists. A balancing wing to the stables has been constructed on the north side forming a courtyard and linked on the west by low stone buildings of uniform character and interesting roof formation. The new buildings comprise the garages, engineers' shop, chauffeurs' and staff quarters. The laundry staff quarters are housed in part of the old stables.

Entered from the engineers' shop is the boiler house and fuel store. As this is below ground antiquity has been disregarded and a most efficient heating installation is here tucked away out of sight and gives no offence to the lover of the antique. The boiler house provides heat to all rooms in the mansion and staff quarters: all temperatures are automatically controlled by thermostats and the buildings are now as warm and dry as the most modern house.

In the mansion itself the most up-to-date and scientific forms of heat control and ventilation have been installed, also a complete system of fire hydrants, escapes and alarms, telephones, bell systems, wireless and television, but all have been screened and hidden away. On entering the mansion one is only conscious of the fine oak panelling and magnificent joinery which dates from the building of the mansion. The interior of Wakehurst has been illustrated by Nash and appears in other collections of works on Elizabethan mansions and, therefore, requires no detailed description here. All is as it was originally, only the art which conceals art has been allowed to work its purpose, and one is happily unconscious of the hand of the restorer.

One of the charms of many an old mansion is to notice how each succeeding period leaves its impression, and such is the case here, where one finds on the first floor the bedrooms furnished and decorated in Georgian manner.

The bathrooms which are all new have been designed to bridge that sense of anachronism caused by illuminated shower baths in an Elizabethan house. The use of hand-made tiles based on old designs, and traditional designs carried out in glass, creates an atmosphere of an older century.

On entering the service wing, however, one encounters immediately a great contrast, which is created by the installation of the most efficient and up-to-date kitchen and staff quarters which modern methods and scientific apparatus can provide. The entire installation exactly planned, equipped with controlled heat, artificially ventilated, and complete with every apparatus of the culinary art, provides Wakehurst with a feature which makes it unique; and the contrast so created, is all the more marked, as from the outside of the mansion no indication exists of anything modern.

Thus the science of to-day serves the art of yesterday, and with the highest degree of efficiency in modern comfort and service, one has all the beauty of an Elizabethan mansion preserved and restored unspoiled to its original state but with the added beauty of the mellowness of years.

The best compliment that could be paid to this undertaking would be to say that no work appears to have been done.

MR. ANDREW RUTHERFORD WITH LEWISTON VISCOUNT THE PEDIGREE GUERNSEY BULL WHICH IS THE BASIS OF THE WAKEHURST HERD

SOME OF THE PEDIGREE GUERNSEY HERD COMING OFF THE FIELDS FOR MILKING

By careful breeding a stronger strain of cattle is being produced at Wakehurst

ON THE BLUFF OF THE DOWNS *from a photograph by J. W. J. Underhill*

HUNTING IN IRELAND

TIPPERARY.—On the day hounds met at Cloneen, they had a first class hunt of 40 minutes from Burke's Firs. They ran fast to Rakeney, just missed the covert and carried on over the Fethard Drangan road towards Peppardstown. The pack then turned right-handed for Drangan Old Covert, where the fox was coursed by a dog, and made good his escape. Later, from Spike, another fox gave a twisty hunt of an hour, before taking refuge in Delaney's sand pit.

There was a big field, including visitors from the Scarteen and West Waterford, at New Inn a few days later, and everyone was delighted to see Lord and Lady Suirdale out again. Unfortunately a thick fog prevailed all day, but hounds had a busy time pursuing a twisty fox round Rockwell and Dogstown. Had they run straight we should all have been lost.

The weather was more favourable at Ballingarry and hounds found at once in Garranacole. On a good scent they raced to Cochrane's Glen, where the fox managed to find an open hole, and efforts to dislodge him failed, so the pack was taken to Marr's Gorse. A fox was away at once and hounds ran hard over the Lismolin road for Ballintaggart Wood, hunted down the side of the covert without actually entering it, and then swung left-handed to Ballingarry. There was a short check here, and the pace was somewhat slower as hounds, leaving Dublin Hill on their left, pointed for Tehen's Gorse. Just missing the covert they crossed the King's River and the Mullinahone road into Garrynoe. Climbing the hill the pack made for Ballincurry, but dropped down to Ballykerin, where they were run out of scent, after covering six miles of country and making a four and a half mile point in 45 minutes.

When hounds met at Ballylusky a small field enjoyed the fastest hunt of the season, so far, from Morrisey's Gorse. The pack broke at the lower side, ran hard across fine open country to Wilmount, and then over Mounverrin to the gorse at Kyle, having covered four miles in 20 minutes, with a three and a half mile point. They rattled their fox round the gorse and, forcing him away, ran down to Wilford House where he went into a shore. Ballylusky provided the next fox but, after an excursion to the Glen and back, he disappeared. Hounds found next on Priestown Hill, and again ran fast towards Donavan's, then came back left-handed nearly to Peppardstown, short of which they checked on the Ballylusky road. Put right by Mrs. Masters they crossed Lismoina to the Drangan road, where they were defeated.

T. C. V.

SCARTEEN (BLACK AND TANS).—Hounds met recently at Caheeline Cross in favourable weather. Drawing along the bogs, a fox was found close to Boscal Bog, and making a circle of it he retraced his steps, to go to ground in a field drain. The kennel terrier soon bolted him, but he immediately went to ground in another shore, and while hounds were marking him the terrier bolted a fresh fox, who ran through Boscal Bog and was marked to ground in Knockeyon covert. Outside the covert hounds hit off the line of a fox who had evidently been gone some time, and running towards Bolser station they turned left-handed to cross the Limerick-Cahereonlish road, but were run out of scent at High Park in the Limerick country. Though this was only a slow hunt for about three or four miles, it was a good bit of hound work.

On the way back to Clashbane, another fox was reported to be in a field drain. The terrier quickly bolted him, but he only ran a mile before going to ground in a rabbit burrow. Clashbane held a good fox, who broke almost at once, and hounds ran fast to Dromkeen wood, turned sharp left-handed, and came back in a wide circle to Clashbane covert. After a short delay here hounds ran on to Cloverfield, and into the slate quarries at Killeenavera, where they nearly caught their fox, but he escaped down the side of the quarry, and ran into Keyes's old gorse, where he went to ground just in front of hounds, when it was almost dark.

A few days later saw the hunt at Derk, where there was a large turn-out, including many strangers. Unfortunately, proceedings began with chopping of a fox in Derk covert. At Woodville hounds found at once, and ran fast to Newtown Ellard, where the fox went to ground. Cross, held, but this fox also went to ground—in an unknown hole—and hounds did not find again.

S.

"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, March 5th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The Field Newspaper, 114, Fleet Street, 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.

WEST LODGE BEAGLES' SEASON

Although the number of hounds has been reduced, this pack has carried on in spite of various obstacles. Mr. K. V. Beach is now Master and Secretary, and has hounds kennelled at Kilvinton Hall, the old kennels at West Lodge having been vacated last summer. Mr. Beach hunts hounds himself whenever possible and in his absence, either Mr. Lionel Woolner or Mr. B. Hope-Bagenal, the whippers-in, carry the horn.

In spite of an outbreak of foot-and-mouth before Christmas and a spell of bad weather, hounds have averaged one day a week and up to the present have been out on twelve occasions. As their country has become somewhat restricted chiefly owing to transport difficulties which means that the Lea valley country, where in normal times hounds show their best sport, has not yet been visited this season, we are grateful for the loan of the London Colney-Shenley country which the Joint Masters of the South Herts Beagles have kindly put at our disposal for the war period.

The opening meet was at Park Farm, Northaw, on October 7th when a very military field enjoyed a capital hunt of 95 minutes over the old point-to-point course, while from Kitt's End, near Barnet, on November 4th, hounds scored a good hunt of 65 minutes. A fine day from Kilvinton Hall on November 22nd resulted in another capital hunt of 70 minutes, and on December 2nd we had a fine and fast 70 minutes in the evening, near Mymms Wash, being beaten in the dusk, when several fresh hares got up. Too many hares were also on foot when we met at Northaw on the 8th, but from Kilvinton Hall on the 20th we experienced two fast hunts of 60 minutes and 40 minutes respectively in West Lodge Park, the second hare getting up close to the old kennels.

The best hunt of the season took place following a meet at Chalks Farm, near Barnet, on January 13th, when hounds put up a stout hare and were running continuously for 2¼ hours, covering much country before they had to be stopped owing to the late hour. They were most unfortunate to be robbed of their reward on this day, as they hunted magnificently in adverse circumstances and did not change hares throughout this long hunt. Their very tired pilot got much land in the last stages of the chase when they were just about to pull her down in Wrotham Park, by slipping through a tall oak fence over which hounds had to be man-handled, the consequent delay resulting in their ultimate defeat.

DRIFTER.

"WHY NOT A BULL-TERRIER?"

By C. S. STACEY

CHAMPION STAFFORDSHIRE BULL-TERRIER, GENTLEMAN JIM

I OFTEN feel that if more people realised the charm of the bull-terrier many more would own a specimen of this really delightful and unique breed. There has been rather a bad name hanging round the bull-terrier's neck ever since the days when he was kept solely for fighting, for the rat-pit, or for bull baiting. I am convinced that the bull-terrier of to-day is no more a fighter than any other breed of terrier, in fact, less so than some, and probably less so than certain non-terrier breeds.

But it is essential that he should be properly trained as a puppy, and that any signs of aggressiveness should be nipped in the bud. It is useless for one of those soft-hearted people who are unable to control anything, whether it be their children or their animals, to embark on a bull-terrier and hope to make a success of him. He has no respect at all for this type of person and, possessing a very ingenious brain, he will think out some devilment or, caring nothing at all for anyone, never having known discipline, he may wander away and start quarrelling or chicken killing or worse. All this applies equally well to any other highly intelligent breed with an active brain, particularly those of the "one man dog" sort, if they are allowed to run to seed and respect no one's command. For anyone with a good way with dogs, who can therefore gain their dog's respect and affection, I can think of no more delightful companion than a bull-terrier. Certainly one will never be dull!

Bull-terriers are, I always think, quite unique among all the other breeds of dogs, having their own odd little ways and mannerisms. I became a bull-terrier owner twelve years ago and have never been without one since. None of them was a fighter, and I found that they all got on splendidly with my setters, and also with each other, at those times when I have had two or more of the breed at the same time.

They have many advantages. They are to my mind the ideal size of dog, for they are not too large for the house or to take about with one in trains and cars, yet they are definitely not in the small-dog category, either in body or in mind. They are perfect dogs with children and will put on a specially quiet and indulgent manner when in their company, and will put up with any form of treatment from them most good humouredly. I have never known a bull-terrier to snap, or even to growl, at a child. They are great sportsmen and my bull-terriers have all been excellent ratters and rabbitters. A well-trained specimen will make a country walk very much more fun than it would otherwise be.

The bull-terriers I have owned have all been from different strains and families; each was an individual "person," yet all had the same characteristics of their breed that make it impossible, once you have owned a bull-terrier, for you ever to be without one again. Watch the way they arrange themselves for sleep—head doubled under so that the nose is buried under the paws or pushed into a corner of the chair. One old lady I owned used to make a tremendous to-do of putting herself to bed. She would bend her head under her with the bridge of her nose against her bedding and then proceed laboriously to arrange herself on top of her nose, so to speak. She would then give a deep sigh ending in a grunt, give me a knowing wink out of the one beady little eye that could be seen, and then settle herself for sleep, breathing very noisily, owing to the extraordinary obstructed position of her nose! All my bull-terriers have slept like this, nose buried, making queer sounds.

HEAD OF GENTLEMAN JIM

Their comic ways are legion, many of them peculiar to themselves as a breed. They will do a

"TOUGH GUY," WHO LOOKS HIS NAME

circus turn when pleased with life, leaping round in circles and landing each time on the same spot, the while keeping an eye on one to see that one is duly admiring their antics. They love to tease you. The first and best-beloved of all mine, James Pigg by name, would disappear into the house with a special stealthy crawl that he fondly imagined I never noticed, and would later on emerge with a work-box, a loofah, a sponge, a boot, or what *not* else! Possibly the chosen article would rattle or jingle and you would hear Pigg, a long way off, bumping heavily downstairs. But you pretended not to notice, until you were suddenly dug violently in the back; you turned in great surprise and there was Pigg, smiling with his ears, his eyes and his tail, roaring in his throat behind some possession of yours which, as likely as not, you had no great burning desire to see ornamenting the lawn in front of the house!

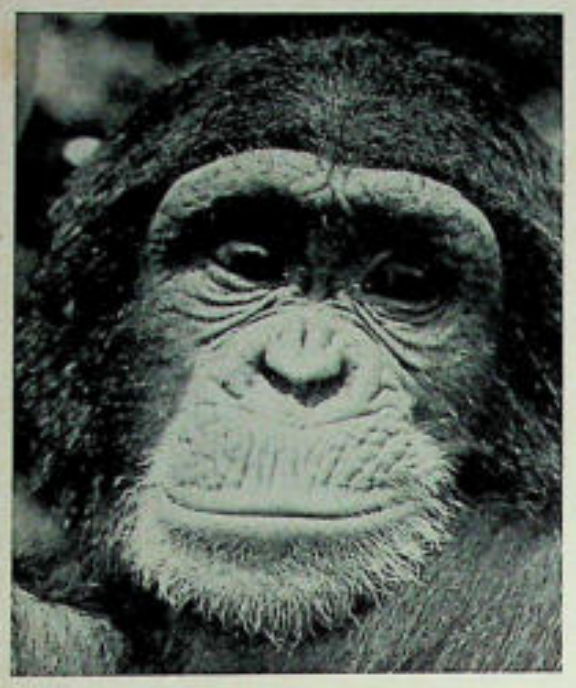
Some dogs seem to depend less on human companionship than others. I would say that bull-terriers depend on it more than most breeds. The saddest sight in the way of doggy grief is the drooping, mournful appearance of the bull-terrier who realises that the car is going without him and he is—left! But when one returns! What a welcome and what enthusiasm. It is usually then that the characteristic bull-terrier "talk" starts—a kind of throaty roaring growl, with the mouth closed, the cheeks and lips blowing out in an altogether absurd way.

This "talk" is also produced at meal times, or when the car can be heard starting up, or when one picks up one's hat or puts on shoes. It is very apt to be misunderstood, however, and I have to explain heavily to all new servants that it is a sign of approval and means that they have been accepted into the household!

I have shown setters for many years, also certain other breeds from time to time, yet I never can get used to the idea of tying up my bull-terriers in a pen, to be stared at by all and sundry. I could never rid myself of the idea that it was degrading and insulting to them. Is it a tribute to something rather "extra" in this breed that one has this feeling about them?

No one will be bored, no one really lonely, if they own a bull-terrier. They are adorable as puppies, at all the stages, and a sound, well-made adult bull-terrier is, to me, a joy to look upon, with his wonderful symmetry, his substance and great muscular development, his clean lines, and above all his absurd and altogether lovable face.

A JOY TO LOOK UPON. TWO CHAMPIONS, RAYDIUM BRIGADIER AND MYSTERY KNIGHT OF LUEUCH [Thomas Fall.



A CLOSE-UP PORTRAIT OF A CHIMPANZEE IN CONTEMPLATIVE MOOD

Chimpanzees at the Zoo

By JAMES FISHER

AT the present time a couple of dozen chimpanzees are in the possession of the Zoological Society of London. Most of them were brought from Africa when young, though three have been bred in the menagerie. It is the finest collection of chimpanzees in captivity outside the United States, and the breeding stock now established is second only to that at the Yale Primate Laboratory.

In many ways the chimpanzee is nearer to man than the other anthropoids; and according to Dr. Schwarz, members of the sub-species known as Schweinfurth's chimpanzee are nearest of all. Certainly, of all the anthropoids the chimpanzee comes closest to man in behaviour—if the ease with which its habits and attitudes can be explained in human terms is any criterion.

Chimpanzees are docile and intelligent creatures, and if treated well remain tame and trustworthy until at least seven years old, when the onset of maturity renders them generally unsuitable as household companions. Some individuals, however, particularly females which have produced young, remain "safe" pets throughout their lives. Boo-boo, the most intelligent chimpanzee at the London Zoo, and the first to bear and rear offspring there, is "socially possible" in the presence of her keeper and in the absence of other chimpanzees.

Some time ago the Society devised a scheme by which it hoped to teach its chimpanzees (in a simple way) the value of money. The experiments were based on some which had been successfully conducted in the United States.

For this purpose a slot-machine was constructed which released a couple of grapes when a penny, or a metal disc, was inserted into a slot. The Americans had found that it took some time and many trials before their chimpanzees could learn to associate the penny-in-the-slot with the pleasurable reward; not so with Boo-boo. Her keeper gave her the penny, guided her fingers to the slot; she ate the grapes and was given another penny, which she immediately put in the slot herself. She was then given a pile of pennies, and solemnly introduced them one at a time into the machine until the supply of grapes ran out. Only once did she hesitate, and this time made the mistake of trying to put the penny in the slot out of which the grapes came rather than that into which the penny should go.

Chimpanzees vary in temperament and in intelligence just as much as men or dogs. Sally, one of the other chimpanzee-mothers in the Zoo, has very low intelligence, though she is every bit as good a mother as Boo-boo. Fifi, who gave birth to Jacqueline, a fine young creature now housed with the two gorillas, might be described as "flighty." Certainly her maternal instinct is very different in quality from that of the other two. When she gave birth to Jacqueline she showed no signs of wanting to bring her daughter up, and from the very first day of its life the little animal had to be brought up on the bottle.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRE L. SIMON

FINE wine never is cheap: much care has to be given to its making and much time to its proper maturing; also there is never enough to go round. Happily, however, good food can be cheap, even now, and there is plenty of it. It is strange, yet only too true, that many people, even among those who are most careful how they part with their money, either from natural disposition or because they have little money to spend, regard with a wholly unjustified aloofness and prejudice some of the best foods in the world just because they happen to be very cheap. Herrings and sprats, for instance, or heads, tails and trotters are excellent but not popular: they are too cheap. With the cost of living steadily rising and the rate of taxation simply rocketing up, now is the time to pay more attention to cheap foods, cheap and good, tasty and wholesome.

Here is as simple a lunch as one could wish for, inexpensive, toothsome and wholesome:—

Grilled herring
Fried calf's ears
Green salad
Cheese
Bitter beer.

Grilled herring.—Clean, scale, cut off head; wipe fish dry and dust with pepper and salt. Heat the grill; cook the fish under hot grill, one side first, then the other. Serve with mustard sauce.

Fried calf's ears.—Wash and simmer in salted water with a *Bouquet* of mixed herbs, a stick of celery and a carrot or two. When tender, drain and remove both the inner and outer skins; split in two, longways; dip in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in butter. Serve with a *Sauce Diable*.

The occasion may be such as to warrant a more elaborate menu, in which case a professional cook could supply at little expense the following excellent luncheon:—

Tourte de Moules à la Dieppoise
Oreilles de porc Ste. Menehould
Endives au gratin
Fruits
Chablis Grenouilles 1926
Châteauneuf du Pape 1919.

Unless the cook possesses the gift of a light touch with pastry, it is safer not to attempt the *Tourte* and to be satisfied with *Moules Marinière*, a simpler way with mussels and a very good one.

KINMEL RETRIEVER TRIALS

THESE Trials, which have been promoted by Mr. R. E. Birch by kind permission of Colonel H. B. L. Hughes on his Kinmel Estate for twelve successive years, took place in bright frosty weather on January 18th, 1940. Mr. Birch had some doubt, owing to war conditions, as to whether he could fill a stake this year but, as a matter of fact, he could have filled a much larger one if he wished.

An entry of 15 was accepted, and all ran except Mr. L. Massey's Labrador, Bess. The guns were: Captain Piers Jones; Rear-Admiral Rowley-Conwy, C.M.G., Mr. H. W. Davey; Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland and Mr. J. Watson Hughes.

The Trials were held practically entirely in very severe ground of bracken, brambles and windfall trees, and no game fell in the open all day. The bag was 30 pheasants, 28 rabbits and 3 woodcock, and practically nothing was lost.

The winner, Mr. E. Morris' Flatcoat, Best, is an exceptionally good hitch, fast, but never too fast for her nose, with a splendid delivery.

Miss Evans' Labrador, Sara, out of that well-known bitch Sally O'Fon, put up a very good show, but rather too much on her toes for a shooter's point of view. Mr. Bishop's Laurie, who won this stake last year, did quite well but sometimes when her master blew his whistle she thought she knew better. Sara was second and Laurie third with Mr. T. Radcliffe's Springer, Slip, reserve.

It was nice to see as young a competitor as Master M. Naylor-Leyland, aged 14, handle his spaniel very well; his Ricky should do well in Spaniel Trials where retrieving does not count so much. Mr. and Mrs. Birch provided lunch for the whole company which was much appreciated, and Admiral Rowley-Conwy warmed everybody up before they went home with some rum punch. So ended a happy day in spite of Hitler.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

EVENTS of recent weeks give every reason for confidence on the part of investors and satisfaction with the Government's financial policy. There are many who would not have believed that after nearly five months of war many gilt edged stocks would be standing at prices well above their highest levels of 1939. Yet this is the fact. It is a great tribute to the experience and knowledge of those who have managed Britain's monetary affairs since we went off gold in 1931, and the sound principles on which they have worked.

It certainly looks as if, as a result of the policy they have followed, the Government will be able to finance the war a great deal more cheaply than was the case in 1914–18 when more than £3,000,000,000 of War Loan was issued at 5 per cent. So far war finance has come from taxation, National Savings and 3 per cent. Defence Bonds, with the balance borrowed at short-term on Treasury Bills at well under 2 per cent. This short-term borrowing, of course, cannot go on indefinitely.

Ultimately, as the chairman of Barclays Bank recently said, money borrowed for the war must be obtained mainly from the savings of the people, if we are to avoid the evils of inflation. But the Government is awaiting the right moment for its big war borrowing. It is taking the proper steps to establish favourable conditions and the effects of its cheap money policy are already seen in rising gilt edged prices. A most important move was the recent offer to convert the Conversion 4½ per cent. loan which is to be redeemed at par on July 1st. The conversion offered is into a short 3 to 5 year loan, but its rate of interest will be only 2 per cent. That indicates the sort of terms on which the Government expects to raise its long-term loans later on.

Treasury Bills are largely financed by the banks and the Money Market. These are also the biggest holders of the 4½ per cent. Conversion Loan and they will undoubtedly convert into the new 2 per cent. stock. The turn of the ordinary investor will come later. Meanwhile, however, the investor can do his bit by saving and by buying Savings Certificates and National Defence Bonds. The need for saving was clearly put by Mr. Edwin Fisher at the Barclays Bank meeting. War requirements, he said, will leave less of current production available for the needs of the civil population. Without reduction in the demand of individuals we are bound to suffer the evils of rising costs and prices. That must be prevented as far as possible and rationing and taxation alone are not sufficient.

The individual must save and to the extent he saves Government expenditure will be facilitated and the competitive bidding up of prices will be avoided. Moreover, by limiting our own consumption we shall set free supplies that can be exported, to pay for our large overseas requirements.

The "Money Market" which provides the greater part of Treasury Bill finance, consists of course, of a wide variety of institutions including bill brokers, discount houses, insurance companies, investment trusts, banks, and so on.

It is interesting to note, however, the extent to which the big banks of the country have played their part. Balance sheets recently issued showing the position at the end of 1939 disclosed big increases in bill holdings.

Barclays Bank bills are up on the year from £54½ to £67½ millions, Midland Bank from £48½ to £66 millions, the National Provincial from £32 to £60 millions, and the District Bank from £6½ to nearly £11 millions. Westminster Bank bill holdings are up from £41 to £45 millions, a comparatively small increase, but this bank's "money at call and short notice" is up from £21 to £34 millions, and undoubtedly this money has been lent largely for the finance of Treasury Bills. Williams Deacon's Bank, of Manchester, has increased its bill holdings from £1,564,000 to £2,649,000, and money at call from £5,887,000 to £7,085,000.

DEARER FISHING TACKLE

Messrs. Hardy Brothers (Alnwick) Limited announce with reluctance that, with the exception of their rods and reels, they have been obliged to increase the price of their goods owing to the advance of costs. The increases are as follows:—

All parallel gut casts and traces made of 6/5 and heavier gut will be advanced by 10 per cent., and all other gut casts and traces and gut bottoms by 20 per cent. Salmon and trout flies, including lures, will be increased by 10 per cent., and dressed and undressed silk fishing lines by 25 per cent.

An increase of 10 per cent. is made on sundries which include all leather and canvas goods, fly and tackle boxes and cases, waterproof garments, fishing bags and creels, knives, scissors, balances and flasks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VENISON MARKETING

SIR,—I beg to enclose a copy of a letter I have received from an old stalker—a professional—of life-long experience, which may interest some of your readers.

I agree with him entirely on one point at least. Venison from an unskinned carcase is just "muck."

"I am positive that the poor price for venison is due to poor demand owing to the deplorable way in which venison is marketed. Personally, I would not touch it after the skin has been left on perhaps for days. I know for a fact that on the estate where D. is, Government lorries were calling twice a week for the stags—the orders were just to gralloch and cut off the legs and heads, no skinning.

These carcases were taken south and I suppose in some cases might be the best part of a week unskinned. I see hind carcases leaving A. that are a disgrace. I would be very hungry before I would eat their tinned venison considering everything. It is the fault of the controllers who advise leaving the skin on, and most stalkers are only too glad to take the lazy way. Then the butcher charges a fairly stiff price for the venison. I saw venison mince retailed at 1/2 per pound in Inverness—that is the price of beef mince, and naturally people won't buy the inferior product at that price. The same thing was done in the last war, when people refused to buy venison at all. I saw in a letter from Mr. Frank Wallace that the idea of leaving the skin on is to keep the carcase clean, as canvas is expensive; but it seems a curious way of looking at it considering that the venison is ruined, and the market spoiled for decent stuff. I would prefer poor quality venison well handled to the best quality treated as the control advises."

Yours faithfully,

Shipton Lodge, LATYMER.
Shipton-Under-Wychwood, Oxford.

DEER CONTROL METHODS

SIR,—I write to protest against the needless cruelty now being caused by certain deer control committees. I refer to the indiscriminate mass shooting at driven or fugitive deer.

One such drive was officially organised near here on Christmas Day—of all dates to choose. Yesterday afternoon a wretchedly emaciated stag crawled down to the wood just above this house. He was badly wounded in the mouth, his lower jaw paralysed and it must have been impossible for him to eat since he was shot over a fortnight ago. Unfortunately darkness fell just before I could finish him off. This morning my keepers found him dead.

If it be really necessary to slaughter the red deer in their native Highlands, surely they can be properly stalked and mutilated survivors reduced to a minimum.

Some of the present methods seem just callous butchery and calculated to disperse wounded animals far and wide.

Yours faithfully,

Auchmore House, BREADALBANE.
Killin, Perthshire.

WEIGHTS OF STAGS

SIR,—It may be of interest to you and your readers that my son Alastair, on October 10th last year, shot seven stags on one day at Invercauld, near Braemar.

The weights were as follows:—

(Imperial)	13 points	14st. 3lb.	Weight (clean)
11	,,	12st. 11lb.	,, ,,
10	,,	14st. 5lb.	,, ,,
7	,,	13st. 7lb.	,, ,,
5	,,	12st. 10lb.	,, ,,
11	,,	11st. 3lb.	,, ,,
10	,,	13st. 2lb.	,, ,,

Yours faithfully,

Norfolk House, ALEX. ROGER.
Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.

LAPWINGS AT 4½d. EACH

SIR,—A few lapwings (alias peewits, green plovers, black plovers) may usually be seen hanging in poulterers' shops during the winter, but in the first week of the New Year I saw exceptionally large numbers. Prices varied from 4½d. each (in Richmond) to 9d. each (in the Brompton Road). Though tempted by the former offer, I abstained from buying because it seemed that purchase of these most beneficial birds must inevitably encourage their destruction.

Should not the position, whatever it may be, about the sale of lapwings be more widely known? Is it not a fact that these birds are in some English counties without protection? But the poulterers' lapwings come mostly from abroad, do they not? What if anything, is being done to discourage the killing of lapwings at home or abroad? If abstinence from eating lapwings will really help the species, I shall continue to abstain; but if nothing is being done to check a traffic in the birds, and abstinence is merely an empty and even priggish gesture, then I shall succumb to the temptation (a considerable temptation to any pauper with a weakness for fowl!) of lapwings at 4½d. each.

At the same time, the reflection occurs that "the authorities" must be shortsighted: it was recently recalled that 30 per cent. of the crops expected from the big ploughing programme of 1917 failed because of pests. And the lapwing is almost if not quite unique in the quality of its virtue, for it is a species that does not itself (like rook and starling) damage crops, but does most assiduously devour those pests which work on or just below the surface of the fields.

It is odd that, while the position respecting lapwings eggs should every spring receive so much publicity, nothing seems to be said or written against the killing of the birds that lay the eggs.

Yours faithfully,

Oxford. J. W.

WAR-TIME SALMON POACHING

SIR,—I have read the two articles of December 2nd and January 13th with interest. I rent a stretch on a certain border river and it is well-known that the upper waters are regularly poached in the autumn, purely for gain, as the fish are gaffed or triangled out for the purpose of stripping them for preparing salmon roe into what is commonly called "putty," which has a certain market. If this river had competent watchers (not local ones), it would be one of the best in the U.K., but it is gaffed, triangled and netted with impunity, largely due to the indifference of the Riparian owners, who seem only to consider their rents.

Yours faithfully,

Birkdale. "BORDERER."

WINTER WAR ON GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—Mr. Reginald Adcock's letter on the above prompts me to contribute my own experiences in a persistent compaign against these pests. To start with an air-gun, however heavy its slug, is useless against a squirrel unless it is quite close, or is hit in the eye, but even in the latter case the squirrel would probably escape. True, the impact of a slug on a drey may frighten a squirrel into the open, but this can be achieved equally well with a .22 bullet.

The best way, undoubtedly, of dealing with squirrels is to "brown" the dreys with a 12-bore shot gun, and to make this most effective the shot-containing portion of the cartridge may be almost sliced through round the outside just above the wad compressing the powder. I do this when dealing with a nest very high off the ground.

In some other respects, too, my technique differs from Mr. Adcock's but my observation endorses what he says about their winter habits although I disagree with him when he says that squirrels are much more easily got at in the summer. It may be that woodland conditions are different in his part of the world from those in this district.

I find that *winter* is the best time for killing squirrels, and any cold snap or hard spell or biting wind is the best weather, for under such conditions squirrels keep to their dreys far more than they do when the weather is milder and—here is a point that Mr. Adcock seems to have overlooked—the chances are that several squirrels will be found together in one drey in their desire for communal warmth. Last year I twice killed five squirrels in one nest, and once—my record—six.

In my woods few of the drey-trees are small enough to be shaken by hand, so whenever I find a nest I treat it to a .22 bullet, or perhaps two or even three, fired from different angles, so as to rake all parts of the nest. The unmistakeable "plonk" of a bullet's impact on bone and muscle will always tell you whether you have scored a hit even if the squirrel does not come out, which he will do usually unless shot dead, although even a dead squirrel will often kick himself clear of the nest, in his death throes. My point is that one bullet fired into a likely-looking nest, apparently without result, does not prove that the nest holds no squirrel. On the other hand if you blast a No. 5 shot charge into a nest you can be sure that you have killed the occupant or occupants and that any that are not killed will come out.

Apart from the utilitarian superiority of the 12-bore, I prefer to tackle my squirrels with an over and under combination, .22 rifle and .410 shot-gun. I stir up the nest with a bullet and if a squirrel comes out I aim at him with the shot barrel. If I hear that I have scored a hit in the nest I give it another bullet or two to make sure that the squirrel is dead, or if the tree is climbable I go up and poke out the nest; on one occasion I poked out three dead squirrels on to my own head. I usually do this tree-gunning in the afternoon because, as Mr. Adcock remarks, squirrels hive up early in winter. On the other hand a walk through the bare woodlands with my two cairns and a retriever is good fun. I allow the dogs to range and they very often find and tree a squirrel, following it along below as it jumps from tree to tree until it takes refuge in one of the tops and then they hold it barking at the foot of the tree until I come up with the rifle. The snag in this form of sport is the possibility that the squirrel may get into a hole in a tree, down a rabbit hole or into one or other of the big fir trees where they cannot be seen.

Which reminds me of an important point when shooting into dreys, namely, always search the ground, adjacent to a drey tree, for rabbit holes as these are a favourite refuge for squirrels disturbed from a drey.

In summing up warfare on squirrels, a 12-bore shot-gun gives the best results, a dog who will tree squirrels is a valuable assistant and finally two gunners are better than one and if sport as well as destruction is desired let one of the gunners carry a .22—and above all—now is the best time for killing squirrels.

Yours faithfully,

Basingstoke. DORCHESTER.

"GROW MORE FOOD, DIG FOR VICTORY"

SIR,—We have seen the above request to grow more food on our letters, day by day, we have heard similar requests over the radio, but who in particular is expected to reply? Who is the appeal made to, that can comply with the request?

If the opportunity were given to grow more food, if the ground were provided where we could all dig for victory I believe there would be a willing response.

The majority of people who need the daily supplies feel that the appeal is not made to them because, under present conditions, they have not the opportunity, but that the appeal is made in an indefinite manner to someone else to respond.

Now, where are the great majority of the people who need the supplies? The answer can only be that they are the people who live in the towns and those who form the city populations.

So I ask the agricultural authorities to make the request to grow more food and dig for victory to the people in the boroughs, cities and towns, large and small, and I believe the response would be surprising.

With the perfection of farming will probably come, sooner or later, the "new order" of farming, but at the moment what is wanted is an Order in Council or an Act of Parliament to enable corporations to acquire land for agricultural produce *outside* their corporation limits and to be managed by the corporation.

Will the Ministry of Agriculture obtain these grants? It is more than worth while to try the experiment, and to let all corporations that are willing to do so, enter into the work as part of their duties as much as providing water or electricity, or land for allotment holders.

Every £10,000 worth of production from our land saves that amount going out of the country, and town farming should be undertaken from this point of view of "production" rather than as a question of profits, but certainly not at a loss.

I feel sure the residents in many towns would be glad to join in the response through their corporations to the almost daily appeal to help in the work of increasing the production from our land from an acreage that would make it effective.

JAMES VAN SOMMES.

Bath.

MOUSE TABLES

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent in a recent issue to hear that the long-tailed field mouse is responsible for the masticated hips in birds' nest. These "mouse tables" are well known.

Yours faithfully,

Wheatley, LIONEL E. ADAMS.
Shide Cross, Newport, I.W.

LITTLE AUK ON MERSEYSIDE

SIR,—Although it is not uncommon for dead specimens of the little auk to be stranded on our northern coasts in winter—we had seven stranded on Merseyside last winter, for instance—there is seldom an opportunity to watch their movements, for the few live specimens we see are generally utterly exhausted and die despite our best efforts, as was the case of the specimen illustrated here. However, one of these birds discovered on a Mersey estuary boating pool after a gale was none the worse for its ordeal. The chubby little bird floated fairly high on the water as it swam, and its dives were timed to last from 25 to 36 seconds under water. Some of its dives were for 30 seconds, and it was probably down for more than 36 seconds on one occasion when the clock was not on it. For over half-an-hour the bird gave full display of its powers, swimming strongly and making a good flurry of water right "aft" like a propeller. Occasionally it flew to a fresh position 80 to 100 yards away, rising 15 to 20 feet in doing so, but it came back to near its original position.

Yours very truly,

47, Woodsorrel Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15. ERIC HARDY.

STRANDED ON OUR COAST
(See letter "Little Auk on Merseyside")

BILL BARWELL'S BOXING DAY

SIR,—Your correspondent is quite right. His Lordship's Boxing Day Shoot is the second time through. The bag the first time through is much heavier. These little *lapsi plumae*—I notice he likes to end like Sam Weller "wi a werse"—creep even into stories "founded on fact." I apologise to his Lordship, Mr. Amos, *phasiani* of all varieties, and your readers.

Yours truly,

Markover. BILL BARWELL.

BLACK REDSTART IN THE NEW FOREST

SIR,—On December 11th last, I saw a male black redstart in the New Forest, just outside Lyndhurst, which was gradually working its way from south to north.

Yours faithfully,

"Oaklands," Brockenhurst. E. E. JOHNSON.

UNEXPECTED COMPANIONS

SIR,—I think the following incident may interest some of your readers, and I am wondering whether any of them have ever experienced anything like it.

The other morning—a very cold day—my cook went to feed the chickens, and as usual looked into the nesting boxes; she saw a hen in one, and to her horror, a rat in the next one, which immediately bolted out through the fowl house. In the afternoon she went to feed the chickens again, and thought she would just feel under a hen which was sitting in case there was an egg, but she very quickly withdrew her hand as there was the rat under the hen.

On telling me this I thought drastic steps must be taken or we might find all the hens destroyed and any eggs there might have been laid, eaten. My husband and I went to the chicken run armed with sticks and accompanied by our wire haired fox terrier. I collected most of the chickens in a corner of the run while my husband looked at the nesting boxes, when for the third time there was the rat and again under one of the fowls. It ran out through the house and got underneath it, where it was impossible for the dog to get at it, but my husband managed to dislodge it with his stick and it came out and ran up against the wire netting, where the dog caught it and killed it. We can only imagine that the rat was cold and wanted the warmth of a foster mother; it evidently was not hungry as no eggs had been taken, but what we cannot understand is the hens not being scared out of their senses.

Yours faithfully,

Itchen Lodge, Itchen Abbas, Winchester. E. C. SAVILE.

SOUNDING A CALL FOR TRAVELLERS IN DANGER
(See letter "The Bainbridge Horn")

EARLY OR LATE?

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of my pony and foal, which I think might be of interest to you. The foal was born on December 11th. The mare is an aged half-bred Exmoor. Is it not a very rare occurrence for a pony to have bred at such a time of year? She has been running out night and day, having been pensioned off. She has had a foal before.

Yours faithfully,

Caseley Close, Lustleigh, Devon. (Mrs.) E. M. JESSEMAN.

FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES

SIR,—Re Mr. Moorhouse's letter on a Lancashire Pilgrim's way, there is a very interesting one in East Anglia, known as Peddar's Way. Dating to prehistoric times it begins at Stanton in Suffolk, passing by Castle Acre and finishes at Holme-next-Sea. My photograph shows how the name is preserved on a modern signpost where it crosses the main road near Hunstanton.

From this point it goes straight out on to the salt marshes. It is believed Holme church stands on the site of a megalithic temple. Romans used and kept the Way in repair, and Norman knights knew it during the times of Hereward the Wake.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. NORWICH READER.

THE BAINBRIDGE HORN

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Carpenter's interesting letter about the Berkshire Blowing Stone reminds me that when visiting the Wensleydale (Yorkshire) village of Bainbridge recently I heard of a local horn blowing custom which shows that the sounding of the "intermittent note" as a danger warning is no new idea.

Every night during the winter months a local cobbler, James Metcalfe, walks on to the village green punctually at nine and sounds three blasts on a buffalo horn. This is in accordance with the ancient laws of the old Forest of Wensleydale,

DECEMBER BORN
(See letter "Early or Late?")

which decreed that a horn had to be blown at Bainbridge village green at 9 p.m. from the end of September to Shrove Tuesday in order to serve as a guide for travellers in danger of being benighted on the surrounding fells. The custom has been carried out from time immemorial.

I enclose a photograph of Mr. Metcalfe with his horn.

Yours faithfully,

Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs. S. MOORHOUSE.

COMMEMORATING AN ANCIENT ROUTE IN EAST ANGLIA
(See letter "From Prehistoric Times")

M.F.H. FOR HALF A CENTURY
(See letter "Mr. T. C. Garth's Hounds")

MR. T. C. GARTH'S HOUNDS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph, one by my father, of the late Mr. T. C. Garth, that was taken 45 years ago at the front door of his residence, Haines Hill House, near Twyford, Berkshire. He had then been master of the pack of hounds which in those days was called Mr. T. C. Garth's for 47 years, and he continued in the mastership for another three seasons, completing the half century, 1852–1902.

Squire Garth, who was a big landowner, kept the hounds for many years at his own expense, and fed his hounds and horses from the produce of his own farms. He was a bachelor who lived to a great age, and hunted to the last. Big and aristocratic fields, including Prince Christian, hunted with these hounds at this time. The Garth country embraces a wide area, and in the old squire's time was hunted four days a week. On Thursdays hounds used to be taken on overnight to Hartley Row, where they stayed at an inn, ready to hunt the Hampshire side of the country next day, and some parts of the Saturday country often meant a train journey. In those days there was no such thing as a second horse, and it must have been hard work on one horse, as the squire was keen and hunted till dark.

At the time this photograph was taken, Charles Brackley had been his huntsman for 36 seasons, Harry Molyneux, first whipper-in, 13 seasons, and Edward Taylor, second whipper-in, 15 seasons. By a strange coincidence, his head gamekeeper's name was West and his studgroom's name East. Both were with him for many years.

Yours faithfully,
Ferndale, Allendale Road, J. H. MOLYNEUX.
Hexham, Northumberland.

AN OLD RECEPTION AREA

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph showing the entrance to a valley at the top of Malham Cove, near Skipton, Yorkshire, which is of interest as being a reception area in the days when England and Scotland were enemy countries and raiders often crossed the border intent on plunder and robbery. When the Scots attacked Craven, the Yorkshire dalesmen evacuated their women and children, along with their cattle and other livestock, to a winding and hidden valley on the fells behind Malham while they engaged the enemy. Never once was this secret hiding place discovered.

The valley penetrates the hills in the direction of Malham Tarn from the brink of the 300ft. high limestone precipice of the Cove. At one time a stream must have poured along and made a fine waterfall as it plunged over the cliff into the dale below, but to-day the water flows by subterranean channels and the valley is entirely dry.

Yours faithfully,
LANCASTRIAN.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES

SIR,—Are there any fundamental principles to be remembered when aiming in small game shooting?

I know I was told when I first went out shooting (which was snipe shooting) to look at the bird and not at the gun, and this advice I have always found to answer well enough with snipe. But not so well in the case of duck, or rabbits. When out shooting recently one member of the party complained that he missed so many rabbits. Whereupon another member of the party said, "You are probably looking at the rabbit instead of at the gun"! So now I don't know where I am and should be grateful for advice from yourself and maybe from some of your readers.

Yours faithfully,
W. P. PECHEY.

THE NEED FOR CATS

SIR,—As rats in the United Kingdom do damage to the extent of £80,000,000 per annum, I suggest the Government copy the ancient Egyptians, who finding their crops were destroyed by the ravages of rats and mice, introduced cats in order to keep down the pest. It was so satisfactory that cats were worshipped and even mummified as saviours of their country, in fact, it was not allowed to kill them under penalty of death.

Now this country has to store grain which is imported at great expense, and 80 million sterling damage is done to our home grown grain, so it is high time something should be done, so why not allow cats to breed freely in our towns and country parts, and allow the cats to do what human beings fail to do.

I am writing this as a suggestion to ask you to take the matter up as a national necessity.

Yours faithfully,
Flat 3a, G. PERCY ASHMORE.
11, Kings Gardens, Hove 3, Sussex.

NOT A.R.P. SHELTERS

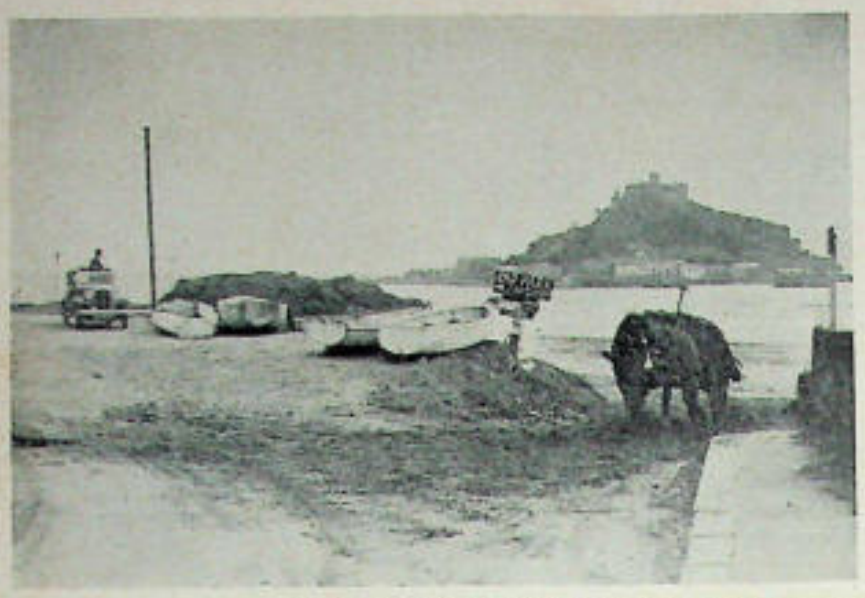
SIR,—I wonder if any readers recognise the peculiar-looking objects in this photograph. I discovered them on the road to Freshwater in the Isle of Wight. At first glance they look like a section of the Maginot Line, but the occupant of a nearby cottage told me that "they are supposed to be Roman tombs."

The objects are made of some form of cement, are about 10ft. in diameter and seem to be situated on the outskirts of an estate. From these facts I think it is most likely that they formed some sort of wine storage place for the squire's house of bygone days.

Yours faithfully,
51, Babington Road, LESLIE SANSOM.
Streatham, S.W.16.

WHERE THE DALESMEN'S FAMILIES AND CATTLE FOUND REFUGE
(See letter "An Old Reception Area")

NOT THE MAGINOT LINE—ROMAN TOMBS OR WINE STORES?
(See letter "Not A.R.P. Shelters")



CARTING SEAWEED AT ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL AND GATHERING IT ON THE BEACH IN JERSEY
(See letter "Seaweed Harvest")

IMMUNITY FROM RAT BITES

SIR,—Captain Luck's letter under the above title, vide yours of the 13th, interested me considerably. I was unaware babies are born with already formed teeth, unless as a freak of nature, but some years back a prolific tenant's wife of mine was in conception again (usually an eleven months regular event) whilst still breast feeding her last born, and in the course of conversation with the local monthly nurse (this was previous to the advent of district nurses) informed me she was aware of this fact, as the baby being fed from the breast had already commenced cutting its teeth in a very advanced manner. This I imagined was nature's way of preparing the child for a more solid form of nutriment on the arrival of the newcomer. Perhaps, as Captain Luck says, medical readers can throw light on these questions.

Yours faithfully,

South Hills, Milton, Tenby, Pembrokeshire. S. W. BOWEN SUMMERS, J.P. "S.W.B.S."

SIR,—In his very interesting letter under the above heading in the *Field* of the 13th ult., Captain Luck quotes the old saying that "rats will never bite anyone who is born with teeth already formed" and states that a very knowledgeable and dependable woman in his village had assured him that such cases do occur. This is, of course, a well-recognised anomaly and a number of cases are on record. The well-known Swiss anatomist, Von Haller, collected some 19 instances, and since then a number of other examples have been recorded in medical literature. As a rule there are only one or two teeth present and these are most commonly incisors. The record in numbers, as might be expected, is reported from the United States where a babe is said to have been born with nine well-formed teeth. A number of celebrated people are to be found among those who have presented this curious malformation including Louis XIV and Richard III. Possibly in Richard's case the story of his teeth is as apocryphal as that of his hunchback, as extant portraits show no indication of any such deformity. May not the explanation be that given by A'Beckett in his *Comic History of England*, who suggests that the odium of Richard's policy was transferred to his back and the one was adjudged to be as crooked as the other!

Yours faithfully,

Oak Hill House, Frensham, Surrey. GEORGE BLACKER.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent Captain Luck's letter in a recent issue of the *Field*, I have never heard of the superstition that rats will not bite those men born with teeth, but there certainly is a belief that infants have from time to time been born with teeth in their gums.

Possibly the gums in some new-born children may be harder than in others, and in the past a mother nursing her child, may have exclaimed "I am sure this baby was born with teeth" hence the idea!

However, I think that your correspondent may be interested in the following quotation:

"They say my uncle grew so fast that he could gnaw a crust at two hours old. I was full two years ere I could get a tooth, Grandma."—King Richard III, act 2, scene 4.

One cannot help wondering if Shakespeare ever heard some old wives' tale that may have been handed down from mother to daughter relating to the birth of King Richard III.

Yours faithfully,

Brynheulog, Pontardawe, Glam. FLORENCE M. LEWIS.

HEN HARRIER AT THE NEST

SIR,—With regard to Miss Violet Maxse's excellent photographs of the hen harrier in your issue of January 6th, and in answer to your enquiry as to whether the male has ever before been photographed at the nest, the answer is "Yes," at least two photographs of him in act of doing so having been published. If you will refer to *Country Life* for July 18th, 1936 (pp. 70, 71 of vol. XXX), you will find in an article of mine, one of a series on the "Birds of Orkney," entitled "A Lady in White," and dealing with an albino specimen of the hen harrier, a snapshot of a male hen harrier alighting by the nest. In *Country Life* for October 2nd, 1937 (vol. XXXII, pp. 341–343), is another account of experiences with hen harriers. It is under the heading of "Orkney Revisited," and is called "The Old Fowl." Among other illustrations is a photograph of a male hen harrier standing by his family.

In 1938 I again visited Orkney, this time Miss Maxse accompanied me, and I had the pleasure of introducing her to this fascinating species. There was again a nest within a few yards of the place where I had worked previously, and we put up a hide to it. The female proved a "perfect dear," and I described and illustrated her at length in *Country Life*.

It is my opinion that it is by no means exceptional or extraordinary for a male hen harrier to visit the nest while the chicks are young, but that he rarely comes later.

Yours faithfully,

Bridgnorth. FRANCES PITT.

PICTISH TOWERS
(See letter "Old Scottish Forts")

SIR,—In the letterpress accompanying Miss Maxse's photographs of the Hen Harrier you ask if there are any other photographs of the cock bird at the nest. One is reproduced on p. 719 of *The Romance of Nature* (Country Life). The photographer's name is not given.

In the same letterpress it is stated that this species is "very common indeed in Orkney and Shetland." In Orkney, yes, but surely Shetland is an error? I have never seen one in the latter, which I know well, nor is it mentioned as breeding there in the authoritative *Handbook of British Birds*.

Yours faithfully,

Meriden, Sherborne, Dorset. G. K. YEATES.

SEAWEED HARVEST

SIR,—The collection of seaweed may add some measure in helping us to win the war. The weed can be very useful as a fertiliser, and iodine is extracted from it. Here is an industry which does not seem to have been motorised yet. Although at first sight the two photographs would appear to have been taken in the same district, but actually one was taken at St. Michael's Mount, Marazion, Cornwall, and the other at St. Ouen's Bay, Jersey. The carts are of the same type; both men are using similar types of forks, and wearing similar types of knee boots.

Jersey farmers use seaweed extensively as a fertiliser as so much of it drifts round the Channel Islands coasts. They stack it in heaps by the roadside, ready for use when wanted.

St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall which is somewhat similar to another island off the coast of Normandy, has a castle, and legend states that the Archangel St. Michael appeared there to a hermit at a very early date.

Yours faithfully,

London. BRUCE CASTLE.

OLD SCOTTISH FORTS

SIR,—When I was in Scotland last year I came across some interesting old forts, near Glenelg, known in the district as Pictish Towers. There were five of these fairly close together in the valley, all within sight of each other. In some respects they resembled Martello Towers, but were constructed of flat stones laid one upon the other and so arranged that there were corridors in the walls. These walls were very thick, as much as, perhaps, 30ft.

I gathered the impression that they were built by men of small stature, as I had to bend almost double in these galleries. Perhaps they may have been intended as sleeping quarters. I also heard it said that these towers were called Danish Forts, or hunting lodges.

So far this is all the information I have about these interesting old places, and have been quite unable to find out anything else about them.

Perhaps your readers could tell me more about these towers as they seem very interesting to me?

Yours faithfully,

215, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9. MANSFIELD HORN.

THE STORMY PETREL OF AMERICAN GOLF

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

WALTER HAGEN RECEIVING THE RYDER CUP FROM LORD WARDINGTON

IF a vote were to be taken as to which was the most popular American golfer to invade our shores, it is more than probable that three names would be bracketed together—Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen.

In his day the first named was without question the world's premier golfer. He attracted more attention and publicity than almost any other sporting figure. British galleries literally adopted him, revealing a feeling which in Scotland bordered upon hero-worship. Yet, in spite of such overwhelming attention, Jones remained completely unaffected, and his ten years contact with the golfing public was singularly free from any so-called temperamental displays of pique or ill-timed public utterances. He possessed an uncanny knack of doing the right thing at the right moment. The crowning instance of this was when he had the courage to retire after winning, as an amateur, the four major championships of the golf world in that wonderful 1930 season—a record that will remain intact for many a long day.

Like Bobby Jones, both Hagen and Sarazen have found our courses to be happy hunting grounds. On their last visit to this country, however, I found both men eloquent in their desire to be somewhere else other than on a golf course. Hagen voiced his preference for fishing and disappeared on piscatorial expeditions whenever an opportunity occurred. Sarazen, on the other hand, kept saying how glad he would be when the day dawned for him to retire from tournament golf. He declared that some 15 years intensive competitive play has left him a tired man, and that, as often as he can, he always slips away to the peaceful atmosphere of his dairy farm in Connecticut, where he eventually hopes to settle.

Judging by a recent announcement, this break with tournament play has at long last arrived in Hagen's case. If his decision to be through with real competitive play is final, then the game has lost its most colourful personality. Just as Bobby Jones was the perfect stroke-player, so Hagen must rank as the finest match-winner. Moreover, he is a born showman, although this showmanship has been both praised and condemned according to the varying tastes of critics.

One is apt to forget the passage of years, and I always find it difficult to realise that Hagen's first U.S. Open Championship victory was as long ago as 1914. At that time he was virtually unknown. The amateur, Francis Ouimet, was claiming the public's attention through his remarkable success of the previous season. But, in that 1914 "Open" Hagen set the pace from the outset with a 68 and finished, as he began, in the first place.

From that date he went from strength to strength. Few championships escaped his attention, but his favourite was the British Open Championship. Four times he has won our title, and gratifying as that thought must be to him, yet he is retiring with two of his greatest ambitions unrealised. He always wanted to win the "Open" at St. Andrews, and, at least, equal Harry Vardon's record of six victories. The first might have been accomplished, but it was perhaps asking too much to rival the triumphs of the great Triumvirs, which were registered in a calmer tempo than the terrific pace of the last two decades.

In the recent abandoned Ryder Cup match Hagen occupied the position of non-playing captain, and it was mainly through his efforts that the American team selections were published. The announcing of these names was also the cause of Gene Sarazen coming once more to the fore. Ever since the inception of the match this genial little professional has figured in the American team. This time, however, his name was missing from the list.

The break, of course, had to come sooner or later, but in Sarazen's opinion it should have come later. Away went all his dreams of retiring to dairy farms. Instead, he promptly invited nine other professionals, and, to prove the short-sightedness of the selectors he issued a £1,000 Challenge to the U.S. Ryder Cup team. Such an action is typical of Sarazen for he has

JOHNNY REVOLTA CHOSEN BY SARAZEN FOR HIS £1,000 TEAM

never hesitated to express his views upon all golfing matters—often in no uncertain fashion.

Earlier last season he criticised the venue chosen for this event, asking why such places as San Francisco and Los Angeles had been passed by when the only spectators at the remote Ponte Vedra would be sea gulls. But I can recall many of his more amusing and provocative utterances. During the period when golfers, who ought to have known better, were sallying forth arrayed in the most fearful garments, Sarazen issued a typical appeal to golfers to . . . "play the game instead of trying to dress the game . . . and to put on their plus fours and get to work on the game instead of fussing around the golf course dressed like a lot of seals." Although the description was somewhat colloquial, the rebuke was timely, and golfers, in this country at least, have sartorially sobered down and now appear in styles not wholly unlike those of the Scottish players of 1900.

Then during the 1937 Open Championship at Carnoustie it became the fashion for all and sundry to heap abuse and condemnation upon the long sixth hole. Many players were annoyed that brains instead of brawn had to be employed if the bunkers plumb in the middle of the fairway were to be avoided, and their lesser confrères gave vocal support so as to be in good company. True to form Sarazen made the observation that against the wind this particular hole in his estimation was the nearest approach to the perfect par five.

This team selecting is not new to Sarazen. There was the occasion when he was ill at Santa Monica and to wile away the time he drew up the following all-American team of golfers, nominating one player for each of twelve clubs: Driver, Bobby Jones; brassie, George von Elm; spoon, Paul Runyan; No. 1 iron, Macdonald Smith; No. 2, Olin Dutra; No. 3, Tommy Armour; No. 4, Walter Hagen; No. 5, Leo Diegel; No. 6, Francis Ouimet; No. 7, Craig Wood; putter, Johnny Farrell; whilst he reserved the niblick for himself.

These choices are interesting in that they demonstrate how quickly such selections require altering, although after seven seasons we find Paul Runyan in the present Ryder Cup team, whilst Craig Wood and Tommy Armour are in Sarazen's side. The respective teams read:—

United States	*The Rest*
Byron Nelson	Craig Wood
Ralph Guldahl	Densmore Shute
Sam Snead	Johnny Revolta
Henry Picard	Jimmy Thomson
Dick Metz	Harry Cooper
Paul Runyan	Tommy Armour
Jimmy Hines	Dutch Harrison
Harold M'Spaden	Ed. Dudley
Horton Smith	Ben Hogan
Victor Ghezzi	Gene Sarazen (*capt.*)
Walter Hagen (*non-playing capt.*)	

Byron Nelson, the new Open Champion, made a deep impression on his first visit to this country. The first two names in the Rest team bring to mind the 1933 "Open" at St. Andrews when Craig Wood and Densmore Shute tied for the title. Shute won in the replay and his average for the eight rounds, qualifying, championship and play-off, read 74·5. Last season they tied with Nelson for the U.S. "Open," and Nelson had to play yet another tie with Wood before he became the champion. The fact that neither Wood nor Shute were awarded a place in the Ryder Cup team evoked surprised comment in golfing circles, for their record is far more impressive than several of those chosen.

But, without any further individualising, it is apparent what an impressive array of talent lies in both teams. On paper they look evenly matched, and when we take into consideration the fact that several members of the Rest side are rankling a little over non-selection, which will undoubtedly stiffen their opposition, any difference practically disappears. It may well be that the sweet balm of victory will soothe their troubled minds.

GENE SARAZEN DRIVING OFF AT CARNOUSTIE

A BANK OF CROCUSES
"The gold of crocuses seems to be taken not from sunlight but from the sun itself"

FEBRUARY CROCUSES

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALTHOUGH golden flowers abound in spring, none can compare for colour with the gold of crocuses, a colour which seems taken not from sunlight but from the sun itself. Our modern eyes seem dulled to the marvel of this colour, but to the ancient civilisations it was the royal and sacred colour. The Persian kings wore saffron-yellow shoes, Pindar describes the new-born Herakles as swathed in saffron-yellow, the Attic maidens embroidered the saffron dress of Pallas Athene, in the Epics Eos the dawn is saffron veiled; and this is to cite but a very few examples.

The crocus was of course *C. vernus*, the crocus of the East, the flower of which in the days of Imperial Rome was valued as much as the rose. Heliogabalus bathed in saffron water and provided the couches of his guests with pillows stuffed with crocus petals.

When crocuses were introduced into this country is uncertain but the Romans can scarcely have failed to have grown them in the gardens of their villas. The autumn flowering crocus *C. sativus* (the source of the saffron of commerce) was certainly introduced long before the spring flowering crocus. Traditionally the saffron crocus was introduced in Edward III's reign by a pilgrim who brought a few concealed in his staff.

Lovely as are the early flowering crocus species they cannot compare for richness of colour with *C. vernus*, which may indeed be described as the sunrise of the flowers. The first snowdrops, cyclamen and other harbingers of spring may pass unnoticed but the joyous splendour of golden crocuses catches every eye.

At the first glance, golden crocuses look a mass of one colour, but look at them for a few moments, and they gleam with almost sunset reflections and are delicately pencilled with streaks of light, the whole lit by tiny points of scintillating beauty unseen in a hasty glance.

Few flowers look so unhappy as crocuses grown singly or in a thin row. They are companionable flowers and never seem to flourish so well as in fat neglected clumps. Theoretically, they should doubtless do better planted singly and have longer stalks but I have never observed this to be the case; rather the contrary. I have sometimes counted as many as a hundred crocuses out simultaneously in our neglected clumps, and pushing aside the fully expanded flowers there are always masses more coming on.

The stalks of the open flowers are quite five to six inches long. Bees, too, seem to revel in these large clumps though birds do not seem to attack them as mercilessly as they attack crocuses planted in thin lines.

When I see the monster hybrids which, during recent years, have been exhibited in such quantities at the spring shows I wonder whether we are likely to see those old-fashioned sorts. For the modern kinds have the qualities now in demand—they are gargantuan and their colours are amazing. But somehow these new hybrids, which are suggestive of short-stemmed tulips, do not appeal to those of us who have always been crocus lovers.

It is curious how colour alters the character of the crocus. There is an irrepressible gaiety about golden crocuses, but white and mauve crocuses are different. White crocuses are amongst the loveliest of all white flowers; perhaps largely due to the semi-transparent texture of their petals lit by the vivid orange of their stamens. Few white flowers have transparent petals and most winter flowering white flowers, notably Christmas roses and snowdrops, have petals that give a certain look of architectural solidity and beauty to the flowers.

The origin of *Crocus vernus* is unknown. It is probably of garden origin, for it is sterile and increases by corms. It has never been found growing wild. Apart from birds these crocuses have various enemies. Rats and field mice attack them and nothing stops pheasants pecking them out.

It is not always easy to associate golden crocuses with other flowers. The most effective mixture I recall was a sheet of golden crocuses planted in drifts with chionodoxas and wanda primroses. The mixture of colours was almost barbaric but first-rate—the vivid orange of the crocuses, the rich blue of the chionodoxas and the purplish magenta of the primroses. The white touches on the petals of the chionodoxas gave just the note of lightness that was needed and without them the colour effect though rich would have been too heavy.

Most of the early flowering crocus species are best grown on sheltered pockets in the rock garden but some of them, notably the easy *C. Tomasinianus*, associate delightfully with snowdrops. I recall seeing thousands of snowdrops beneath a huge beech tree. Here and there were clumps of *C. Tomasinianus*, some large and some looking like scattered handfuls of the flowers. The delicate bells of the snowdrops swaying above the lavender-mauve cups of the dainty little crocuses was a charming mid-winter picture.

It is pleasant to recall that crocus, in common with all spring flowers, have for their patron saint St. Bride of the kindly flame, the patron saint also of lambs. St. Bride is one of the best loved Celtic saints and held in honour from the Highlands of Scotland to Kildare where for many centuries her lamp was kept burning. Her father was Dubtach, who was twelfth in descent from Fedlimidh, king of Ireland in the second century. To her Kildare owes its name, for she founded her cell above the plain and beside an ancient oak, hence the name Kildare—literally the church by the oak.

Many churches are named after this much loved saint, who chose as her favourite beatitude "Blessed are the merciful," and amongst other churches named in her honour is the well known St. Bride in Fleet Street. But St. Bride comes back in thought to a more remote figure Bride the Beautiful, the Gaelic goddess of sunrise and poetry.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN

Some Leek Recipes

IN open weather it is a case of getting ahead as fast as possible. Very often crops such as Brussels sprouts are left in the ground long after they have ceased to produce good buttons merely for the sake of the greenstuffs they produce during the earliest weeks of spring. In these days, when in most gardens labour is short-handed, it is more than doubtful whether this is a sound policy

Brussels sprouts are extremely greedy feeders and leave the soil in an exhausted condition. If the next crop is grown on this site when there has been only the time to prepare it hastily the results are certain to be inferior. It is usually better to clear the Brussels sprouts as soon as they are past their best and thoroughly dig and prepare the soil for celery. In many gardens run by old-fashioned gardeners wise from long years of experience, it is a rule to follow up Brussels sprouts with celery, for in any case the ground needs thorough working and the celery trenches may as well be made whilst time is, at any rate, not so valuable as it will be in March.

The sprouts stems need not be wasted, for, as I mentioned in my last article, we put these in succession in a dark shed to secure tender saladings. We get more saladings from these stems than worth-while greens if they were left in the ground.

Leeks are amongst the best vegetables in season now. These humble members of the onion tribe have for centuries been despised by the rich, yet if they were a new introduction or could only be grown with difficulty it would be regarded as most delicately flavoured vegetable.

Considering the small amount of space they take leeks should certainly find a place even in small gardens. We import enormous quantities of onions and leeks which are an excellent substitute in soups, stews, etc., and require far less trouble in growing. This season we grow also the yellow leek of Poitou listed by some of the French seedsmen. It is tender, and in severe weather the outer skin is affected.

Leeks need a very long period of growth if first-rate results are to be secured, and for exhibition purposes seed is sown in heat in January. In most gardens, however, the end of February or early March is early enough Although so hardy when mature, leeks are more tender than onions in the seedling stage. As with onions, it is of the utmost importance to sow thinly, for all members of the onion tribe have roots as fine as hairs and if these become entangled and broken in separating irreparable damage is done. It is always worth the trouble of putting in each seed separately. When trenches, which should be six inches deep, are prepared for planting out it is of the utmost importance not to bury the manure too deeply. It should be within six inches of the bottom of the trench.

One of the best ways of using leeks is for Cockie leekie. The following is a good recipe for making this favourite dish. To one old boiling fowl allow eight good sized leeks, three tablespoonfuls of rice, 4oz. prunes, two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, salt and a little pepper. Soak the prunes for twelve hours and remove the stones. Put all the ingredients except the parsley into a saucepan, bring to the boil and simmer for four to five hours till the fowl is tender. Serve the best parts of the meat with parsley sauce and mashed potatoes. Leave the soup till cold, remove the fat, add the parsley and re-heat.

Leek and cheese pie is also good. Boil cleaned leeks in as little water as possible for five minutes, and then add milk and stew till tender. Strain off the liquor and thicken with a nut of margarine rolled in butter. Put alternate layers of leeks and grated cheese in a greased pie dish, pour over the thick sauce, sprinkle the top with bread-crumbs and a few little bits of margarine. Put in a hot oven till the top is a rich golden brown and serve very hot.

Seakale seedlings raised from seed can be planted now. It is essential to cut off their crowns before planting, otherwise they are pretty certain to produce a flower stem. When roots are lifted for forcing cuttings can be taken, taking them from the ends of the roots, preferably straight side roots. Cut them about four to six inches long; the tops cut level and the bottom ends slantwise, as then there is less chance of putting the cuttings in upside-down.

Until required in the spring the cuttings are tied in bundles and kept covered with damp sand in a shed. At planting time they will make several eyes on each thong and only two strong eyes should be left on each rubbing out the others. The cuttings are planted with the tops two inches below the surface soil. They should be made very firm.

E. S. R.

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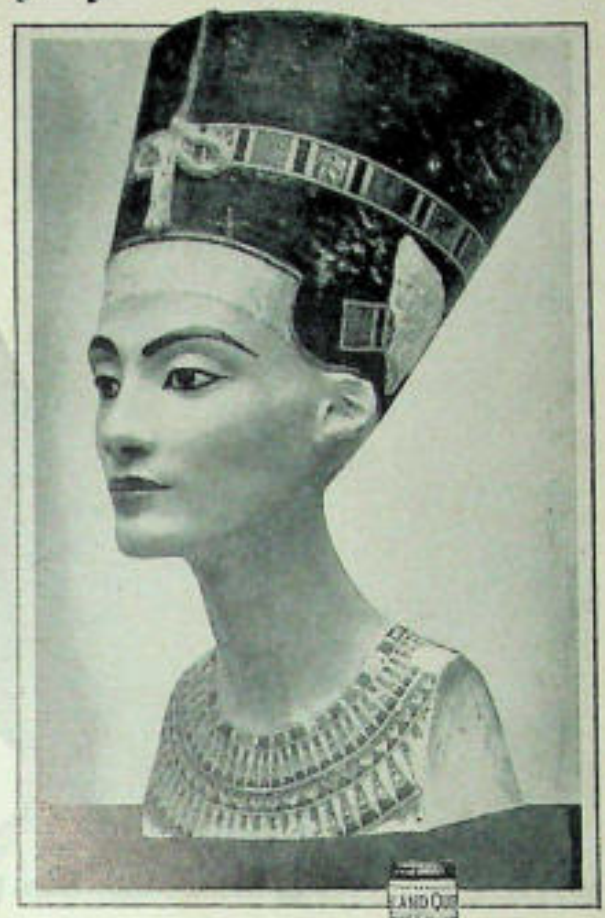

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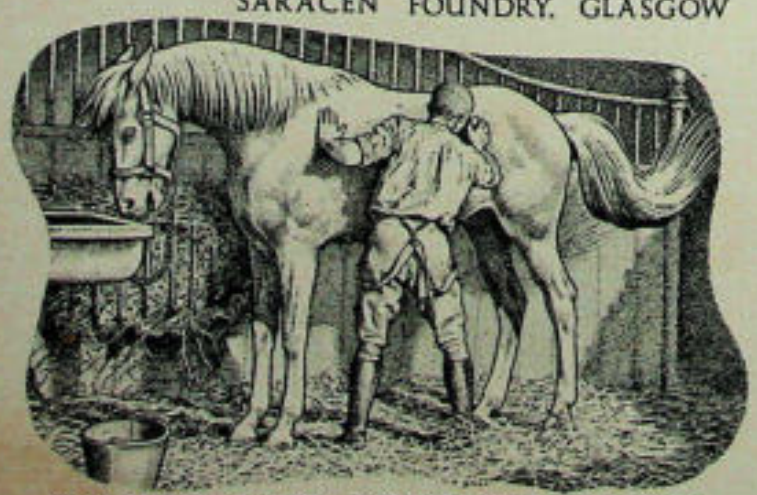

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MUSHROOM GROWING AS A SIDE LINE

A Valuable Food in War-Time

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

IT is obviously the farmers' job to increase Food Production and to make use of every available space on the farm. The mushroom, curiously enough, is never regarded as a food and yet it is a very valuable food. It contains both carbo-hydrates and protein and good quantities of salts of potassium, phosphates, calcium and manganese. They are much used in preventing anæmia. Further, they contain an enzyme which is a great aid to digestion.

Not only is it a valuable food crop but it can be grown in barns, in sheds, and old pig styes, in glass-houses and frames, in cellars and in fact in all kinds of structures on the farm that may not be used for anything else. Production starts as a rule within four or five weeks from the time of spawning and continues for 14 weeks. The farmer thus receives a very quick return for his outlay in a short space of time. If he uses the shelf bed method the actual area of production in a given building can be increased almost a hundredfold.

The mushroom gives the heaviest yield when grown on strawy horse manure. It is possible to treat ordinary straw with special products and thus to produce a substitute for horse dung, but this shouldn't be necessary on a farm. Well-fed horses yield the most suitable manure and this should be comparatively fresh. It is not advisable to accept or use the manure from horses that have been given medicine or from stables where disinfectants have been used.

To get the manure into the right condition for mushroom growing it is necessary to collect the quantity required into a heap, if possible under cover, even if it is only a temporary roof erected over the top. The heap shouldn't be higher than four to five feet. If the straw seems to be on the dry side when got together, a watering through a fine rose may be given and a light treading may be advisable.

In ten days time the temperature of the heap should have risen to about 140 deg. Fahr. (it is useful with mushroom growing to use a soil thermometer). The heap should then be turned so that the outside becomes the inside and the top, the bottom. More watering can be given, but never give enough so that any runs away from the bottom of the heap. During the process care should be taken to break up any big lumps that are seen and each forkful should be shaken out so that the straw loosens.

Four days later another turning should be given in a similar manner and it isn't usually necessary to give a further watering. One more turning should be done four days after that and the manure should then be ready. When ready, it should be nut brown in colour, free from any disagreeable smell. When a portion is taken in the fingers of two hands, twisted and pulled, the straw should snap cleanly and easily.

Three types of bed may then be made: (1) A flat bed on shelves or on floor, 8in. deep; (2) a ridge bed, 2ft. 6in. wide at the base and 2ft. 6in. high; and (3) what is known as the double ridge bed which is 4ft. 6in. wide at the base, there being two small ridges, each 21in. wide at the base and 15 in. deep from the top of the ridge to the top of the 6in. bed of manure first made. These double ridges on a common base give the greatest area of bearing surface for this particular method of growing.

The principle of making the beds is the same right the way through. The prepared manure is shaken down into position and is trodden in well. For a depth of 8in. it is necessary to have a layer about 14in. thick before being trodden. Any hollow places that appear should be filled up and flattened with the back of a fork. The sides are then left with a slight slope and the excess straw or manure that falls to the ground can be swept up and out on to the top of the bed to be beaten down.

After the bed has been made, the temperature will rise to, say, 130 deg. Fahr., and then will gradually fall. When it reaches about 75 deg. Fahr., the spawn should be inserted. Pure culture or sterilised spawn should be used and pieces the size of a walnut should be buried 2in. deep, 10in. square all over the bed. The compost should be filled over the spawn and firmed. In about 7 to 10 days time after spawning the mycelium (white threads) should be found running through the manure. A casing of sub-soil or sterilised soil should then be placed all over the bed to a depth of 1½in.

It has been observed that soils of a heavy nature produce the largest mushrooms. When in position the casing soil should be patted down with the back of a spade and smoothed. Fourteen days after casing the surface should be given a slight brushing with a soft broom to remove any white powdery growth that may appear.

Directly the first mushroom appears a light watering through a fine rose should be given. It must be remembered that more mushrooms are spoiled by overwatering than under-watering. It usually helps the cropping powers of the bed if a little salt is added to the water at watering time.

When cropping, the bed should be dusted once or twice a week with Derris dust to keep down the mushroom fly (that causes the maggots) and any waste material should be removed and burnt. Doorways and windows are best screened with butter muslin or cheesecloth to prevent the entry of flies. When removing the mushrooms from the bed they should be given a twist and a pull. Cutting should not be done.

LOOKING AHEAD

Problems to Solve in Advance

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

EACH week, and almost each day, seems to bring harder and more difficult problems for the farmer to solve.

Feeding stuffs, their luck, and their efficient substitutes provide a never ceasing source of worry, and more especially is this the case with poultry and pig farmers who do not know, from day to day, whether they can carry on with their existing stock of pigs or hens just because they are unable to tell how much food-stuffs they can obtain, and whether these food-stuffs are those best suited to their requirements.

Here is as clear a case for whole-hearted rationing, as ever I have come across.

There can be no question of contentment amongst farmers so long as there is no equitable distribution of available feeding stuffs from the merchant to the farmer, and a system of registration that will enable this form of rationing to take place.

Moreover, one of the most difficult problems for the farmer has been that he may be in the position to obtain a fairly large supply of one particular commodity, which alone is useless for feeding to live-stock, and be totally unable to obtain those other ingredients that go to make up a perfect feeding ration.

This, surely, calls for solution, and a fair solution on easy lines which seems fairly apparent in the Ministry of Agriculture or the Ministry of Food—whichever Ministry is the correct and authoritative body—making up its mind to issue more or less standard and complete rations for the several purposes for which they are needed.

Thus, there would be a ration, complete in itself, for milk production, another for fattening bullocks, yet another for pigs (brood sows and pigs to fatten), and one for poultry keepers, for the purpose of maintaining the egg production. This would prevent the chaos that now prevails when, one day, there is a super-abundance of one particular feeding stuff, and a dearth of another.

The only way in which a successful solution of this most urgent problem can be arrived at is by making a compound ration, and seeing that it is the best of its kind that available supplies of feeding stuffs will permit.

We have got to look a long way ahead, and that is why I urge farmers to sow seeds with their corn crops this Spring, for I feel confident that seed mixtures will be badly needed, not only for hay, but breaking up and putting into wheat, or to plough in on poor land as a dressing for wheat, or to graze when available pastures may be fewer, owing to the ploughing up programme. We have to plan our farming as if the war were going to last the whole of one rotation (taking the four course as typical) and then add one more year for the sake of safety.

This time, we have to provide more keep for live-stock than in the last war, and we must set about our cropping to provide this now.

There is another thing, too, of which we must think, and which we must plan at once, and that is how we shall deal with this year's harvest. We can assume that out of one-and-a-half million acres we have ploughed up, about one million will be in corn that requires harvesting.

Harvesting assumes that threshing will be necessary, and threshing on so large a scale indicates that fresh tackle may be necessary. That is why each County Executive Committee will have to take a very careful and considered view of the amount of tackle they will need, and the number of workers that will be required to run the threshing tackle successfully, and get on with the job of threshing as and when required, the increased acreage under cereals.

With the great increase in pasture all-over the country, it may well be that, having had less work to do than formerly, many a threshing contractor has not troubled to overhaul or renew his threshing tackle, and should so much extra work be placed upon it, there is every likelihood of a break-down. This can be saved by a timely visit of inspection, and by thorough overhauling before the busy season commences.

As with threshing tackle, so with the binders, for it is obvious that many more binders will be needed, and the old supply will need a certain amount of repairs.

So, will it not be as well to decide that all essential implements shall be overhauled and got ready for business as soon as possible, that the mechanics may not be over-rushed at the last moment, and that binders may be in a position to get to work just as soon as there is a cereal crop ready to be harvested?

Foresight is half the battle these days, and has never been more necessary, for while in times of peace there may be plenty of men well able to carry out cleaning and repairs at the last minute, in war-time one has to take chances that should not be taken.

A THRESHER WHICH HAS SEEN THREE WARS—THE BOER WAR, THE GREAT WAR, AND THE PRESENT

WAR FARMING NOTE No. 6 *FEBRUARY* 1940

issued by IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

"EARLY BITE"

There is still time to make sure of turning your herd out to early grass and thus save two to three weeks' indoor feeding. Choose a dry, sheltered field with plenty of ryegrass or cocksfoot, that has not been overgrazed in winter. Early grass cannot be obtained from cold, wet pastures.

Apply in February or March 1½-2 cwt. per acre sulphate of ammonia if the field is in good heart. If not, apply 2 cwt. per acre of I.C.I. No.4, or a mixture of 1 cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 2½ cwt. superphosphate (16%) and ¾ cwt. potash salts (30%).

Under normal conditions 10 acres of treated pasture will provide two to three weeks' earlier grazing for 30 cows, and feeding only hay indoors, save from £12 to £14 on dairy cake.

After the first grazing harrow the field to spread droppings, rest it for a week or two and a second flush will soon be ready for grazing.

Should the spring happen to be so cold and dry that early growth is impossible, the fertilizer will remain to produce an abundance of young grass as soon as weather permits. This will make silage of the very best quality if not wanted for grazing.

Temporary Leys

Fields of first and second year's seeds are ideal for "early bite". They grow earlier and later than old pastures, are more productive, very responsive to fertilizer treatment, freer from weeds and poorer grasses, and more resistant to drought. Good management and manuring will keep them so.

Care must, however, be taken not to punish the young grasses in their first season. It is better to put on a large head of stock for a few days and allow the grasses to recover than to keep a small head of stock on the pasture for a long time.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following extracts are from the Ministry of Agriculture's weekly News Service

WHATEVER may have been the peace-time criticisms of sugar beet growing in this country, it is a crop for which we may be thankful in time of war. The 1939 crop gave us 500,000 tons of sugar or one-third of our war-time requirements, and released the cargo space of more than 100 ships for carrying other goods. This year we must grow even more of it and an increased acreage of 50,000, or about 17 per cent, is aimed at. This will bring our sugar acreage up to 390,000. It is a great opportunity for the home farmer to give practical proof of the value of the nation's investment in home sugar production. It is an "approved crop" so far as the £2 per acre ploughing grant is concerned.

tops make an excellent green manure when ploughed in.

The past week or two have shown a marked increase of demand for the services of the Women's Land Army. Some 3,000 of its members now have permanent jobs. Demand is expected to increase greatly in the spring and there are signs that the more far-sighted farmers are anticipating this and getting fixed up now.

Lord Ernle in his book *The Land and its People*, relates how the Land Army came into its own after the call-up of men in 1938 and how 16,000 were eventually working on the land. A year earlier, any reference to Land Girls was greeted with grunts or

SHEEP IN THE SNOW

Suffolk Ewe Hoggets of the Lawford Flock at Lawford, Essex

But it is also an attractive crop from the grower's point of view. There is a guaranteed market at a guaranteed price and payment comes within a month of delivery at the factory. This year there has been a substantial increase in the guaranteed price. In an average year it will be equivalent to an extra 4·11 per ton of beet for a normal crop. Furthermore, the Government has given an undertaking that if costs of production rise above those on which the new contract was based the price will be adjusted accordingly.

There are few branches of farming where the buyer takes such a fatherly interest in the grower. The factories maintain field staffs of practical men to visit growers who need their help; they give assistance in such matters as seed, manuring and cultivations and they advance credit up to £5 per acre of beet with a limit of £200. The factories produce lime as a by-product and growers can obtain this in liberal quantities at less than the cost of cartage.

More Beet—More Feeding Stuffs

Another by-product is sugar beet pulp, well-known to most farmers as a very satisfactory food for dairy cattle and other stock. Every grower of beet has the first call on 1½cwt. of this pulp for every ton of beet delivered to the factory and the new contract safeguards them against any rise in the price of this feeding stuff, of which some 350,000 tons were produced last year.

But pulp is not the only feeding stuff that sugar beet provides. The weight of the tops and leaves is almost equal to the weight of the beet and their feeding value is much higher than many suppose. One acre of tops supplemented by a grass run will keep from 90 to 100 ewes for a week and theoretically 25lb. of fresh, clean tops have the same feeding value as 40lb. of mangolds. In practice, 25 acres of tops are considered equivalent to 15 acres of turnips. The tops are on the ground and so cost nothing for cartage or spreading. If a large acreage grown, those not immediately required can be very simply made into silage. If no stock are kept, the silence at farmers' meetings; three months later there were interjections for or against their employment. Then came an interval when the subject was received with slight applause and finally a period of confidence, when any reference to the work of women on the land was received with cheers. "The Land Army," says Lord Ernle, "had won."

To-day, it is generally believed, we have become more accustomed to the idea of women working beside men. As long ago as August 1918 returns relating to 12,657 women show them in following jobs: 5,734 milkers, 293 tractor drivers (and tractors were much fewer and harder to drive in those days, 3,971 field workers, 645 carters, 260 ploughmen, 84 thatchers and 21 shepherds.

A Rumour Exploded

There have been rumours to the effect that wheat offals are being exported to Denmark, and in view of the shortage of feeding stuffs this has caused understandable concern.

The rumours have now been officially denied by Major Lloyd George who has stated in the House of Commons that no licences for the export of wheat offals to Denmark are being issued.

Maintaining Poultry Stocks

The feeding stuffs position has made it necessary to look more than ever to the general farmer for maintaining the poultry stock of the country, for he is not so dependent upon imported feeding stuffs. But he can help in this emergency not only by keeping birds himself but by making arrangements with neighbouring specialist poultry farmers to provide land on which their stock can run. This is an obvious national economy, but also it should be of mutual benefit to the two classes of producers.

For poultry are great improvers of grassland, especially if it has fallen back into rather poor condition, and Mr. Thomas Turney, the successful Midlands agriculturist, has shown how poultry on the general farm, up to 50 birds per acre, can obtain from the pastures and stubble nearly 30 per cent. of their total requirements.

More Feeding Stuffs

The Minister of Agriculture was asked in the House of Commons on 18th January whether preference in the matter of the supplies of feeding stuffs was given to members of the accredited poultry breeding scheme while reputable breeders who are not members of the scheme do not receive this favourable treatment.

In his reply the Minister said that the request made to the Chairman of the County Feeding Stuffs Committees of the Ministry of Food was that they should do all that was practicable to ensure supplies of feed for foundation poultry breeding stock and in this connection their attention was drawn to the accredited scheme, since members participating in that scheme are the only poultry breeders of whom the Ministry have definite and comprehensive records as possessing sound breeding stock. But a material improvement in the supplies position has taken place, and every effort is being made by the Government to ensure equitable distribution of the available supplies throughout the country.

SILAGE VERSUS IMPORTED FEEDING STUFFS

CONVINCING evidence that modern silage methods enable dairy farmers to make themselves almost if not entirely independent of imported cattle foods, with an actual gain in efficiency, is provided by two Dorsetshire farmers, Mr. C. G. Purchase and Mr. R. S. Vine, of Manor Farm, Little Canford. At a time when the feeding-stuffs problem is becoming acute, this evidence is as valuable as it is welcome.

Messrs. Purchase and Vine started ensilage in the autumn of 1938 and statistics are now available for the full year 1938–39. During this period, without additional labour or upsetting of their farm routine and from the same area of grassland as before—173 acres—they were able to produce extra home-grown foods equivalent in feeding value to 30 tons of dairy cake, worth over £240 at pre-war prices. They did this by making silage out of surplus summer grass, which would otherwise have gone to waste, and from the rich young grass of late autumn, a total of 140 tons. The method used was the molasses method with portable silo, a method which combines cheapness—the complete equipment costs no more than £25 at present prices—with economy in that it allows silage to be made from grass in the same field as which it was grown and in which the stock are fed. It is obviously cheaper to take the silo to the crop, than to lead the crop to a permanent silo.

The silos are made of fitted sections of wood, are easily built up or dismantled and are erected in rings or tiers, a two-ring unit holding about 20 tons, and a three-ringed one nearly double that amount. The molasses, ordinary feeding treacle diluted with 50 per cent. water, is sprayed or watered on the grass, which is packed into the silo load by load, at the rate of roughly 30lb. solution to the one ton of grass. The cost works out at 1/6 per ton of silage, though Messrs. Purchase and Vine add more molasses than is necessary on account of its dried food value. They estimate the over-all cost of silage at 10/- per ton, not counting rent and fertilisers. This is made up of labour 5/-, depreciation of equipment 2/6, and molasses 2/6.

They have found many merits in silage-making. It can be made in any weather fit for men to work out of doors. It has improved their pastures and the health of their herd. It has not only made them more independent, but it has saved them money. Their milk yield has not only been maintained but the quality has been improved both as regards vitamins and carotin. When silage is not fed, both yield and quality drop. Although they still include a small percentage of cake in their production rations, they are confident that in an emergency they could rely entirely upon silage. Their experience is not peculiar. It is being endorsed by scores of other farmers in the south-western counties where to-day it is estimated that there are nearly 400 silage-makers as against barely 100 twelve months ago.

The moral from this cumulative evidence is that provided a farmer has enough reasonably good grassland he need not unduly worry about the non-availability of imported feeding-stuffs. Silage will enable him to obtain self-support, or very nearly, from the produce of his meadows alone.

To skippers of the land fleet—

"What we must now do is to plough . . ."

SIR REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH

"...our land...the more we can produce from it, the more foreign exchange and shipping we can save for the purchase and import of raw materials and munitions which we require for our War effort."

In these fighting words the Minister for Agriculture called to the colours every farmer and worker on the land. A higher level of prices, reasonable wages, security for the industry, a ploughing grant; all these measures are in the Government programme for wartime production.

But the actual job is yours to carry through. It calls for new methods, new machinery. A Fordson will help all along the line, it will reduce costs, speed up work, bring better results.

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Here is the necessary and ideal tool for such a time as this. "What we must now do is to plough . . ."

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PICKING PICKLING WALNUTS IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN

THE WALNUT TREE

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. L. JULYAN

THE walnut is of the natural order closely allied to the hazel nut, but is not a native of our woods though it has been naturalised. It is generally supposed to have been introduced from Greece by the way of Italy during the Roman occupation in Britain. It grows wild in China. In Cashmere it was formerly extensively cultivated for the yield of oil, and at one time 12,000 ass-loads of nuts were taken to the mills annually. The oil has drying qualities surpassing linseed. The tree is abundant in Burgundy and there new ones are planted when old and decayed ones are felled.

The tree likes a dry soil of rich loamy nature, but will grow well on a variety of soils including the chalk downs. Large numbers are found on the downs near Leatherhead, Godstone, and Carshalton. At Glastonbury there was once a celebrated walnut near the Holy Thorn outside St. Joseph's Chapel. This never budded forth before the feast of St. Barnabus—June 11th, and is said to have shot into leaf and flourished like its species from that day. Queen Anne and James I paid generously for cuttings from this tree.

Walnuts prefer the warmer and drier parts of Great Britain, but are found as far north as Scotland, and indeed a century ago Kinross House had a huge tree said to have been planted in 1684. It is the favourite tree of Holland, and esteemed in many European lands.

In the time of Evelyn no young farmer in certain parts of the Continent was permitted to marry until he could prove that he had planted a certain number of walnut trees. The walnut produces a fine tree, suitable either for planting singly or in groups or avenues, but it must have adequate space. The leaves are of a bright green colour and have an agreeable odour. It is generally of good shape and valuable as ornamental timber. However, it has the defect of getting its leaves late in the spring, and shedding them early in autumn.

From the utilitarian point of view the walnut can be regarded as a dual purpose tree. The nuts are much used for dessert, in confectionery, and for other purposes. Also when green in July or early August they may be gathered by hand and pickled. It was an old tradition that the walnut needed beating for the purpose of gathering the nuts, and for the benefit of the crop in the following year. This has been proved a fallacy, but agricultural officers in some native territories have great difficulty in overcoming the superstition. It dates away back into antiquity, and in a book printed in the early sixteenth century there is this remark—"It is a marvellous thing of this tree that the more it is beaten yearly, the more fruit it beareth the yeare after following, although the boughes be bruised and broken for which cause good farmers are careful to geld and weed out some of the boughes, and withall do make great and divers incisions with some edged tool in the stock of the tree." Such barbarous treatment cannot be good for the tree, though it cannot be denied that out of the evil there was some good as the weak shoots were broken off, thus giving the more vigorous ones additional space and light and air to develop.

It is now recognised that the nuts should be left until they drop off the tree. My experience with my own trees this year has been that up to October 20th few nuts fell, and those that did adhered to the husk. From that date to the end of the month practically all ripened and either fell clear of the husk or were easily detached. The rooks proved destructive. One tree had many hundreds of the very desirable thin shelled nuts and at least 15 per cent. had the shell broken through. A very heavily laden thick shelled tree had no shells broken, but the rooks carried away about the same percentage—dropping some of them either by intent or accident on a pile of stones near. By the end of the month all the nuts were down, and within a very few days the trees shed most of their leaves. This was in great contrast to the neighbouring beech, maple, and other deciduous trees which were just then at the height of their autumn glory in a blaze of exceptionally fine tints.

There are a variety of opinions about storing the fruit. If the husks do not come off easily—as for instance when the nuts are blown down before fully ripe—they must be left in heaps for a few days to sweat. After that the husks come away without difficulty, and any bits adhering must be washed off using a scrubbing brush and avoiding immersing the nuts in the water for any length of time. They should then be dried before storing. This also applies to nuts that fall clean of the husks. They may be stored on shelves in a dry room covered with straw. Others prefer storing in earthenware pans with alternate layers of nuts and salt and coconut fibre, while some prefer peat moss litter. Again some people store in biscuit tins buried in the earth. Whatever method is adopted the nuts need examining and testing occasionally as they tend to dry if conditions are not suitable. They are best used within three or four months, but will under suitable conditions keep much longer.

A walnut tree must not be pruned. It takes twenty years for it to bear fruit though the process can be speeded up a bit by having grafted trees. When the tree is planted for its fruit it is important to select suitable varieties. An extensive enquiry into the matter was conducted some years ago through the Ministry of Agriculture, and advice is obtainable through the local agricultural organiser. Ashes form the best manure for this tree. When growing from nuts, plant selected nuts in February in rows 6in. apart, and at distances of 1ft., and about 2½in. deep. After two years in the seed bed remove to well dug ground.

The walnut was at one time the favourite wood for English furniture. That near the root is often beautifully marked. The mahogany of Jamaica was introduced in the reign of Queen Anne, and in time superseded walnut and oak. In 1724, Dr. Gibbon, a London physician, had a candle box made from some mahogany that had been sent him by a West Indian captain. It looked so well that he had a cabinet made, and the desire for mahogany articles grew rapidly. It was said this wood was far less liable to attack by worm than walnut. In latter years walnut and English woods have come somewhat into their own again. Walnut is unequalled for gunstocks, and unfortunately far too many trees have been cut down to supply the gunmakers of Birmingham and elsewhere without adequate replanting.

The importance of this tree throughout the ages is realised when one sees how frequent are the references to it in literature of all kinds. Old medical works tell us the infusion from the bark is good for the ague, and a large number of other remedies not in accordance with modern science are recommended. In old books on fishing it is suggested that a pile of the husks form a good breeding ground for worms. In an ancient book on the toilet walnut oil is recommended as a hair dressing to prevent baldness. In cookery an old fowl is said to roast tender like a chicken if stuffed with walnuts. In cabinet-making an infusion from the husks was used as a stain for white woods. In works on landscape, gardening and arboriculture the tree is much praised. Finally, in his "Georgics" Virgil says—"Observe also, when the walnut shall clothe itself abundantly with blossom in the woods, and bend its fragrant boughs; if the rising fruit abound, in like quantity the corn will follow, and great threshing with great heat will ensue." At any rate the truth of this assertion has been borne out this season.

FROSTY WEATHER IN THE WOODS

By REGINALD DAVEY

FROST is supposed to be the cause of "shake" in timber. The theory is that the sap in the outer layers freezes, causing the last annual ring to be forced away from its neighbour. "Shakes" in timber are supposed to occur at intervals corresponding to years of exceptional frost. It all sounds very plausible and most likely, but in point of fact "shaken" timber comes only from certain soils. In the case of oak, light sandy soils always produce "shaky" trees, and there can be very little doubt but that frost has nothing whatever to do with the matter.

Frost and snow in season are generally of assistance to the forester. Felling operations are in no way affected, and the daily fall of 100 cu. ft. per man is generally exceeded owing to the need to keep moving for the sake of warmth. Extraction is made more easy, as the frozen surface bears all weights, and vehicles move about as readily as on the hard road. There are two separate tasks. The removal of the trees from the wood where they were felled, to a ride or hard road. This is often called "tushing out," and may be done by tractor, horses or man labour. For trees it is a task for tractor, or horses. A horse single-handed can "tush out" a tree containing 10 cu. ft., which is quite small. Men can haul out only small material of pit-prop size, and then the method is not very economical.

A tractor is the best tool for the job, and should be fitted with caterpillar tracks in case the weather breaks. It can move over the cleared area, pulling out the trees one by one, and will make rapid progress. If the more up-to-date tackle is available, the tractor will be fitted with a winding drum. Much heavier loads can then be dealt with. The tractor itself remains at ride side, and is held in position by earth anchors. The wire cable is let out and attached to a tree, or two or three trees, by means of a chain and double hook. The drum then winds the cable in, using power from the tractor. The great advantage of the drum is that "tushing out" can take place in any weather; and it is possible to combine this task with road haulage, by winding the trees right on to the timber waggon, instead of to a ride side dump.

Road haulage may depend entirely upon the weather. Except where a wood adjoins a hard road or metalled drive or track clearance may be possible only during the summer or in periods of hard frost. This especially applies to timber which must be cleared across farm land. Then the advent of frost signals the start of great activity on the part of the haulage contractor.

Although frost facilitates dealing with timber sold, it is a nuisance to the fencer, who finds the ground too hard to drive posts into, and has perforce to resort to the preparation of fencing materials. This is a task which can be performed on wet days, as cover and shelter from the wind can be arranged. For fences already erected frost means ideal conditions for straining the wire, as the straining posts will hold firmly in the frozen soil. During frost fence wire is at its tightest, and a new fence will then test to the uttermost the stability of the end posts. If these be gate posts, it is wise to leave the gate unfastened, but secured with a loop of string, for post movement has been known to smash a gate.

Fencing round young plantations is a summer or autumn occupation, but the planting takes place during the winter. Frost means a cessation of all planting until well after the thaw. Trees already lifted from the nursery and heeled in, either there or in the wood, should be left. They will come to no harm; neither will trees already planted. It is advisable not to resume planting for a few days after the thaw, for it takes some time for hard frozen soil to soften, and until it has, planting is neither mechanically possible, nor likely to succeed.

When bought plants are being used, they may come from a distant nursery. The order for delivery may precede the receipt of the trees by a week or more, and if frost intervenes, planting must be delayed. Modern packing methods are very efficient, and trees always arrive with moist roots and in good condition. In ordinary weather they are unpacked, loosened in their bundles and heeled in near the site. This would be fatal in frosty weather. The bundles of trees will come to no harm if they are stacked in some building and covered with straw. After the thaw, they can be heeled in ready for planting, and will be found to be in good order.

THE VEILED TRIBES OF THE SAHARA

By PATRICK TURNBULL

THERE is perhaps no other race in the world that has profited so much by legend as the Touaregs, the mysterious veiled people of the heart of the Sahara, who for centuries terrorised the oases, extorted tolls from the sedentary populations, and raided all the caravans who dared to cross those regions within striking distance of their encampments. By their strange dress, especially the mysterious veil, their primitive but picturesque arms, and their extraordinary reputation as invincible warriors, they created for themselves such a terrible name that they were able to hold sway over the Sahara for many centuries. Nor was this power even threatened by the successive waves of invasion which swept the north until the French armies, in the early years of the present century, began the work of the pacification of the desert.

The origin of the Touaregs is not well known, beyond the fact that they are a berber race. It is very probable that they were part of the Senhadja berber tribe, who once occupied the northern plains of Algeria and were driven out of their pleasant cultivated lands into the rude heart of the desert, by the great Hilalion Arab invasion of the 13th century.

The country now occupied by the Touaregs is perhaps the most wild and unfriendly on the face of the entire globe. In the centre of the Sahara, difficult to attain, barren and unfertile, it is composed mostly of great jagged mountain ranges whose peaks, instead of being uniform, rise up in vast granite pinnacles, several of which are over 10,000ft. in height and almost unscalable. In fact there is not one spot of pleasant gentle land; all is hard and relentless, one with the people inhabiting it, a genuine birthplace of warriors, dominated by the law of the survival of the fittest.

The social life of the Touaregs makes a very fascinating study, for though they have no real art or culture, and no cities, and live entirely in encampments made up of their nomadic tents, they are most sharply divided into castes and classes. Although only a very small people, the total population of the Hoggar, for instance, being about 3,500, 1,200 of whom are negroes, or "haratins," sedentary tillers of the soil, they stick to as rigid a system of class distinction as existed in pre-revolutionary France or feudal England. "Liberté, égalité, fraternité" are words which are not understood by the Touaregs, for they are diametrically opposed to all the ruling socialist principles by their inherent conservatism.

Actually when conversing amongst themselves the word "touareg," or its singular form "targui," is never used, being of Arab derivation; the people in general being styled Imouhar. The upper classes are composed of tribes of noble family, known as the Ihaggaren, the principle of which is the Kel Rela.

There is a middle class known as the Imrad, hard workers, who to-day are considerably richer than the nobles, but still nourish a marked inferiority complex when in the presence of their social superiors, and finally the sedentary negroe tillers, descendants of slaves captured by the Touaregs during their raids on caravans.

The Chief, or King of the Touaregs is called the Amenokal. The title in normal times is hereditary, but does not descend from father to son, but to the eldest son of the Amenokal's eldest sister. This strange survival of the matriarchal system is explained by the following legend of a sultan whose wife was unable to present him with an heir, for every time she became pregnant she gave birth to a djinn. Finally the sultan divorced her and took another wife with the same result. In his attempts to provide himself with an heir the Sultan took 60 wives in succession, and when the 60th wife imitated her predecessors and was only able to bring djinns instead of male children into the world, the sultan realised that Allah did not wish the succession to be extended to the children of his wives, but from the womb of one of his own blood, namely his eldest sister, for the woman's part in the birth of a child was so much more important than that of the man, that the bond existing between himself and the child of his sister was actually far greater than that of a child of his wife.

The nobles are perhaps the most backward, stupid, pigheaded, people existing to-day. They are in fact an anachronism. There is no place for them in the modern world. Even more than the Arabs they consider all forms of work and manual labour as degrading, suffering from a vast sense of pride and an inbred laziness. Their one aim and object in life was war, the razzia, the swift raid in the desert, the family feud, the duel. They were superb fighters and remarkably courageous, but to-day the pax gallica controls the lives of the people of the desert. The raid is no more, the murderer is punished by law and not by the instrument of family vengeance. The noble touareg has found nothing to take the place of his former habits. He may cry like Shakespeare's hero, "Othello's occupations's gone." His is a life of emptiness. Yet despite their aimless existence there is something fine, pathetic yet likeable, about the noble targui's refusal to move with the times, preferring to guard his honour and allow himself to be reduced to poverty, rather than degrade himself in the eyes of his fellows. It is a strange thing also that the now penniless nobles command the greatest respect still from the less proud, toiling, and richer Imrad.

The touaregs do not speak Arabic, but Tamashek, a berber dialect, and strangely enough, considering their primitive mode of living, are the only berber race to possess a written language which is known as tifinar.

But in spite of this unique quality, and despite the rigid social laws existing, it is utterly erroneous to look upon the touaregs as a nation. It is so easy to talk about the knights of the desert, to work up a false glamour, but, in actual fact, it should never be forgotten that the touaregs are nothing but a group of nomadic herdsmen.

Yet the first time I saw a targui warrior I was well able to understand the fear inspired by the touaregs in the past. I am sure that the touareg dress has not been designed originally for theatrical effect, yet nothing more terrifying than the vision of a targui in the desert could be imagined. So easily could I picture the effect of panic that the sudden vision of a blue clad veiled scout of a raiding touareg band must have produced on a caravan, for in their bearing, their accoutrements, there is something barbaric, something relentless, and incredibly savage.

The touareg lance is long and slender, is made of iron and has three barbs on either side, which inflict a most horrible wound. The sword or "takouba" is an exact replica of the sword of the Crusaders, a double-edged cutting weapon with the hilt in the form of a cross. It has been suggested that the cross-shaped hilt, allied to the fact that the peak of the Mehari saddle is also ornated with a cross, is a proof that the Touaregs were once Christians. I cannot think, however, after a careful study of the history of the Touaregs, that there is any plausible foundation for the theory, and I believe personally that the cross appears purely as a form of primitive decoration. Another very original targui weapon is the bracelet dagger, a long knife kept in a sheath, attached by a band to the left wrist. The object of the dagger is not to assassinate in a cowardly fashion but to play a defensive role in personal combats, in the same way that in medieval Europe duellists often fought with sword and poignard, the latter being held in the left hand for parrying sword thrust, or reinforcing the blade of the defensive weapon when meeting a downward cut at the head. The shield of camel hide, usually a palish yellow in colour, is also a typical feature of the targui warrior ensemble, and is decorated with hieroglyphic signs worked in leather. The arm ring, which is never taken off, is also a weapon of aggression, as it is used to serve to give added force to the sword arm, or smash in the temples of an opponent in a hand-to-hand struggle.

Apart from his weapons, a targui noble considers the fact that the wearing of a very large number of clothes denotes rank and importance, for though the children are quite naked, the adult, even in the hottest weather, is very heavily clad, in contrast to the poorer ranks of society, who are dressed in rags.

But of all the garments of the targui it is the famous veil of "litham" which has brought him such renown, and won for him so great a place in the works of the writers of mystery and adventure novels.

This veil is not worn, as many people suggest, simply to protect the mouth and nostrils from the sand, but is a relic of ancient beliefs. Gautier suggests that it is to prevent the targui from breathing in impurities, but as the definite origin is unknown, and as the Touaregs themselves appear to have forgotten, it is probable that the riddle will never be solved.

But whatever may be the reason that it is worn, the veil plays a most important part in the life of the male targui. It is assumed at the age of puberty, and from that day to the end of his life the targui never removes it for an instant. It is of dark blue or black material and is worn so as to cover the forehead, nose, and mouth, falling over the chin, and kept in place by a turban.

There is a normal position for the veil and the raising or lowering of it from the normal has a peculiar significance. For instance, lowering the veil denotes sadness, shame, or ceremonious politeness, whereas raising it betokens confidence, joy, and familiarity.

I was very much struck by the physique of the Touaregs with whom I came in contact. Their life in the desert has made them incredibly hardy. They are tall, thin, nervous like a thoroughbred racehorse, with small aristocratic hands and feet. Yet this perfection of figure is not due to choice but to circumstances. The average targui cannot afford the good things of life; his existence is too hard and impoverished, but a man of rank and dignity such as the Amenokal, seeks to impress his people with his own importance of deliberately cultivating obesity as a sign of opulence.

The population of the touareg country lives in small conglomerations of tents, widely dispersed throughout the country. The tent is the only form of dwelling known to the touareg, and his importance and social position is betokened by the size of his tent, and the furnishing of its interior.

The tents are made entirely of goats' skins, 30 or 40 being needed for one of moderate size. Matting protects the entrance. The floors are covered with a thick bed of sand on which sheep skins are spread. At nights this sand is formed into a little mound covered by some garment to serve as a pillow, for only the richest of the touaregs possess a bed, which is considered as a very rare and valued treasure, and apart from which tents are absolutely devoid of furniture. The interior is divided into two compartments, one for the man containing his weapons, provision sacks and mehari saddle, the other for the women.

Hygiene is non-existent, nor do the Touaregs ever wash, for in so barren a country it would be considered as an unforgiveable crime to waste water for so ridiculous a fad as personal cleanliness.

The encampments are very small and widely dispersed owing to the poorness of the land and the frequency of famines. As much as possible the encampments like to keep their whereabouts unknown, so as not to be forced into giving charity to less fortunate and starving families who have been driven from their pasture lands by the cruelty of the elements, for there is one law which is rigorously observed by the Touaregs; that of hospitality.

L'AMENOKAL AKAMOUK AG I'HEMMA

The King of the Touaregs (centre) with his chief nobles of the Hoggar

PROTECTING THE LAID-UP CAR

Further Advice on War-Time Measures

By W. G. McMINNIES

A GREAT deal of advice has been given on the subject of laying-up a car, either for a few months or the duration of the war. These words of wisdom tell us to store the car in a warm, dry garage, take the weight off the tyres, hand the battery over to a service station and envelope the body in a dust sheet.

But some of us are not fortunate enough to possess a warm, dry garage, and are therefore forced to lay-up our cars in places where they are subjected to many atmospheric changes. For instance, last week a perfectly clean car under my observation was found to be dripping with condensation on one day, flecked with frozen crystals the next and in its normal state on the third day. That meant that unless the owner did something about it not only the body-work but also the engine and chassis would depreciate considerably after being laid-up for some months.

The two major problems are the preservation of the body finish and the internal condition of the engine. Chassis bearings and bright parts are more easily attended to and better understood. The best way of preserving the lustre of the body finish seems to me to cover it with a protective film of some kind. One of the best protective films is wax. It is used for polishing furniture, leather, glass, and many other materials. For the purpose of protection I prefer it to polishes which clean without adding a covering film.

Perhaps the best known wax polish for car work is that known as Simoniz. It is applied to an already scrupulously clean body on a previously damped and wrung-out mutton cloth. This cloth should be folded up into a handy ball size and a foot or two square of the body panelling treated at a time. The first part of the process is to spread the polish evenly over the surface with a light to and fro motion and then wait a few minutes for the wax to dry in. The second part of the job consists in polishing up the treated panel with a clean mutton cloth, again using a light touch.

The work, to be done thoroughly, bit by bit, takes time. It may take the best part of a day to Simoniz a big car thoroughly; the results both as regards lustre and protection will be highly satisfying. The work can be done in instalments if one has not the time or energy to complete the car all at once. And it is best done in the shade.

When the wax film has been applied and set, dust that may settle subsequently on the body can be quickly removed. Indeed, it is claimed that a well Simonized car needs far less washing than one polished up in the ordinary way, and a friend who has waxed his car at intervals states that its present-day immaculate appearance has been obtained with hardly any washing.

The other vital part of the car to be treated specially is the interior of the engine, the cylinder bores, piston rings and bearings. Even if at the start of the laying-up period these parts are well coated with engine oil, the changes of atmosphere and temperature will eventually defeat the effects of the lubricant and oxidisation will set in. To illustrate this one has only to leave an oil coated tool, like a saw, in damp surroundings and note how soon the bright parts become rusty.

For that reason we are advised to squirt lubricating oil or running-in compound into the cylinder via the sparking plug holes and to drain and refill the sump with fresh oil before laying-up the car. In this matter it must not be thought that all the cylinders are hermetically sealed from the atmosphere. One or more valves will be open to allow air to enter and this air will oxidise the metal if not protected.

The oil squirted into the cylinders will eventually drain away from the surfaces it is intended to protect, and it will therefore be necessary to repeat the process at intervals, say every month. A far better plan, it appears to me, is to use some form of colloidal graphite which will form a more permanent protection. This colloidal graphite can be introduced either with the oil in the sump, with the running-in compound mixed with the fuel, or squirted in through the plug holes or actually applied with a rag to a partially stripped engine when the cylinder head has been removed. It is a compound that is used and approved in many engineering and motor car workshops, especially when new engines are being built up or old ones re-assembled.

Colloidal graphite spreads itself over bearing surfaces in the form of a film which is so thin as to be almost invisible under the microscope. Yet its peculiar properties will in an extreme case prevent these bearings from seizing up even after their normal supply of lubricant has been cut off.

Colloidal graphite, as made by E. G. Acheson, Ltd., of Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1, under the trade brand name of "Dag," is graphite made in the electric furnace from selected pure materials and divided up into particles so fine as to be invisible, except under a special microscope. This extreme fineness is necessary so that the graphite can flow freely through the jets, oil ways and filters of the car's lubricating system. When a material is reduced to this degree of fineness it is said to be "colloidalised."

To make the idea clearer colloidal graphite is in a state of suspension in the oil somewhere between the state of sugar, which will dissolve completely in water, and chalk, which can be seen in water held to the light, and will settle quickly if the mixture is left standing.

A NEW SMALL FORD

The announcement of a new 8-h.p. Ford, two-door saloon, called the Anglia, indicates that despite the rationing of petrol, black-outs and the 25/- per horse power tax, the motor industry retains its enterprise. This new Ford, a natural descendant of the previous highly successful series of Eights, is intended specially to meet war-time requirements, and is priced at £126–£136 both at home and abroad. In the latter respect it is hoped that its overseas sales will make a worth-while contribution towards paying for our imports.

The outstanding idea behind this car is spaciousness plus economy. The generous amount of head, leg and elbow room strikes one as soon as one enters and the fact that it has been obtained without the need for foot wells in the rear compartment is also notable. This roominess also extends to the luggage compartment, which is claimed to be the largest ever provided on an 8-h.p. car. The door of the compartment hinges downwards to form a platform for extra cases, a point that with all the household moving going on now, will be much appreciated. Under the dummy floor of the container there is accommodation for the spare wheel and also for the tools, both items being easily reached.

The two doors are exceptionally wide, and, with the hingeing of the backs of the front seats, give easy access to the rear. The front compartment benefits in convenience from the fitting of a pistol type hand-brake lever neatly disposed midway below a parcel shelf which extends the full width of the body, and can, therefore, accommodate in addition to small personal belongings, such awkwardly shaped things as an umbrella. Above the shelf, and also fitted centrally, is a plastic panel supporting, on the de luxe model, separate instruments including an electric clock.

Other special fittings are steering wheel controlled self-cancelling direction indicators, lower dual windscreen wipers with reserve tank for improved action, sun vizor, roof light and rear blind. Both seats, which are mounted on tubular frame work, are adjustable and designed to support the figure as completely as possible. On the cheaper model the equipment is simplified although the main features are unaltered.

The appearance of the car differs from that of its predecessors. While a considerable frontal overhang remains and is shown by the vacant space between the radiator proper and its protective grille, the latter is of a flatter and squarer form than the previous style. I think it is an improvement as are the flowing shoulder lines that lead back from the radiator and bonnet. The hinged tops of the bonnet are locked to the sides by a key, and there are practically no running boards.

The chassis retains the Ford transverse leaf spring suspension, assisted by double-acting adjustable hydraulic shock absorbers. The three-speed gearbox has a silent second and synchronising mechanism between second and top which ensures a smooth and quiet change up under difficult conditions.

The car weighs under 14¾ cwt., a noteworthy achievement in view of its passenger and luggage carrying capacity, and its turning circle is 33ft.

Having a very extensive experience of previous models of the Ford Eight, I should expect the Anglia to cruise comfortably at 44–48 m.p.h., with a maximum speed of over 55 m.p.h. Its fuel consumption should be 40 m.p.g., its oil consumption negligible for the duration of the war, and its tyre consumption, provided the recommended pressure of 30lb. per sq. in. is regularly maintained, anything up to 25,000 miles. These figures, converted into all-in running costs and spread over a mileage of 25,000–30,000 a year, in peace-time, gave a figure of approximately one penny per mile. W.G.M.

MOTORING STILL GOES ON—WOLSELEY TENS ROLLING OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINES AT THE WORKS

Many are destined for abroad, while doctors and business representatives, and people who want smaller cars are still buying

BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE TRICKS

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

THE majority of bridge players are not interested in mathematics, for which they are not to be blamed, since mathematics is a dull subject, and, as I had occasion to remark in a previous article, bridge does not lend itself to bidding by rule of thumb. Still, it is essential for the bridge player to have some mathematical knowledge; for when there is no other guide as to the best bid or best play, the player must be guided by the Law of Chance.

It is of little value to the bridge player to know that the odds against a hand containing all four Aces (or, if it comes to that, any four stated cards) are about 378 to 1. But it is of importance for the bridge player to know that if he holds A, K, Q, of a suit then, against an adverse trump declaration, it is an even chance that the third round will be ruffed and that therefore the A, K, Q, combination can only be considered as worth two-and-a-half tricks in defence.

Given the same conditions, the combination of A, K, Q, x, will have its third round ruffed 65 in 100 times, so that for all practical purposes its value in defence can be counted as no more than two tricks.

And so it goes on. The more cards in a suit the more likely are the adversaries to be able to ruff it; and with a suit of seven cards headed by Ace and King it is three to two against the suit "going round" twice, and such a suit, therefore, can only be reckoned as having one defensive trick in it.

These defensive tricks are sometimes known as honour tricks, sometimes as quick tricks, and sometimes as sure tricks; and in most text books the table of defensive tricks fails to take into consideration the length of the suit. Yet it is important that this should be done; for A, K, x, x, x, is worth only one-and-a-half tricks in defence, and not two tricks, as most text books would have us believe.

To value the hand in defence, therefore, I recommend the following table:—

A, K, Q	2½ tricks
A, K, Q, x A, K A, K, x A, K, x, x	2 tricks
A, K, Q, x, x A, K, x, x, x A, Q, x, x, x, or less	1½ tricks
A, K, Q, x, x, x A, K, Q, x, x, x, x A, K, x, x, x A, K, x, x, x, x, x A, Q, x, x, x, x A, Q, x, x, x, x, x A, x, x, x, x, x, x, x, or less K, Q, x, x, x, x, x, or less	1 trick
K, x, x, x, x, x, x, or less	½ trick

If this table is used, the opening bid may be made with two defensive tricks in the hand, not with two-and-a-half tricks, as is necessary if the Culbertson Honour Trick Table is used. Thus, in practice, my table is far more flexible than the more usual Honour Trick Table, since it permits of an opening bid of "One Spade" with such a hand as:—

♠ A, J, 10, x, x. ♡ A, x, x, x. ♢ x, x. ♣ x, x.

A bid which is debarred to those using the Honour Trick Table, since the hand does not contain two-and-a-half honour tricks. And although a player using the Honour Trick Table might stretch a point and bid "One Spade," on the strength of the J, 10 of Spades (J, x, is a plus value and two plus values are reckoned as half an honour trick), certainly he would not do so holding:—

♠ K, Q, x, x, x. ♡ K, Q, x, x. ♢ x, x. ♣ x, x.

Yet "One Spade" is a sound opening bid: for the hand is even stronger than the previous example, since an Ace can take only one trick, whereas the K, Q, combination will always take one trick and may take two tricks. Thus, the above hand is always worth two tricks and may be worth four tricks.

And, of course as always, the player is expected to use his common-sense in the application of the table. According to a strict interpretation of the table the following hand is worth an opening bid of "One Spade," since it contains two defensive tricks:—

♠ K, x, x, x, x. ♡ K, x, x. ♢ K, x, x. ♣ K, x.

But an opening bid of "One Spade" would be ill-advised; for although the hand may take four tricks and may take none, and on average will take two tricks, common-sense tells us that it is never wise to open the bidding unless holding at least one Ace or a K, Q, combination.

Mathematics, then, can be of help to the bridge player, always provided that it is subordinated to common-sense and applied with intelligence; and, indeed, it is not untrue to say that mathematical fact is the foundation of sound bridge.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ 6, 4, 2 ♡ 7 ♢ 2 ♣ A, K, 10	
♠ 5 ♡ J, 4 ♢ 9, 8, 5, 4, 3 ♣ none	Y A B Z	♠ 10, 8 ♡ K, Q, 6 ♢ Q, 7 ♣ J
	♠ none ♡ A, 10, 2 ♢ A, K, 10, 6 ♣ Q	

Clubs are trumps. Y has the lead. Z and Y to win all eight tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Z wins the first trick with K♡. Z wins the second and third tricks with A♣ and K♣. To the fourth trick Z leads the Q♠, won by B.

VARIATION I.

B		Z		A		Y
8♠	..	2♣	..	3♠	..	6♠
9♠	..	Q♣	..	4♠	..	9♣
10♠	..	J♣	..	4♡	..	3♢
J♠	..	8♣	..	7♢	..	4♢

If A discards a ♡ he establishes Y's three ♡.

2♢	..	2♡	..	8♡	..	Q♡

Y leads A♡ and B is squeezed: for if he discards the A♠, Y's 7♠ becomes a winner, and if he discards a ♢ he establishes Z's three ♢.

VARIATION II.

B		Z		A		Y
J♢	..	K♢	..	7♢	..	3♢
8♠	..	Q♣	..	3♠	..	9♣
9♠	..	J♣	..	4♠	..	4♢
10♠	..	8♣	..	4♡	..	6♠
J♠	..	2♣	..	8♢	..	7♡

If A discards a ♡ he establishes Y's three ♡.

2♢	..	2♡	..	8♡	..	Q♡

Y leads A♡ and B is squeezed as in Variation I.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN LONDON

A game from the second round of the recent tournament at the City and National Chess Club.

(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. Dr. H. G. Sefenk.	WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. Dr. H. G. Sefenk.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3	18. B to Q 3	B takes Kt
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	19. P takes B	Kt to Q 4
3. Kt to Q B 3	P takes P	20. B to Q 2	P to B 4 (h)
4. P to B 3 (a)	P to K 6 (b)	21. K R to Kt sq	P takes P (i)
5. B takes P	B to B 4 (c)	22. P takes P	Kt to B 5 (j)
6. Q to Q 2	P to K 3	23. B takes Kt	Q takes B, ch
7. K Kt to K 2	Kt to B 3	24. K to Kt sq	P to K Kt 4 (k)
8. P to K Kt 4 (d)	B to Kt 3	25. P takes P	P takes P
9. P to K R 4	P to K R 3 (e)	26. Q takes P, ch	Q takes Q
10. Kt to B 4	B to R 2	27. K takes Q	Kt to B 4
11. P to Kt 5	Kt to Kt sq (f)	28. R to Kt 7	Kt to K 2
12. P to Kt 6	B takes P	29. R to K sq	R to R 3
13. Kt takes B	P takes Kt (g)	30. P to Q 5	K to Q 2
14. B to Q 3	Q to B 3	31. P takes P, ch	K to Q 3
15. Q to Kt 2	B to Kt 5 (q)	32. R to Q sq	Kt to B 3 (l)
16. B takes P, ch	K to Q sq	33. P to K 7 (m)	Resigns.
17. Castles (Q R)	Kt to K 2		

(a) A gambit favoured by Milner-Barry.
(b) This move is inferior to P to K 4.
(c) This turns out badly (see moves 8 to 13 inclusive).
(d) Beginning an attack which he conducts in fine style.
(e) If 9. . . . P to K R 4, then 10. Kt to B 4, P takes P; 11. Kt takes R, P takes Kt; 12. B to Q 3, K to B 2; 13. P takes P, Kt takes P; 14. B to K Kt 5, Kt to B 3; 15. R to K Kt sq, recovering the pawn with much the better game.
(f) If 11. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 12. Q Kt takes Kt, K P takes Kt; 13. P to Kt 6, B takes P; 14. Kt takes R, P takes Kt; 15. B to Q 3 with a splendid game for White who will soon win the pawn at Black's K Kt 3.
(g) Not Kt to K 2 because of Kt to K 4 which leads to the gain of Black's Queen.
(h) It cannot be good for Black to open up the game while his King is so badly placed.
(i) If R to Kt sq, then B to R 7.
(j) If 22. . . . Q takes Q P, then 23. Q takes P, Q takes Q; 24. R takes Q followed by P to Q B 4.
(k) The pawn cannot be defended. If R to Kt sq, then B to R 7.
(l) Not K takes P (because of R to K sq, ch) and not R takes P (because of B to B 4, ch).
(m) Threatening B to Kt 6, ch. If now 33. . . . Kt takes P, then 34. B to B sq, ch, K to K 3; 35. R to K sq, ch and wins.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A good game by the world's champion.

(English Opening.)

WHITE. M. Czernlak. (Palestine.)	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine. (France.)	WHITE. M. Czernlak. (Palestine.)	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine. (France.)
1. P to Q B 4	Kt to K B 3	27. P to R 2 (k)	P takes B
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to K 4	28. P takes B	Kt to B 3
3. P to K Kt 3	P to Q 4	29. P to Q Kt 5 (l)	Q to K 2 (m)
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	30. Q to Kt 4 (n)	Kt to Q 2
5. B to Kt 2	Kt to Kt 3 (a)	31. Q takes P (o)	Kt takes Kt
6. Kt to B 3 (b)	Kt to B 3	32. Q takes P	R to Q sq
7. Castles	B to K 2	33. Q to B 3	R takes P
8. P to Q 3	Castles	34. P takes R	Q takes R, ch
9. B to K 3	P to B 4 (c)	35. K takes P	Q to K 2
10. Kt to Q R 4 (d)	P to B 5	36. P to Q 4	Kt to K 5
11. B to B 5	B to Kt 5	37. Q to K 3 (p)	Q to K sq
12. R to B sq	B to Q 3	38. P to B 3	Kt to B 3
13. R to K sq	Q to K 2	39. Q to K 5	K to Kt sq
14. Kt to Q 2	K to R sq (e)	40. P to Kt 5	Q takes Q
15. Kt to K 4 (f)	B takes B	41. P takes Q	Kt to Q 4
16. Q Kt takes B	Kt to Q 5 (g)	42. P to B 4	Kt to B 6
17. Kt to Kt 5	P to B 3 (h)	43. K to B 3	Kt takes R P
18. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	44. P to B 5	Kt to B 6
19. Q to Q 2	Kt to Q 4	45. P to Q Kt 6	P to Q R 4
20. R to B 4	Q to K 4	46. K to K 3	Kt to Q 4, ch
21. P to Kt 4	Q R to Q sq	47. K to Q 4	Kt takes P
22. Q to Kt 2	Kt to Kt 3	48. P to K 6	P to R 5
23. R to B 5	R to Q 4	49. P to B 6	P takes P
24. Q to R 3	Kt to Q 2	50. P takes P	P to R 6
25. R takes R (i)	P takes R	Resigns.	
26. Kt to B 5	P to B 6 (j)		

(a) An important move. It prevents P to Q 4.
(b) White is playing the Dragon variation of the Sicilian Defence with a move in hand.
(c) More attacking than the usual move, B to K Kt 5.
(d) Not 10. P to Q 4 because of 10. . . . P to B 5 followed, if 11. B to B sq, by 11. . . . K P takes P; 12. Kt to Q Kt 5, P takes P; 13. R P takes P, B to B 3, winning a pawn.
(e) If 14. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 15. Q takes Kt, B takes B; 16. Q to B 4, ch followed by 17. Q takes B with advantage to White.
(f) White can win a pawn by 15. B takes B, P takes B; 16. B takes Kt, P takes B; 17. R takes P but only at the cost of seriously weakening his King's side position.
(g) Threatening B takes P followed by P to B 6.
(h) Not 17. . . . B takes P; 18. R takes B, P to B 6 because of 19. Kt takes Kt which wins two pieces for a Rook.
(i) Not good. He should, instead, play Q R to B sq.
(j) A very good move.
(k) If 27. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 28. P to Kt 5, then 28. . . . K to Kt sq.
(l) If 29. K takes P, then 29. . . . Kt takes P; 30. P to B 3, Kt to K 6, ch; 31. K to B 2, Kt to B 7 and wins.
(m) Not Kt takes P because of Kt to Q 7.
(n) If, instead, Q takes P, then Kt takes P with a winning attack.
(o) If Kt to R 6, then Q to B 3 and wins.
(p) Threatening P to B 3.

EUWE v. KERES

A match of 14 games between Dr. M. Euwe (Holland) and P. Keres (Estonia) was played recently in Holland. Keres, who had white in the even-numbered games, won the 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th; Dr. Euwe the 3rd, 4th, 7th, 11th and 14th. The others were drawn. Keres thus won the match by 7½ points to 6½. We understand that a return match is to be played next year.

PROBLEM No 4052

By W. KOSLOWSKI.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at Q R 8, Queen at K Kt 7, Rooks at K 4 and K B 5, Bishops at Q 7 and Q 8.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at Q R 3, Bishop at Q B 5, Knights at Q B 7 and Q R 8, Pawns at K B 2, K 3, Q 4, Q Kt 6 and Q R 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Die Schwalbe*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4051

1. B to B 4. Any move; 2. Q, R, B or P mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 554

ACROSS.—1, Tom's nap has been disturbed (7). 5, Disorder in the kitchen (7). 9, "For now sits Expectation in the ——" (*Henry V*) (3). 10, Useful things to know (5). 11, They are sometimes tickled to death (5). 12, The list after revision (7). 13, If you want this, you must take it out of gravity (5). 15, When Nathan Kidd asks me to play baccarat I only play for small stakes (hidden) (5). 17, Sometimes offered to a person absorbed in thought (5). 20, Recant (anag.) (6). 22, Ladies at sixes and sevens (6). 24, Nimble (5). 25, Performance by a little devil? (6). 26, Sarked (6). 28, Let them endeavour to do it: the effort should do them everyone a world of good (hidden) (5). 31, To say that he likes a drop is putting it mildly (5). 34, Branch establishments, perhaps (5). 36, Clear it (anag.) (7). 37, Customary (5). 38, Long narrow view (5). 39, Part of Korea (3). 40, Attempted (7). 41, A man who made a bit (7).

DOWN.—1, A model of excellence (7). 2, A pigment (5). 3, Covered with water vapour (5). 4, Perhaps an oyster (6). 5, "Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, Or hear old —— blow his wreathèd horn" (Wordsworth) (6). 6, To be found in the hinterland (5). 7, This instrument of torture means nothing to a Yorkshireman (5). 8, Byron called Greece the Niobe of these (7). 14, Contaminate (7). 16, One name for a plant (7). 17, Talk too much and confuse father (5). 18, An unpleasant feature of modern life (5). 19, Output (5). 21, "The lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf Round the —— tree bole are in tiny leaf" (Browning) (3). 23, Alien lacking 26 (3). 25, Untried (anag.) (7). 27, Bunyan's Giant (7). 29, Orderliness (6). 30, Metal not worth much in U.S.A. (6). 32, Prizes in life (5). 33, Chaff (5). 34, The raven said more more than this (5). 35, U.S.A. between two poles (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 553

Published January 27th

T	W	E	L	F	T	H	■	B	■	B	■	I	■	■
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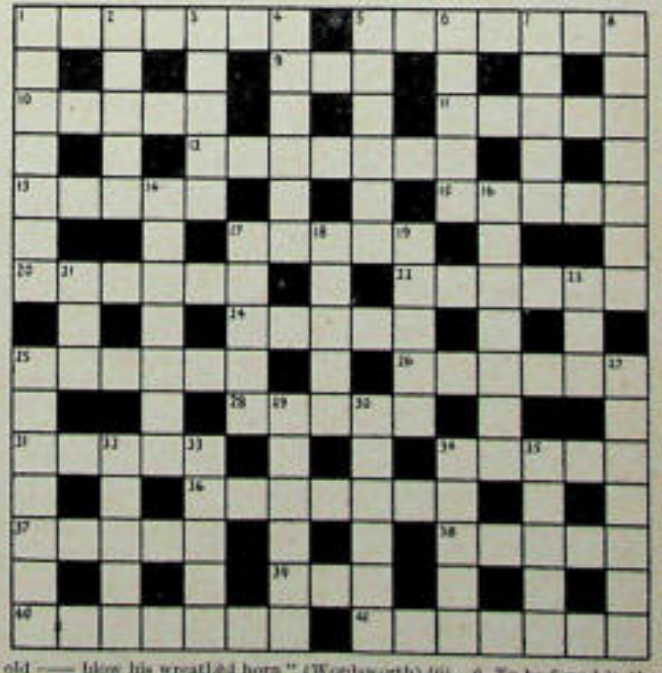

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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

Weeds and Fish.—Carp eat a little weed but no fish will keep down prolific growth. A pair of swans on the water are the best for large weed growing from the bottom. The floating scum can be treated with chemicals (copper sulphate) but it requires care in application.—*C. A.*

Ridding Pond of Weed.—We imagine that your trouble is either American pond weed or the broad leaved pond weed. Both grow strongly and are checked, but not killed, by repeated cutting. Sodium chlorate or copper sulphate would kill them, if used in proper strength, but it would also kill fish and all marine life as well; and take some time to get clear. Some people find the dragging of a heavy chain along the bed more effective than cutting, as it pulls out some of the roots. The only effective remedy is to drain out the water and dig out mud roots and all by hand or mechanical excavator. As an alternative it might be possible to increase the height of the water by raising the lower dam. Nothing under 2ft. would be likely to succeed and even then if the growth is really strong the plants may be capable of producing the extra length of stem.—*S. C. H., Dursley.*

Garden

Keeping Down Grass.—Six geese would keep down the grass in a field about 1 acre in size, but the field would have to be mown first as geese will not eat tall grass.—*L. N., Herts.*

Greenhouse Cultivation.—A good practical book on cool greenhouse cultivation of plants is *The Cool Greenhouse*, by L. N. Sutton, published by Messrs. Putnam & Co., Ltd.—*P. B., Lincoln.*

Killing Slugs.—The bran and methylated spirit method is excellent. To a handful of bran allow a teaspoonful of the spirit, or if you are using the solidified form one tablet of Meta well powdered. Scatter around the plants most likely to be attacked. Numerous slugs will be found dead next morning. We consider the solidified spirit to be the more effective.—*A. L., Staffs.*

Hunting

Whip or Crop?—A crop cannot technically become a whip until a thong and lash are attached to it. It is, therefore, incorrect to call a hunting whip a hunting crop.—*E. C., Yorks.*

A Chemical Drag.—The best drag you can make up is half tincture of myrrh and half oil of rhodium; a chemist will make it up for you. It is a natural drag which hounds or dogs will hunt readily, without becoming too "flashy," and is believed to be the famous "Gilbards Mixture."—*D. H., Gloucester.*

Otterhunting in Ireland.—As you have been asked to start a pack of otterhounds in Ireland you should at least experience no difficulty as regards the size of the field or financial support. Your chief problems will be hounds, kennels and a knowledge of the rivers you propose to hunt from the otterhunting point of view. We presume you can arrange for suitable buildings for kennels, and you will find that kennel management is not very different from other types. For the size of your country we think 10 to 12 couples of hounds would be suitable. You should get into touch with packs of foxhounds in Ireland or over here, and discover whether they wish to draft any hounds for size, etc. Foxhounds and staghounds enter to otter with amazing speed and success in nearly every case, but you should make an effort to get a few couples of pure bred hounds as they can hunt easily where a foxhound is often baffled. We would suggest a letter to the Dumfries or Kendal and District Kennels. There is much more in hunting otters than is generally supposed, but as you have studied foxhounds working for so long you should experience no difficulty if you know the rivers. By this we mean holts, currents, shallows, the effect of rain on different stretches, and so forth. You will also find it useful to be on the best of terms with all local fishermen and riparian owners. You will find a great deal of help in the section on otterhunting written by L. C. Cameron in the Lonsdale Series, and also *Hunting the Otter*, by Richard Clapham. This, with your other source of information, should at least enable you to start. We wish you success and should be glad to help you further in any way.—*A. S., Co. Tipperary.*

Kennel

Labrador Barking.—It is strange that your dog should change his habits suddenly. It is possible that the cold weather prevents him resting, or it may be that he is merely in need of company. You can do nothing beyond reproving him when he yaps or taking him indoors. Would it be inconvenient to do that?—*R. A. S., Yorks.*

Clumber Spaniel.—Your Clumber bitch comes from a first-class strain and should breed you something good if properly mated. Cannot the lady from whom you bought her suggest a suitable sire? Knowing the pedigree as she does, she should be able to advise as to the best dog. You might try Mrs. Stonhouse Williams, The Glen Kennels, near Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton. Most of the other breeders are some distance from you, but we shall be pleased to let you have their addresses if required.—*G. E. R., Newton Abbot.*

Tuition.—You really want to go to a place in which veterinary instruction is given, and it is difficult to mention one within easy reach of your home. Mrs. Gray, Gadbrook House, Betchworth, has had a wide experience of breeding and rearing if you could persuade her to give you some lessons. The Bellmead Training School, Haslemere, Surrey, would be ideal for your purpose if it were not for the distance.—*J. C., Redhill.*

Treatment of Bull Terrier.—Bull terriers are delightful companions if well trained. Yours may be treated in the same way as any of the hardy breeds. Feed on scraps of meat offal, which may usually be had cheaply from a butcher, and good biscuits or meals. It is better not to cook the meat or soak the biscuits. You would probably be able to get enough pieces from your cook. You must judge the quantity by the condition of the animal. He should not be allowed to get fat. One meal a day—any time between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m.—is sufficient, but there is no harm in a morning snack if he has been in the habit of receiving one. It would be better for him to sleep indoors or in a warm outhouse. A good-sized box containing straw would make him comfortable. *The Bull Terrier*, price 6/-, post free, from Our Dogs, Oxford Road, Station Approach, Manchester, would give you fuller advice.—*W. de F., Grantham.*

Naturalist

Great or Common Snipe.—The bird sent for identification was a common snipe. While it is almost invariable that the great snipe has sixteen tail feathers, the common snipe may have as few as fourteen or as many as twenty, though perhaps over sixteen is unusual.—*G. B., Leicester.*

Peacock Butterfly in Winter.—The Peacock butterfly is a winter hibernator, as a general rule going into seclusion at the end of September and waking up again at the end of March or beginning of April. Sometimes they are disturbed during the winter, and may then be seen flying about.—*W. M., Devon.*

Cartridge Tests

The grey cartridges you submit are certainly well up to standard, and should prove satisfactory at all normal ranges. Velocity averaged 1,082 feet per second with medium recoil, patterns (30in. circle 40 yards choke barrel) were even and averaged 67 per cent. Loading has apparently been carefully carried out, and there appears to be no cause for complaint.—*Forrest, Kelso.*

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.

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name)_____

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed)_____

Address_____

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Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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THE LEADING LADY OWNER

A recent photograph of Miss Dorothy Paget, taken with Mrs. I. Robbins and Mr. R. H. Walker. In the Lincolnshire Handicap Miss Paget has entered Colonel Payne (8st. 9lb.) and Walter Merry (7st. 7lb.), the only three-year-old in the race. Her Kilstar now carries 11st. in the Grand National, as opposed to 10st. 3lb. when he finished third behind Workman and MacMoffat, and another of her entries is Le Cygne, which she purchased from Lieutenant-Colonel S. S. Hill-Dillon.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - 201
THE FUTURE OF SPORT? - 205
MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING—I - 206
FLAT RACING PROSPECTS - 208
STEEPLECHASERS AT EXERCISE - 209
SOME OUTSTANDING SHIKARIS - 210
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - 211
HAUNTS THAT CALL US BACK - 212
A DOG'S DINNER - 212
CARVED WINDOW SILLS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY - 213
A CREED OF BIRD WATCHING - 214
IN BETWEEN AND DURING A COLD SPELL - 215
RABBITS, PURSE NETS AND FERRETS - 216
THAT SPORTING FISH THE BLACK BASS - 218
WILDFOWL ON INLAND MARSHES - 219
FOXES AT THE ZOO - 220
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - 220
IN THE CITY - 220
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - 221
A WOODCOCK FAMILY - 225
GOLFING SHOTS—FAMOUS AND OTHERWISE - 226
HELLEBORES TO BRIGHTEN THE BLEAK WEEKS - 227
SEEDS WASTED IN THE SOWING - 227
THE PIG INDUSTRY IN 1939 - 228
"IMPOVERISHING THE BEST SOILS!" - 230
THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF CAROTENE - 230
AGRICULTURE AND THE 20's - 231
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - 231
SHEEP BELLS - 232
RURAL WINDOWS - 232
THE POWER-ASSISTED BICYCLE - 233
KASBAHS OF THE GRAND ATLAS - 234
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - 235
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - 236

THE VALUE OF ALLOTMENTS

IT may be that many readers did not hear the statement recently made by Sir John Orr over the wireless with regard to the value of the potato as an article of food. According to him we could almost exist on this common vegetable, which has suffered so much in the past from very severe criticism with reference to its effects on the figures of the gentle sex. It may well be that it is now coming back into its own as a food which, according to this great dietitian, would hardly need the addition of either butter or bacon. Whatever may be the final result of the vacillations of scientific writers, it is now quite plain that it is important for us to do all we can to increase the production not only of potatoes, but of all other vegetables.

The Government is fully alive to the necessity of encouraging land cultivation by many of those—a very large proportion of our population—who usually think themselves out of the running for gardens. It is quite within the bounds of possibility to secure many more allotments, and local bodies are now instructed to take the required measures to secure land. Anyone who goes about with an eye for spare bits of cultivatable land will be surprised to find how much there is lying unused, ready for the spade.

The Society of Friends and the Central Allotments Committee have recently issued their report—one which contains in its eleven short pages a great deal of information with regard to this valuable effort, an effort which should now receive all possible public support so that it may enlarge its activities and enable the unemployed to grow more food. To have brought 102,895 unemployed people together into groups under 2,622 hard-working secretaries, many of them unemployed themselves, and to have drawn from the pennies and twopences of these men and women the large amount of £22,255 is a magnificent achievement. It is no wonder that the Government was willing to give £9,122 to double the public subscriptions of that amount, so that the provision of some £600,000 of fresh food was secured.

Such are some of the figures for last season. What about the coming year? It is surely essential that this well-run scheme should not only be kept in being, but should be encouraged by public moneys to enlarge its scope.

There are many elderly unemployed men who will never be wanted in the rush of machinery, but who can well do their bit on the land. At the present time there are various ways of helping in this most necessary form of National service. Funds are required to purchase the seeds, tools, fertilizers and so forth at wholesale prices so that they can be distributed to the unemployed at about half that cost. Then local bodies should be urged to make use of their powers to secure land. And much help can be given by letting unemployed men and women know of this scheme by the distribution of leaflets which can be obtained, free, from the Allotments Committee, Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, or from the National Allotments Society, Drayton House, Gordon Street, W.C.1.

We would like again to stress the great National importance of allotments, and particularly in connection with the unemployed. We feel sure that many *Field* readers will want to help.

PHEASANT FOR THE POT

AN Order in Council has been made extending the pheasant shooting season for an extra month until March 1st. The number of pheasants left over this year is exceptionally large owing to the severity of the winter and to the curtailment of a number of shoots since the outbreak of war. And it was feared that considerable losses to farmers might have resulted between now and the spring following the shortage of natural food for the birds, who have anyway a leaning towards cereals. The measure has, therefore, had a warm welcome as being of use both to farmers and the country generally. Perhaps that is so. Natural food being short, and few people being able to afford feeding, it is perhaps as well to shoot the birds. But has any thought been paid to next season? Or does next season not matter? And are we, with the extended season and presumably many more birds on the market, to see a considerable reduction in the price of pheasants, a reduction that will bring them within the compass of the pockets of those who normally know not the pheasant as food?

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 236.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

THE GREY SQUIRREL SEASON

Now is the time to wage war on the grey squirrel, a pest that does a great deal of damage. The Ministry of Agriculture has sponsored a shoot the pigeons campaign, which is meeting with much success, but it would be a great pity if, in the midst of all the various strains and stresses of these troublous times, the grey squirrel were forgotten. Shooting men can get a great deal of fun out of dealing with him—and he is not an easy beast to shoot—and might well devote some of their energies in this direction. In helping to rid the country of an animal in whose favour it is difficult to say anything at all, they will be doing work of—to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase—national importance.

WAR-TIME 'VARSITY CONTESTS

The arrangement of war-time sporting fixtures between Oxford and Cambridge Universities is to be welcomed and encouraged. The success of the Rugby and Association football matches played last term showed that such fixtures are practicable even with limited material for team building. A return Rugby match is shortly to be played and arrangements are being made for other events, including a boat race, an athletic contest and a hockey match. Great care has been taken to keep these emergency fixtures out of the official record books of 'Varsity contests. The teams play under the names and in the colours of University clubs and, of course, no blues are awarded. In so far as the normal life of the Universities has been disrupted, these fixtures obviously cannot be regarded in the same light as peace-time 'Varsity contests. Yet they represent as far as possible the sporting talent of the Universities for the time being and there is surely a reasonable case for preserving some record of them among the regular 'Varsity contests and for awarding some distinction to those who take part in them. Why should not the teams be called plainly Oxford and Cambridge and the fixtures recorded as war-time matches?

GOOD RABBITING WEATHER

February is usually a popular month for ferreting, though in a mild open winter there are often disadvantages. For rabbits will have started serious breeding in many buries, more particularly where they have not been disturbed in the deeper holes. Of course, wherever possible, all buries should be worked with ferrets at least once in the earlier part of the winter. But on a large busy shooting estate there is not always time to do this. This season, with depleted keepering staffs, there must be many buries that have not yet been explored by ferrets. But thanks to the cold weather it is unlikely that many stops will be found for some weeks yet and good sport should be enjoyed all this month and well into March. What is more, dead rabbits should keep in good condition during any delays between the estate and the final market. There is actually no time during the complete cycle of the year when rabbits do not breed, should circumstances prove favourable. Stops have been dug out, for instance, in November and December. But the harder the winter, the less chance there is for it. When snow is on the ground, there is plenty of fun to be had by a solitary shooter in tracking rabbits to the smaller buries and ferreting them single-handed.

FLIGHTING

Gone are those days when we crouched in the rushes,
  Waiting the flight of the duck to the jheel,
The little black specks where the afterglow flushes,
  The rush of the mallard and pochard and teal.

Now in the darkness we still crouch and listen,
  Watching the clouds, intermittently lit
By lattice-work beams which may suddenly glisten
  On swift bombing Heinkel or sleek Messerschmidt.

Here then's a toast to the duck, "Happy landing!
  "Peace to you, mallard and pochard and teal,
"While at the ready the gunners are standing
  "Awaiting the flights that are feathered in steel!"

J. D. SCALE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

TO my mind, one of the most discouraging elements in the present decadence of European civilisation is the extraordinary futility of the intellectual. I could give many examples, but here I shall confine myself to one, the opinions of Mr. C. E. M. Joad, that beacon of modern mentality, about the countryman. In a book published last year—*Guide to Modern Wickedness*—he professes caustic views about the brutishness of country people, and the point he is making is their insensibility to "the perception and pursuit of values." The average peasant living under the influences of nature is, he says, notorious for "surliness, cruelty, selfishness, greed and predatoriness." And the reason? Because he is "dulled and brutalised by hard and unremitting labour."

And if the peasant is not a fair example, take the farmer. Is he any better than the peasant? He is "cunning and cruel and infinitely grasping"; he "prays for war" because war will put the prices up and give him importance in the eyes of others; he is the most philistine of men—he longs for motor roads and "welcomes the activities of the Forestry Commission." He too is "grasping, selfish, malicious, predatory."

As an excuse for such petulant nonsense it should be pointed out that Mr. Joad is a townsman who takes occasional holidays in the country. He knows, that is to say, just about as much about the country as the holiday-maker from the city who looks upon country scenes with precisely the same eyes as upon a travel film at the cinema. Of the lives and works of the people who in conjunction with nature have made those scenes he knows (and cares) as little as he does about the characters, difficulties, failures and achievements of the living people he sees represented on the film. And so Mr. Joad. His fallacious prejudices are the result of ignorance, an ignorance that should have cautioned him, as an expert in mental processes and reactions, to avoid high-flown generalisations. But he knows that farmers and peasants are rarely writers, and that his readers will be almost all of them townsfolk, and so he is able to get away with such crude misconceptions with little fear of criticism.

I have no intention of wasting my time in controverting them, but there are two comments to be made which go far beyond Mr. Joad's abusive ones. That remark about the peasant's "hard and unremitting labour." Yes, it is so, but what Mr. Joad's lack of knowledge prevents him from grasping is that the peasant's toil is always varied and always interesting because he is in profound touch with the mysteries, the variables, the multiformity and the infinite differences within an orderly rhythm and pattern of the earth's life. Compare *that* labour with the irresponsible automatic drudgery of the machine-minder in the factory! Is he or the peasant likely to be "dulled and brutalised" by the nature of his environment? Then that bit about the farmers. The type whom Mr. Joad is describing is not the farmer whose husbandry used to be and still is to a certain extent a mode of life, but the business man who is solely concerned with the making of profits, the type who has come under the pressure of modern commerce and urban economics.

In another part of the book Mr. Joad turns his attention to the dullness of the countryman from another aspect. "I doubt," he says, "if there are many human beings anywhere to be found more dead to beauty, more callous to suffering, and lewder in a furtive, unimaginative way, than the average country lout." And the reason why the countryman is "an uncomprehending clod" is because "the senses become dulled with familiarity."

Now what Mr. Joad really means is that *his* "senses become dulled by familiarity," since he explicitly says so himself. He describes how he gets down at a wayside station and is stirred by the spectacle of the fresh green country all about him. But after a time "one ceases even to see it." In other words, Mr. Joad has transferred his own superficialities of impression into a general charge against a company of men of whom he knows nothing, nothing whatever. It has never entered his mind that these vicious, insensitive oafs have *made* the England he is good enough to admire and to patronise when he leaves his intellectual pursuits in the city. They have *made* the beauty that only Mr. Joad is capable of appreciating, but to which they, the clods, are indifferent. It was the countryman who made the unique beauty of England which the town has all but destroyed, and out of the town comes this Mr. Joad to give us his views about values and beauty and human character. How dearly I should like to set Mr. Joad thatching a wheat-rick!

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF SPORT?

I WAS lunching a day or two ago with the secretary of a small, but in many ways historic, pack of hounds in the north of England. He gave it as his considered opinion that this war would see the end of sport in this country as we know it, and for hunting in particular. With this I am not altogether disposed to agree. In no country yet has war ever killed the traditional sports of the people—not killed them dead. Sport continued in France after the French Revolution. In different forms it is being revived in Russia. It survived the last war in Germany. It survived the last war in Great Britain. I deduce therefore that sport in some form will go on if we win the war and find ourselves impoverished, if we lose the war, or if the European world goes communist. There will of course be changes, and they will be far more drastic if the last two alternatives happen than the first. And let me hasten to add it is the first that I expect.

Let us first turn to our two most characteristic forms of sport—racing and hunting. Racing is a national industry, and there are undoubtedly a number of persons who make a good living out of breeding thoroughbreds. For this reason alone racing will go on. Moreover it is a national pastime, for the poor just as much as the rich. It will continue to satisfy their demands. There is a knowledge of blood stock in this country which in aggregate is so great as to make it almost impossible for the centre of the horse breeding axis to move elsewhere. It is like the City of London—it is a world reputation.

Hunting is rather different. It employs a lot of labour, but not much more than if a proletarian government decreed that the same number of horses were to be kept for hacking. It is almost entirely an affair for the well-to-do, though I have always had a sneaking feeling that without bunches of Parma violets and shiny top hats it could be popularised to some extent. Foxhunting is expensive. It seems to me that a number of the smaller packs will cease to hunt entirely if the war is a long one, and that they will in some cases disappear for good. Others of them may be revived in a much simpler form in years to come, as hunting is carried on in parts of Wales and Ireland. (I am not one of those who think that without foxhunting foxes will be exterminated.) In the richer and often more historic countries I think foxhunting will pull through and go on as before. I do not think it will be shorn of its historic trappings. I have definitely come to the conclusion in the last three months that Englishmen like to get into the uniform of the occasion!

Now let us turn to fishing. It is the most ancient of all sports, and the one most likely to endure. As far as I know it has never been assailed by the anti-everything brigade. Fishing will surely go on even if the high rents paid will be a thing of the past.

Next comes shooting. As regards shot gun shooting it will obviously continue in some form or other till we are all compulsory vegetarians. But personally I think shot gun shooting will be carried on in a much reduced form. Many acres of indifferent moorland will go completely under vermin, and the same will apply to the lesser partridge manors. But the good game country will carry on, though I believe that this war will reduce the amount of hand-rearing that is to be done in future. As regards shooting with the rifle I think it is going to be difficult to carry on with deer-stalking. I feel the lesser forests will gradually fade out. But one can only hope the big ones will carry on. Big game shooting will I fear gradually give way to the camera, though I think it will last out my own time. On the other hand I have a hope that this war, unlike the last, may make people more robust and a bit less "pansy."

Next comes polo, though it is rather more of a game than a sport. Yet it is very closely allied to equine sports. I do not think polo will die out, because the urge to the horse will continue till that animal becomes extinct, and I think that polo in some form or other may last longer than foxhunting. But the immediate post-war future of polo seems to me to be rather dark, especially of polo in terms of the Champion Cup. I very much doubt if there will even be any more polo in terms of the Westchester Cup. I shall always be grateful for the memory of Tommy Hitchcock rising to the heights of his splendid best in the fifth and sixth chukkers of the second 1939 game. I feel it is the last I shall see.

The obvious retort that anybody would make to all this comparative optimism is that these things cost money, and where is the money to come from at the end of a three years' war which began with a 7/6 income tax? The sports concerned will sink or rise to the prevailing money level, like everything else, and will be able to continue though possibly on very different lines. I base this assumption largely on the fact already mentioned that sport continued in Germany after the inflation, when the country was absolutely bankrupt. (I believe it still is!)

No, it is not there that I see the danger. It has always been my view that a day may come when a cranky and faddist House of Commons may slip through a Bill forbidding killing for sport, or the preserving of birds and beasts for sport. The House of Lords, if it then existed, might have its powers so curtailed as to be unable to stand up to "the will of the people." The majority of the people of these islands probably wish hunting and shooting to go on. But comparatively few of the city voters are in any way afflicted by sport as such, and would not raise many fingers to keep it going though they have no objection to it. Why should they? Moreover there are at least two great national dailies who are definitely anti-sport, and whose colossal circulation cannot be without their effect.

It is useless to preach to the converted. We must make converts. If your local member appears to wobble threaten him on an unstamped post-card with the immediate withdrawal of your suffrage, and try and get everybody else you know to do likewise. It is in those directions that I fear trouble. Apart from that I think there is a chance for sport provided sportsmen adapt themselves to changed conditions. I remain an optimist. It is really the only thing to do.

M. T. S.

ON THE RIVER SPEY NEAR BOAT OF GARTEN

MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING—I

By J. HUGHES PARRY

This is the first of a series of talks on modern methods of catching salmon with fly, minnow, plug, prawn, shrimp and worm. In this article the author discusses the choice of flies.

THE methods of catching salmon and the tackle used for doing so has so altered, and is changing so fast every year, that it is hard to write of any up-to-date methods which may not almost be antiquated by the end of next season.

Nowadays a modern 14-ft. rod will throw as long a line as any of the old 18-ft. rods used to do, whether it be greenheart, split cane or steel, and can be used equally well for both greased-line or sunk fly fishing, the only thing necessary to have is two separate reels. It is advisable to have the reel tension on the sunk fly line at a pull of at least three-quarters of a pound, whilst that on the greased-line reel may be a little lighter.

When to use the sunk fly in preference to the greased-line fly is a matter in which it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule. Sometimes one will kill in preference to the other and vice-versa. But as a rule with the temperature of the water over 48 deg. Fahr., the greased-line fished with smaller and lighter dressed flies will be more successful, chiefly for the reason that most men who are partial to greased-line fishing generally use a lighter line, cast, and a smaller fly than the sunk line fisherman. Also a fly fished as near the surface of the water as possible seems with the higher temperature to be more attractive than a sunken fly.

This one fact stands out very clearly. The colder the water the deeper one wants to fish, the warmer the water the nearer the surface. Salmon seem very loth to come up to the surface when the temperature is under 40 deg. Fahr., and equally object to taking anything close to the bottom, except possibly a worm, when the temperature rises to over 55 deg. Fahr.

In the controversy amongst the different schools of fly fishermen, such as working a fly against not working one; or of drawing a fly across the current at high angles to the stream, against floating a fly down stream as nearly as possible with the eye of the fly facing one bank and the centre of the hook-shank the other, and carried by the current without any drag in an absolutely natural manner, one hears many heated arguments.

The latter way seems to be the object aimed at by all pukka greased-line experts, but all real practical anglers are well aware that it is with the salmon, and the salmon alone, that the final result rests, and if one particular method only is used, then likely enough a salmon willing to take a fly fished in a different method is missed. It always pays to try out all the different methods of fly fishing, and this can be done on the same day and in the same pools. Different portions of the same pools lend themselves to each special form of fly fishing; my own preference in fast running water is to fish with two flies about 2 ft. apart, and try to make the dropper leave a little > shaped wake as it is drawn across. On many rivers, especially in fast rocky pools this is the most deadly way to fly fish when the temperature is from 45 to 55 deg. Fahr. Salmon will often come at a fly so fished when they won't take the slightest notice of a fly fished down stream, and where, owing to the pace and roughness of the water, an orthodox greased-line fly would be utterly useless for the reason that it would be past a salmon before he had time to see it. But the theory of greased-line fishing is there all the same, the fly is broadside on to the current and not end on.

A 42½-POUNDER TAKEN BY SQUADRON-LEADER JOCELYN PFOULKES-JONES ON THE WELSH DEE

The choice of flies is legion, but this fact stands out clearly. One year a particular fly will kill extraordinarily well for a certain period; another year a fly of a different pattern. If you have a big run of fish up, and can find out the fly which that special run of fish prefer, then you can practically wipe them out by ringing the changes in different sizes and heaviness of dressing of that particular fly, always remembering the warmer the water the smaller sized fly and the nearer the surface it must be fished. But I should be very loth to keep changing the pattern of fly whilst that particular run of fish are still in the water.

When the river is low and fish are scarce and you know where a certain salmon lies, do not start at the head of the pool and let him see your fly approaching foot by foot, but throw it the first time at the most likely place just above where he lies, and after three or four casts, if he does not come, leave him alone and fish the rest of the pool. It is absolutely useless in low and clear water to keep on bothering a potted salmon and only spoils your chance later on of catching him with something else.

One of the most important of all modern instructions for fly fishing is the new synthetic gut, now known under many different names given it by separate tackle firms, such as Riverstain, Nylon, etc. This is entirely different from the old Japanese gut substitute and I have personally used one cast during the whole of the year for fly fishing. It was given me in April and in late October, it was as good as ever, showing no sign of wear or tear whatever, even at the knot where the dropper joins the cast, generally a weak place after a week or two's fishing with both pukka gut or Japanese substitute casts. This one cast had killed well over 20 salmon, and with it a fly seems to go out against a medium wind as it would with a real gut cast and not to turn back as is so often likely to happen when using Japanese substitute.

The Apollo tubular steel rods made by Messrs. Accles & Pollock have in the last year been brought to such a pitch of perfection, that they will cast a fly as lightly and as accurately as any greenheart or split cane. Being absolutely unbreakable and never altering as greenheart and split cane doubtless do with weather conditions, they will become more popular every year. Their lightness, combined with the power they put on a fish when hooked are also a great asset to anyone using them, and the quickness

in the kick-back will send a hook home with far greater certainty than is possible with either a greenheart or split cane rod.

A steel rod seems to require a somewhat heavier line in proportion than a greenheart or split cane to cast accurately in a wind, or cutting across a side wind, as the trajectory in the action of casting is considerably higher and results in more wind pressure being put on the line.

With a greenheart rod one can almost drop the point of the rod into the water, a split cane comes next, but one must stop a steel rod at a higher angle to get the best results. One can use a far lighter and whippier steel rod, in fact the ghost 10-ft. trout rod will kill a salmon in far less time and with far less effort to oneself, than using a 14-ft. greenheart or split cane, as one does not seem to be putting nearly so much pressure on the fish, although the results both on a steel-yard and on the fish itself soon show the difference between the strain of the steel rod and that of any other type.

The temperature of the water has perhaps the greatest of all effects on the bait or size of the fly most acceptable at the moment and between 42 and 54 deg. Fahr. is the most likely temperature in which to get the best results with a fly. At the latter temperature one can fish as fine and as lightly as if dry fly fishing for trout, only just sinking one's flies under the surface.

For some reason in the British Isles salmon seem very loth to take a pukka dry fly, although they do so freely in Canada, but with a fly only just submerged they take freely enough, and under these circumstances the very lightest dressed fly will often kill the best. My own opinion is that they often take it for a real river fly, taken by them in tens of thousands during their parr stage, and not for something resembling their daily food during their sea-life, as doubtless many of the old day large salmon flies were tied to represent. These, naturally, fresh run salmon straight from the sea would be more likely to prefer, until they had been a few months in fresh water, so to a great extent dulling their sea memories, and resulting in their parr recollections coming back again to the preference for river flies.

The reaction of a salmon to different flies is most interesting to watch. I have often seen a salmon pay no attention at all to four or five different flies, and then distinctly turn and perhaps move a couple of feet on seeing yet another fly and, finally, when a very small fly was put over him with a quiet surge upward and a lazy swirl sideways hook himself solidly on it—very different from the rush and grab of a fresh run fish.

It is not a generally known fact that most if not all salmon turn sideways, almost like a shark does, when taking a fly, although to take a minnow or a prawn they generally seem to swim on an even keel. At times they follow a spinning minnow quite a little distance up-stream, and with a prawn they often let it pass them and then grab it, in an entirely different way from which they take a minnow or fly.

TYPICAL BOTTOM FISHING WATER FOR SALMON

How men can fight fairly hooked salmon for long periods of time, as one often reads about, is entirely out of my comprehension. With any ordinary trout rod and x gut an average fisherman can play any salmon absolutely to a standstill in far less than one minute to the pound weight of fish, without the slightest chance of being broken, if one's reel is set to half a pound or even one-third of a pound pull and one keeps that strain on the fish. Far more fish are lost by being allowed to run about where they like and so resulting in slack line catching in rocks or submerged roots when they turn, than by holding them too hard. One has to pull really hard to break good x gut and it will turn almost any salmon, after his first run, provided one puts the pull of the rod in the opposite direction to which the fish wishes to take.

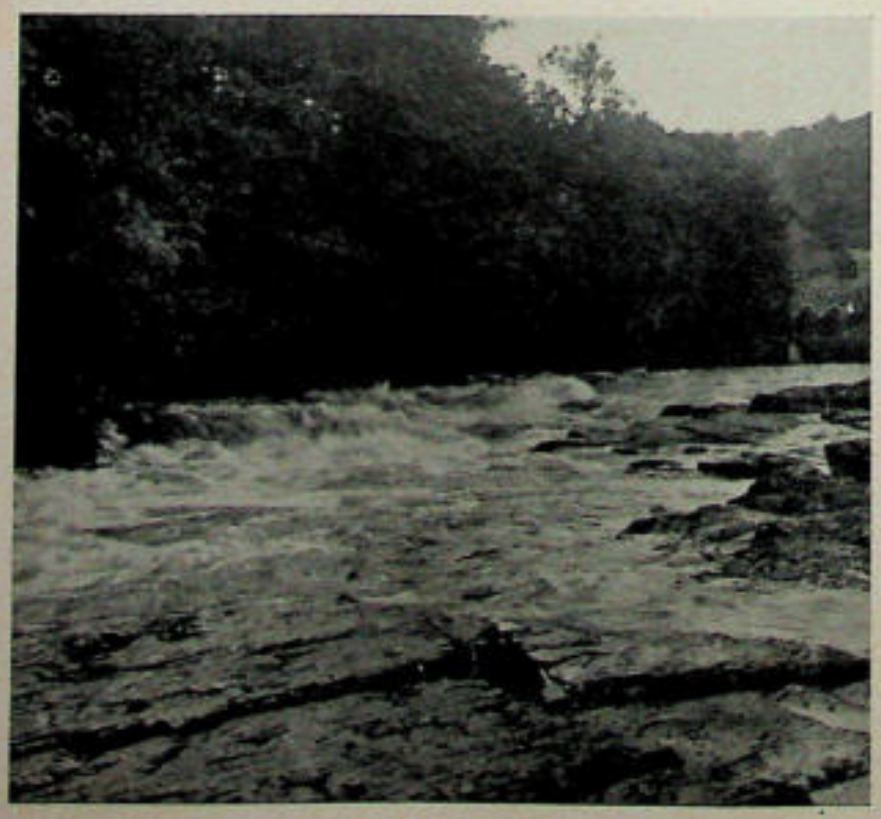
The pull of a rod when bent sideways with the point say two or three feet above the water is far greater than the same pull when the rod is held vertically upwards. The old advice of " Keep your rod up, sir, keep your rod up," must only have been applicable when advice was being given to a novice at fishing.

Provided that an angler wishes to fish with a fly, and a fly only, he should carry a stock of flies of all sizes from 6.0 down to small, almost trout flies, the former for preference with bright silver, gold, or tinselled bodies, for use when the temperature is under 40 deg. Fahr. sinking them as deeply as possible and fishing them very slowly.

Then as the water gets warmer, decrease the size of fly, till reaching the other extreme at 55 deg. Fahr. one is using trout flies practically fished on the surface, always remembering the fact that the thicker line one is using the slower and harder it is to sink a fly. To get a fly well down in the spring a tapered line is a distinct advantage.

The most modern flies are very lightly dressed and the swing of the pendulum seems to have gone almost too far, especially in flies of a large size. I had copies made of some flies over 60 years old and used them this year during the spring. Salmon in several cases seemed to prefer these to the lightly dressed modern flies.

Every year the technique of modern angling tends to become more and more of human brains versus the hunger or predatory urge of the salmon to take something and with, in summer, a light synthetic gut cast, a small double hooked No. 6 fly, a 10 or 11-ft. rod, one can handle the very largest salmon with ease and kill it in far less time than our forebears did with their heavy lines and 18-ft. rods, and so make fishing a far less arduous job than it used to be.



ROUGH WATER WHERE A WORM AFFORDS THE BEST CHANCE

TYPICAL MINNOW WATER

LORD BICESTER'S ROCKQUILLA, T. F. CAREY UP

FLAT RACING PROSPECTS

Preservation of the Best Thoroughbred Stock

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club, we know, are doing their best to maintain racing as extensively as circumstances permit and the National Hunt Committee have expressed the hope that they will be able to arrange for extra meetings this season, after March 25th, when flat racing starts. Dependent as I am on racing for a livelihood, none can hope for its continuance more strongly than I do, but common sense suppresses optimism and demands recognition of the difficulties, present and potential, which threaten the maintenance of the sport. The soaring price of oats and uncertainty in distribution are not the least important factors bearing on the immediate future of racing. The preservation of the best thoroughbred stock must be the primary consideration. To that end the maintenance of racing is essential, as long as war conditions permit.

In the meantime the general and substantial reduction which has been made in stallion fees will encourage many breeders to continue hopefully, and to put their mares to stallions of a higher class than they might have used under normal conditions.

One of the most striking and attractive opportunities of this description is offered by the reduction in the fee of Noble Star from 148 sovs. to 48 sovs., with special terms for approved mares. In 1938, this horse had more winners than any other stallion in England or Ireland, notwithstanding the unfortunate fact that the general class of the mares sent to him has always been moderate. It is difficult to understand why the owners of good brood mares, or those of great potentialities, do not put them more frequently to stallions like Noble Star and Bold Archer, to mention but two moderate priced sires whose percentage of winners in recent years has been exceptionally high.

Link Boy is another who comes to mind in this connection. Very often there are clear indications that a high class brood mare is more likely to produce a good horse to a successful sire who is kept by fashion to the second grade, than to a stallion whose classic reputation commands a higher fee.

Noble Star represents one of the few direct male lines of descent from St. Simon, which have survived in England. He is by Hapsburg, who was by Desmond, by St. Simon. Noble Star's achievement in winning the Ascot Stakes, Goodwood Stakes, Cesarewitch and Jockey Club Cup in one season is unique. Since the death of Mr. Leonard Cundell, his past owner, the management of the horse has been assumed by Mr. Herbert Rich, of the Old Cottage, Bray-on-Thames.

Changes in the make-up of the annual Racing Calendar or in the nature of its contents have been so rare since the original Weatherby assumed responsibility for its continued publication in 1773 that the alterations which appear for the first time in the 167th volume, just published by his descendants, are worth recording. The results and other formal details of Irish racing in 1939 are collected and placed with separate index, apart from the record of all races run under the rules of the Jockey Club. As far as I can trace the results of Irish meetings have hitherto always taken their place in chronological order in the body of the book with those of English and Scottish racing, except in 1903 and 1904, when they were omitted completely. The reason for the change is not very clear unless it be that the publishers have at last arrived at the conclusion that as Irish racing is not governed by the Jockey Club, details of it should not be mixed up with the official records of those meetings which are within the jurisdiction of the body on behalf of which the book is published. As so many horses run in both countries in the course of a season the inclusion of Irish form is essential.

Colour, too, has been introduced for the first time into the Racing Calendar. Not the "colour" which the journalist might use to enliven bare facts, but actual paper of different hues. This is in connection with another change. The latest Calendar has been divided into four parts, each of which is prefaced by a coloured page on which the contents of the section are described. Who, I wonder, is the revolutionary at No. 15, Cavendish Square?

The characteristic hospitality of the Irish made all possible amends for the exceptional discomforts incurred by those who went from England to see the Red Cross Chase at Leopardstown. I have never seen worse conditions for a race. The stamina displayed by the winner, Jack Chaucer, is consistent with his breeding. He is by Jackdaw of Rheims out of Miss Chaucer.

Jackdaw of Rheims (a good winner of 1¼ miles) is by Jackdaw, winner of many races, including the Alexandra Plate, the longest run under Jockey Club rules, and sire of Brown Jack, who for six consecutive seasons made that Ascot race his own.

Miss Chaucer is by the Tracery horse Tanglewood out of a Chaucer mare, and through Tanglewood she goes back to Musket's son Trenton.

Jack Chaucer is not engaged in the Grand National this year. He is now nine years old, but as he has developed slowly it was decided some time ago to delay his appearance at Liverpool for another 12 months, which, of course, is assuming that there will be a Grand National next year.

Eight Grand National horses started for the Red Cross Chase, but only Sterling Duke finished. He was second after a gruelling effort, which in most cases cannot be regarded as a favourable preliminary, at this stage, in the preparation of a "National" runner. We know no more now about the Liverpool prospects of Royal Danieli and Rockquilla than we did before, as they were pulled up when their riders found that further pursuit of the leaders, in the deep going, was hopeless. Miss Dorothy Paget's recent purchase, Le Cygne, who fell at the first fence, is in the Grand National, but his owner will probably have a more hopeful representative in Kilstar.

There was "water, water everywhere," but not a drop with which to wash. Jockeys who rode in the first race went out for the next with their faces still plastered with mud, and soaked race-goers who sought hot baths on their return to Dublin had to go without this seeming luxury because the city corporation water supply, which had been greatly reduced by burst pipes, had been cut off for several hours on the score of economy.

However, I thoroughly enjoyed my experience of Irish racing. The meeting was a great triumph for Mr. F. Harold Clarke, the "Weatherby" of Eire, and clerk of the course at Leopardstown. Among all the trials which his tact and patience survived on that memorable afternoon was the voluble persistence of the irate punter who, having gate-crashed into the weighing room, demanded that Mr. Clarke should personally assist him to obtain what he thought was due to him from a bookmaker over a disputed bet. Mr. Clarke began his career as a racing official 50 years ago with Pratt and Company, the English firm of stakeholders and race-course managers.

YEOMAN.

NOBLE STAR WHO HAS A UNIQUE ACHIEVEMENT OF SUCCESSES TO HIS CREDIT

MISS PRUDENCE WALKER, DAUGHTER OF MR. R. D. WALKER, TRAINER, ON ROYAL DANIELI

STEEPLECHASERS AT EXERCISE ON THE SANDS

A BEAUTIFUL SKY EFFECT BEHIND ENTRANTS FOR THE LEOPARDSTOWN RED CROSS CHASE AS THEY EXERCISED ON THE SHORE AT PORTMARNOCK

A STUDY IN LEG POSITIONS AS ROYAL DANIELI, LE CYGNE AND DOITAGAIN ARE GIVEN A BURST

In the race Jack Chaucer proved the best of the field over the Leopardstown course, followed by Sterling Duke. Their chances were favourably considered in the Field of January 13th

ORYX BEISA BULLS—A GOOD APPROACH
(Note the Tick Bird on the animal on the right)

SOME OUTSTANDING SHIKARIS

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON

YOU cannot beat round the jungles and the deserts of the East half your life without meeting some queer characters among the natives. Shikaris of repute, like native servants, do not suit all masters. You have got to get to know one another and the grooves must fit. Jones' body servant may be a jewel without price in Jones' eyes, but a perfect gorge-raiser to you and me. The explanation is simple: you and I spend every minute of our spare time in the jungle and need a regular Man Friday, who can cook and turn his hand to anything; whereas Jones likes giving and receiving dinner parties, when the perks to the servants are fat.

Shikaris are of a different breed, but on the whole I prefer a raw man. The made article knows too much. It's rather like buying a trained gun-dog instead of making your own. The first will be the better animal, but it is ages before you can work together as a team.

Made shikaris are not common in Africa as they are in India and for that reason Africa is the best training ground for the sahib himself. I always used to think that spying a mountain-side for wild goats and sheep was one of the unlearnable arts, even after five seasons in the Himalayas, until I was forced to rely on myself in Africa and Persia and then I began to learn. Not least was to recognise likely talent among raw natives, when you met it, and once found to cling on to that jewel for the rest of the trip.

Every day you learned a lesson between you, a bond that linked you together. But though you both learned the same lesson, you acquired it from different angles. The wild man cannot appreciate one's inability to read plain signs—spoor, a broken twig, a flitting shape, a faint noise, a silhouette brazen into bush itself, nor yet one's in-agility. He, moreover, being out to kill for meat, cannot understand one's insistence on big heads, one's scorn of common stuff and, worse still, he over-estimates the deadliness of the white man's gun. If a beast jumps up in thick bush—as difficult as any rabbit—why does his master not shoot? If he leads you within 400yds. of an ibex, surely these magic guns cannot miss?

Looking back now over a score of trips in Africa, at least a dozen figures stand out as clearly as if we had parted yesterday. It seems that almost each trek produced its own wizard, funny old men, most of them, half as old as time, modest and unassuming.

There was old Mahmud of the Libyan desert, wizened and taciturn, a camel owner by trade, a retainer of Nimr Hassan, prince of the Kabbabish. He knew the desert as you know your potato patch and although he rode his camel for hours shrouded in his Jibbah, there was nothing which missed his eagle eye. For six weeks we had ridden in the same caravan and exchanged barely a word, yet he had me measured. "Keen and active," he may have given me, "but in reading the desert book the veriest child."

He tried me out on til and white oryx (a taste of the real thing), but for six weeks we saw no addax, the uttermost star of our quest. We quartered here and there on a 100-mile arc of desert and water famine began to threaten with the wells 200 miles away. Then, one morning, from his lead in the string, Mahmud diverged and barraked his camel. "There are addax," he grunted, "better that you and I ride alone." So we left the caravan and rode for half an hour amid a sea of grassless dunes. "They are in there," he said at last, pointing to a cup of dunes. So we dismounted and proceeded on foot. We stalked the cup. Inside, 200yds. away, were five white oryx feeding, for the sun was low. Mahmud hissed in disappointment and my spirits fell. But whereas I was reading the obvious, like any budding detective led astray by circumstantial evidence, Mahmud was guided by intuition. We dropped under cover and made a circuit of the cup.

"Um Kubbajao fi" (there are addax), said Mahmud resolutely and once more led me up to open the cup. I thought he was mad. But this time from our new angle we saw two addax (my very Eldorado) tucked under a bank at easy range. I shot a good one.

To me that is still magic and from later experience I am sure that few but Mahmud could have done it. Of course it is easy when you know how. Tracks that you recognise as being quite fresh, enter a cup and do not leave it, ergo, the quarry must still be there, invisible or not, in a bang-open cup, 200yds. square. Elementary, my dear Watson, yes, but . . .

One other instance of desert lore. I was out one morning on foot with an Arab boy, just spying, vainly of course. We did not go a mile out, yet I lost the camp on the return march, tucked in a hollow as it was, and this in broad daylight. Two days later a long hunt on camel back found me and Mahmud 16 miles from camp and the sun sinking. Camp had been moved that day too, although we had chosen the new site on the way out. I had a compass, but we had been circling, there were no tracks nor landmarks and I felt like a novice lost at sea in a small boat.

Mahmud led straight back across the desert in the dark, a four-hour march, and he had never been in that bit of desert before. I do not know how that is done. I have been puzzling over it for twenty years. In a lesser way the accomplishment is common, but such a perfect example is rare.

Ahmed of Semien Mountains, north of Gondar, was another wizard. It is a queer place, Semien summit, rather like being alone in the moon. It is not quite so inaccessible, perhaps, but next door to it. It is a three days' climb to get up and once there, there are but two descents on the northern face down 10,000ft. sheer, so even Abyssinians do not go up to say "how d'you do," and its scarce inhabitants are a trifle isolated. It has been invaded in the mythical past, but history is dumb as to the return of the conquerors. Those precipices yawn like crocodiles and the bleak plateau top is bare of provender.

Ahmed, a sheep owner, was dug out of a stone hut. For a native he was incredible. He always reminds me of Mr. Le Quex' international spies. He was so suave, secretive and avaricious. "Who were we, and had we the great Ras' permission?" He had never seen a white man before and was by no means edified by our acquaintance. We might be spies and anyway ibex horns were valuable as drinking cups. For all he knew these infidels might have discovered how to make some charm out of them. They were not common; was he a fool to give away the secrets of their haunts? There might be a fortune in it.

But when I tempted him by sight of a bag of dollars, each dribbled out singly and sounded on a slab of stone, he proved a very wizard. Have you ever hunted a precipice wall? I have seen pygmy precipices in Haramoosh and Astore, but this was the father of them all. The ibex rams, harried by master Ahmed and his cronies, were not fond of the tops, and Ahmed alone knew a few of the ways down—not right down but to the nearest ledges. He got me a shot and a kill the first day, but that beast dropped 4,000ft. sheer and was brought up piecemeal a week later, minus its horns.

Then Ahmed jibbed and I hunted ten days with other men and complete failure. At last I bribed him out again. We went much further afield and he got me a monster. At least he showed us the herd and the key to reach it, but was too lazy to make the long stalk himself. Ahmed collected his bag of dollars and shut up like an oyster. I left him to my companion and, spurred by impatience, made a complete tour of the summit in three weeks, alone and quite fruitlessly. The day I got back B. had melted Ahmed again. It took all that time. I suppose that Ahmed realised that the ibex-horn boom was petering out. He showed B. another secret way of descent, he saw three good rams and shot one of them.

No one has been to Semien since, to my knowledge, save an American expedition, which spent several thousand pounds and succeeded. I often wonder what the price of walia ibex horn is now, but I have ceased to wonder that the old-timers had people called magicians.

Canyon was a Wanderobo in the Aberdares and was another wizard. I had been hunting bongo a month in that 12-mile square forest before I realised that this was no ordinary man's job and began to search for a superman. I heard that there was a Wanderobo working on a farm as a hundy-man shepherd, so I sought him out. He shed his veneer of civilisation with his overalls and reverted to type. From a bad imitation of a civilised dummy, he became a man at once. I wish that I had had a broad-minded educationalist with me to watch the metamorphosis.

Canyon was the finest example of a wood-elf that you could meet. He was a giant too, but he read forest signs as Mahmud read the desert. Spooring I can understand; keen sight is not uncommon, but this was instinct. He thought like a bongo. He showed me five lots in the next ten days and made me hear as many more. Of course he saw them all, but as my eyes are mortal I cannot see through a jungle wall.

I caught glimpses of his skill. How if you do not know you are close on top of it you will walk by a bongo at ten yards, motionless in bush, without even knowing it. For bongo spoor is generally part of a damp, beaten game track and at the last moment the quarry quietly steps off the track to watch his pursuer pass. How a bongo, aware that it is being followed, will quit the track as it crosses a stream and follow the bed for 100yds. or more to throw its pursuers off the spoor and scent. These and a score of flashes of genius too intricate to explain, as one watches some expert craftsman at work not knowing the why or the wherefore. There was Mahommed Idris of the Red Sea Hills, with his uncanny skill of finding and stalking real big heads of ibex, plus the fact of being possibly the only man alive who knew the haunts of the last of the Sudan beisa; then the queer Bushman met only for an hour of one passing day, who led me "instanter" right on top of a herd of gemsbok in the Kalahari, when I had failed with Dutchmen and natives for two score days.

Such men are genii, throw-backs to the Stone Age, still strong in some long-lost sense that we, with all our motor cars, radios and aeroplanes, have long forgotten. Maybe this advancement craze is all wrong, for how does it avail man if by pushing his head forward he loses his tail? After all the fox of legend was lost without his tail.

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON

I. He arrives at Melton Mowbray

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to a Rip Van Winkle of hunting

"HE WAS SHORTLY JOINED BY LORD QUORN IN A DINNER JACKET AND SOFT SHIRT"

THERE must be many people in England who can remember their grandfathers' tales of the golden age of English fox-hunting, when Meynell, Assheton-Smith, Ward, and Spencer were names to conjure with. Some of them may not even ride, but if they have this hunting blood in their veins, it will stir, when confronted by some old sporting picture, and they will probably wonder "Are things so now?" So wondered in the fall of the year Mr. Silas P. Mowbray, when he decided to revisit Melton, a place which a hundred years ago "Nimrod" (C. Apperley) had called the hunting metropolis of the world.

Early in December he arrived at Ratcliff aerodrome near Leicester. What a striking change from the last time he had been in England. His present journey had taken him hardly more hours than his former one had weeks. The Queen Mary had whisked him across the Atlantic in four days while the latest Auxiliary Steam Packet, the pride of the oceans, had taken as many weeks. From Southampton he had flown in a few hours half across England. He remembered he had once been snowed up for four days on his coach ride from Liverpool.

Alighting from his plane he perceived the aerodrome was bounded by a great double track road running on top of the 200 year old Roman Foss Way which runs from Weymouth on the English Channel to Brigg on the Wash. He recalled the Foss as little more than a grass track unfit for wheeled traffic, now it reminded him of a strip of black sticking plaster right across a beautiful woman's face. A Rolls Royce awaited to take him to Melton, and the driver addressed him in the old Leicestershire burr:—

"Mar naime's Christian, Sir, be you maastr Mowebree?"

Something had not altered at any rate.

"Shall we go by Syston or Thrussington, Sir?"

"Why by Thrussington and Brooksby, of course, Syston miles out of the way."

Once across the concrete scar, Ratcliff Hall appeared in sight, a red brick house with stone corners built in Georgian days and presenting the same dignified exterior it did when the Declaration of Independence shook the world. Jogging slowly between the high hedges and newly cut and laid ones (looking like badly-made wattle hurdles, but strong as brick walls, as anyone will find whose horse chances them) he came to Thrussington, where John Ferneley the artist was born a hundred and fifty years ago. Except for a few new "council houses" it has not changed since—the same narrow street, the same old granite church, the same farmhouses.

On the way to Hoby Silas had to get out and open numerous gates which barred the road. He asked why these obstructions still existed and was met with the irrefutable rustic logic: "Why, to keep the stock in the fields o' coorse."

On to Brooksby, the birthplace of the Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham, and now the home of Earl Beatty, they climbed on to the ancient British road following the high ground from Leicester to Melton, ages older than the Foss Way.

Half a mile further on Mr. Mowbray got a grand view on either side. The Hoby Vale on the west, and on the east, the valley stretching up to Great Dalby and Thorpe Satchville, whence so many of his countrymen have hunted during the last fifty years or so.

Except for the little branch railway running down the vale this great stretch of country has been left untouched by time since the Enclosures Acts of George III.

Further down the road Flying Childers still swings above the inn door, and Silas suggested stopping for a "bait" of English strong ale. This, Mr. Mowbray was shocked to see, came out of a bottle into a glass, instead of a barrel and into a pewter tankard; but it went down his throat just the same as it had done years ago.

"Whether the day is hot or cold, beer's best!" said Mowbray.

"Eh!" replied Christian. "It baint what it were afore the last war, danged if it be."

Kirby Gate was the same, with its three or four hunting boxes and the old stone manor house built about 1600 behind the low stone park wall, unchanged since the fiery Sir Francis Burdett from within its library had sent out his libels against corrupt ministers, which landed him in the Tower of London in 1810; nor did Silas see much difference, when he reached the town of Melton except that the approaches were wider and damnably more slippery. The magnificent church tower with its Gothic pinnacles is still there; so is Egerton Lodge where he had so often dined with the wicked Earl of Wilton, who in truth was no worse than most of his fellows, except he played the organ in church on Sundays, and at odd moments was apt to be sanctimonious.

It was of him the witty Lord Alvanley said:—

"He goes to church every Sunday and brays before the Almighty that he's a miserable sinner, and by gad, sir, he lives up to it for the other six days of the week."

The old club is there, on the right, but alas! no longer a temple of Diana, for half is occupied by Minerva in the person of Mr. P. Smyth, the well-known solicitor, and the other by Mammon—the Midland Bank.

Opposite the George, as ugly as the day it was built, guards one end of the town and the Harborough Arms, equally monstrous, the other.

The Lodges still remain, though not all faithful to the virgin goddess. Warwick, Staveley, Wyndham, Wicklow, Craven: the last now the club from which so lately emerged Wales, York and Gloucester, three princes of the blood to "witch the world with gallant feats of horsemanship"; names which bring back memories of Chevy Chase, Agincourt and Naseby.

Mr. Mowbray was surprised at a few new shops with glaring vulgar fronts, but experienced no difficulty in recognising his old haunts, the dirty little market place, the harness shop, and chemist.

The church was standing four square, as lovely as ever. Mr. Mowbray could not resist stopping and having a look inside. Had he made a mistake? Gone were the box pews and hideous Georgian galleries, the mouldy plaster. The nave and aisles now showed their naked beauty unadorned as Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, had meant them to be when he finished them at the beginning of the 15th century.

Having looked round at the improvements and paid his respects to the Mowbray tombs, Silas proceeded to the Harborough Arms just across the wide street where the market was held. Except for the plumbing it showed very little change. Open fires, cheerful and wasteful; furniture, solid and dark; food, plain and wholesome; wines, champagne and port; the welcome, spontaneous and hearty, to any good sportsman whether he be Jew, Turk, infidel or heretic, for whom all pious fox-hunters pray every Ash Wednesday instead of going hunting. No, from Syston to Melton, Melton to Grantham, Market Harborough or Oakham, there was little change except a mild attack of bungalowitis of which the riding school at Thorpe Satchville* is the worst eruption of Belgian measles.

Silas had decided to put up at the Harborough Arms as he had stayed there in old days; in fact he remembered he had left a trunk there.

Having secured his old room, he entered the lounge, rang the bell and ordered a sherry and

"STRONG AS BRICK WALLS AS ANYONE WILL FIND"

* Built by Mr. Lowenstein, the Belgian financier, after the Great War.

bitters. While he was doing so another man entered wearing a shepherd's plaid suit and a red and blue tie.

"Will you do me the honour of joining me in a sherry?" Mr. Mowbray enquired.

"It's very kind of you," replied the other eyeing him with some curiosity. "I shall be delighted."

"My name's Silas P. Mowbray from Maryland, U.S.A."

"Mine's Quorn."

"Not Lord Quorn? I must have had the honour of knowing your father, he was a great landowner in these parts. Pleased indeed to meet you."

"Same here," replied his lordship, "but if he owned land, it must have been my grandfather, the old rip, he blew the ancestral acres, fast women and slow horses and the devil's bible you know, but he's been dead a h—— of a long time, years before I was born."

How could this buffer have known his grandfather? He might be any age, but the old rip had died in the 60's. Devilish strange!

"Where do the hounds meet tomorrow?" asked Mr. Mowbray, cutting short his lordship's thoughts.

"Deuce of a way off," replied his lordship, "and damn bad meets too. I'm taking a day with the Pytchley at Kelmarsh. Advise you to do the same. Share my horse box if you like, only taking one horse."

"I am extremely obliged to your Lordship," replied Silas, "and if you are staying here alone perhaps you would further honour me by sharing my dinner with me."

Funny old josser, thought Quorn, don't talk like most Americans. Reminded him of his old grandmother, who came from the States.

"Delighted I'm sure, hate chewing garbage on my own, better go and get a bath and put on glad rags. So long," and Lord Quorn lounged out of the room.

A bath, thought Mr. Mowbray, strange, he had neither been hunting nor did he appear wet or cold, or in bad health, then why a bath; and what were glad rags?

Mr. Mowbray having washed his hands and brushed his hair and whiskers with great care returned to the coffee room, where he was shortly joined by Lord Quorn in a dinner jacket and soft shirt.

At dinner Mr. Mowbray found Lord Quorn a very poor drinker; a couple of glasses of champagne and one of port was all he'd touch and he was off to bed at ten-thirty wondering still more who this strange American might be.

Listening to the thundering lorries and shunting trains Silas finished his and Lord Quorn's bottle of Warr '96, for he had ordered one for each, and he pondered on a degenerate age. So even England had changed. Men no longer drank a bottle or two of port each night as a matter of course but went to bed at ten-thirty sober.

Sadly he took his candle. His room was as it always had been; men might drink no longer, rip out church interiors, dash about in noisy steam and oil contraptions but the Harborough was still the same as it was in the day of Beau Brummel and Mr. Errington. *(To be continued)*

HAUNTS THAT CALL US BACK

What is the Secret of their Spell?

I SUPPOSE there are few of us who do not secretly cherish some favourite spot in the bottom of our hearts. Very often we do not care to lay bare our innermost feelings in this respect, for fear that our listeners may wound them by some tactless remark. A spell can so easily be broken, though only temporarily, by just a word. Not perhaps by reason of its literal meaning as by the tone in which it is uttered. For it is not so much what is said as the way in which it is said that matters. The way connotes understanding or the lack of it, and understanding is the key to the majority of secrets and indeed to much of the best in life.

What is it that calls us back to a certain place time and again? Why is it that we take a fancy to a particular district and not to another which is just as good? It is difficult to say, but at least one thing is certain. We can never fully appreciate a place until we have been away from it, however fond we may be of it. And until we can fully appreciate, we are not really worthy of it. Hence, the righteous scheme of things ordains that we undergo our odyssey. And since the cities cast their spell on those whose homes they are, it is understandable that there are many evacuees who long to come back. We countrymen must not be blind to the fact that London has its charms and beauties, its mysteries and secrets for those who look. Likewise many another city.

The countryman, however, must be forgiven if at times he feels, when tied to the city, like the captive hind which lamented thus:

"Roses and lilies and a chain of gold,
I, weary of them all, I faint for breath,
Prisoned in man's unwholesome tainted fold,
One waft of moorland ere I pine to death."

The call of the wild is ever strong and there are occasions when it must be obeyed; some instinctive longing demands satisfaction, and like that of a bird at migration time, one's flight is suddenly made.

We who shoot, fish or for other reasons spend our happiest moments in the byways of unfrequented haunts are bound to become something of philosophers. And philosophy is more than a blessing these times. It is a secure retreat, that offers even greater safety than the Maginot Line. There are people to-day who are suffering more than homeless Poles or other refugees, just because they lack the comforting help of a simple philosophy.

I was once talking to a peasant in Western Ireland as we stood by his cabin door. Nobody is more loathe to open the heart, for the Irish are a sensitive race. But it is always good to hear the views of those who live with nature, whose very existence depends upon the minute balance that a kind season may bestow. "Yes," he said, as we looked towards his meagre patch of cultivation, "Ireland's a poor country and Connemara's the poorest part of it, but this is my home and there's no finer view in all the world than this one from my door and that costs me nothing." Looking across towards Diamond Hill on one side and Mullrea and the Killary on the other, I felt inclined to agree that not only had he got as fine an outlook as one could wish, but his philosophy of life was worth more than all vested interests put together. Yet he had been to that great Continent which lies beyond the blue waters of the Atlantic that lapped the shore not a mile below his dwelling. Something had called him back.

The Big Wood has ever attracted me. There are lots of other woods that attract, but they never seem quite the same. I suppose it is because I know it all so well, every bush, every tree, almost every branch. It too has yielded some of its secrets. Never is it more bewitching than on a winter's afternoon. The group of big spruce and silvers that crown its top give it an imposing dignity, while its laurel and bramble undercover add a sense of warmth and snugness. There is box and rhododendron, too, and, indeed a variety of shrubs. Often have I slipped beneath those trees as the short afternoon drew on, primarily with the object of shooting roosting pigeon. Their shelter after the bare oaks and their silence have brought a sense of peace that it is hard to describe. Pigeon have come, a sparrow hawk has glided across an opening, other quarry has passed, and yet I have not raised my gun.

An eerie experience some would say, but it has not been so to me. There are those who assert it is haunted, who would never dare put foot in it on Hallow E'en or New Year's Eve. Well, it no doubt has its ghosts, but they are friendly souls whose presence none need shun. Perhaps it is their peace one would fain respect.

Dusk comes and the path for home is trod. It is a sheltered path through adjoining woods, and now and then a pigeon clatters out and disappears into the early night. A narrow hunting gate that opens on to a stony lane is passed and a younger plantation of fir that gave many a straight pit prop in the last war is entered. Here the darkness is nearly complete and seems to engulf one's progress. The path twists and turns, a tiny brooklet is passed, and still the blackness holds. Then an oak strip is encountered, and the night sky appears through the bare filigree of branches. The path still winds, but the canopy of black has gone. The pace becomes quicker and what matter if one falls. No hard pavement or treacherous curb stones here. Just soft clay and a bedding of milliards of damp leaves. Many a worse place exists for spending a night—only a ground sheet is needed to keep out the damp.

The path through the oaks leads to the pond, though it is more in the nature of a miniature lake. It is 100 yards long by 50 broad, and in its centre lies an island covered with willows. Encircling the water is a path fringed with ash and alders, and the whole perimeter is sheltered with cover that varies from thick hedging to towering spruce. Seven different kinds of wildfowl have been shot from this retreat, and were it near the coast it would provide regular flighting.

To-night there is just visible the pair of semi-tame mallard, as they swim out from the shelter of a weeping ash. I half-circle the water, pass behind the boathouse, along another woodland walk, and make for home. Night has descended, but an avenue of trees forms a natural guide; not that it is needed, when one knows every step of the way.

SCOLOPAX.

A DOGS' WAR-TIME DINNER

By A. CROXTON SMITH

KINGSLEY wrote that every dog must have his day, but it is probably more important to him that he should have his dinner regularly and punctually. So far we have not had much trouble in keeping our dogs satisfied, though in some districts offal has not always been obtainable from the butcher. Biscuits have not run short up to the present, but as time comes on, and with meat rationing upon us there is no telling what may happen. Most butchers have trimmings, offal and odd pieces of meat that are not fit for human consumption, though quite suitable for the kennel.

When I had an extensive kennel before the Great War we were lucky enough to live near a horse slaughterer, from whom we had a regular supply of wholesome flesh at a very moderate price. In some parts of the country dog owners are still able to draw upon similar sources. A lady wrote to me the other day, saying that she can get a steady delivery at 3d. a pound. There are butchers, too, who specialise in killing old cows past the milking stage, selling the meat to kennels, also at a reasonable rate. One man in the West kills from 50 to 60 a week, and does not expect the supply to diminish or the price to go up. Those who are able to take a fair quantity can afford to have it sent by train. The problem of those who do not keep more than one or two dogs is more complicated.

It might be possible for neighbours in any particular district to put in a joint order and share the cost of transport. Where this is out of the question, the local cats' meat man, where one is handy, will do the collecting and sell in small quantities. This gentleman may be very useful at a pinch and is not to be despised. When sheep's or bullocks' paunches are to be had they make excellent food, but in connection with them a word of warning should be given. Bullocks have a habit of picking up all sorts of extraneous things when they are grazing, and paunches from them should be examined carefully before being fed. My kennelman often showed me nails, jagged pieces of tin and other dangerous things that he had found. As far as I am aware, sheep's paunches are unobjectionable.

Pigs' and sheep's trotters can, I believe, be stewed to a wholesome jelly. By way of a change, cod's heads, though perhaps not so appetising, can be given, first being boiled until the bones are softened. No doubt other fish would answer the same purpose, but I have not tried them. I have read that herrings, boned and cooked, are regarded as dainty fare by some dogs, and in times of glut they can be bought without depriving the population of food. In the last war, in spite of rationing, it was difficult to persuade people to buy fish out of their ordinary routine when there happened to be a lot on the market.

Bullock's blood, that would otherwise go down the drains, is nutritious, but should not be given in large quantities. If you can arrange to have a bucketful from the butcher, let it stand until it has set and then cut up. It will not keep for more than about two days in hot weather and four in cold. It may be mixed with biscuits or meals. If it is found to be relaxing, reduce the amount for a bit, increasing as the dog becomes used to it. Of course, in rural districts where rabbits are numerous, nothing better could be desired. Very occasionally I used to take heads of poultry from the poulterer. When well boiled they make a useful gravy, but it is rather rich.

CARVED WINDOW SILLS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

By F. A. GIRLING

ONE of the expedients adopted by builders of fifteenth century timber houses, who wished to excel their neighbours in magnificence, was to elaborate their windows and decorate them with carving.

The older form of window was flush with the wall, and was really part of the framing. The newer and more pretentious windows were made to project, the weight being taken by a wide oak beam in the form of a sill or corbel. These sills offered a larger area for decoration than was, as a rule, at the disposal of the mediæval carver. He was able to let himself go. The carvers departed from their usual system of shallow carving, and executed figures and designs in high relief.

These decorations may be roughly divided into groups. Examples of heraldic and pseudo-heraldic carving are to be seen at Clare, Thaxted, Stamford, Ufford and Parham. Corbels at Combs and Bungay have merchants' marks, and, as these performed, for a merchant, the function of a coat of arms, they may be classed in this group.

Corbels at Alfriston, Newport and Bungay have a religious flavour. Probably the carver of the corbel at Sudbury relied upon a bestiary for his inspiration. By the end of the fifteenth century the influence of the Renaissance was making itself felt. Possibly the Bungay window sill, showing a man and a pair of dragons with ropes round their necks, has some reference to classical mythology.

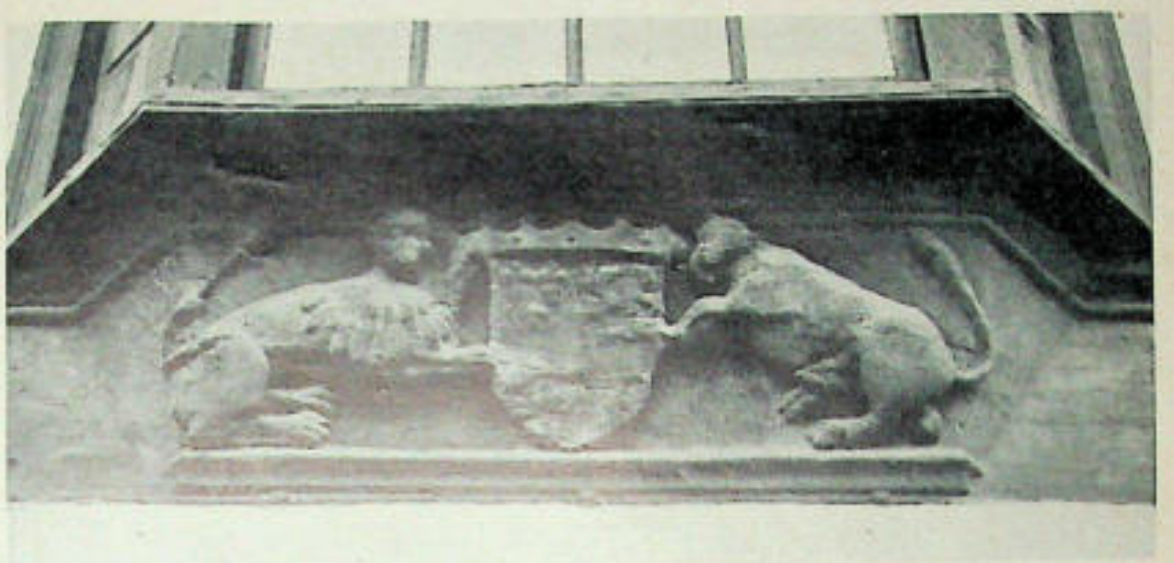
Presumably, most if not all of these carvings were originally painted, for colour was the keynote of ornamental woodwork during the Middle Ages. It would be especially appropriate to heraldic subjects.

small shield in the centre, which is supported by two well-carved beasts which from their heavy manes, probably represent lions.

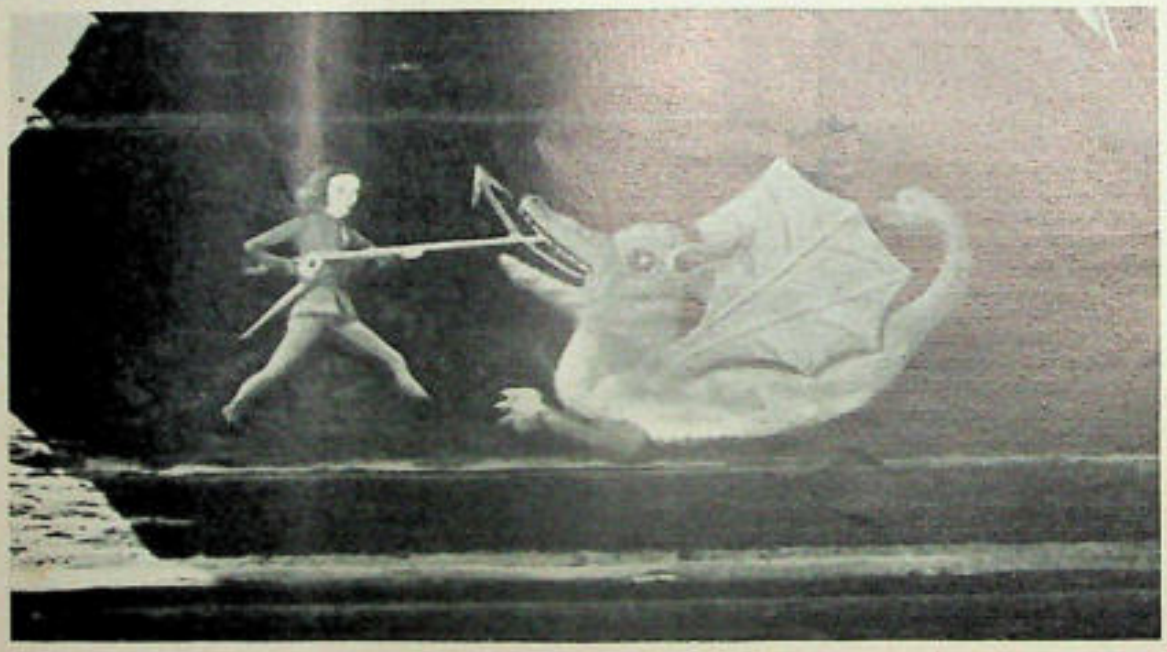
At Thaxted, Essex, is a fifteenth century timber-framed house called the Recorder's House. On the second storey are two carved sills, one representing a griffin passant and the other the arms of Edward IV (1461–83), with a lion and bull as supporters. Doubtless this has reference to the fact that the mother of this king was Lady of the Manor of Thaxted.

The sill of the solar window at Alston Court, Nayland, Suffolk, has a shield with the crowned monogram M.R. for Our Lady. It has for supporters a hart and an antelope, the supporters of Henry VI (1422–61).

An elaborate heraldic puzzle is to be seen on a corbel at Stamford, Lincolnshire.



THE RECORDER'S HOUSE AT THAXTED, ESSEX
A window corbel carved with the arms of Edward IV (1461–1483) with a lion and a bull as supporters



THE STAR INN AT ALFRISTON, SUSSEX
Presumably St. Michael and a basilisk. The carving is frequently mistaken for St. George and the dragon

One of the finest pieces of heraldic carving is the large window corbel now used as the sign of the Swan Inn at Clare, Suffolk. It dates from the early fifteenth century and probably came from Clare Castle. In the centre is a swan in high relief, gorged with a crown and chained to a tree. The Royal arms with a label for the eldest son occupy the dexter splay, whilst on the opposite splay are the arms of Mortimer and de Burgh, quartered. The corbel is still painted. The white swan was a badge of the de Bohun family and was used by Henry V, his mother being Mary de Bohun. The crescent and wavy pointed star were also royal devices.

This elaborate heraldic carving is comparable with another, described by R. Green in his *History of Framlingham* published in 1834. On it, he says, were the arms of Brotherton, Mowbray and Warren.

A shield on a corbel at the Church House, Clare, has a charge which appears to be fretty, replenished with *fleur-de-lis* at the intersections of the slats. It has a canton, whose charge, if any, is indecipherable. The supporters appear to be men in mail armour or feathers, wearing grotesque masks. Possibly these and some of the other "supporters" to be described, have no heraldic significance, being merely conventional decorations. On another house at Clare, now used as the Post Office, is still another heraldic corbel. No charge can be recognised on the

At Parham in Suffolk, is a big farmhouse of the central-hall type, with two cross-wings. One of its first-floor rooms has a carved sill, which, judging from the heraldry carved upon it, must be anterior to 1416. It displays the arms of the de Uffords, Earls of Suffolk, a family which became extinct when the de Ufford heiress married a Willoughby, carrying the estates to her husband in 1416.

At Ebbs Farm, Combs, Suffolk, is a beautifully carved corbel, still innocent of brown stain which mars so much exterior wood carving in this country. In the centre is a woman's head with her flowing hair encircled by a chaplet. The dexter supporter is a heavily maned lion and the other a griffin. On the splays are small shields bearing merchants' marks.

On a house dating from about 1500 and known as Monks Barn, Newport, Essex, is a very wide coved window corbel. In the centre is a crowned figure of the Virgin holding the Child in her left and a sceptre in her right hand. On each side is a winged angel, one playing an organ and the other a harp. The figures are all shown from the waist up.

At Alfriston in Sussex, the Star Inn, which is a fifteenth century timber building, has three oriel windows supported by decorated corbels. The coved under sides of these brackets are decorated with carvings in relief. The westernmost shows a man

THE SALTERS HALL AT SUDBURY, SUFFOLK
On the dexter side is an elephant carrying a castle. In the centre is the figure of a bearded man in flowing robes. The fabulous beast on the sinister side resembles a lion. It appears to be wearing jack-boots

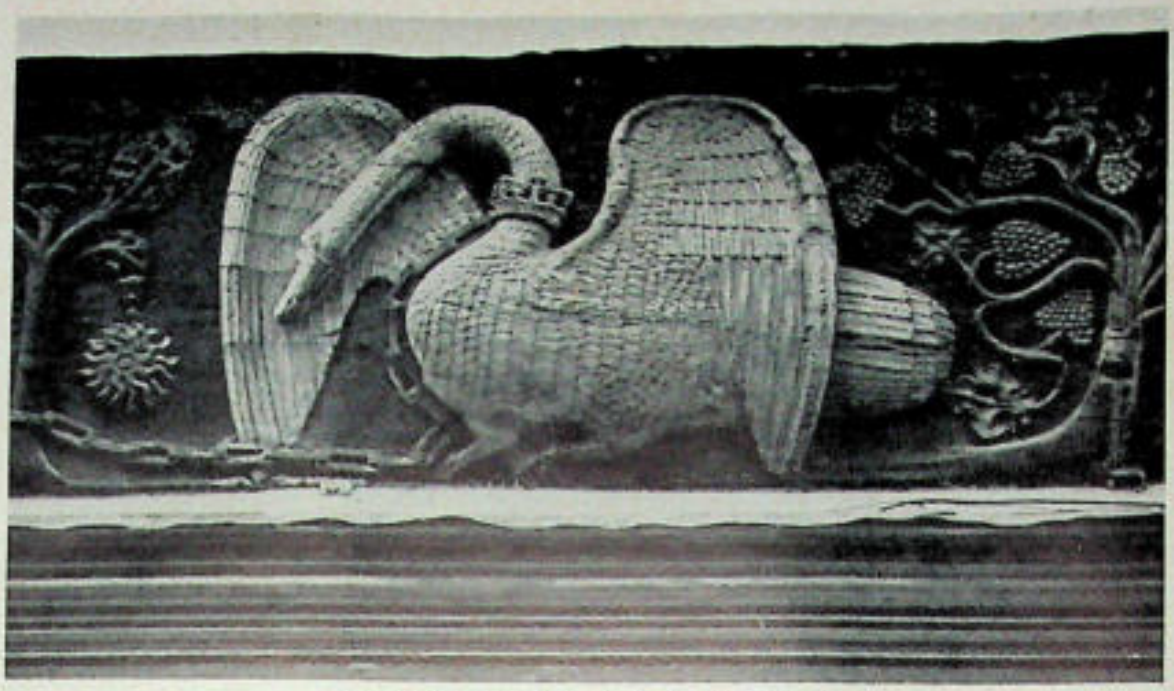
in doublet and trunk-hose, attacking a basilisk with a long sword. Presumably this is St. Michael in mediæval dress. Had it been intended to represent St. George and the dragon, the monster would not have had a small head on the end of its tail, a feature which it would seem distinguishes a basilisk from a dragon.

On the central bracket is represented a canopied nich. From its base emerge two snakes, the body of one being twisted cable-wise. The third bracket bears a blank shield.

On the Salters Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk, there is a coved window sill on which is carved the figure of a bearded man in flowing robes, holding a small animal on his left shoulder, on his right is a grotesque animal which seems intended for an elephant, for it carries the conventional castle and has an elongated nose. The other beast, a lion, wears long boots on all its feet. The carver who executed this piece of work evidently learned his natural history from a mediæval bestiary.

On a late fifteenth century house at Bungay are three good examples. On one of them two pairs of cupids hold two shields and on one of the shields is a merchant's mark. Scenes from the life of Samson decorate another bracket. On a third, a nude and bearded man has snared a couple of protesting dragons.

Most of these carvings on window brackets appear to date from the fifteenth century, although probably the fashion persisted into the sixteenth in some localities. It is fortunate that the standard of craftsmanship was so high when carvings of this sort were popular. The high standard of technical skill displayed in the timber architecture of fifteenth century England has never been surpassed. Renaissance artists did many things better than their mediæval predecessors, but wood carving was not one of them.



DETAIL OF THE SWAN AT CLARE, SUFFOLK
A magnificent heraldic carving dating from the fifteenth century

A CREED OF BIRD WATCHING

By RICHARD PERRY

WHEN first I was suddenly aware of the beauty and interest of birds I bought Coward's fascinating pseudo-handbooks, and with their help learned to recognise birds in the field and to know a little, a very little, of their habits. At a later stage in my initiation I began to read the literature of birds, scientific and aesthetic; nor was it very long before I realised, with considerable chagrin, that 75 per cent. of what I read did not tally with my observations in the field, and that a further 15 per cent., while obviously written from first-hand knowledge, was falsely coloured by the author's personal prejudices and misinterpreted in its presentation.

And there is the rub in all ornithological field-work—to put down on paper, with scrupulous accuracy, the actual details of some incident in the field is the most difficult lesson to learn in an approach to the study of birds. However much one may consciously reject opinions formed from previous reading, they are present in the sub-conscious, and, try as one may, are liable to colour one's observations.

There is, for instance, the familiar instance of certain species of birds—say geese—being said to appoint sentries. So good a naturalist as Charles St. John even went so far as to write that the sentry goose was in the habit of tapping a neighbour on the shoulder when he wished to be relieved! I approached geese with as open a mind as possible after finding that an impartial mind could not accept as tenable a sentinel theory of rooks. As I have described very briefly in a previous article (for space limitation is always a bugbear to the naturalist writer), I found it impossible to credit even wild geese with the deliberate appointment of sentinels.

I think I can honestly say that Edmund Selous has been the only British ornithologist who throughout his writings has given the actual facts of what he has seen. I have annotated everything he ever wrote four or five times, and out of his tremendous mass of material I have quarrelled with very little of his theory, and in only one observation in the field is he, so far as my experience goes, incorrect. But then Edmund Selous had a wonderful gift, denied to the ordinary mortal, for writing full and accurate notes *in situ*.

Anyone who has ever tried to do this must, like myself, be astounded at his ability to do so day after day and year after year. It was a superhuman achievement. And though he lamented bitterly that he had been ringing the bell at the drawing-room of Science all his life, he remains the only ornithologist whose writings I can rely upon as absolutely as it is possible to rely on anything into which the human element enters.

However, I tried to forget even his precepts when I finally arrived at the conclusion that to take up my own study where others had left off would be useless, because my observations would rest mainly on false bases. Rightly or wrongly I decided to write from the deductions of personal observations only, making use of what obvious truths existed in the promulgated theories of territory, sexual selection, migration, &c.; keeping always before me the straight and narrow path of endeavouring to approach all my observations with a critical and fresh mind, while yet at the same time not being fanciful for fancy's sake.

Of what has gone before it will be said that I am ignoring the work done by those contributing to *British Birds* and the British Trust for Ornithology. Some remarkably exact work has been done by members of these organisations, but, if I may be allowed to say so, and probably in my opinion only, such work is spoilt a little by the rigid limits of thought within which it is carried out, by the aura of sanctity with which it is surrounded, and by its strict divorce from any suspicion of appreciation of the beauty of birds and their background.

To demand both accurate observation and aesthetic appreciation of birds is perhaps unreasonable—and, yet, have not those who have advanced our knowledge of birds most, always been highly appreciative of their beauty, from the beginning? Have they not been ultra-sensitive in their literary treatment of them?

To me it is distasteful in the extreme to divorce beauty from scientific accuracy. And I think that science is actually the loser by this divorcement. Does not a vivid presentation of an incident bring out more clearly the salient details of its scientific value better than a bald statement of facts? Put birds aside, and think of, say, Fabre and Maeterlink! Would it not be correct to say that the clearest-thinking writers and finest naturalists have always been, above all, humanitarians?

In the welcome swing-over from Victorian anthropomorphism to Georgian realism, has there not been a swing of the pendulum too far, so that any writer who chooses to introduce any aesthetic feeling into his studies of birds is regarded with the greatest suspicion by ornithological authorities? To bridge the gap between bird-lover and scientific ornithologist is not deemed either desirable or possible. Perhaps it is most unfair to suggest this, since I have met with courtesy from many ornithologists, but is there not a suspicion of haughty reserve among the powers that be, and a jealous and narrow prejudice to considering the opinions of those who differ in their theories from ones they accept themselves?

Above all is not this business of ticketing each man's observations vastly overdone? When I publish an article, I do so with the hope of being of some use and interest to my fellow-countrymen, and I expect them to make what use of it they wish, without acknowledging anything they may learn from it. What does it matter who first discovered some natural fact? It seems to me to breed an aura of jealous prerogative about a subject that is, above all, gloriously free to every man to enjoy, but not to hoard up.

Personally, I have a rooted objection to being styled an ornithologist. I am a countryman, with a countryman's interest in the wild life around him. I have a dismal feeling that ornithology in gaining by exactness of observation, is losing by an inhuman approach. Where now are the great field naturalists so peculiarly and happily English: the Whites and Jefferies, the Wards Fowlers, Hudsons, and Selouses? Is there to-day any great ornithologist going out into the field and watching birds day by day, year in, year out, constantly bringing a fresh mind, not only to their study of birds, but to their aesthetic appreciation? Is not ornithology being reduced to a cold presentation of statistics and trap records?

I contend that the ornithologist to-day is ignoring the bird as a living creature. I believe that no man can be a great field naturalist without being a great countryman: a man to whom the country and its background is, in real truth, the breath of life: a man with infinite tenderness for the creatures he studies. Should I be uncharitable in suggesting that the average scientific ornithologist who writes of birds is very rarely a countryman, and has not that inbred natural lore to profit by the little ways of animals so revealing to countryman and wildfowler? That intimate knowledge which reveals a bird not as a biological corpse but as a vital, living entity. To know birds, so that one may interpret their actions in actuality and not through the smoked glasses of anthropomorphism or laboratory.

I maintain that one must live among them day in, day out, year in, year out. Week-ends here and months there are all very well, but I think this undoubtedly leads to a wholly false impression of their habits, for observations are never consecutive, and the observer is not in touch with country life.

I should like to see the science of ornithology imbued with a little of the generous spirit of British country, its background, and the ornithologist first and foremost a countryman. The study of birds is becoming urbanised and bureaucratic. It would do it all the good in the world to drop a few aitches, before it is finally reduced to the cold-blooded dissection of the taxidermist, and the last *rare* bird has been shot for exhibition in the local museum, as an education to the rising generation, or as an illustration of sub-species Z.

CASH WANTED—NOT SKIS

As much of the equipment which skiers from this country could supply for the Finns would be unsuitable for their purposes, contributions of money for purchasing supplies are the main need. After consultation with the Finnish authorities the Ski Club of Great Britain has opened a fund to which all skiers are invited to contribute. Cheques should be made payable to the Ski Club and sent to the Secretary, at 3, Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

IN BETWEEN AND DURING A COLD SPELL

JANUARY brought the severest winter for half a century but was a month of contrasts, for while the skaters had their ice and the Thames was frozen over, opportunity was afforded for rowing at Oxford.

OFFICERS AND CADETS OF A MILITARY SCHOOL FIX UP AN IMPROMPTU ICE HOCKEY MATCH

EARLY PRACTICE ON THE ISIS FOR A CREW TO MEET THE LIGHT BLUES ON MARCH 2nd

During the last war there were no Boat Races from 1914 *to* 1926, *and the proposed race for March 2nd at Henley recalls the early days of unofficial encounters between the two Universities prior to* 1829

THE PRESIDENTS DEMONSTRATE: C. B. SANFORD (CAMBRIDGE) GIVES A LECTURE ON TRAINING, AND H. D. HICKS HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO J. R. GODLEY AND A. C. GARTON ABOUT HANDS AND THE BEGINNING

THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL AFTERNOON

RABBITS, PURSE-NETS AND FERRETS

By REGINALD ADCOCK

FERRETING with nets has always been for me a source of keen enjoyment, which is doubtless a clear indication of my hidden poaching instincts. But what true countryman is not at heart something of a poacher, and conversely what "honest" old-time poacher—not your modern motorised cut-and-run specialist, mind you—is not a thorough-going countryman to his very marrow? Some people, who are conversant only with the principles and not the practice of the sport, run away with the idea that ferreting with nets is scarcely to be differentiated from murder and certainly not worthy the designation of sport; as a means of keeping down the rabbit population, they will allow, the system has its uses; but a country sport, no. Their contentions are based on the premise that the hapless rabbit is doomed from the start.

Theoretically, maybe, there is something to be said for this argument; but theory and practice seldom go hand in hand completely; and if these same detractors were to observe the industrious exertions of some of the less experienced and less patient members of the fraternity of netters, they might easily draw the conclusion that Providence had seen fit to reward their murderous instincts with a generous stretch of hard labour. How often have we not seen a projected day's ferreting resolve itself into a day of stern digging?

For in truth the successful use of ferrets and nets—and by that I mean the ability to use them without constant recourse to interminable excavations—requires a fair knowledge of woodcraft and patience above the average. It also requires the assistance of the right type of ferrets used in the right way and the help of a dog trained to the job. There must be moreover, perfect understanding and co-operation between the human participants of the sport. If any of these elements function imperfectly, the work of the remainder is thrown into jeopardy.

I recall four seasons during which a friend and I worked ferrets to nets regularly, because my friend did not care for shooting, and during the course of which we reduced the business to a fine art. Though we were never reckless enough to go out for the day and leave our graft at home—for in ferreting provision must be made for all manner of unexpected contingencies—yet I venture to say that the number of times we used it in a season could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. We were out for sport, not out to exterminate the rabbits; and we preferred to leave live or dead rabbits behind in the bury on occasion, rather than prejudice our future outings by indulging in extensive and indiscriminate excavations, and thereby ruining in time every bury in the woods. Consequently we regarded the spade as the last desperate resort to be used only when every other expedient had failed.

When out bolting rabbits into nets the first important member of your team is your dog. It does not matter what type of dog he is, so long as he has a good nose and can mark rabbits underground. Terriers are often the best, and as a matter of fact during the four winters that I have in mind we worked constantly with two dogs, a small wire-haired fox terrier and an aged Alsatian. They both became past-masters at their task, each learning from the other, and would hunt methodically through a wood, sniffing at every burrow and marking those containing rabbits. As mentioned above, your dog may be of any breed under the sun; his essential qualifications are that he should be reliable in his markings, that he should not sniff or snort too much into the holes, and above all that he should not attempt to scratch or dig. The quintessential secret of success in bolting rabbits into nets is silence; it is a golden rule that should on no account ever be broken either by man or beast. In point of fact when our dogs had marked a bury to our satisfaction, we invariably tied them up a good 10 or 15 yards away from the scene of operations, preferably to leeward.

A rabbit bolting into the open after the normal subterranean reverberations that mark its passage and struggles underground is very hard for a terrier to resist, and to eliminate the temptation altogether is the kindest and safest policy. For an excited dash at the wrong moment may easily upset the nerves of any rabbits entertaining the notion of following the first, and cause them to stay obstinately below. Therefore unless your dog is exceptionally steady, it is better to tie him up after he has marked a rabbit and done his share of the work, and let him sit back and watch the fun. He soon realises his position, and though always an excited spectator, he will make no attempt to interfere.

The next important members of the team, and actually the most important of all are the ferrets. The ones we kept and bred for rabbiting were a particularly small strain of white ferrets, which were always exceedingly docile through frequent handling. We would never hesitate for instance to plunge an ungloved hand down a hole in order to draw out a rabbit held by a ferret, if the occasion arose; and, though we knew better than to make any sudden movement near a ferret, for such action within the range of their weak eyesight produces no uncertain, albeit only instinctive, reaction, we were never seriously bitten.

The ferrets we used for our work were invariably small, unlined, unmuzzled jills. I prefer a small ferret for several reasons; chiefly because it has not the power to pin and hold a rabbit that a big hob ferret has; and because it can often get past a rabbit in a dead-end and drive it out, instead of killing it or just lying up with it. We used our ferrets without lines, because a line tends to tire a small ferret and sometimes gets hung up; provided that the ferret is quiet to handle and not hole-shy, there is no need for a line. We worked them without muzzles, because muzzles in our opinion tend to reduce their powers of persuasion.

On the other hand we did not believe in the maxim so often heard that a ferret should be starved for 24 hours before working; and as a regular practice we always gave our ferrets a light meal before going out on a day's rabbiting. A hungry ferret may be faster; but if it is unmuzzled, it will try to kill; and having killed, will certainly lie up and feed; and having fed, will perhaps decide to sleep. Whereas a ferret that is not ravenous, even if it does happen to kill, should it not promptly return

EXAMINING THE BENDER FOR FLECK

If the line ferret is not available, a long whippy switch is probed down the hole

of its own accord to the surface, can often be persuaded by various means to leave the burrow. In addition to two or three small white jills we would sometimes take with us a big buck ferret as a liner, in case the worst occurred and we were forced to dig. White ferrets I consider preferable to polecats, because they are more visible, and because as a rule they are somewhat slower and less savage. Polecats are the real goods, when rats are the quarry.

Whether you carry your ferrets in a bag or in a box is a matter for individual decision. A bag gets damp if it lies on wet ground; the wind blows through it if it is hung in a tree; in neither case is the health of your ferrets liable to be improved by the treatment. On the other hand spare ferrets in a box often do a deal of noisy scratching, which can be a nuisance. Our normal practice was to use a box, and if it held spare ferrets that were given to scraping on the sides with their claws, we would deposit it at a safe distance from the bury while operations were in progress. Our rule to preserve absolute silence all the time activities lasted was as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians.

So much for the dumb creatures, whose skilled participation is so vital and whose real enjoyment in the sport is utterly past question. What of the human element? What of man's share in the business? The mere thought of the quiet fascination and tense excitement attaching to the pastime is sufficient to send my poaching blood coursing with added vigour. I love the stealthy cat-like creeping about the burrows, when anything but the lightest footfall would be a crime. I love the silent furtive trimming back of brambles and bracken to make way for the carefully-laid purse-nets. My pulse quickens to the imagined sound of a subdued whistle followed by the expressive language of signs, to which one occasionally has recourse, for never a word is spoken.

If I sit back and only close my eyes for an instant, numerous scenes crowd thick upon my memory, recalling vividly well-remembered banks and hedges and gnarl-rooted trees, corners of woods unforgettable for the happy hours they gave and the pleasant sport they yielded. I can see the two of us now, deftly laying the nets in the mouth of the holes, counting each net as we put it down, so as to be certain of gathering all up again at the end; for an old discoloured net in the dim light of a wintry day is easily overlooked and left behind. And then when all is ready, one of us takes a ferret from the box, and drops it quietly at the entrance of a hole, holding the net firmly in place the while for the ferret to pass through its meshes, without entangling it or dragging it aside. We squat down then on our hunkers and wait expectantly out of sight of any hole and for preference to leeward. A momentary silence follows, as the ferret disappears into the subterranean darkness. Then come faintly a staccato stamp or two from the depths of the burrow, that tell us our dogs have faithfully done their part; our hearts beat faster and we exchange a knowing wink, as the sullen muffled rumble below grows rapidly clearer and louder as it approaches the surface; and then with a swift last rush and a sudden flurry and flash of fur a rabbit is out and into the net, rolled up in a furry tangle.

Swiftly and noiselessly my friend moves to the spot and grabs the netted coney; placing one foot in the mouth of the hole to prevent any further escapes, he stays the struggles with a dexterous twist, and laying aside the corpse, takes a fresh net from his pocket and places it over the hole; then he goes back to his selected position to await further developments and disentangle the bagged rabbit from the smothering meshes of net. Every movement is swift, silent and sure. There is no hectic scrambling, no heavy-shod stampeding after bolting bunnies, no spectacular rugger-tackles after possible escapes, no prolonged fumbling with tangled nets in the mouth of the hole. That is why we always set a fresh net in position and unravel the victim from the other at our leisure.

EXAMINING THE CLAWS FOR FUR

Sometimes from a well-tenanted burrow the darting shapes shooting into the nets come thick and fast, so that strive as we may to do the splits and reach either leg into widely-separated holes, our hands are full and we cannot keep pace. Then from some unguarded bolt hole two or three rabbits slip out and scurry noisily away, white tails bobbing, over the dead and frosted leaves. Such accidents usually draw forth indignant whimpering comments from the highly excited dogs. They have faithfully performed their duties as far as they have been allowed; we are obviously failing in ours. Or again an undiscovered "poppy hole" choked with leaves may provide an unexpected line of retreat for a rabbit or two, before the secret exit can be stopped.

It quite often happens that two rabbits bolt virtually together from the same hole; nearly always one escapes—I have yet to see two rabbits bagged together in the same purse-net. If the nets are not pegged, some rabbits seem to have a technique of rolling into the nets, turning over with them, rolling out again on the far side and then scampering light-heartedly away. That is perhaps the most mortifying experience of all.

And then there are the occasions, on which, despite our extreme care and thorough-going precautions, and really through no fault of our own a sulky rabbit refuses to bolt. If the ferret can get at its head and neck, it will kill it. If it cannot reach those vital parts, it will scratch and worry where it can. This is the time when those who believe in working with hungry ferrets start their tribulations; a ravenous ferret will not leave that rabbit until it has had a good meal; and that will take a fair length of time; so digging is the order of the day.

A well-fed ferret, if it kills, will soon return to the surface; if it can only worry the rabbit's quarters, it may lose interest for a moment and come up for air, when, if it is sufficiently docile, it can be grabbed and put away. The ferrets we used had their reflexes conditioned, as the psychologists term it, to answer to a particular call at feeding time. By making the noise into the particular hole, which by careful listening we determined was closest to the ferret, we often managed to regain our charges. Their reactions to the sound were instinctive and automatic. If that device failed, we frequently

INTRODUCING THE FERRET

WAITING FOR THE RABBIT TO BOLT

set alight to dead bracken and grasses in the mouth of the hole and wafted the smoke down with a hat. Or we pauched a freshly-killed rabbit and wafted the aromatic fumes down in like manner.

Nearly always one of these dodges did the trick. In any case we would always wait half an hour or even an hour before resorting to the spade, if we thought the case was not beyond hope. For if the ferret can be persuaded to emerge even at the end of an hour, our object is achieved just as rapidly as if we had started to dig immediately and had had to dig for an hour—which in a deep burrow beset with tree roots is no uncommon experience. Of course if the ferret refuses to budge at all, the hour of waiting is so much time wasted. If we had to dig and were uncertain of the closest line of approach, we consulted the dogs. They would soon tell us the closest point to start. Out would come the line ferret from the box, or in the event of its not being available, we proceeded with the good old-fashioned system of probing a long whippy switch down the hole and following with the spade the course it indicated. At every turn it would be withdrawn to be submitted to a careful scrutiny in the optimistic hopes of finding its tip covered in fleck, sure indication that our rabbit was nearly in reach. But as before mentioned the occasions on which we were able to warm ourselves with a little energetic digging were very few and far between.

What of the advantages of this form of rabbit catching in war-time? Undoubtedly they are considerable. In the first place, war or no war, there is no cleaner way of killing a rabbit. The appearance and condition of a netted rabbit are the best ever; they do not suffer from the disfigurement of swollen bloated heads and staring eyes, as do those that are snared; nor from the perforations and broken bones of those that are shot. And the pelts, now that they are beginning to be worth something again, are left without a mark. The system is moreover highly economical; there is no expenditure of cartridges, no steady consumption of wires. Good purse-nets are a capital outlay; if you do not lose them they will last a long time. All things considered therefore, as a means of producing good food with the maximum economy of resources a better system would be hard to find.

THAT SPORTING FISH THE BLACK BASS

By RICHARD CLAPHAM

MORE than forty years ago I killed my first black bass—a large-mouth—in Wilcox Lake, not far from the city of Toronto. After that initial experience I lived for some time in Northern Ontario where I had plenty of sport with both small-mouth and large-mouth bass.

Of all fresh-water fish with which I have tried conclusions, the black bass is the gamest. That American anglers are of the same opinion the following lines testify:

"In rocky lair the bass is found,
Where the swirling eddy dims,
Inch for inch, and pound for pound,
The gamest fish that swims."

In those days my outfit for bass fishing consisted of a short tubular steel rod, multiplying reel, and silk line. When making a cast, the line had to be braked with one's thumb, otherwise a back-lash resulted that left the line in a fearsome tangle. The lure was generally one of the plug baits then in vogue, or a wooden minnow. My first bass fell to a heavily armed Dowagiac minnow, a bait that was absolutely ignored when I offered it to pike at home. Later I used English-made Devons, and they killed quite as well as the plugs. When it comes to weedless baits, however, credit must be given to the American tackle-makers who have used their ingenuity in turning out such articles. Black bass are found in water where lily-pads abound, and a weedless bait enables you to fish small open pockets where a heavily armed lure would be promptly hung up.

Nowadays plug baits are well known to English anglers, as they are being used for pike and salmon with more or less success. To look at a mixed collection of American plugs which wriggle, wobble, dive, float or "leave a wake like a battle ship," makes you wonder how any sane fish could possibly be taken in by such contraptions. I think they prove, if proof were needed, that fish are sadly lacking in the matter of brains.

American tackle manufacturers also market various luminous baits for use at night. Bait casting in the dark even with a luminous lure never appealed to me, for I much prefer to see what I am doing. Nevertheless, many good bass are killed during the hours of darkness.

Black bass take a fly well. Any bright-coloured salmon fly of suitable size, such as a Jock Scott or Silver Doctor is good medicine, and so are the local patterns, like the Grizzly King and Parmachenee Belle. I killed both black bass and fontinalis on what is known out there as a "coaxer," otherwise, a fly made of cork and stiff feather. I tried this fly in trout size at home, but neither river nor lake trout took the slightest interest in it.

Black bass take live bait such as worms, minnows, grasshoppers, or frogs freely, and they can be trolled for with an artificial minnow or spoon. Bait casting and fly fishing are, however, by far the most sporting methods to employ when in pursuit of bass.

As to the habitat of small-mouth and large-mouth black bass, the former prefer rocky streams and cool lakes provided with springs. Large-mouth on the other hand are found in both lakes and slow-flowing rivers. They will live in quite shallow muddy lakes, where the small-mouth is entirely out of its element.

When it comes to gameness there is really little to choose between them. Perhaps a small-mouth hooked in fresh water fights hardest. The large-mouth is I think the better riser from a fly-fishing point of view. Black bass spawn in May and June. In their feeding habits they are omniverous, and both kinds are inveterate cannibals. For this reason they are not too easy to rear, as the young fish devour each other, and comparatively few reach maturity.

Autumn is the best time to fish for bass. By then the water-plants are dying down, and the bass come more on to the shallows. None of our English coarse fish possess anything like the fighting qualities of black bass, and for this reason I have often thought the latter would make a welcome addition to certain of our lakes.

About 1880 an experiment was made to acclimatise small-mouth black bass, but it failed. In 1926 another attempt was made with large-mouth in Norfolk, but I have not heard how the experiment fared. In Italy the large-mouth has been successfully acclimatised. It was introduced to Lakes Varano and Varese in 1900, together with a stock of suitable food in the shape of the small sunfish which is a most prolific breeder. Black bass up to 13lb. have been taken in Italian waters, and they seem to grow quickly in the lakes and canals of Southern Italy where food supplies are plentiful.

While the introduction of black bass to trout waters is inadvisable owing to their voracity, they would prove an undoubted sporting asset in rivers and lakes inhabited by coarse fish only. I have no doubt both small-mouth and large-mouth bass would do well in certain waters of the English Lake District which swarm with such fish that never grow to any size. They would provide an ample food supply for the newcomers. One trouble with regard to the introduction of black bass seems to be the question of water temperature for spawning. Some authorities assert that this has been the stumbling block in the earlier experiments. What truth there is in this we cannot say.

As to its sport-showing qualities, the black bass has all our coarse fish "licked to a frazzle." I cannot imagine anyone bothering his head about perch, pike, or other coarse fishing, once he has had the experience of hooking and playing a small-mouth or large-mouth black bass. The way in which they fight must be experienced to be believed.

In the North black bass seldom weigh more than 4lb. or 5lb., whereas in Florida they run larger and heavier, up to 14lb. or more. I believe the record American large-mouth black bass weighed 24lb., and was caught in the Tombigbee River, Alaska. The record small-mouth tipped the scales at 9¼lb., and was taken from a lake in Michigan.

Would that I could revisit some of the Canadian waters in which I had such good sport years ago. If I went again I should take a fixed spool reel and gut substitute line instead of the multiplier, and a split bamboo rod in place of the tubular steel article. Steel rods are useful for rough work as they are practically unbreakable, but they cannot compare with a first-class split bamboo as regards action.

WILDFOWL ON INLAND MARSHES

THE shortage of wildfowl is a topic to which a great deal of interest attaches at the moment. But attention is mainly focused on contributory causes to fluctuations in divers coastal areas. Probably because they are, or should be, matters of individual rather than collective solicitude there is scanty reference to conditions fairly generally prevailing on inland marshes. Yet with obviously notable exceptions, taking the country by and large, it may be no exaggeration to say that of all forms of sport marshland shooting is the most neglected.

It may be partly because the average marsh, forming part of the average rough shoot, possesses superficially few natural advantages, and partly because it is seldom held on other than uncertain tenure, that few people can be persuaded to spend time and money on improvements. With no more security than a yearly tenancy, both may well be wasted. It is also true that without exceptional natural amenities, which can be quickly turned to good account, one cannot hope to make waste land productive in a short time. But there is no excuse for doing nothing. There is no greater fallacy than the assumption that wildfowl, being incalculable creatures, will settle down quite comfortably in any environment provided it is wet. Admittedly, their local migrations are primarily governed by the climatic dictates of the moment, but in one respect they differ not at all from our more dependable triumvirate of game birds, and that is in appreciation of their creature comforts.

I would suggest three reasons why wildfowl are simply birds of passage on the average marsh.

(*a*) The ground is allowed to run to seed and flood;
(*b*) nesting cover is conspicuous by its absence;
(*c*) shooting is permitted too early and too often.

Let me briefly amplify these theses. Drainage may be, though it is not necessarily, an expensive business, and no one would contemplate spending a lot of money unless an adequate return was fairly positive. But a point so often forgotten is that ground which is high and dry for four months and more or less under water for the remainder of the year is of no use to any bird. And this is very often the type of country which can be reduced to an overall spongy consistency by the release of choked springs and cuttings of new dykes at the lower levels at no great cost.

For the encouragement of resident wildfowl one requires water and cover to be complementary to each other—that is to say, each in its right place. Birds cling tenaciously to feeding and resting places both on land and water where they can be free from observation and disturbance. It is in their provision that the art of fashioning wildfowl sanctuaries comes in. For one must look ahead, contriving that such nesting cover as may be improvised or planted shall serve a dual purpose when the guns come into play. One's aim in short is very much akin to that of the old decoy-men in the construction of their ponds.

How often one sees, for example, large attractive bog pools, whose surround of reeds and rushes is shaved to ground level in the summer. Literally tons of cover, which no doubt an agreeable landlord would spare did he realise its value to a shooting tenant, is wasted every year. But even this is insufficient to permanently increase the residential attractions of a marsh, which wildfowl chiefly appraise by the sense of security and shelter against cold prevailing winds that stiffer cover gives them.

Harking back for a moment to the old decoy-men, one recollects that on one point they were insistent. Screens of shrubs round lakes and ponds never reached the water's edge; always there were left fairly spacious grassy banks on which the ducks could sun themselves. And plantings were invariably confined to the exposed sides: to completely surround a small sheet of water not only limits easy access but also makes the birds suspicious. Moreover, the types of shrubs best suited to the purpose may not invariably be suited to the soil.

My own experience, I must admit, has been chiefly confined to bog lands, but I think that most evergreens will flourish in any kind of marshland, although none will survive constant flooding or planting in stagnant water. Deciduous shrubs should be avoided, but yew and laurels, gorse (on a dry bank) and rhododendrons can usually be transplanted from woods or garden and put in at such a size as to be immediately useful. As has been suggested these screens should be set at a little distance from the water, and if the banks have a surround of reeds they should not be allowed to grow rank. Nothing is better than turf sodding for bare banks, for the birds will appreciate fresh grass on which to squat and dry themselves. Besides, it should not be forgotten that hand-feeding is an important factor, and to be thoroughly effective it should be practised both on land and water. So the advantage of making little oases of this kind is that behind their shelter screens the ducks will feed more or less secure from raptorial assault, and here too, as the herbage grows up, they will nest from year to year. If aquatic plants and flags are sunk into the marginal ooze, the water will gradually overspread with floating weed to form a breeding ground for snails, beetles and other larvæ on which ducks thrive. And so the summer-time nursery, as constituted by the surrounding "coverts," will in autumn form convenient points for screening guns, obviating the almost inseparable difficulties that often arise in this respect on flat and rather barren marshes.

Whether flappers are really ready for shooting in August depends of course on their numbers as well as seasonal vicissitudes. But one thing is certain—one cannot have it both ways, and on marshes where one is trying to build up a residential stock of duck, it may be regarded as a suicidal policy. Most people hammer inland marshes far too hard, forgetting that they are a very different proposition from the saltings. For one thing one does not see anything like the number of wildfowl on one's few bog pools, and the first condition of decent sport later in the season is to add to these if possible. Home bred duck will attract their immigrant relatives, when they arrive, to a land of plenty. But not if they are shot too early and too often. It is tempting to make hay while the sun shines, but it can be overdone. A constant series of shocks to the system will speedily impress the visitors with the notion that however much further they continue their migration they cannot fare worse, and so the marsh will become a house of call rather than an abode on which a modest bag can be counted on throughout the season.

Wildfowl have as long memories as long necks; duck and geese are pretty consistent in their flighting lines, but if they are hammered day in day out in the same places they are not such fools as to stand for it. They mark well for avoidance in the future the spots at which the nightly barrage is the heaviest. Personally, I would always leave a marsh severely alone (except for an occasional pot hunt after snipe) for a fortnight or three weeks between shoots. For nothing is more certain than that if one shoots flappers almost before they are normally strong fliers, not only does one forfeit better sport anon, but also the chance of outlying birds which they might have seduced to the premises had they been left alone.

BARRAGH

EARLY MORNING: SUCCESS WITH THE GREYLAGS

FINE HEAD OF TAME FOX

FOXES AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THOUGH the wolves' dens at the Zoo may not be the last word in architecture, they are excellent for the animals, which invariably do well there. Proof of this lies in the remarkably fine breeding records and in the great length of life of most of the inhabitants, particularly the foxes.

In recent years the Zoo's collection of foxes, always an interesting group, has been extended and various species new to the collection have been obtained. In general the more typical foxes can be divided into two groups—the greater foxes and the lesser foxes. The greater foxes include the foxes of North America and of Europe and Asia, of the species generally known as *Vulpes fulva* and *Vulpes vulpes*. Some authorities hold that these should be classed merely as races of one widely distributed species. In both Old and New Worlds the greater foxes show much variation.

In North America the *Fulva* group has red, silver and "cross" examples, the latter having conspicuous black markings on its back, and the silver being, as everyone knows, a particularly beautiful melanic variant. Similar variants are known from Asia, where the Russian scientists have been able to give names to at least two dozen different types, and have even been able to find out a lot about the inheritance of the different colours. In general they are inherited in orthodox Mendelian fashion. Quite apart from this remarkable variation, which all races of foxes seem to show in greater or lesser degree, the stock itself can be divided geographically into local sub-species, though the efforts of certain Russian scientists to introduce sub-sub-species are not very useful. Certainly the races in Britain, Northern Europe, Turkey and Arabia, are quite properly separable.

Though they are not represented in Britain, the lesser foxes have a distribution nearly as wide as, and overlapping with that of the greater ones. For instance, North America has a kit-fox as well as a greater fox and the Corsac fox of Northern Asia, examples of which are in the Zoo to-day, falls also into this group. The other foxes are considerably different from the two main groups. The Arctic fox has been placed in a different genus and is the only species which goes white in winter, though not all examples do so. Some are a blue colour in winter and it has been found that this colouration is a Mendelian dominant to the more widely distributed (winter) white form. There are many Arctic foxes in the Zoo, and they do well in the British atmosphere.

At Whipsnade a series of breeding pens were built at considerable expense under the most modern fox-breeding specifications, and it was hoped that the animals would breed. When all the pens had been filled a pair of surplus animals was placed in a run on the west side of the Downs as a show for the public. It is amusing to be able to record that this was the only pair that succeeded in breeding, though no special breeding quarters were provided, and though hope has not yet been given up for the others in their modern dens. The young ones are still with their parents, but are nearly full grown, and are a splendid sight playing in the snow. They should be in perfect coat when the public sees them again in February (for the Zoological Society decided to re-open Whipsnade on February 1st instead of on March 1st).

The Zoo has quite often had examples of the more aberrant foxes. The South American species form a group of themselves, and are placed in the genus *Pseudalopex*. A fine specimen of the Argentine grey fox lived in the North Mammal House until quite recently, as did a group of the beautiful little Fennecs, from Africa. In this species the size of the body is abnormally small with the exception of the ears, which are abnormally large. In fact throughout the group of foxes there is a tendency from increased body size in higher latitudes coupled with decreased ear size, to the opposite extreme in tropical countries. It is probable that this is due to the demands of the surface weight relation in these animals. The smaller the animal the larger the surface in relation to its weight and the greater the ease with which it can keep itself cool. It has been suggested that the ears of the Fennec provide additional surface area over which heat can escape so that it can keep itself at the proper temperature in the hot deserts which it inhabits.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

ONCE upon a time, a war time, there was a little man who had a large wife and three grown-up sons, a small garden and a rather large house in the country. Their name was, or might have been, Smith. Some four miles or so away from the Smith family some friends of theirs, who were or might have been called Brown, lived in a small house with a large garden round it.

In order to have a whole free day every week, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith had arranged that they were to take it in turns to feed each other's family every Sunday. One Sunday, the Smiths came across the heath to the Browns and the next Sunday the Browns returned the call. Petrol was too precious to use and the walk provided the best of all sauces: a healthy appetite.

It so happened that on a particular Sunday, it was the turn of the Browns to visit the Smiths, and this is the feast which Mrs. Smith had provided for them and her own family:—

Leek Custard.
Goose stew and chestnuts.
Stewed fruit.
Cheese and celery.

Leek Custard.—Boil the leeks in salted water. Cut off the green part and shred the whites, cutting them up in small pieces. Beat three yolks of eggs in warm milk. Make a thin tart paste and line with it an open round baking tin. Bake in a hot oven, then fill it with the warm milk and eggs and the shredded white of leeks. Season with pepper and salt, put back in moderate oven and leave it until set and beginning to brown. Serve at once.

Goose stew and chestnuts.—Cut up a small goose in twelve to fourteen pieces and brown them in a hot pan. Run off the fat in a pot and keep in reserve. Dredge the pieces of goose with a tablespoonful of flour in a saucepan on a moderate fire, tossing them about until thoroughly brown. Then add a glassful of water and two tablespoonfuls of tomato *purée*; season with pepper and salt; add a *bouquet* of mixed herbs and cover the pan; let it stew on a moderate heat gently during an hour-and-a-quarter or an hour-and-a-half. In the meantime boil a pound of chestnuts, and whilst they are boiling, toss in the goose fat fifteen to twenty very small onions and a carrot or two cut up in rounds or small squares, and then add them all to the pan in which the goose is stewing.

The chestnuts being fairly soft after boiling for twenty minutes, take them out of the water one by one, peel them and add them also to the pan, when the goose will have already been an hour stewing. Remove all surface fat from the stew before serving and serve hot with the onions, carrots and chestnuts all mixed together. Taste before serving and add pepper and salt if wanted.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

BUSINESS on the London Stock Exchange is running on definite investment lines nowadays. Investors are directing their attention almost exclusively to high class investment stocks.

British Funds are particularly strong and active. There has been keen buying of home railway prior charges as well as industrial debentures and preference shares. Supplies of gilt edged stocks are ample for all requirements, but in other sections there is definite shortage of stock.

Prices have been rising. In many instances current values are well above the top levels of 1939. Yields which investors are able to obtain on their money nowadays have dwindled to under 4½ per cent. for industrial preference shares. The return available on prior charges is even smaller.

This results from definite evidence that the authorities intend to keep money cheap and plentiful during the war period. This has been fully demonstrated in the exchange offer from the Conversion 4½ per cent. 1940-44 loan into a 2 per cent. stock with final redemption date five years hence.

There is every probability that when the Government decides on a long-dated loan to finance the war the interest rate will not be more than 3 per cent. This is recognised by investors who are naturally employing their resources in securities giving a somewhat better yield than 3 per cent.

This demand for purely investment stocks has completely overshadowed the more speculative sections of markets. It is true that there is some support for the leading industrial equities such as the principal tobacco stocks and shares. Business among industrials is, however, limited, although it is felt that eventually such securities will show to better advantage.

Some prominent firms of stockbrokers are advising their clients to pay more attention to the leading equities. The belief is that such securities will surely show to better advantage later on. It is of course, recognised that dividend prospects are somewhat overshadowed by a heavy burden of taxation with a possibility of still greater weight to come.

Ordinary stocks and shares of industrial concerns which can show a particularly steady dividend record over a number of years can be bought to show yields of well over 5 per cent. on the latest dividend basis. Some companies may indeed improve on last year's dividend as a result of war conditions.

For instance, Imperial Chemical Industries £1 ordinary with a market price around 31/-, yield about £5 4s. per cent. on the 8 per cent. dividend of last year. This company has interests in so many branches of industry that profits should be well maintained during the war period.

Associated Electrical Industries is another concern which may be expected to enjoy considerable prosperity. This concern controls a number of companies engaged in the production of electric equipment.

Even after the war a business such as this must command trade, for the electric power industry of this country is likely to expand materially when the war is over. The £1 ordinary units of Associated Electric have a market price around 38/9 to return roughly £5 4s. per cent. on a 10 per cent. dividend paid for some years past.

Imperial Tobacco £1 ordinary units at a price of £6 each should be worth picking up showing a gross yield of over £6 per cent. on the 23 per cent. tax free dividend of last year. There are prospects of a better price for J. & P. Coats ordinary. The units are now about 33/6.

Some of the colliery shares, such as Bolsover £1 ordinary with a price around 46/- deserve attention. They yield about £5 8s. per cent. on the 12½ per cent. dividend of last year. Such securities may not be prominent at present, but their day will probably come and the securities are worth serious attention by investors.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, need 5/- weekly to make life possible for an old lady of 72. She is the daughter of a gentleman farmer and was brought up without any real profession, and the best part of her life has been spent working for her three sisters. She nursed them through their last illnesses and is now left alone to face life on her Old Age Pension of 10/- weekly. A home means everything to her and she pays 6/6 a week for two tiny rooms. Please help us to relieve the hardships of this pathetic old soul.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE DESTRUCTION OF RATS BY POISON

SIR,—The Government rightly demand a wholesale destruction of rats at the present time, and it is little short of a scandal to see so many rat-infested ricks and hedge-bank sides all over the country, at a time when corn means so much to the nation. County councils have powers to enforce killing, but apparently fail to do so.

Leaflets are, on application, supplied, but the suggestions contained are in many cases a source of danger to domestic animals and not suitable. One is barium carbonate powder (which briefly blocks up the intestines, causing death later), mixed in grated cheese, minced kipper, dripping and oatmeal, and made into a thick paste. This would attract dogs and can be carried.

Phosphorus is another, also deadly to dogs, etc. and carried easily elsewhere. The same applies, to others. The best and by far the safest method is the old Norfolk one of 1lb. white arsenic, 2lb. sifted barley meal, 1lb. sifted wheatings, 1lb. white castor sugar, all well mixed, and 10 drops of aniseed oil. With a long tablespoon, about half a spoonful is placed well down all holes, and being in powder form *cannot* be carried away. This procedure follows baiting each hole with the above without any arsenic in for two nights, and on the third night poison every hole where bait is taken, tread in each hole where not taken, and a wholesale killing takes place. Moreover many hundred holes can be done in half a day's work.

A recent addition to the sale of Poisons Act prohibits white arsenic being sold, but rats are shy of blue or black coloured arsenical meals, so rats will not be killed now unless this is altered at once—and the white available as before in a 10lb. quantity—and the winter months are those where rats collect in colonies before they spread out to breed freely in copses and hedgerows, etc., and far easier to kill down than later on.

Yours faithfully,

Southampton. P. M.

POOL PETROL

SIR,—Many of your readers being interested in this subject, perhaps some of them may help to elucidate the following points:—

1. What is "Pool" petrol? Is it uniformly of sp. 9: ·805, or is it haphazard in quality?

2. Was it in use sometime before the public had even heard of it?

3. What effects have been noticed regarding:—
(*a*) Starting from cold, and use of strong mixture control.
(*b*) Pinking or absence thereof.
(*c*) Performance.
(*d*) Miles per gallon.
(*e*) Fouling of engine and sparking plugs.

4. In order to lessen supposed defects, has anyone tried:—
(*a*) Increasing tappet clearance of inlet valves, say from ·015in. to ·020in.
(*b*) Withdrawing tapered jet-needle from jet, say $\frac{1}{32}$in. to $\frac{1}{16}$in. extra (S.U. carburettor).
(*c*) In order to increase pulverisation of this heavier spirit, inserting a fine-meshed strainer below each of the twin carburettors.

Some very marked results have been noted, following on these simple adjustments.

There was reference in your columns to this subject some weeks back, but the question was not further developed.

Yours faithfully,

"WEST ROSS-SHIRE.

WAR-TIME SALMON POACHING

SIR,—I had not meant to reply to Mr. A. G. Chalmers's letter in your issue of January 13th, but a friend suggests that the letter, which is rather a mixed one, should be answered.

In the first place, then, I said nothing in my article about the reasons why salmon poachers poach, simply stating (what I am in a position to prove) that they do poach salmon after the season, as well as before its end.

Mr. Chalmers should read my article over, when he will discover that I never wrote that a poaching angler discarded his rod. The method used is quite well known, and is by the use of a heavy sinker and a treble hook at the end of an ordinary fishing line, depending from an ordinary fishing rod, and attached to an ordinary salmon reel.

Mr. Chalmers appears to imagine that I do not know enough of the habits of salmon to know that they leave the redds after spawning. The salmon I wrote about left the redds in the jacket linings of poachers, and not naturally.

Neither nets nor dynamite were actually seen to be used by me in this district for the past three years, but all the other ways of poaching mentioned in my article are prevalent seasonably, for even poachers do not want spent fish. They do want them up to the period they spawn, however, and to eat a bit of kippered salmon is in the nature of "gain" surely?

Firing the water to "cleek" salmon was done in my home district not so many years ago, and is possibly still done there, the poachers using bicycle lamps now instead of pine torches, as in the times of Queen Victoria.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie, Perthshire.

SNIPE DURING THE COLD SPELL

SIR,—Here, in my part of the East Riding of Yorkshire, I have never seen so many snipe before. The sight of them reminded me of what they must be like in Ireland from various reports and books one reads. The ground here is as follows: Small stream twisting and turning for about 1½ miles up a so-called valley, with more or less a rough hedge both sides, so that a gun can walk either side. At the source is a bog where the stream rises, which has never frozen and which has been full of snipe. This bog has frequently been the hot corner.

Below I append the bags on various mornings and afternoons only as made by my keeper, W. Walmsley, and myself, should you think of sufficient interest to publish, proof of which I can produce—to wit, a game dealer's credit notes, not counting what I have given away. Two dunlin, or oxbirds, you will see were shot in mistake for snipe. These birds I have never seen here, inland, before. Any comments, through your columns, will be appreciated.

Date	Snipe	Duck	Teal	Wood-cock	Golden Plover	Dunlin	Total
Jan. 6	24	1	–	–	3	–	28
,, 8	10	10	–	–	–	–	20
,, 11	39	3	1	2	–	–	45
,, 12	7	2	–	–	–	–	9
,, 15	34	6	–	–	–	–	40
,, 16	45	4	1	3	–	–	53
,, 17	36	2	3	–	–	2	44
	195	28	5	5	3	2	239

Yours faithfully,

Kilnwick Hall, LUTTRELL BYNOE.
Driffield, E. Yorks.

MR MAIS ON THE FARM

SIR,—Is is possible that Mr. Chance is not as sure of his place in the country as he would wish us to believe? Nobody who has lived in the depths of the country can doubt that Mr. Mais's difficulties are *real*.

It seems a pity that Mr. Chance lacks sufficient sense of humour himself to see country life from the townsman's angle as well as from his own. The humour in Mr. Mais's article must have appealed to many.

Yours faithfully,

Tickford Park, PHYLLIS FRASER.
Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

EVACUEES AND THE COUNTRY

SIR,—With Mr. Reginald Davey's contention that evacuation camps would be more successful than billeting in private homes there will be general consent. His criticisms of country people are unjust and show a considerable ignorance of the whole position. A great deal of the friction is due to the fact that reception of the evacuees is compulsory. Country people have been forced to take into their homes adults and children whose standards of conduct and civilisation are far inferior to their own. This has not only meant serious financial losses, but the breaking up of family life and an enormous amount of work. The insanitary habits and destructive traits of the evacuees have increased the burdens thrust on the householders. Their sacrifices are wholly unappreciated by townspeople and by the Government, who have shown no sympathy with the unfortunate rural householders they have victimised. If air raids are coming many country people would prefer bombs to the evacuees they have got.

There is a very grave suspicion, which Mr. Davey and others like him do nothing to dispel, that there is something more than mere safety behind the whole scheme. "It is all a great experiment!" Is it? At whose expense? Is it a great political experiment to please certain political and sociological cranks, to test certain subversive theories, and to harass and annoy some of the best, finest, and most stable elements in the realm, the country people? If not, why are the evacuation camps the Government has built at enormous expense not used? We have been warned to prepare for a long war. The evacuation scheme is one of the worst and most cruel types of panic legislation, and after months of opportunity the Government has done nothing to remedy it.

Yours faithfully,

South Cave, E. H. BAXTER.
East Yorkshire.

WIDDECOMBE'S UNKNOWN ROYSTERER

SIR,—As far as I can remember there is nothing in the song which says that the whole crowd rode on Tom Pearce's grey mare—only an elephant could have carried them all.

Tom Cobleigh has been a curse to Widdecombe. The last time I saw the beautiful little village it had been ruined by charabancs, sham antiques and other beastliness. Cannot the town planning authorities do something about it?

Yours faithfully,

Ashurst Park, C. G. FIELD MARSHAM.
Tunbridge Wells.

THE MORDEN HARRIERS

SIR,—I am trying to get together some information about the Morden Harriers, the immediate ancestors of the Worcester Park Beagles. They were owned and hunted by a Mr. Charles Blake, from 1855 to 1886, when Mr. H. W. Bonsor took over the country and continued hunting with beagles.

I should be very grateful if any readers of your valuable paper could give me any information, however slight, about Mr. Blake and his harriers—where did he hunt—were they a foot pack—what sort of hounds were they, etc.

Yours faithfully,

Homewood, HUGH H. S. SCOTT-WILLEY.
Chipstead, Master Worcester Park and
Surrey. Buckland Beagles.

NEW FOREST FAUNA

SIR,—Surely Mr. Roger Graham should know that the introduction of a number of exotic species of animals and birds into the New Forest, as proposed in his article in the *Field* of October 21st, besides being illegal, would probably be harmful to our native species and directly opposed to the chief interest of the place, which we believe would be agreed to by all who think about the matter and may be stated shortly as follows: That this area be maintained as an example of ancient British scenery with its indigenous fauna and flora intact.

I would go further than this by adding to the few hundred acres of unique and magnificent ancient woodland a large area of the Crown woodlands, allowing this to revert to natural woodland eliminating all exotics, such as firs. The whole area might be administered by, and under the control of, the scientific staff at the British Museum, already existing, who might make a biological survey of the whole area and report annually. The public would, of course, have access, as they now have, but under some sort of control especially in the spring and early summer. Wardens could patrol the area.

Mr. Graham does not seem to be aware that black game are indigenous to the New Forest and were extent there some 30 or 40 years ago

Yours faithfully,

Sycamore Lane, R. B. BURROWES
Tyeld, Kent.

GROUSE IN KENT

SIR,—When the bailiff and I were walking round one of the farms here this morning, we put up a grouse, not more than 30 yards from us. I have lived in this district for 30 years, but have never heard of one being seen before. As it might be of interest, I should like to hear how far south these birds have been reported.

Yours faithfully,

Hadlow, H. G. PEARSON.
Kent.

FREAK CHRYSANTHEMUM

SIR,—A pink chrysanthemum plant has on the same stem, well above the roots, two flowers, one pink and the other bronze. The colours are quite distinct and bear no resemblance to each other. Is this an unusual occurrence?

Yours faithfully,

Brocklesby, R. LUCAS.
Habrough, Lincolnshire.

[Yes, a most unusual occurrence. There is, of course, no accounting for these freaks.—ED.]

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A FAMOUS DRAMATIST
(See letter "Congreve in Yorkshire")

CONGREVE IN YORKSHIRE

SIR,—Very few people are aware that Congreve, the great seventeenth century dramatist, was really a Yorkshireman by birth and I am enclosing a photograph of his birthplace at Bardsey Grange, near Leeds. Congreve was born here while his mother was on a visit to her uncle, Sir John Lewis, and an entry in the Bardsey parish register records the date of his baptism as February 10th, 1669.

It is interesting to note that this date is at variance with that on Congreve's monument at Westminster Abbey, where his birth is given as having taken place in 1672. The Abbey monument was erected by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who, it is said, was such an admirer of the dramatist that after he had died she had a wax effigy of him made and kept this on her desk. It is even reported that she not only spoke to this as if it were alive, but even had it served with food on occasion!

Yours faithfully,
Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs. S. MOORHOUSE.

"LEFT MASTER EYE"

SIR,—The following may interest "Perplexed." The late Walter Levett, of Wynstone, Monmouth, lost his right eye through an accident whilst about 65 years of age. Being a keen and first class shot, he kept on shooting with guns that were cast-off for the right eye mastership, and his accuracy was in no way diminished. He never seemed to have his "off" and "on" days and killed with unvarying regularity high birds—and they come high off those hills common to that part of the county.

Naturally he was somewhat handicapped by the objective crossing from right to left until it came into his vision, but when it did so, prompt action generally meant a clean kill. If he had "poked," the left eye would have taken over the mastership and interfered with the instinctive memory, mechanical probably, with which he had educated himself in the art of shooting. A mediocre shot myself, I much admired his accuracy under his disability.

Yours faithfully,
South Hills, Milton, Tenby, Pembrokeshire. S. W. BOWEN SUMMERS, J.P.

A PORCINE MILKMAN

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a young pig feeding from a cow on a Gloucestershire farm may be of interest to your readers. The cow in question was noticed occasionally to be giving less milk than she should have done, and her owner was rather puzzled until one day he suddenly observed the young pig squatting on his haunches and making the most of his opportunity, as shown on the accompanying photograph, the cow apparently welcoming this novel method of being milked.

This is all the more peculiar as the cow is of a rather nervous disposition and at times has proved difficult to milk. This young pig is now every morning and evening on the look-out for his donor when the cows are brought in to milk, and he emits the most ear-piercing squeals of anticipatory delight as soon as he spots them coming through the orchard gate, but he is now only allowed to indulge in his peculiar habit for a short while on rare occasions for the benefit of disbelieving visitors to the farm.

Yours faithfully,
c/o Isolation Hospital, Honey Lane, Waltham Abbey, Essex. ALAN J. COLE.

TAMENESS OF GEESE

SIR,—Frequently, when I have been going past a farm, near Thetford, I have seen a large flock of geese in the meadows. They were quite tame and it was in my mind to ring the farmer up and ask him if he bred them commercially, and if so whether he could let me have one or two for my lake. I now learn that this flock, which numbered sometimes up to 250 birds, was an entirely wild one, although the birds themselves were so tame that they took no notice whatever of cars passing on the road and even followed the tumbril distributing turnips in the meadow. The landlord, who died last summer, was a very old man who would not have his wildfowl interfered with, but the farmer tells me that the birds have become so much of a nuisance that he has had this year to shoot twelve to fifteen of them and this has made the others more wild. He did so purely in self-defence as a flock of this size was slowly devouring all his cattle food. I do not know whether this is unusual but personally I was quite under the impression that the geese were tame ones.

The day before yesterday my son came running in to say there was a strange bird (he thought it was a shag) sitting on the ice in the boat-house on my lake. I went out and sure enough there was a cormorant sitting on the ice. The bird let us come within two to three yards of it. It seemed quite tame, but I do not know what happened to it. The pond and lake were quite frozen over so it could not catch any food. I have not previously seen a cormorant 35 miles inland and apparently looking quite fit and well.

Yours sincerely,
Westminster. SIDNEY ROGERSON.

[There have, naturally, been a number of records of very tame geese this year, and of geese in strange places. We have also had cormorants reported from far inland, and among others—two hoopoes from Hampshire and two great black woodpeckers (assuming identification to be correct) from Leicestershire—ED.]

FRESHWATER SHRIMPS AS FLESH EATERS

SIR,—I can bear out Mr. Macintyre's statement by experience of two widely differing conditions. Some twenty years ago I found a large dead trout in the water close to the bank of a Sussex pond with a flow of water through it, amounting to scarcely more than a trickle; the fish was in an advanced state of disintegration and was swarming with freshwater shrimps, of which there were a very large number in the pond, both in the weeds and on the mud and sand of the bottom.

Probably in consequence of this, I was not astonished at an experience in 1935. A slow-running muddy stream in Essex had been stocked with trout. One sad April morning we found that every trout had been killed by pollution. Within a fortnight I removed 27 from the water. My recollection is that at first they only had small numbers of shrimps on them: certain it is that those in advanced putrescence had large numbers.

So natural did this seem to my dull sensibilities that my fishing diary contains no reference to the shrimps: nor should I have written this letter had a lesser man than Mr. Macintyre regarded the carniverous shrimp as a phenomenon.

Yours faithfully,
West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Bury St. Edmunds. ARCHIBALD H. HASTIE.

A PIG SOLVES HIS OWN RATION PROBLEM
(See letter "A Porcine Milkman")

COCK MONTAGU HARRIER ALIGHTING
(See letter "Harriers at the Nest")

HARRIERS AT THE NEST

SIR,—You say that it would be interesting to know if there is another photograph of a cock hen-harrier. I have never had an opportunity to photograph hen-harriers, although they winter here regularly. I have, however, taken a number of photographs of their cousins, Montagu harriers, and from experience at many nests believe that the cocks all visit the nests occasionally, especially during the period before the young fly, when the hen hunts as well as the cock, so that she may be absent when the cock comes home with a kill. If he cannot see her he brings in the kill himself.

These birds vary enormously individually and I once knew intimately a cock Montagu whose tastes were very domestic. He was frantically excited when the chicks hatched, hovered over the nest escorted by the hen looking at the new arrivals and was subsequently allowed to feed them himself. That is rare: most of them seem terrified of the chicks disarraying their pink streaked plus-fours and hate stepping into the nursery.

I send you a selection of photographs of cock Montagus and also four extracts from a film I took of the "pass" which shows the hen making the catch completely on her back in the air. She can and does, make the catch in any position, but always with one hand.

Yours faithfully,

Horsey Hall, ANTHONY BUXTON.
Great Yarmouth.

CROWS v. RABBITS

SIR,—In regard to Mr. J. T. Gracie's report on the above subject. With the common rook, it is quite a common occurrence to find the old parent rook killing rabbits for their young during June and July. The young, of course, follow the parent rook from place to place and depend on her for food. For years I have noticed they will kill rabbits up to three-parts grown; most of their killing takes place soon after daylight. Another thing which I have observed is the rook will kill well grown young grouse well into July. The crow seems to take the advantage when the grouse broods are well scattered on the fall, and if the weather is very dry a horde of these pests can do some damage. I have watched with interest a cock grouse attack two rooks in mid-air in one of their swoops for a bird. It was a wonderful display of defence, attacking each in turn. This lasted some minutes. Needless to say the pride of the moor beat the aggressors.

Yours faithfully,

Strathdon, J. BELL.
Aberdeenshire.

A MAGNIFICENT WARNHAM STAG

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows the finest living stag in the Warnham Court herd of red deer.

It is one of the grandest heads I have ever seen, either alive or dead, and combines length, span, girth, and symmetry, with the beautiful shape and sweeping curves characteristic of the finest examples of wild British heads.

There are also living in the Park several fine heads of the "Warnham" type, of which the 47-pointer of 1892 is one of the best-known specimens.

Capt. C. E. Lucas, the owner of Warnham Court Park, has met with marked success in maintaining both types, but though the massive, many-pointed

"ROOM FOR THREE AND A HALF"
(See letter "Curious Stocks")

antlers are of very great interest they do not compare in beauty with such heads as the subject of this photograph.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.E. EDGAR N. BARCLAY.

THE GARDEN SNAIL (HELIX ASPERSA) IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—When going round gardens in and near Cape Town and also some 200 miles away I was surprised to see many of our British garden snails, and my curiosity as to how they arrived in that country was satisfied when I visited the Museum. It appears that many years ago an inhabitant of Cape Town was anxious to introduce the Edible Snail (Helix pomatia) for his own gastronomic purposes, but instead of these, the consignment consisted entirely of H. aspersa, which he liberated and they have spread extensively adding one more to the big list of garden pests.

Yours faithfully,

Shawford. H. PURKROY FITZGERALD.

TRAPPING RABBITS

SIR,—In your issue of January 13th an account is given of the trapping of rabbits and very special warning is given against the smell of the human body and clothes. The best trapper I ever met (an old poacher) always used a pair of hedge cutter's gloves which had been soaked in human urine. This sounds a bit messy but the results were worth the inconvenience, which is not as bad as it sounds. If any other trapper has tried it, will he please give his experience?

Yours faithfully,

The Rectory, H. R. N. ELLISON.
Aston-on-Trent, Derby.

GREAT GREY SHRIKE

SIR,—This morning a pair of Great Grey Shrikes came to feed at our bird-table, on which I had placed some fat bacon. As the table is only a couple of yards from the window, we were able to observe them closely during their 10-minute stay.

It is, I believe very unusual for these birds to visit this country and I am wondering if the intense cold which is now being experienced on the continent has driven them here. It would be interesting to know if any other of your readers have seen this bird recently.

Yours faithfully,

Cleddon House, CAREW TYLER.
Trelleck,
Nr. Monmouth.

[The Great Grey Shrike is reported almost every winter from some part of the British Isles.—ED.]

CURIOUS STOCKS

SIR,—Here is another curious set of stocks, which you may like to add to those already illustrated in these pages. They are at Winchcombe, Gloucestershire, and it will be noticed that there are *seven* holes, presumably providing for one malefactor with a leg short!

Yours faithfully,

Mordiford, M. W.
Hereford.

PRIDE OF THE HERD
(See letter "A Magnificent Warnham Stag")

EMIGRATED HOUNDS

SIR,—I recently had the opportunity of looking through the first volume of the Harrier and Beagle Stud Book, published in 1891. It is there recorded that "The Craven is without doubt one of the oldest Harrier Countries in England; the history of Hare hunting there dating back far into the last century, during which it is said that a Pack of Harriers was sold from this Country to go to America, probably the first emigration of this sort on record."

As many hounds were sent to America in the last war, and the same proposal has cropped up in this one, would it not be interesting if some American Masters could check this statement, and give some account of the fortunes of such emigrated hounds? In his last book—*The Fox that Walked on the Water*—Mr. A. H. Higginson has shown how instructive and entertaining such an inquiry may be.

Yours faithfully,

102, Huron Road, ROBERT COLVILLE.
London, S.W.17.

BUTLER AND HUNTSMAN

SIR,—A grave-stone of unusual interest to sportsmen may be found in the south-west portion of the churchyard of Wootton Wawen, near Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire. It was erected at the expense of William Somervile, the seventeenth-century poet of "The Chace," who lived at Edstone House near by. Its Latin inscription, composed by Somervile, runs: "H. S. E. Jacobus Boeter, Guilielmo Somervile Armigero promus et canibus venaticis præpositus; domi forisq. fidelis. Equo inter venandum corruento, et intestinis graviter collisis, post triduum deplorandus obiit 28° die Jan. Anno Dni. 1719, ætat 38."

This may be rendered: "Here is buried James Boeter, butler and huntsman to William Somervile,

ERECTED BY THE POET OF "THE CHACE"
(See letter "Butler and Huntsman")

Esquire; faithful both in the home and out of doors. His horse fell with him in the course of a hunt, and he received severe internal injuries, from which after three days he died, much lamented, on January 28th, A.D. 1719. His age was 38."

Yours faithfully,

Whernalls, E. WOODWARD JEPHCOTT.
Alcester, Warwickshire.

ONE OF OUR OLDEST INNS

SIR,—"The Mermaid," Rye, Sussex, is one of the oldest inns in the country and it was here that the French Ambassador and his suite stayed in the seventeenth century.

Built about 1420, with its half timber construction it is a delight to all who are able to visit it. Its situation in the old lane in Rye, one of the Cinque Ports which was one of the most famous coastal defence towns of England, is well known to artists all over the world, and to golfers.

The photograph gives some idea of the beautiful sign hanging outside the building; constructed of wrought iron and fashioned into the figure of a mermaid. It is the only one of its type I have come across and I think it must be unique.

Many writers have written about "The Mermaid," and the following books all deal with it: *An Old*

THE SIGN OF THE MERMAID
(See letter "One of Our Oldest Inns")

Gate of England (A. G. Bradley), *Temple Towers* (Sapper), *Smugglers* (G. P. R. James), *Dr. Syn* (Russel Thorndike), *The Apprentice* (Mrs Stepney Rowson), and *Miss Map* (E. F. Benson).

Yours faithfully,

Merrybent, COUNTRYWOMAN.
Low Coniscliffe,
Co. Durham.

CHIKOR OR RED LEG?

SIR,—The average Briton whose profession or business takes him abroad usually shoots, and very sporting shooting it is, to my mind far preferable to the shooting of expensive artificially reared and vitamin fed game. This is in a measure due to the fact that natural history largely enters into the former. But a good sportsman is often a poor naturalist, and the names given to game often misleading. In Canada and the United States the same applies to fishing. To give a few examples only,

The pinnated grouse or prairie chicken is often called partridge. The jack rabbit is a hare. The wapiti is sometimes called elk, whereas it is the moose that is really an elk. The steelhead and Dolly Varden trout are a clean run rainbow and a char respectively. The Bob White and Californian quail are, I believe, really partridge. The puma is called cougar. "South of the Border" to Tierra del Fuego he is leon. The tinamou of the Pampa is a perdiz. In South Africa I have heard a leopard called a lion. In the rest of Africa he is always a leopard, in India always a panther. I don't know why. Again in China the bamboo "partridge" is really a pheasant. The spring snipe is the solitary or great snipe. And so *ad infinitum*.

Recently you have published some very charming articles on shooting by soldiers. Now the soldier's foreign service is mostly spent in India and he rarely gets to the Near East. When he does he always refers to the red-legged partridge as chikor. Here in Cyprus, the Cyprus handbook does the same.

My experience of partridge shooting in the Near East extends from the Vardar Valley to Anatolia. I served two years in H.M.S. Imogene in Constantinople some years before the last war, and two and a half years in Salonica during the war itself, and I did a good deal of shooting.

In Macedonia both the Hungarian partridge Perdik cinerea (?) and the red leg are common. In Anatolia and in Cyprus where I am living now, I have never seen the former. To my mind this red-legged partridge is the same as the French or Spanish red leg. Under the excellent photograph in Lt.-Col. C. H. Stockley's article he states correctly that the chikor is *allied* to the French and Barbary partridges. I have just examined a local red leg and compared it with his photograph and it is not quite the same.

The question is, what is the distribution of the chikor or Indian Hill partridge and how far west does it go? Perhaps he, or some of your other readers could put us wise, once and for all.

Yours faithfully,

Kyrenia, HERIM.
Cyprus.

NO MORE TO ROAM THOSE HILLS!

SIR,—One of the tragedies of increasing acreages brought under the plough in Kenya, is the necessity for the destruction of certain types of its wild life. One of the handsomest, and yet perhaps one of the most destructive of its numerous varieties of buck is the waterbuck. These fine animals are similar in type to the Asiatic sambur, though larger, and where undisturbed frequently go about in herds of considerable numbers.

The effect on a field of young maize of a few night's grazing of ten to twenty waterbuck usually means that practically nothing will be reaped over a considerable acreage. In consequence farmers here adopt various methods to protect their crops, from night watchers to trap guns, with an occasional drive or stalk with their own rifles.

In cultivated districts the waterbuck gives the impression that he is aware he is trespassing, and unlike many of the smaller buck, which run a few hundred yards and then stop and gaze back, once he has made out that there is a white man in the party, he leaves for parts unknown at once and without hesitation. Even should a fortunate chance offer a shot, it is astonishing the amount of even heavy lead these buck can carry. Unless a vital organ is hit, even such an excellent rifle as the .318 Accelerated Express—the writer's favourite for 20 years—does not bring them down at once, though the ultimate escape of a buck hit anywhere with this rifle is exceedingly rare.

Yours faithfully,

Longleat Estate, H. BRIAN BATES.
Kitale, Kenya Colony.

FOOD FOR BIRDS

SIR,—At times of hard frost like the present spell it may be of interest to your readers to know that they can with advantage dispose of any rotting apples and pears that may be in their fruit stores, by throwing them out on their lawns.

Birds, with water almost impossible to find, will be thankful, and there will be no litter of skins and cores left about. The fighting crowd of starlings, blackbirds, sparrows, thrushes, chaffinches and tits

TO STOP "MILKING"
(See letter "Guarding the Petrol")

will clear up every trace in an incredibly short time.

Fruit has the added advantage of not freezing solid even if thrown out overnight.

Yours faithfully,

Pincotes, CECILIA KNOWLES.
Dunsfold, Surrey.

GUARDING THE PETROL

SIR,—In these days of petrol rationing the car owner cannot afford to be the victim of theft, and the operation of "milking" is not unknown; I believe that special syphoning apparatus is actually employed. To a determined burglar a lock on the petrol cap may not be of much use, but it is a deterrent to many who are tempted to help themselves.

Yours faithfully,

Somerset. W. R.

TWO YOUNG WOODCOCK RECENTLY HATCHED

A WOODCOCK FAMILY

Things Seen by the Perfect Observer

By MAJOR J. W. SEIGNE

THE lane climbed steeply over the hill and then led through high banks of golden furze. Winters' floods had eaten away the surface and left huge boulders strewn down the middle. It was the sole approach to a few scattered farms, and toiling slowly up it I thought what a fierce some place it must be to drive a cart back from the fair of an evening.

A rickety gate, which could only be opened by main force, and then promptly retaliated by flying back and hitting you a violent blow in the middle, led into a larchwood. Here it was cool under fresh green boughs. My feet sank into a delicious carpet of moss and sorrel, and only the clatter of pigeons, disturbed from their nests at my coming, broke the silence.

In a white thatched cottage at the far end of the wood lived Tim, the covert keeper, and I was fortunate in finding him busy earthing up his potatoes. A more intelligent man than most of his kind, he is keenly interested in the ways of wild things and has given me much valuable help in my study of woodcock. To my disappointment he told me that, for the first time for several springs, he had not been able to find me a nest

This seemed rather surprising for it appeared to be a particularly good nesting season for woodcock in most Irish districts.

Just under his home there is a favourite nesting spot :—A clearing in the larches covered with bracken and tangled briars running down to a boggy patch where there is a never failing spring. Dry, warm cover with feeding near at hand—what more could the heart of woodcock desire ?

Last year Tim had pointed me out a large and very beautifully marked woodcock sitting here among the bracken on four eggs, and now he could tell me something about the subsequent history.

He had kept a close watch on the nest until the chicks were hatched out and then the mother had led them off into thick cover. The family did not go far away, however, and he had seen her several times carrying the chicks in the wood.

Once his sheepdog had surprised the whole family engaged in sunning themselves in a clearing. He called the dog off as the cover was scanty, but not before each parent had carried off a chick, flying very low a short distance into the wood and then returning to repeat the performance. This time he noticed that while carrying the chicks the legs of the old birds were dangling down and fully extended.

From a distance it looked just like a hawk carrying a small bird but, so far as he could see, the chicks were not held in the claws but supported between the legs in some way.

At other times when he had seen woodcock carrying their young about the woods the birds were not frightened, and it was not a question of just taking the family into safety as quickly as possible. The woodcock were probably flying out some distance to feed and the legs were tucked up and the chick carried between them pressed into the breast.

This confirms my own observations made since writing the Woodcock Section of "Woodcock and Snipe" for the Sportsman's Library. One evening in June, 1936, I had the rare satisfaction while walking with a friend, who had always been a confirmed sceptic of the whole business, of surprising a woodcock with one chick in the middle of a woodland ride. She rose immediately with the chick and flew about twenty yards into the wood, probably to join the rest of the family. The light was bad and it was done very quickly, but we distinctly saw the legs hanging down and the young one between them.

There was one point that struck Tim as rather unusual about the family life of these woodcock he was watching for me. The mother seemed to go on carrying the young birds much longer than usual when they were "nigh as big as herself," as he put it.

One day he came on the old bird with her offspring now pretty well fully fledged.

The parent played all the usual tricks to entice him away while the young bird ran into cover. She fluttered up the path pretending to be wounded and so on, but all to no purpose.

Tim, the perfect observer, never interfered by going too close or letting curiosity make him impatient, and so saw more of the little comedy than most of us would.

The woodcock then flew back and made several frantic efforts to rise with the youngster, but it proved far too big and heavy, at any rate to tackle in a hurry. Finally, both birds solved the problem in a perfectly simple way—by just flying off. The chick, it is true, could only manage a very short distance but it was quite enough for the purpose. It was but another instance of the old, old story of the mother who can never realise that her child is grown up and is quite able to look after itself.

I wondered why some members of this attractive family did not return to nest here that spring, and perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that the covert was shot in February. There are still a few people, I will not call them sportsmen, who continue to commit this stupid crime.

WOODCOCK SITTING

A fine example of protective colouration

GOLFING SHOTS—FAMOUS AND OTHERWISE

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

TWO topics which for long have provided golfers with a never-failing fount of conversation are: which is the finest shot and the strangest shot ever played?

I have included the "strangest shot" as it is more than appropriate at the moment, as those who have endeavoured to play during the recent arctic weather will agree. Golf can be played in almost any conditions, but snow is the one thing which makes the game farcical. For instance, when I ventured forth I found, apart from other trials and tribulations, that my long approach putts came to rest with the ball encircled by a band of snow about ½in. thick, which made it roll about as if affected by a bias.

Such disturbing antics sorely tempted me to try the method used by old Andra Kirkaldy to overcome this difficulty when playing at Witley Court in Worcestershire during a heavy snowstorm. He kept his ball free from snow by pouring liberal quantities of olive oil over the head of his caddy, and then, every so often, rubbing the red ball through the unfortunate fellow's hair; a practice, I should imagine, that was none too popular with the caddy, and certainly would not have been with the one I had, but, nevertheless, an effective remedy.

But it is not only snow that plays tricks with the "sma' white ba'" as the quaint lines of Andrew Lang remind us:

"Why is it that I play at all?
Let memory remind me
How once I smote upon the ball
And bunkered it behind me."

That was exactly what happened to Robert Maxwell, the Amateur Champion of 1903 and 1909, when playing in the Spring Meeting of the Honourable Company in 1912. A hurricane of wind was sweeping over the course from a westerly quarter and was sorely testing the stamina of the players. Maxwell, who, at that time, was a powerful player, played a full approach shot and saw the ball carried back over his head by the fury of the gale into a bunker some 30 yds. behind. Golf in such conditions would defeat all but the most outstanding players, and it is little wonder that our wind-swept seaside courses have produced such a sturdy line of champions. I always contend that wind is the ultimate hazard of the links and it calls for a strong golfer successfully to combat the strain imposed alike on skill and endurance.

One of the strangest shots I have ever seen under match conditions was by Padgham in France last season. He had cut his drive rather badly and the ball had found a lie that made anything like a normal stance out of the question. The only course open, seemingly, was to hack it out as best he could. Instead, Padgham took up a stance with his back to the hole and played a full mashie shot between his legs. I had, of course, seen such a shot attempted before, but it was the first time I had seen it successfully executed.

Joe Kirkwood, the Australian trick-shot specialist, is well-known over here and it is always a delight to watch how he has tamed the elusive golf ball, whilst Joe Ezar, the American, is another who has mystified our galleries with his wizardry. The mastery such players possess over the movements of the ball, strange to say, does not seem to be an asset when it comes to the more serious business of winning national titles. Perhaps it is that being so accustomed to playing fancy shots, they find themselves unable, even at critical moments, to resist from experimenting.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that trick golfers are seldom, if ever, regarded as a serious menace in major championships and tournaments. To see them running through their repertoire of shots is always vastly entertaining, and the last time I watched Kirkwood give such a display I was amused by a remark made at the end by my companion, a long-handicap player. He had been duly impressed, and said so, but he summed up by saying "... but, you know, I often play shots just as sensational, the only difference being that Kirkwood knows what is going to happen, and I don't."

Just how true that is can be seen from the following instance of an unusual shot that happened at North Berwick, when a golfer, with more enthusiasm than skill, somehow managed to drive the ball between his legs into the starter's box behind him and smashed a teacup that worthy official happened to be holding. To counteract such absurdities there was the famous occasion on the same course when Willie Park was playing against Bob Dow in a 36 holes challenge match. At the last tee Dow was dormy one. The last hole in those far-away days was a one-shotter, and Dow proceeded to lay his tee-shot dead. A two, therefore, was no use to Park, who thereupon played a magnificent shot with his cleek and holed-out in one.

Another instance of holing-out to order was when George Gadd performed the feat in a competition at Harlech. Arriving at the eighteenth tee he was informed that if he was to win a one would have to be registered. Taking his mashie, for the hole in those days was some 170yds., he rose to the occasion and sank his tee-shot.

Cyril Tolley once tried to do the same thing in an Oxford University competition at Frilford Heath. Leaving the seventeenth green he learned that he wanted one to tie for the medal. Arriving at the home tee he sent his caddy forward to request the couple in front, who were practising one or two putts on the eighteenth green, if they would stand aside as Mr. Tolley was going to try to hole-out in one. Somewhat surprised they watched the result. The hole was then about 250yds. long with a cross bunker in front of the green, but although Tolley made a noble effort, he failed to bring it off.

One golfer who plays more unusual shots than any other competitor in a championship is Gloria Minoprio. Armed only with her cleek, she makes that club perform wonders. But in her case it seems like unduly handicapping a potentially good golfer. After watching her on several occasions I have always come away wishing that she would at least add a sand-iron, a mashie and a putter to her equipment, not forgetting a bag, and she would then be a dangerous opponent in any championship.

The specialist in holing-out in one is, of course, Sandy Herd, who must have almost lost count by now. He leads quite a formidable army, for every season sees quite a number of golfers bring off the perfect "duke," as some critics would have us term it. Two season ago, I remember, J. G. Tooms, a Deal golfer, had to his credit the sinking of a 342yds. tee-shot, which is indeed a prodigious feat, whilst the effort of Bosward, of Appelby, who holed his brassie for a two at the dreaded seventeenth in the last Open at Carnoustie, must rank alongside Peter Robertson's historic two at the Road Hole at St. Andrews.

A. H. PADGHAM PLAYING A FULL MASHIE SHOT IN UNORTHODOX FASHION

JOE KIRKWOOD, THE AUSTRALIAN TRICK-SHOT SPECIALIST

In judging the merits of any particular shot, however, it is essential that various factors should be taken into consideration, such as, the importance of the occasion and the effect, if any, on the ultimate result. Acting along these lines the classic iron shot of Walter Hagen at the Royal Hole during the 1923 Open at Hoylake, and Bobby Jones' now famous recovery from the sand at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, deservedly stand out.

But there was also that astounding shot of Lawson Little's in the final of the 1934 Amateur at Prestwick. I always feel sorry for his opponent, James Wallace, for he found himself up against an opponent whose golf was just about the best ever witnessed in the closing stages of this championship. Little's score was 10 under 4's for the 23 holes played. Consequently, it would appear somewhat difficult to single out any particular shot for praise, but at the third Little played a shot I shall always remember, and which virtually decided the issue, as Wallace was so shaken that he lost the next three holes.

This hole is famous for its notorious Cardinal bunker, which is so placed that it is almost impossible to reach the green in two. Little, however, was determined to go for the pin. At the time it seemed the height of foolishness, but, he hit a glorious brassie right over the Cardinal and holed out from about 8yds. for a three at a hole measuring 505yds. His feat has seldom been accomplished.

But, perhaps the finest shot of all was played by Gene Sarazen in the Master's Tournament at Augusta in 1935. It appeared when the last round was almost over that Craig Wood would be the winner, as the only possible man who could oust him out of the lead was Sarazen who, to do it, would have to finish three strokes under par to tie. As it turned out these strokes were pulled back with a single shot at the fourteenth. This hole measured some 485yds. and is a none too easy par five, but with an astonishing shot Sarazen holed-out for two. This enabled him to tie with Wood, and the next day he won the play-off. Surely few shots have ever come so nicely at the psychological moment.

HELLEBORES TO BRIGHTEN THE BLEAK WEEKS

A favourite from Victorian days

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING the bleakest weeks of the year we look for flowers chiefly to the shrubs and a comparatively few of the bulbous tribe but amongst herbaceous plants in flower at this season the hellebores stand almost alone. Our Victorian ancestors appreciated these flowers more than we do, possibly owing to the fact that they were not so insistent on quick effects. The modern craze for size and colour has also to some extent eliminated them from our gardens, but hybridists have, during recent years, bestowed so much time on them, especially the spring flowering hybrids, that at early spring shows their architectural beauty, and in many cases exquisite colourings, have impressed even the least observant.

The earliest hellebore to flower is *H. niger maximus* which comes into bloom early in December. This beautiful species, growing about two feet high, is indeed one of the gems of the mid-winter garden. The foliage is very fine, the buds, pinkish on the outside, are suggestive of tulips in the bud stage, but the pinkish colour fades after the flowers have been open some days.

Another fine variety of *H. niger* is *H. niger angustifolius* which blooms throughout March. This is sometimes called St. Bridget's Christmas rose because it is spring blooming. The foliage of this variety is a peculiarly lovely apple-green and the flowers have conspicuous stamens.

Then there are the green-flowered hellebores—*H. corsicus, H. viridis* and *H. odorus*. The epithet "green-flowered" is not really correct because the so-called petals of hellebores are in reality bracts, the true petals being minute and almost indiscernible. The bracts last a very long time in perfect condition. *H. corsicus* is one of the most striking species for its foliage and flower stems grow three feet high. *H. viridis* is the earliest flowering of our native species but like lilies of the valley, the native species need to be seen in their native woodlands to appreciate their beauty.

Then the beauty of the green flowers can be seen to perfection, whereas in the full light of day they lose much of their attraction. Green-flowered hellebores look particularly well in candle-light. On the Riviera *H. viridis* flowers just after Christmas. In those parts it grows on the outskirts of the woodlands and is often in flower surrounded by a carpet of snow several thousand feet above sea-level.

This hellebore is the one that figures so conspicuously in folk-medicine. It is poisonous to human beings but it was used for cattle. Hence one of the old names—ox-heal. *H. odorus* is once more listed by nurserymen but for many years this species, which was a favourite in Victorian times, was seldom grown. One Victorian writer, John Wood, who grew the many plants he describes in his book says at the end of his account of *H. odorus*: "It is to be commended for the sweetness of its flowers which bloom in February and March." *H. colchicus* is one of the earliest purple-flowered hellebores. Its sombre but handsome flowers are produced on branching stems and it is altogether a fine upstanding plant. This species is a native of Asia Minor.

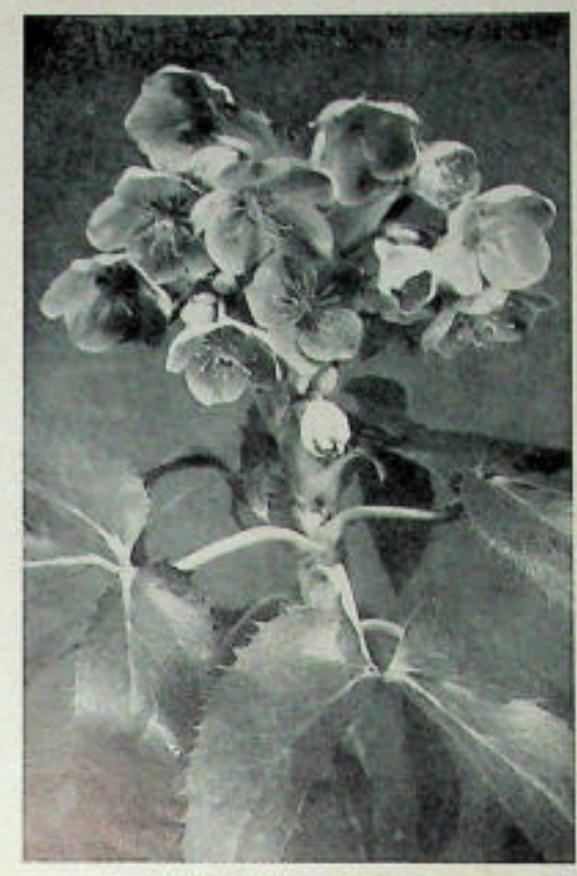
The hellebores that attract so much attention at the spring shows of pre-war days are the hybrids of *H. orientalis*, sometimes known as the Lenten rose. Some of the showier kinds are expensive treasures but others cost only half-a-crown apiece. At least one firm offers unnamed seedlings at 1/6 each, and there is always the possibility of a lucky find amongst them that may prove to be outstandingly good. The spotted and streaked kinds are undoubtedly the most effective. Amongst these the outstanding varieties are Dora Froebel, Unique, Commandant Benary, and Abel Carrière.

Hellebores are such long-lived perennials and it is so important that once planted they should be left undisturbed that the site for them should be thoroughly prepared. The ground should be trenched three feet deep and the bottom spit liberally enriched with well decayed manure. If the soil is deficient in lime it must be supplied, in some form, preferably finely powdered mortar rubble. A sheltered position and part shade are also important conditions.

Best time for planting is a moot point but on the whole April seems the most favourable time and directly they have finished flowering. Moved at this time, they get established before the heat of summer. Established clumps of hellebores cannot be neglected after flowering. They should never be allowed to run to seed. As the flowers fade they should be cut off quite near the base, and handlights over the early flowering kinds should be removed at the same time. Hellebores are hardy plants and the handlights, which are only necessary to protect the flowers from being splashed with mud or ruined with snow, would only make the plants sickly if left on.

All through spells of real drought in summer the clumps need attention in the way of generous supplies of water (enough to reach the furthest roots) and occasional doses of very weak liquid manure. If they are not given the water they need in drought they often fail to flower the following season.

It would be interesting to discover to what age hellebores live. Clumps thirty to fifty years old are fairly common. I know one clump that on unimpeachable authority is over a hundred years old. It was the favourite flower of a Lancashire lady who was married in 1829 and took the plant with her to her new home in Warwickshire. All her life she cherished this hellebore and at her death in 1881 she bequeathed it to her daughter. She in her turn valued the plant so much that she took it with her to France where she went to live in 1889. On her return in 1901 she brought it back with her to this country and on her death a niece took it and still has it.



HELLEBORUS CORSICUS

SEEDS WASTED IN THE SOWING

IT would be interesting to know whether the amount of seed annually planted into gardens in these islands has ever been estimated but it must be enormous. Much of that seed stands a poor chance from the start, in fact before the sowing is begun a great deal is wasted. Thousands of folk fail to realise that seeds contain the germ of life and therefore need air. If kept in tin boxes until sowing time they are seriously handicapped.

Another common mistake is to fork the soil just before sowing. All forms of digging disturb the highly complicated, though to the human eye, invisible life of the soil, and at least a week should be allowed for the rhythm of that life to be restored. Further seeds, like plants, resent being put into loose soil and for some seeds, such as onions, it is most important that it should be firm. It is a waste of time and labour to sow seed in unprepared ground but the preparation should be done the preceding autumn. In the case of ground now being converted into vegetable plots every effort should be made to get ahead with the job so that before sowing time there will be a short pause.

It is a pity that seeds are comparatively cheap for if they were expensive they would be sown extremely thinly and the plants would stand a much better chance. As it is, thousands of seeds are as a rule dusted into a space where a hundred or so would be more than adequate. No plants can do themselves justice if from the start they have to struggle for food and space in which to develop. For instance, lettuce seed is frequently almost poured into the drills. The amount of labour involved in subsequent thinning out could be reduced to the minimum if the seeds were put in almost singly, and the rapidity of growth, to say nothing of the first-rate growth made more than compensated for the trouble taken.

Another method is to put in the smallest pinch of seed it is possible to hold between the finger and thumb at stations six inches apart or whatever may be half the distance to which the plants will ultimately be thinned. Another good way is to mix small seed with white sand or carbonate of lime. This ensures thin sowing and as sand and lime are white it is easy to see if enough seeds are put in.

It is far more sensible to sow a packet of lettuce seed at intervals of a fortnight from March till early August than to use up that same packet in two sowings. As a rule not nearly enough sowings are made, particularly of vegetables such as carrots, lettuces, radishes, dwarf beans (particularly wax pod beans), kohl-rabi and turnips.

Yet another common mistake is to sow too early. Seeds contain the embryo of life; consequently they need both a certain amount of warmth, and the means of getting sufficient oxygen. We are all prone to think spring has begun when those first few days of treacherous spring-like warmth come, but it is as well to remember that whereas largish seeds of very hardy vegetables, such as broad beans and early peas, can put up with a good deal of cold, small seeds are different. Nothing is gained by undue haste, and very often plants sown in early April come on just as quickly as those sown in mid-March.

In my childhood cottagers had great faith in sowing on Good Friday, and though Easter is a movable feast a good deal of solid experience lay behind that belief. To put seeds into the soil at any season when the soil is in a sticky condition after heavy rain is useless. They might as well be put into wet cement. The ground must be in a friable condition for seed-sowing.

Depth at which seeds should be sown is a debatable point. If they are put in too deeply they cannot get enough oxygen and if too shallow they cannot get enough moisture. Scientists emphasise the folly of sowing too deeply and those experienced folk, the French market gardeners, know from experience the folly of putting seeds, particularly those of peas and beans, too deeply.

French market gardeners have a saying that beans after being sown should be able to see the gardener as he leaves the garden. An old-fashioned rule in this country was that seeds should be put in at a depth of roughly three times their own diameter.

Covering seeds is not as easy as it looks. Old-fashioned gardeners used to do what they called kicking it in. They walked along the rows and with a quick twitch of each heel alternately they covered the drills evenly and quickly. If a rake or hoe is used it must be done in such a way that the seeds are not disturbed and are covered to the right depth.

Some seeds germinate far more quickly than others, and catch crops can be raised by taking advantage of this fact. For instance, carrots and parsnips germinate rather slowly, so if radish seed is sown sparsely along the rows the radishes can be drawn before the carrots or parsnips are beyond the seedling stage. Similarly, radishes can be sown on marrow heaps.

Amongst the slowest germinating seeds is parsley which, according to the old saying, goes to the lower regions and back again seven times before germinating. All members of the brassica tribe take about a week, the onion tribe about a fortnight, and the umbellifere (carrots, parsnips, etc.) about three weeks.

Surplus seeds are often wasted, but they should be sown into vacant ground and dug in for green manure when the plants have made their maximum of green growth. Surplus seeds should not be mixed but sown in separate rows. It is rarely worth saving seeds for the following season, for though they may retain their germinating powers they lose much vitality.

E.S.R.

THE PIG INDUSTRY IN 1939

By LOUDON MACQUEEN DOUGLAS

THERE were very few developments in the pig industry during 1939; that is to say, with regard to the enlargement of the industries associated with pig breeding. There was quite a lot of readjustment, as was inevitable, in view of the large amount of our bacon supplies which comes from overseas, and it has been the object of our Department of Agriculture to bring the supply and price of feeding stuffs to a point at which producers of pigs would have some inducement to increase production.

The Pigs Marketing Scheme contract was launched and met with a mixed reception, many producers objecting to the provisions in the Bacon Industry Act of 1938 fixing prices to be paid to them according to the cost of a standard ration. The number of pigs offered under the contract fell below expectations, while the number of producers offering pigs in this way showed a further decline, as it has done regularly since the inception of the scheme. It appears that producers in increasing numbers have been more attracted to the open or "free" pig market, preferring to gamble on futures rather than accept prices fixed in advance which are considered to be too low in relation to the cost of production; the "free" or open market pig has constantly given a better price return. The whole structure of the Pigs Scheme, which is based on the contract principle, was therefore slowly but surely being undermined.

The restiveness of producers was given marked effect at the annual meeting of the Pigs Board early in the year, when reception of the Board's report was refused until the chairman had had an opportunity of consulting the Minister of Agriculture regarding an improved price formula in the Bacon Industry Act. The meeting had, therefore, to be adjourned, and it was not resumed until July. Then the chairman reported that the Minister saw no prospect, at any rate at that time, of introducing legislation amending the Act. Producers thereupon demanded the resignation of the Board as a sign of protest. This was refused, the meeting ending in turmoil, with the future somewhat obscure. The Board were determined to prescribe another contract, and the producers, in the main, just as determined to reject it. What would have happened had not war intervened must be a matter for conjecture, although it is possible that steps would have been taken to secure a revocation of the Pigs Marketing Scheme in the light of advice that this would not affect the power of the Board of Trade to continue to limit imports of bacon.

The outbreak of war at once found all existing pig scheme contracts cancelled, with no possibility of the introduction of others. Control of pig prices was instituted, based on the cost of the standard ration as it stood immediately prior to hostilities. It was not long before feeding costs began to increase. Representations on behalf of producers were made to the authorities as to whether it was their intention, through the control price, to reduce pig production on account of the difficulty of importing feeding stuffs. It was pointed out that, while beef and veal are a corollary to milk production and sheep are important manurial agents on outlying portions of farms, no farmer need produce pigs if they do not pay, although he is anxious to do so given reasonable conditions. This was followed by an increase in the control price to 14/- per score lb., which has lately been further increased to 15/-, having regard to increased production costs represented by feeding stuffs, labour, etc. Producers are still dissatisfied, and it is significant that fat pigs have virtually disappeared from markets where they cannot be sold at more than the control price, although butchers have been paying shillings more per score for strong stores, which do not come within the category of fat pigs and are not, therefore, subject to control orders and prices.

Producers have lately urged that it is in the national interest that the country's pig population should be kept at the highest possible level, and therefore that they should not be left so much in a state of uncertainty as to the future. They declare that the necessity for supplying natural fats and oils in the public food is one that deserves greater recognition, and urge that this cannot be done better than through the pig, suggesting that it is more difficult to import these fats and oils than feeding stuffs, and that in importing wheat for human food the offal therefrom is available for pig feeding, so that actually one importation serves two purposes. They also point out that the pig gives a higher proportion of its live weight as human food than any other animal, and that pork supplies to the consumer more energy per lb. than any other class of meat. Finally, they make the point that the pig is the best means of turning waste and otherwise useless by-products, grown or available on the farms, into human food. In view of these facts, they can see no reason why the Government should not give definite encouragement to pig producers, coupled with an assurance that it is intended to make supplies of feeding stuffs available.

All the representations on behalf of producers have now been answered by the Minister of Agriculture and, due to the need for utilising as much shipping space as possible for munitions of war and other vital necessities, it is clear that there is no prospect of supplies of feeding stuffs destined for pigs being maintained at their pre-war level; in fact, a decrease in supply of at least one-third all round is suggested. This, obviously, will have fairly wide repercussions in pig production, although the Minister stresses that there is no need for panic and wholesale slaughter of breeding stock. At any rate, we are on the eve of changes in the industry, with a reduction in output on the part of large-scale specialist producers. Considerably more use will need to be made of waste and other forms of farm, garden, and household refuse which can be safely fed to pigs after, in some cases, suitable preparation, such as boiling and the removal of undue fat. Green fodder, for which no better use can be found, will become an important part of the pig's diet, as also will root crops (including "chat" potatoes), and anything which, to the pig, is safely edible. The position brings to the fore the important matter of grazing, for which certain breeds have a well-deserved reputation, based on the experience of the Great War of 1914–1918, when the prime need was for a grazing pig which could find much of its living out-of-doors on grassland stubble, and in woodlands, at the same time putting on flesh and requiring only a minimum of meal. Quantity and not so much quality is now the keynote of pig producing operations, with the utmost regard to economy of food conversion.

There is no doubt at all about the value of Village Pig Clubs. Such clubs did splendid service during the Great War, and are likely to be of great national service again. The Small Pig Breeders' Council will see that the members of these Village Pig Clubs are guided in the right direction. It is useless to talk of a pre-eminence of certain breeds of pig. What is wanted is a bacon pig or the general utility pig, and this is not likely to be produced until the various pig breeders' societies have agreed to have the one type of pig.

It seemed at one time the intention to crush out the small curer. This would undoubtedly be a mistake. The large factories produce bacon and other pig products on a large scale, and send their goods to towns and villages all over the country, at a great distance, sometimes, from the factories. The small curer is not concerned with that particular trade; his clientele are found near to his place of business, and it is to his advantage to utilise the residual products which are edible, and to put them to the best possible use. Undoubtedly a great change has taken place in the methods adopted by small curers during recent years; the curing of pig meats has been standardised to a great extent, with the result that the small curer is able to offer cured meats equal to any produce of a large factory.

It is satisfactory to know that both from the North and the South of Ireland bacon may be expected in increasing quantities. It is expected that we will receive from the South of Ireland during the present year 500,000 cwts. of bacon, and even a greater quantity should pig breeding be extended. Another source of supply which is welcome is Canada, from whose factories we are told to expect 5,600,000lb. of bacon and hams weekly. Another interesting sign is that Denmark, from which we have imported some millions of pounds worth of bacon in the past, shows a very considerable increase in the pig population, all of which is intended for bacon export to the United Kingdom.

As has been indicated, the question of pig production is essentially one of the supply of food, and as we have to depend to some extent upon imported foods for the feeding of pigs, it is natural that when a rival appears to the produce of bacon, it at once arrests attention. Such a rival has cropped up, and is generally known already as macon. This product has been well known for generations but not by this name. It is prepared from mutton, and has been used extensively, more especially in the hills, where the supply of pig meats is very little known. Macon is just cured mutton, and is prepared in the same way as bacon. Possibly the best results are obtained from a carcase weighing around 60lb., but there is no fixed rule in the matter. The curing is effected by, first of all, pumping the various fleshy parts with a pickle registering around 70 degrees on the salinometer. After this, the mutton is covered with salt and a curing mixture so as to preserve the colour of the meat. The subsequent handling of the macon is similar to that for bacon, and there is no doubt that the product is highly palatable and satisfactory. The sole reason this particular product has not become a national one is because of the universality of bacon. There is every likelihood, however, of the manufacture of macon becoming widespread, as it deserves to do.

What the future may hold in store for pig producers is, under present conditions, difficult to say. It is apparent, however, from the data available, that there is not going to be any great shortage of bacon and pig products supplies, and there is always the possibility of falling back on cured mutton as a breakfast dish.

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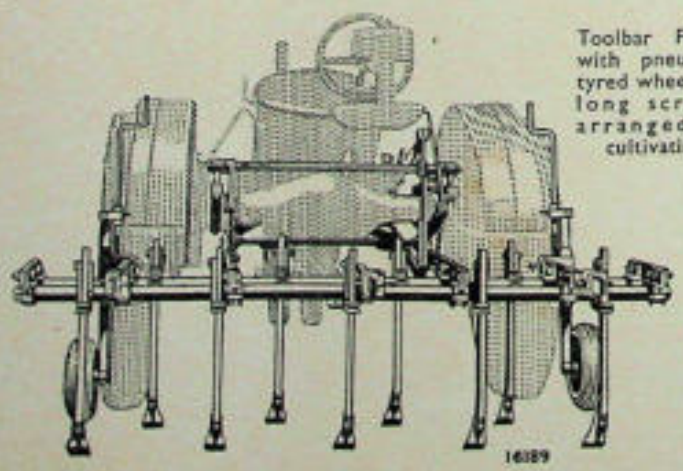

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"IMPOVERISHING THE BEST SOIL!"

The need for Humus on the Land

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

A NUMBER of books have been written on the use of artificial manures, and articles have appeared on this subject in almost all agricultural and horticultural journals.

Since the time when artificials were first used in this country, the amount applied to the farming acreage of the country must have increased a thousandfold. Most of the county council advisers carry out experiments on the use of artificials, some trying various mixtures on different crops, others finding out whether it is better to use one form of nitrogen than the other, and some testing the times of application.

Little work has, however, been done on organic fertilisers, and no book has yet been published devoted entirely to their use—and what is more, the importance of their use.

Mr. F. A. Secrett, V.M.H., F.L.S., the chairman of the Fruit and Vegetables Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, and a well-known market-gardener near London, dropped a bomb when he read his paper on "Modern Methods of Vegetable Production" before the Royal Society of Arts some three years ago. He said, "Some scientific workers consider that in time inorganic manures may be used in place of organic animal manure, but those engaged in practical work realise that this is a dangerous fallacy . . . in limiting the use of humus, has thought been given to the benefits derived from the use of organic animal manures in assisting the aeration of the land, and in supplying the necessary mechanical action?

"Unfortunately, in fact, this teaching has seriously impoverished some of the best soil in England. The country has been prodigal in its use of artificial manures and its prodigality has led to want. Bedfordshire is a striking example. In past years the land in this county was heavily manured, but owing to the shortage of stable manure, artificials were resorted to with the result that the land is now reverting to desert conditions."

These statements, made by a man who is one of the leading market-gardeners of the country, and one of the most intelligent men of the age, should make every grower think seriously. The suggestion that by continued use of artificials the land is rapidly reverting to desert conditions is one of which many people may have thought but never dared to express! It should make everyone furiously to think, and the object of this article is to stress the need of humus and to show what substitutes may be used for farmyard manure.

It has been stated again and again, by those in authority, that land rich in humus, *i.e.* land that is regularly manured with good organic material, is far freer from insect pests and diseases than land which receives artificials alone. Naturally, farmyard manure should always be used when available, but the manure should not be too fresh, for if it is, it has a dentrifying effect on the soil. It is always better to turn manure at least once, in order to ensure the initial decomposition. Further, it is better to apply long, strawy manure rather than the short "over-rotted" manure which so many growers advise.

It is a pity that more use is not made of sewage waste and town refuse. Every year hundreds of thousands of tons of organic waste material "come away" from all towns and cities. This could be turned into a valuable natural manure if it were correctly composted and rotted down. Sir Albert Howard, by his Indore process, has shown in India how humus can profitably be made from agricultural wastes, and as a result his system has been successfully applied to the utilisation of both town refuse and night soil. His scheme briefly is to give sufficient water and abundance of air, and a base such as soil or wood ashes to reduce the acidity, and to add, if necessary, certain plant foods.

Some growers, however realising the importance of humus in the soil, have been carrying out their own trials with the refuse they have collected on their own farms. It has been shown that the use of sulphate of ammonia helps in the successful conversion of vegetable matter into a valuable organic manure. Sulphate of ammonia should be applied at the rate of approximately 2oz. to the square yard for every 6in. of vegetable material put on to the heap or pit.

Once a week at least the heap should be given a good watering in order to help with the fermentation. This process will take place quite easily above ground, and similar heaps to those of farmyard manure may be used as and where desired.

The advantage of sulphate of ammonia is that it prevents the heap from smelling badly and discourages the breeding of flies and other pests. It rots down even the most obstinate material, such as hedge clippings. One can do no better than to advise all growers to consider the regular making of such a heap in war-time, which, having stood for nine months or a year, may then be distributed over the ground, and ploughed in during the autumn and early winter.

Next in importance to the compost heap may be said to come green manuring. Crops most suited to this scheme are peas, clover, mustard, rape and tares. The seed should be sown broadcast and just before the flowering stage of any one of them is reached the crop may be "cut short" with disc harrows (or rolled down flat), and then be ploughed in. In this way humus is added to the soil, and the soluble plant foods which the crop collected during the growing process (which otherwise might be washed out by the rain if the ground were left bare) are retained. The effect, however, of green manuring is generally seen and felt more the second year than the first.

Shoddy, or wool refuse, has been much recommended and is used in large quantities, particularly in the South of England. It would seem, from the experiments of the Lancashire County Council, that short shoddy—if correctly used—can adequately replace farmyard manure for potatoes. Unfortunately, its composition varies, and it may contain from 5 to 15 per cent. of nitrogen. It is slow and lasting and should be applied early in the winter, being ploughed in as soon as possible. Wool shoddy is always to be preferred to cotton shoddy for its better value for the money. On the whole, shoddy may replace farmyard manure at the rate of 1 ton to 10 tons.

Attention has been paid lately to the use of poultry manure, but this substance is very variable in its composition. So much depends on the amount of litter, the amount of water and the conditions of storage. Speaking generally, it may be said that it is worth from 30/- to 35/- per ton at the present time, for it contains 3 or 4 per cent. of nitrogen and about 2½ per cent. of phosphoric acid. Until further experiments have been carried out it is difficult to advise definitely as to its use. It is difficult to apply when dried, for it seems to go to dust and, of course, has little manurial value when wet.

Fish manures have been much used, and in trials have proved quite successful. Such manures sell at round about £8 per ton (though they may be dearer owing to the war), and are usually applied at from 10 to 15 cwts. per acre. Whether such a dressing is sufficiently high to make up for a heavy dressing of farmyard manure from the point of view of organic content it is difficult to say.

Other organic substances that are sometimes used are rape meal, or rape dust, which is one of the products of the rape seed and contains about 5 per cent. nitrogen, and castor bean meal which is similar in composition. Both are used at about 10 cwts. per acre.

THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF CAROTENE

Yellow Colouring and what it Implies

By H. CHAPMAN PINCHER, B.Sc.

THE two pigments of greatest importance to the agriculturist are chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of plants, and haemoglobin the red colouring matter of blood. A close runner-up is *carotene*, the yellow pigment so-called because of its occurrence in carrots.

Chemically, carotene belongs to the class of substances called hydrocarbons, having a formula $C_{40}H_{56}$. It is a very widespread pigment, occurring in all green plant tissues, in which its colour is masked by chlorophyll, in a few roots such as carrots, and in some seeds such as yellow maize. Young tissues are richer in carotene than older, fibrous tissues. The amount of carotene in hay is negligible, since it is destroyed by exposure to air, but practically the whole carotene content is preserved when grass is dried artificially. Kale, lucerne meal and tower silage are also good sources of carotene.

When taken into the animal body as a component of food, carotene is transformed into Vitamin A, and as a source of that essential substance alone, is of the greatest importance, for the absence or deficiency of Vitamin A impairs health generally and causes eye troubles in all kinds of stock. In poultry, deficiency of this vitamin results in the disease known as nutritional roup. Most animals can store a certain amount of Vitamin A in the liver, but for continued good health they require a regular supply. Hence the great importance of greenstuffs in all types of stock feeding.

No animal can manufacture carotene, and yet the yellow colour of the flesh of rabbits, cattle and certain poultry is due to its presence. Somehow, the carotene taken in with the food escapes destruction in the alimentary canal and is carried round in the blood stream to the flesh to which it imparts its yellow colour. The depth of the colour in yellow fleshed animals is thus directly proportional to the amount of carotene in the food. In white fleshed animals, the carotene in the food is destroyed in digestion.

The public shows a strong preference for white flesh in table poultry and, therefore, the white fleshed breeds are preferred by breeders. However, if foods of high carotene content are withheld from the fattening mashes of yellow fleshed breeds such as the White Leghorn, reasonably white fleshed table birds may be produced. White maize, barley, and rice are suitable foods, poor in carotene.

The yellow colour of the yolk of eggs is also due to carotene. In this case, the public demands a deep colour and therefore in the feeding of laying birds, foods with high carotene content, such as yellow maize, are preferred. Of course, on free range, poultry should obtain a sufficiency of carotene from grass, but under intensive systems, foods such as yellow maize, lucerne meal and dried grass must be provided.

It pays the producer to examine the yolks of his eggs from time to time for colour. For this purpose there are on the market special devices by means of which the colour of yolks may be compared with standard colours, some indication of the suitability of feeding materials being thus obtained. Similar examination of breeding eggs is also recommended, for sturdy chicks never develop from pale-yolked eggs.

When a yellow fleshed bird begins to lay, the carotene becomes concentrated in the ovaries and disappears from the rest of the body. Observation has shown that this bleaching of the various parts takes place in a definite order. The vent is the first part of the body to lose its carotene and is followed by the eyelids, ear lobes, beak and legs, in that order. The beak gradually whitens from base to tip and the legs from front to back. When the bird ceases to lay, the carotene returns to the various parts of the body in exactly the same order as it disappeared, though much more rapidly.

These facts are of the greatest value to the practical poultry-keeper in culling, giving reliable clues to egg production. For instance, a bird with the vent, eyelids, ear lobes, beak and legs all yellow has not been laying at all, whereas a bird with all these parts white, has been laying continuously for some months. At least three months of continuous laying elapse before the legs bleach. A bird with all parts white except the vent and eyelids has laid well and is resting, and so on.

The yellow colour of milk, and hence of cream and butter, is also due to the presence of carotene. In certain breeds, such as Jerseys and Guernseys, the carotene in the food is not destroyed in digestion, but passes into the milk, giving it its characteristic rich tint. The milk of Friesians, Shorthorns and Ayreshires, on the other hand, shows very little carotene, since most of the pigment is decomposed in the alimentary canal.

Cattle obtain their supply of carotene from grass and other green foods and, therefore, summer milk is richer in carotene, and hence in colour, than winter milk. The colour of the latter, however, may be raised to summer standard by feeding dried grass, kale or good silage.

AGRICULTURE AND THE 20's

Youth and Labour on the Farm

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

THE calling up of the "20's," in agriculture, with the exception of such men as could be designated "key" men, for whom the means of postponement has been provided, has once again focused attention on the problem which invariably confronts the farmer, namely labour.

I have heard it said, time and time again, that no man of twenty can be considered indispensable, even on a farm, and at one time I was inclined to agree with this opinion, often so glibly expressed. Now, to be candid, I do not agree, for I have lately come across so very many cases where youths of this age are not only the "key" men on a farm, but its very mainstay and backbone.

Take the small family farm, chiefly grass, with perhaps an acre or two of arable, a small herd of dairy cows, some pigs, poultry, and either a pair of horses or a tractor and a lorry.

The farms I have in mind are too small for it to be an economic proposition to employ labour, and the work is, probably, done by the father assisted by his son. The boy, as a rule, works the tractor drives the lorry, and milks the cows, day in day out all the year round. He does not care how many hours he puts in, he never wastes his time, and no day is too long for him. His wages are frequently negligible, and often depend upon the farm receipts, which in turn depend upon the season experienced, and he gets his board and lodging in addition.

If such a lad is taken what is the farmer to do? He knows he cannot afford to pay anyone to do half as much work as his son has done, he knows full well that he would have to pay two men to put in the hours his son has been putting in, and, in addition to this, on a small farm, he probably has no cottage in which to house a man had he the means to pay the wages. There are hundreds of such farms, all producing their quota of food, and if such youths are taken, it is not too much to suppose that food production on these farms will be seriously hampered, if not closed down altogether.

PREPARING THE PLOUGH

Some may say that the obvious answer is "Get a Land Army Girl," but here again, apart from the question of paying wages, there are few, if any Land Army Girls who are trained in all branches of farm work, as are these lads and would be willing to work such long hours, even if they were physically capable of so doing.

So far, the authorities have shown wonderful consideration for the agricultural industry, and no very heavy demands have been made, as yet, on labour employed on the land. Yet it would not do to consider this position one that is likely to last for the duration of hostilities. No one can tell what the next few months may bring forth, nor how long the war may last, and, sooner or later, there is bound to be a call made on the young fit men in agriculture.

Against this must be advanced that although the age of 20, 21 and 22 seems nothing but the age of boyhood, most of these men are skilled workers who have been on the land from birth, and who have grown up with their job. They have started on the lightest tasks, and have gone on from one to another until they have become thoroughly proficient. That is what makes them so hard to replace, because, as a rule they can turn their hands to most tasks on a farm.

Where I think they can best be substituted is in the cow byres, for girls can milk, and it should not be beyond their province to learn how to handle milking machines, while I also think they could well work as undercarters, and as under-stockmen, provided the older key men were left to teach them and supervise their work.

Granted that many girls can drive tractors, yet, in conversation with a number of very practical farmers, they all tell me of the difficulties experienced by girls in starting up the modern tractor, and especially in cold weather. Again, I have heard it said that the farmer himself might make it his business to start up the tractors for his girl drivers, but it is not only the starting, but keeping the tractors in running trim, as well as the implements used with the tractors that has to be considered, and it would mean that a farmer might well have to spend all his time at this job when his services are badly needed elsewhere.

There are many jobs that girls can, and will, do efficiently on farms, and, as time goes on, they will have to be called upon, but if we are to be called upon to make supreme efforts to maintain more and more acres under the plough, and at the same time maintain our live-stock, we shall have to retain more of our agricultural population on the land than we did in the last Great War.

There is another aspect of the case, so often lost sight of, and it is the housing problem, when the farmer allows the wife and family of one of his men who was either a Reservist or a Territorial to remain in one of his few cottages, and has no other which he can offer to other labour. Then, too, the evacuation scheme, none too well thought out in rural areas, has filled up many potential sources of housing for the land army, or for extra rural labour. Here is a question that needs going into very deeply, for there are some people who, even now, cannot be brought to realise that unless food is grown, and to a much greater extent than ever before in this country, all our efforts at defence, military, naval, or civil will be brought to naught. I would like that hammered into many a hard head who can only think in terms of his own tiny job, and who cannot view the whole great war effort of the country in its proper perspective.

I have hopes of a Youth Army of the 16's to 18's yet, but it is a long time coming, although I hope it is on the way.

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

[The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service.]

INTERESTING experiments are now being made to see how far pigs can be fattened on a limited supply of meal if they are given home produced bulky foods such as sugar beet tops, waste cabbage, kale and similar crops.

There may still be sugar beet tops available in some localities. At Chelmsford pigs fed on 2¼lb. of meal per day since they weighed 100lb. have made an average daily gain of ¾lb. on this ration supplemented by beet tops. At 150lb. live weight they were receiving about 9lb. of tops per head daily. The saving has been about 1lb. of meal per lb. of live weight gain compared with pigs on a full meal ration. But they look like taking six weeks longer to reach the factory. In a similar experiment in Hampshire, however, pigs thus fed have made gains almost as good as those on a normal full meal ration.

But care is needed in feeding tops. They must be clean and free from grit. Also—most important—they must be introduced very gradually into the ration, allowing only one or two tops per pig daily for a start. It is not advisable to begin feeding the tops until the pigs have reached about 80lb. in weight. A good way is to let the pigs have some of the tops in the morning after their meal and the rest in the afternoon.

In experiments at Cambridge, Monmouth, Oxford and in the Midlands, up to 20lb. of marrow stem kale a day have been fed to pigs of about seven score weight. Probably it would be better in practice not to exceed 10–15lb. daily. It is best to wilt the kale for 24 hours before feeding and it is all the better chopped up before being given to them. This crop also must be introduced little by little to avoid digestive upsets and it should never be fed in a frozen condition.

Mangolds and swedes, the most commonly available roots just now, can be fed to both fattening pigs and breeding stock as supplements to a reduced ration of meal. At Cambridge sows are being fed on a very limited amount of meal plus pulped swede; one group of sows are getting 2lb. daily per head of a mixture of weatings, barley meal, bran and bean meal; the other group receives only 1lb. of this mixture. The rest of the ration is made up of swedes, of which about 30lb. per head are fed daily to the first group and 40lb. to the second. The sows are in a large covered yard and care is taken to see that the roots are not at all frozen.

At Reading fattening pigs are receiving 2¼lb. of meal per day together with a mixture of chopped mangolds and locally obtained biscuit waste. This appears to form a very palatable mixture and pigs of about 60lb. weight are receiving 4–5lb. of it per day.

England is only a small country on the map, but we have many different types of farming, developed through the ages to suit the wide variety of conditions in this island. Climate, altitude and soil as well as the price of corn decide the kind of farming which rules in a district. Up in the north-west on the hill farms of Cumberland and Westmorland the plough can never dominate the scene as it does in the flat fields of East Anglia. Most of the produce must go away from the hill farms on four legs.

Yet the fell farmer has his part to play in the campaign for increased food production and he is not shirking his share. Sheep are his mainstay. Ranging the fell for most of the year, they find practically all their keep for themselves.

Suckled calves bred from hardy Galloway cow are another typical product of these hill farms. The call for purchased feeding-stuff is small and the fell farmer may be almost self-sufficient. Even so there is scope for increased production from the soil. The ploughing is going well and the quality of the work shows that the art of cultivation has not been forgotten in these counties, even though the plough may not have been into some of the fields for, perhaps, fifty years. These acres are for the most part in small fields, many of them no more than three or five acres in size. Close to the homestead they are handy for working and if the range of cropping is necessarily limited to oats, potatoes or green crops, they will certainly make a good contribution to the nation's food supply.

Opening potato clamps under recent weather conditions has meant additional cost to farmers, and the transport risks for potatoes have also been greater under these conditions. The Ministry of Food are anxious that there should be no temporary shortage of potatoes on this account and so they have permitted buyers, from Thursday, January 25th, to offer growers an additional 5/- per ton. No alteration is being made in the maximum prices for wholesale and retail sales.

SHEEP BELLS

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. L. JULYAN

THE music of sheep bells is attractive to many people, but it is not so common as it was a few years ago. I was in Dorset recently and heard the sound of sheep bells coming over the Downs and proceeded to investigate. There were about half-a-dozen bells and the shepherd remarked "If you like the sound of the bells it is a pity you did not come this way last year. This flock really had some bells then. Old Shepherd had been getting them together all his life. But he retired and went to live away from here and took his bells." Sheep bells are not generally the property of the farmer but personal to the shepherds and as the old men retire the bells go with them—for they are treasured possessions. The younger men have very little interest in bells just as horsemen no longer delight in face-brasses. But fortunately some flocks still carry a full complement of bells. Last winter I heard the fascinating bell music coming over the Wiltshire Downs on a frosty night, and on a sultry day last summer I waited near Winchester while a large belled flock crossed the main road from one grassy hill to another. The music was like a "patrol" as the flock gradually approached and then wandered away.

PLATE I.—EARLY SHEEP BELLS

Bell history is very technical and there are a great variety of bells in use. It is very probable bells were first used for the utilitarian purposes of warning the shepherd when the flock was disturbed by wild animals or thieves, or to enable him to trace them easily in foggy weather or when wandering among the dips in the ground. The earlier bells were of two patterns—the Canister which is No. 3 in the top row on Plate 1, and the Cluck or Clucket No. 2 on the bottom row. A bell treasured in Ireland as the traditional property of St. Patrick is of the latter type. The Canister was favoured in the south country while in the west the Clucket was general. With shepherds moving about there was soon a mixing of types. These bells are both made of sheet iron. They were turned out by village smiths and taken in dozens to fairs like East Ilsley, Weyhill, Findon and other sheep centres. The shepherds made a selection, generally carefully testing them with the idea of forming a good "ring."

In my collection there are something over thirty and no two are alike. These bells are generally supported by two leather straps fastened to a wooden yoke. Wooden pins—called lockyers—of yew, apple, oak, or other hard wood keep the leather in position. The yokes often show signs of much careful knife work, and the initials of the shepherd sometimes appear. Many are painted, the usual colours being red and blue—probably obtained when carts and wagons were periodically decorated.

Besides these two main types many varieties of bells were put into commission as they came to hand. The first bell on Plate 1 is a wooden one. They are rare and were only occasionally used in England. The second is a cast bell of the usual metal, and from its shape is called a "cupbell." They give a very pleasant ring, but few are seen in use now.

The first and third bells in the bottom row are Lewes bells. This type was made by Lowdell of Lewes, Sussex. They are made of sheet iron like the Canisters and Clickets but instead of being riveted they are brazed together. Further, to give a better ring they have a coating of brass. The next bell is termed a "wide mouth" bell because the aperture view is very like a mouth fully open. This bell has a patterned band of brass, and the tone is particularly good. It was a leader's bell. Shepherds picked out a favourite animal for this post of honour. The end bell is an old house bell brought into service with the flock when discarded for electric bells in the house. This type of bell was usually mounted on a chin board.

On Plate 2 the first and second bells are rumblers or crotals, and an iron ball takes the place of the tongue. They bear the initials "R.W." and have been traced to Robert Wells, an Aldbourne, Wiltshire, bell founder who retired from business in 1825. In many parts of the country these are called "sleigh" bells because they were used on the harness of dogcart horses. A larger bell of the same pattern and make was in favour in Devonshire as a cow bell on moorland pastures. The third bell in the top row is an unusual type of fancy bell with the fleur-de-lis and rose forming a border. It is too delicate for use on sheep and like most of its kind has been cracked by contact with a stone or other obstacle. The first bell in the bottom row is a "Latten Bell" or Horse Bell, and is obviously one of a set of box bells broken up when they went out of favour on teams. It was also made by Robert Wells. Many such found their way to the flock when the railway ousted the team from the road. The middle bell is one of a set of hand ringing bells such as were at one time very popular at Christmas and other entertainments. It has a delightful silvery ring and gives variety and tone to a sheep set.

PLATE II.—RUMBLERS OR HIGHBELLS AND A LATTEN BELL

"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, March 5th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The Field Newspaper, 114, Fleet Street, 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.

Finally, there is a house bell with a holed stone substituted for an iron tongue. Various types of bells are found with a stone like this. Shepherds and other country people are in the habit of picking up and treasuring any small holed stones. These "celts" were in ancient times regarded as capable of warding off the evil eye, and a bell with such meant to the shepherd what the face brass did to the horseman. Each successive leader—generally a ram—had this bell, and when not in use it occupied a prominent position on the cottage mantelshelf of the shepherd's home, and in retirement was a precious "souvenir" of his life with the sheep.

RURAL WINDOWS

TO many townsmen a gate in the country seems intended mainly for a straw-in-mouth yokel to lean upon and gaze gloomily at an unvarying expanse of turnip fields Sometimes the townsman has a suspicion that he should be careful to close the gate to stop cattle from straying, as he has a dim remembrance of reading somewhere that that is the right thing to do while hunting, but more frequently the gate has little meaning for him beyond perhaps being the occasion of a jest over its carved names of lovers.

But to the country enthusiast gates are like windows, for they provide change and adventure. Even the teeming life of a hedgerow might sometimes become monotonous on a country walk were it not for the welcome break of a gate. Only a bare field may suddenly be seen, but that can have its fresh beauty of green contrasted, for instance, with the darkness of a thorn fence: on the other hand there may be disclosed a magnificent slope of ploughland with horses framed against a curved sky and with gulls wailing above the furrows, or, at another season of the year, the golden abundance of corn or the glow of poppies.

A memorable view from a gate goes back to an afternoon in October when I was leaning over a gate to a Sussex field. The sky had turned to that "Dulac" blue which appears at dusk in winter, and I watched the rooks rise in a dark cloud from the stubble and settle in the oaks for the oncoming night. Behind me, from the shadow of a wood, a pheasant "carked," but this harsh cry, intermingled with the cawing of the rooks, only seemed to emphasise the general hush of the countryside, and it was at that moment as if that particular gate must open on to the very threshold of winter.

But if a view from a gate is restful in winter, what tranquillity of spirit can be obtained from one of these "rural windows" on a summer evening! There was a certain gate which formed a break in a lane where the thistles grew high. In the afternoon they had been decorated by the flashing wings of red admiral and peacock butterflies, and later the white ghost moths would crawl from the thistle roots and bent grass of the ditch to flicker down the land in the enfolding dusk. A church clock was striking in the distance, and cattle in the field beyond the gate moved sleepily in the mellowing sunlight. The gate and field were on the crest of a hill which sloped away to cliffs above the sea, and out in the bay the fishing smacks were waiting for the evening breeze to belly their brown sails.

In Greek legend dreams that came through the ivory gate were false, but through the gate of horn, true. My gate, in the field on the scarp, is battered and broken and the grass and brambles have twined through its barres, but it opens on to a memory which cannot fade.

WILFRED GAVIN BROWN.

THE POWER-ASSISTED BICYCLE

Its Performance and Possibilities

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE power-assisted bicycle, or autocycle to give it its official name, represents an idea that has taken shape again and again almost ever since motoring first began. But again and again this simplest, lightest and most economical form of personal transport has developed into a heavier, faster, more powerful and more expensive type of vehicle. And the chrysalis from which these formidable machines have sprung lies forgotten in the debris of the past.

But the modern power-assisted bicycle possesses notable advantages compared with all its predecessors which suffered primarily from loss of power and transmission systems that were a constant source of trouble. Furthermore they were too expensive in first cost when compared with the more fully developed type of machine which supplanted them.

Modern conditions, too, are more in favour of the very light machine. Added to which the present need for all-round economy, coupled with the difficulty of getting about by the more backneyed means of transport, have given the autocycle an excellent opening. Indeed some of the makers of these machines have a full order book and are actually behindhand with deliveries.

The accompanying list gives the leading features of the principal British makes. As will be seen they are of standardised type, ranging in price from under £18 to nearly £30. All except the Scott Cyc-Auto and the H.E.C. are fitted with the well-known Villiers two-stroke engine. The two machines mentioned fit two-stroke units of their own manufacture. The 1940 models of the rest in several cases use a Villiers engine of an improved type fitted with a flat top piston in place of the deflector shaped top usually fitted to a two-stroke engine in order to control the passage of exhaust and inlet gas. The new Villiers engine, according to all reports an extraordinarily good performance and practically eliminates what we called in the old days L.P.A. which signified "light pedalling assistance" and really meant darned hard work. Included in the unit are a flywheel magneto and direct lighting set which may be supplemented by a stand-by battery.

The weight of the machines, which is an important point, starts at 80lb. and rises to 140lb. And in considering these and the figures subsequently quoted it is worth while, in order to get the autocycle in proper perspective in relation to the light-weight but fully developed motor bicycle, to give comparative data for a machine like the Royal Enfield. This has a 125 c.c. two-stroke engine, a three-speed gear, weighs 120lb. and costs £25.

The autocycle is primarily a bicycle with a motor attachment. It can be pedalled when the engine is declutched and handled easily. It cruises at 18–22 m.p.h. and attains a maximum of about 30 m.p.h. These figures may not seem very impressive to the owner of even an eight-horse power car with a cruising speed of 45–50 m.p.h. But what will impress him much more is the petrol consumption figures of these power-aided bicycles. Tests made on the latest types show a minimum consumption of nearly 160 m.p.g., while figures of 100–120 m.p.g. are regularly obtained. The lubricating system is different to that used on cars and on four-stroke motor bicycles proper for it consists in adding a little oil to the petrol at every fill-up, a usual proportion being one part of oil to 20 of petrol. This system, termed "petroil," feeds the mixture into the crankcase when it is transferred to the combustion chamber in the usual two-stroke manner. To facilitate measuring, the petrol filler of the tank is made in the form of a measuring cup for the oil ration.

In some cases an open frame and in others a diamond frame is adopted. The former is probably more suitable for women riders, although the low saddle position and smallish wheels of the machine make mounting a diamond frame model quite a simple matter.

Starting, too, is easy enough. One method is to raise the engine compression release control, wheel the machine briskly a few feet and drop the release, whereupon the engine should start. One then disengages the clutch, mounts, pedals off lightly and lets in the clutch again to enable the engine to take up the drive. Another method is to mount the machine, gain a little speed by pedalling with the clutch out and then let in the clutch in order to start the engine.

The hill climbing abilities of these little machines will naturally be one of the most important considerations with potential users and especially with those who live in undulating country. With visions of lack of power in the models of the past I had expected that the limit of an autocycle's achievement without pedal assistance would be in the region of gradients of 1 in 20. But I proved wrong for these machines are far more valiant and stalwart performers than their predecessors ever were. One expert of my acquaintance pointed out that pedals were really only fitted for starting purposes. Another had recently made a thorough test of one of the very best representatives of the type, the Francis-Barnett fitted with the new flat top Villiers piston. Though weighing 15 stone he actually climbed Box Hill, near Dorking, despite its acute hairpin bends, at a steady 18 m.p.h. As this hill is one which few cars could climb on top the performance is all the more interesting.

In considering hill climbing it must be remembered that the autocycle generally has no change speed gear to fall back on. Its transmission consists of a two-stage chain drive with a reduction of about 12 to 1 between the crankshaft and back wheel. Generally the front chain is protected and in the case of the Scott Cyc-Auto it gives place to a worm drive, as the engine is set across, and not in line with the frame. Another machine, the Montgomery, has a three-speed gear, the ratios being 7·2, 13·7 and 23·5 to 1. A machine like this should be able to climb really precipitous tracks.

The low gearing of the normal models should make it possible when pedal assistance is necessary for it to be of far more value than it was in the old-time machines. The latter were geared higher with the result that by the time the road speed was reduced to the pedalling range the power, owing to low revolutions of the engine, was too small to be of any help. So after having exhausted oneself in this fruitless task the only thing left was to leap from the flagging machine and career madly alongside it until completely exhausted.

To revert to my friend's hill climbing tests. From Box Hill he proceeded to Pebblecombe, a 1 in 5 hill steep enough to flaunt an "engage low gear" notice at its crest. Here the Francis-Barnett power-bike climbed as far as the 1 in 6. After this Reigate Hill proved a simple matter, while the ascent of the hill leading up to Newlands Corner was taken at a brisk 20 m.p.h.

The scope of these machines, therefore, extends far beyond casual short trips for the purpose of shopping or fulfilling social or business engagements. As an extreme example of what can be done I quote the ride of a man who travelled the 302 miles from Land's End to London on a Cyc-Auto in 12¼ hours. Another owner of this make did over 40,000 miles in two years mostly on pleasure runs, though he also used it winter and summer for transport to and from his work. Thus it seems that as a hack in cases where the home to office journey is badly served by other means of transport the autocycle has a very definite field of usefulness. Then, too, professional men and women are taking it up in increasing numbers, among them being many A.R.P. wardens, nurses, and school-teachers. When one remembers that the all-in costs, including tax and insurance for a year, can be as little as 19/6 the economy of this power-assisted cycling needs no labouring.

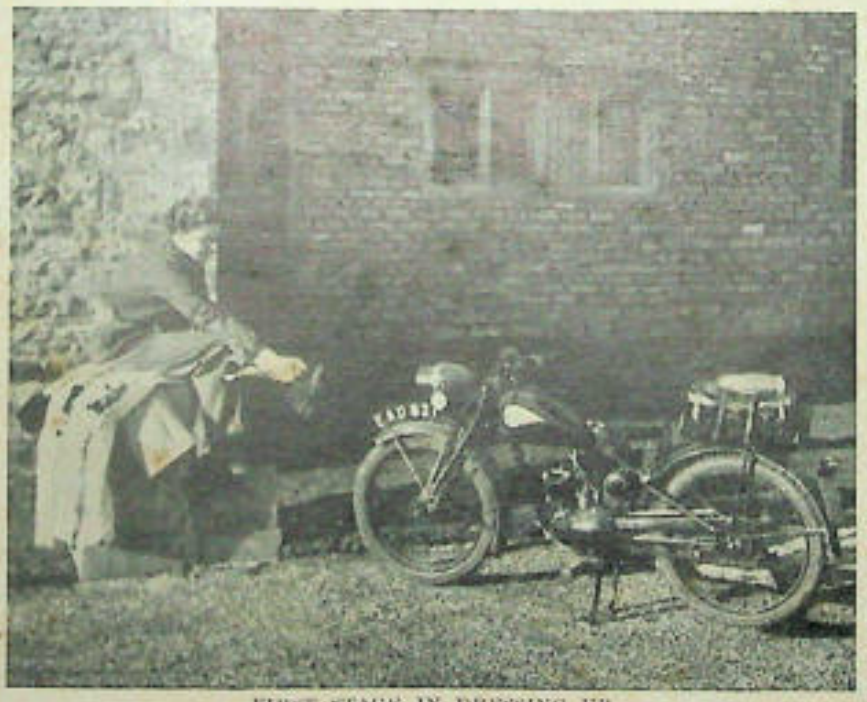
There is a side to the pastime which those who confine their views of England to the main road as seen from a saloon inevitably miss. And that is the exploration of by-ways, lanes and almost disused tracks too narrow to allow the passage of a car. The other day I discovered a track of this sort. It led off the main road, gently climbed the spur of the hills and ended up with a superb view from the remains of a Roman Camp. It was a track, I imagined, that no car had ever followed. And yet imprinted on the frozen soil were the marks of a single track vehicle.

It must have picked its way gingerly along the middle of the three cart ruts and thereby demonstrated the obvious fact that whereas a car would need 6 or 7ft. of road surface a bicycle could do with as many inches.

Another point worth mentioning is the question of keeping warm. Naturally in winter one would wear the thickest clothing available. But whereas on a full-grown motor bicycle there is no way of restoring the circulation short of stopping the machine and running about, on an autocycle one can warm up by occasional bursts of pedalling.

Finally, the machine can be transported not extravagantly for long distances by rail, in which respect it scores heavily over the motor car on the score of convenience and cost.

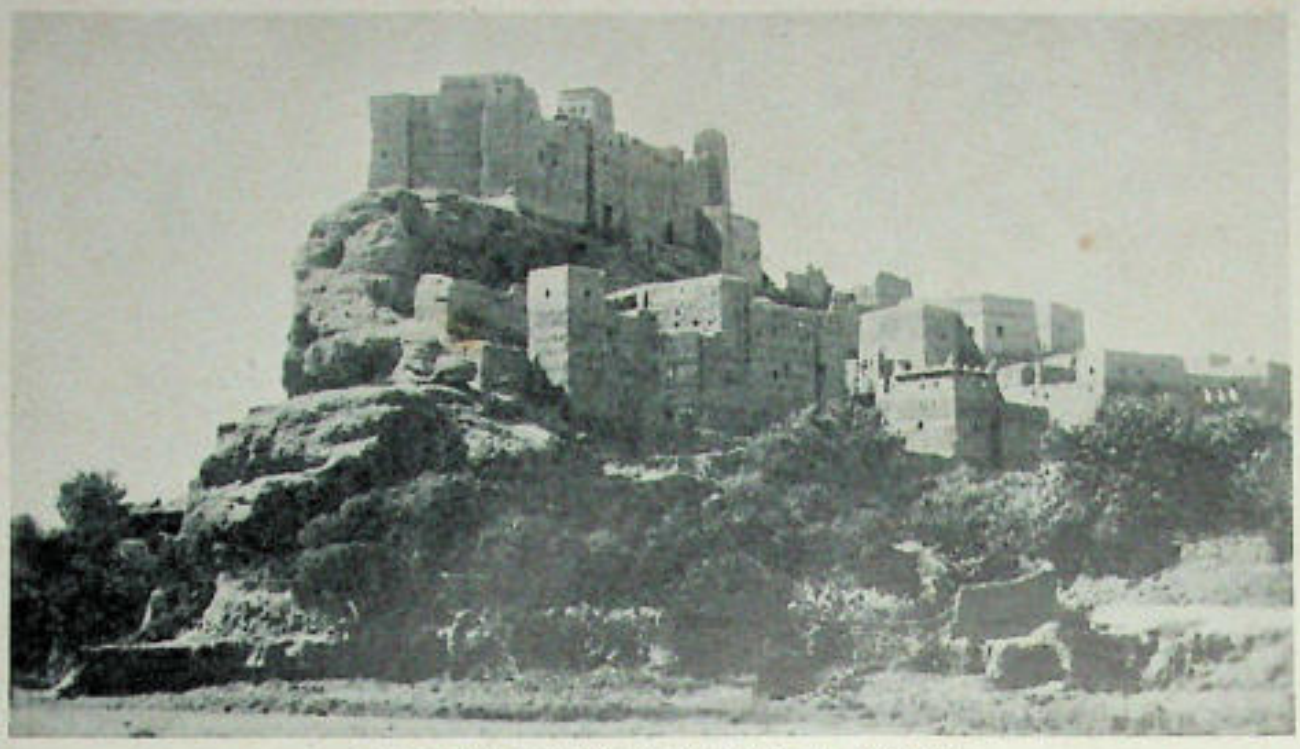
READY FOR THE ROAD
A spare dress and shoes can be taken in the luggage box on the carrier



FIRST STAGE IN DRESSING UP
Overshoes and slacks

LEADING DETAILS OF BRITISH AUTOCYCLES

Coventry Eagle, 98 c.c. two-stroke	Price £22.
Cyc-Auto, 98 c.c. two-stroke	Price £17 17s.
Excelsior, 98 c.c. two-stroke	Price £21.
Francis-Barnett, 98 c.c. two-stroke 105lb.	Price £22.
H.E.C., 80 c.c. two-stroke, 80lb.	Price £21.
James, 98 c.c. two-stroke, 104lb.	Price £22.
Montgomery, 98 c.c. two-stroke, 140lb.	Price £29 5s.
Norman, 98 c.c. two-stroke, 98lb.	Price £20 10s.
Raynal, 98 c.c. two-stroke, 95lb.	Price £20 10s.



ONE OF THE KASBAHS OF EL KELAA DES M'GOUNA

THE KASBAHS OF THE GRAND ATLAS

By PATRICK TURNBULL

THE Berbers of the mountainous country which lies to the south of Marrakesh and is known as the Grand Atlas range, are not divided into small tribes presided over by a local chieftain as in the other regions of North Africa, but split up into three large groups, each group being ruled by a feudal overlord who possesses powers of veritably medieval extent over his subjects.

In order to enforce this power, the "seigneurs de l'Atlas," as they are called, built a series of enormous fortresses, impregnable in the days before modern artillery and the bombing plane made their appearance, from which, like the robber barons of old England, they extorted taxes from their serfs, and preyed on the passing caravans.

The main road from Marrakesh to the Sous valley passes through the country of the Kaid Goundafi of whom it was said "He has the air of a fox, and his eyes, even when drinking tea, dart hither and thither as though spying out the rock or ledge whence might come the bullet of the enemy."

His Kasbah is in the Goundafa valley, set in a frame of high snow-clad peaks, orchards of almond blossom, and wide extents of olive groves; a land of surprising fertility and beauty. The walls run right down to the waters of the river N'Fis, straight and sheer with an almost cubic severity. From each corner there rises a square tower, battlemented, with one tiny window framed by a lighter colour. The parapets of the walls are also battlemented and slightly embellished by a primitive pattern which appears to be superimposed on the surface.

It is all the more astonishing to realise, as one contemplates these massive buildings, that they are entirely built of beaten, hard baked mud. Such a material would, one imagines, offer but a poor resistance both to the elements and human weapons of offence, but, in actual fact, officers with experience in the Moroccan campaigns have told me that against shell fire the mud ramparts proved far more effective than anything but reinforced concrete or steel.

Most of the Kasbahs, however, have not the pleasant setting of that of the Kaid Goundafi. The majority are gaunt sentinels in a barren land of rock and stone, lost in the heart of the mountains or the great deserts to the south, or else a desperate sign of the fight for life in the vast expanses of the arid wilderness.

Such are the Kasbahs of the M'Goun valley, where the M'Goun river, for most of the year a miserable trickle of sluggish water, has collected about its banks a settlement of sedentary Berbers.

The valley is very high up above sea-level and extremely rocky, and some of the sites occupied by the Kasbahs are so incredible that, if seen in a painting they would be considered as flights of imagination on the part of the artist.

Towering boulders rise from the road. From these great slabs of granite and sandstone the Kasbahs seem to grow like plants, an integral part of the boulder itself. Sprawling, not orderly and constructed to plan, but wherever there is a ridge, a jutting ledge, or a prominence. Sometimes beneath these huge fortresses there is a cave; this too is occupied, until at times it is difficult to see exactly where the works of man and nature blend. There is one Kasbah in particular, built on all sides of an enormous boulder, which boasts of five tiers of turrets and battlements, rising one above the other, to be crowned by a colossal tower rearing stately upwards to the sky.

Further into the desert and commanding the entrance of the Atlas gorges of the Dades river, one of the principal waterways of the Moroccan Sahara, is the little military post of Bou Malem, from where a most interesting excursion can be made to visit the Kasbah of the Kaid of the district.

Permission from the military authorities must be obtained, however, as the country is still officially considered insecure, and the traveller must be escorted by a guide and not linger outside the post after dark.

I remember that my first impression on the expedition was one of amazement at the vivid colouring of the rocks as, with my muleteer, I entered the gorges. They were so vivid, so varied.

At last when I began to wonder whether we had not lost our way in the wilds of the mountains we sighted the Kasbah.

It is an unforgettable spectacle for it has been constructed with a theatrical genius for effect. It stands at a part where the valley narrows, the rocks converging with such suddenness that, from a distance, they appear to form a solid wall. The river gives a sharp bend and is lost to sight abruptly. Beyond, far beyond, rises a very high snow-covered peak. The green vanishes leaving only the bare mountain sides, but, in compensation, these are a blaze of those vivid coloured strata which I noticed on entering the gorge. In this frame is the Kasbah, quite alone. It rises very high, absolutely square, and its walls are themselves a blend of colour from rose pink to deep chocolate. There is something phantasmagoric about the way in which it is set like a jewel in the midst of the mountainous wilderness of stone.

Lovely as the Kasbah is from a distance, closer acquaintance with it proves a disappointment, for the interior is rough and primitive, the walls show ominous cracks and signs of decay, and although the residence of a Kaid, the rooms are devoid of all furniture except for straw matting on the floors, an occasional Berber rug, and a few straw-stuffed cushions covered with a coarse cotton.

But the most impressive of all the Kasbahs of the Atlas is that of Telouet the high mountain fastness of Hadj Thami el Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, the most powerful of the "seigneurs de l'Atlas," hidden in the very heart of the Grand Atlas range.

To reach Telouet from Marrakesh is a long journey into the Atlas. One must climb first the pass of Zerecten and then the Tishka some 8,000ft. above sea-level, the highest point reached by a motor road in North Africa.

From the main road it is 25 kilometres to Telouet, but the track is so appalling and so rough that usually an hour must be allowed even for the best sprung and most powerful car.

One has above all the impression of solitude, of progressing in a world uninhabited by man, a world of huge bare boulders and miserable cork oak trees, all of which seem either dead or dying.

I remember that although there was a bright warm sun there was, at the same time, a nip in the air whispering a threat of snow, as the track began to climb, skirting a wide valley, in which there was a small Kasbah, apparently deserted.

So I continued, until, on emerging from a narrow gorge, a barren plateau stretched ahead of me, a plateau of waste land and stones, and there, its towers gleaming in the sunshine was the incredible Kasbah of Telouet.

It is hard to do justice to this gem of Berber African architecture in its wild Dante-esque setting. It is like the most imposing of medieval fortresses; it is like an illustration by Doré, it is like an imaginative producer's decor for Wagnerian opera. It is all these things.

As one approaches, the village clustered round the walls of the great castle is disclosed, utterly dwarfed.

It would be impossible to count the number of towers and turrets rising from the "Enceinte" of the battlemented walls. They are all shapes and sizes, delicate and tapering, tall, massive, squat, varying in hue from a deep chocolate brown to white.

So unreal indeed was the picture, that I stayed still for some time to admire it in all its beauty, afraid of the possible disillusion of closer acquaintance. However, Telouet never disappoints.

As the guest of the Kaid I was allowed to enter a gate on which was the notice "Entrance strictly prohibited to Europeans," and found myself within the walls of the Kasbah itself. Towers seemed to rise about me on all sides, but there were also signs of comfort, wide windows, iron grilled, through which peeped the coloured silks of cushions.

Although there is a village outside the Kasbah walls, within there is another constructed in the most curious style, for the hovels are built one on top of the other, the roof of one serving as the floor of the upper building.

Tiny doors give access to subterranean dwellings in the bowels of the earth, and in some cases exterior staircases lead on to the flat mud roofs giving a wonderful view of the valley and mountain peaks.

It was bitterly cold on the roof and the Kaid explained to me that the rigours of the climate of Telouet are unequalled in Morocco. During the winter snow often lies deep about the Kasbah itself, and wandering herdsmen overtaken by a sudden storm are frozen to death. Yet in summer the plateau, although at a height of over 6,000ft. above sea-level, often experiences temperatures of 120 degrees in the shade.

As the Kaid spoke to me, a slight mist suddenly appeared on one of the far ridges, and rose in a white cloud from a snow-capped peak. With extraordinary rapidity the cloud surface came rolling and tumbling down the distant slopes like a foaming torrent, thence spreading upwards into the sky until the sunlight began to pale and finally all was grey, a grey chill that ate its way through one's clothes into one's bones.

In that frozen chill Telouet seemed like a shadowy demon's lair of central European mythology.

BRIDGE

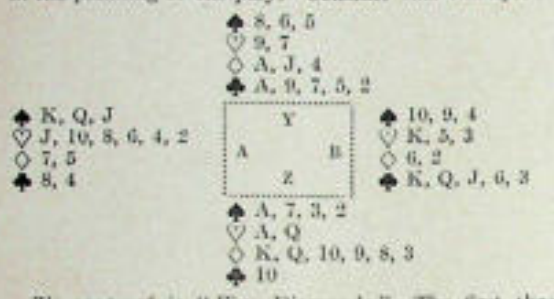
HOW MATHEMATICS HELPS

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

IT is in the play of the cards that mathematics is of most use to the bridge player; for all finessing, when and when not to cover an honour, when and when not to play for the drop, and the like, are founded on mathematical calculation. These questions turn on the player choosing the method of play which is likely to give the best result in the long run. Each individual case can be worked out quite simply, but this is not necessary nowadays, since every good modern text-book tabulates the accepted finesses, and gives rules for covering an honour, playing for the drop, and so on.

An interesting fact, that is not generally known, is that if nothing whatever is known about the adverse hands then the odds are about seven to four against an even number (4, 6 or 8) of outstanding cards in some suit being equally divided. On the other hand, if the number of outstanding cards is odd (3, 5 or 7) it is about two to one in favour of there being the best possible distribution.

Mathematical knowledge of this nature is of great assistance to the bridge player, since it helps materially in the planning of the play. Consider this example:—



Z's contract is "Five Diamonds." The first three tricks are:—

A	Y	B	Z
K Spades	5 Spades	4 Spades	2 Spades
Q Spades	6 Spades	9 Spades	3 Spades
J. Spades	8 Spades	10 Spades	*A Spades*

Z has made one trick and requires ten more tricks for his game-contract. Nine of these tricks are obvious (six Diamonds, the Aces of Hearts and Clubs, and the thirteenth Spade), but there are three possibilities for Z to make the tenth, and all-important, trick:—

1. Finessing the Queen of Hearts.

2. Discarding one of dummy's Hearts on the thirteenth Spade and ruffing the Queen of Hearts in dummy.

3. Establishing a second trick in dummy's Clubs.

And this is precisely when mathematics helps the player.

A finesse is always the last way to try for an extra trick, since it succeeds or fails on one card only and gives no warning of approaching failure. To discard one of dummy's Hearts on the thirteenth Spade, and then ruff the Queen of Hearts in dummy, depends for success on the adverse trumps being divided 2-2, and the odds against this, as we have seen, are roughly seven to four. The good player, therefore, will first play to try and establish a second trick in dummy's Clubs; for there are seven adverse Clubs, and, as we have seen, the odds are about two to one in favour of there being the favourable distribution of 4-3.

The play, therefore, should continue:—

A	Y	B	Z
8 Clubs	*A Clubs*	3 Clubs	10 Clubs
4 Clubs	2 Clubs	6 Clubs	8 *Diamonds*
5 Diamonds	*J Diamonds*	2 Diamonds	3 Diamonds
2 Hearts	5 Clubs	J Clubs	9 *Diamonds*

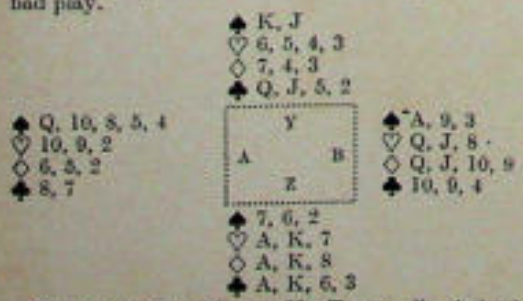
Z can now see that he cannot establish a trick in Clubs, so he must fall back on his second line of attack:—

7 Diamonds	4 Diamonds	6 Diamonds	*K Diamonds*

As the Diamonds were equally divided, Z can discard one of dummy's Hearts on the 7 of Spades and ruff the Queen of Hearts in dummy.

And, of course, the fact that the finesse of Hearts would succeed is no reason for not trying out the other two chances. A player may have two, or even three (as in this example), chances to make his contract, and the good player plans his play so that if one chance fails it will leave another. To reduce your chances to one, or even none, by not taking them in their proper sequential order, is bad play.

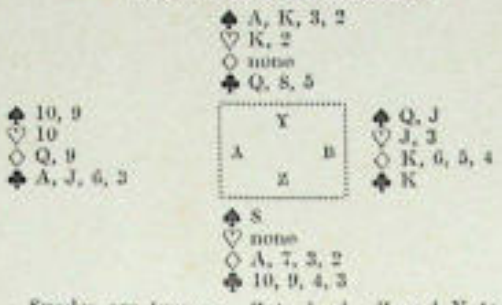
Nor must we judge by results. It is the duty of a player to lead or play a card which, in the majority of cases, will give the best result. The fact that it does not succeed in a particular case does not signify that it was bad play.



Z's contract is "Three No Trumps." A leads the 5 of Spades.

Z has to decide whether to play the King of Spades or the Jack of Spades from dummy. With all four hands exposed it is easy to see that if Z plays the Jack of Spades from dummy he makes the game-contract, but if Z plays the King of Spades from dummy he fails to make the game-contract. The player, however, cannot deal with particular cases because, as he cannot see the cards of the adversaries, he does not know what particular case he has to deal with. All that he can do is to deal in probabilities. In this particular case the correct play for Z is to play the King of Spades from dummy, because the probability is slightly in favour of A having led from the Ace. Z, therefore, has one chance for his game-contract, and he must take it. The fact that the better chance fails and the worse chance would succeed is no criterion.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Spades are trumps. Z to lead. Z and Y to make eight tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Trick 1. Y leads 2◇, won by Z with K◇.
Trick 2. Z wins A◇, Y discards 2♣.
Trick 3. Z leads 6◇, Y ruffs with K♣, and B is squeezed.

If B discards a ♠, the play continues:—

Y		B		Z		A
4♠	..	10♠	..	Q♣	..	5♠
7♡	..	6♡	..	A♡	..	4♡
10♣	..	Q♡	..	2♡	..	J♡

and Y wins A♣ and 6♣.

If B discards a ♡, the play continues:—

7♡	..	Q♡	..	A♡	..	4♡
A♣	..	K♡	..	2♡	..	J♡

Y leads 10♣ and Z wins last three tricks.

If B discards J♣, Z wins A♡ and 10◇; and the last three tricks are made by Z and Y cross-ruffing.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN LONDON

The following game was played in the sixth round.

(*Caro-Kann Defence.*)

WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. J. D. Solomon.	WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. J. D. Solomon.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3	13. P to Q R 4 (g)	Kt to Q 2
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	14. B to R 3	Kt to B 5 (h)
3. Kt to Q B 3	P takes P	15. R to Kt sq	P to K R 3 (i)
4. P to B 3 (a)	Kt to K B 3 (b)	16. Kt to R 3	P to Q Kt 3 (j)
5. P takes P (c)	P to K 4	17. Q to K sq	Q to Q 2 (k)
6. Kt to B 3	B to Q Kt 5	18. Kt to B 4 (l)	B to R 2
7. P to Q R 3 (d)	B takes Kt, ch	19. Kt to Q 2	Castles (K R) (m)
8. P takes B	Kt takes P	20. Kt to K 5	Q to B 2
9. B to Q B 4 (e)	Kt to Q 3 (f)	21. R takes Kt	P takes R
10. B to R 2	P to K 5	22. Q to Kt 3, ch	K to R sq
11. Kt to Kt 5	B to B 4	23. B takes Kt	Resigns (n)
12. Castles	B to Kt 3		

(a) Offering a gambit. If now 4. . . . P takes P, then 5. Kt takes P, B to Kt 5; 6. B to Q B 4 and White gets an attack.

(b) P to K 4 is considered to be Black's best move here.

(c) White decides to recover the pawn. B to Q B 4 is an alternative move.

(d) 7. Kt takes P, Kt takes P; 8. Q to R 5 (if B to Q B 4, then Q to R 5, ch, Q takes P; 9. Q takes P, ch would lead to a very difficult game.

(e) Not Kt takes P because of Q to R 5, ch.

(f) If 9. . . . Kt takes P, then 10. Q to Q 5, P takes P (or 10. . . . P to K 5; 11. Q takes Kt, P takes Kt; 12. Castles); 11. Castles and the position is very dangerous for Black.

(g) Preparatory to B to R 3.

(h) After 14. . . . Q takes Kt; 15. B takes Kt, Castles White has a strong attack.

(i) Not good (see note k and Black's 18th move). He should, instead, play Kt to Q 4 since White can win the Queen's Knight's pawn only by parting with one of his powerful Bishops.

(j) Here too, Black should play Kt to Q 4.

(k) Not Castles because of Q to Kt 3, attacking both Knight and Bishop and so winning a piece.

(l) The Knight now comes into play with great effect.

(m) Black has no good move. If 19. . . . Castles (Q R), then 20. Kt to K 5 followed by 21. B takes Kt and 22. Kt takes K B P wins the exchange.

(n) If Q takes B, then Kt takes P, ch wins the Queen. If, instead, K to K Kt sq, then White can win by either B takes Q or Q to R 4.

EUWE v. KERES

The third game of the recent match. It shows a strong attack by Dr. Euwe.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

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

(a) Giving up the centre. An alternative line of play is the Kreckmeit variation in which Black maintains the centre and conducts a re-grouping of his forces by B to K sq, Kt to Q 2, P to B 3 and eventually Kt to Kt 3.

(b) 11. P to Q 5 is a good move here, *e.g.* 11. . . . Kt to Q 6; 12. R to K 3, B takes B; 13. Q takes B, Kt to B 4; 14. Q to B 2, Kt to Kt 5; 15. R to K 2 with a slight advantage to White (L. Steiner v. Keres, Warsaw team tournament, 1935).

(c) In our opinion this move is not good. Black should, instead, play P to B 5.

(d) 18. . . . Kt to Q 4; 19. R to K sq, P to Q Kt 4 is, we think, to be preferred.

(e) White is a pawn ahead but Black has some compensation in his two Bishops.

(f) Beginning a strong King's side attack.

(g) A good move.

(h) A good post for the Knight.

(i) Threatening 30. . . . B takes B; 31. Kt takes B, R takes Q P.

(j) A strong move. Black has no adequate reply.

(k) If 42. . . . K to B sq, then 43. Kt to K 6, ch. If, instead, 42 . . . K to R sq, then 43. Q to B 6, ch. K to Kt sq (if K to R 2, then Q to B 7, ch and mate next move); 44. Q takes R, ch.

PROBLEM No. 4053

By T. C. EVANS.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K Kt 2, Queen at K B 4, Rooks at Q R 4 and K B 5, Bishops at Q 3 and Q R 3, Knights at Q Kt 4 and Q 6.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at Q 5, Bishops at Q R sq and K Kt 2, Knight at K B 7, Pawns at Q R 3, K 5, Q B 6 and Q B 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Observer*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4052

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

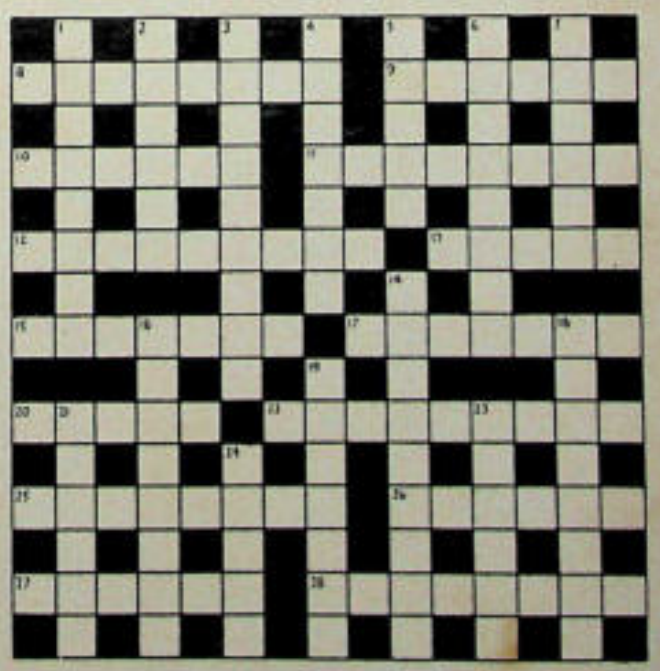
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 555

ACROSS.—5, This comes of altering "altering" (8). 9, A broken rapier and what to do to it (6). 10, "Qui s'excuse s' —— " (6). 11, Murdered (anag.) (8). 12, They are not in the forces (9). 13, Must you wear those simply horrid clothes, Esther? (hidden) (5). 15, "And how can man die better than facing —— odds?" (Macaulay) (7). 17, "For oft when on my couch I lie In vacant or in —— mood" (Wordsworth) (7). 20, If you're taken thus, you're surprised (5). 22, "Angels and —— of grace defend us!" (*Hamlet*) (9). 25, Stevenson's island (8). 26, If you find 25, you may this yourself (6). 27, "But thy eternal —— shall not fade" (Shakespeare) (6). 28, Is it lead? (anag.) (8).

DOWN.—1, You must keep in this if you want to do well at a game (8). 2, Breed of dog (6). 3, See our gig (anag.) (9). 4, Aligned (anag.) (7). 5, Merciless vowel (5). 6, They were toughs (8). 7, "Mum's the word" means he this (6). 14, Fairy measurer? (9). 16, Miracles (anag.) (8).

SOLUTION TO No. 554
Published February 3rd

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



18, Veins that are this are permanently dilated (8). 19, Nice kit (anag.) (7). 21, A metal (6). 23, Wave of emotion (6). 24, A hot dish (5).

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

Books on Sea Fishing.—The most recent book on sea fishing is Eric Cooper's "Modern Sea Fishing," A. & C. Black, 5/-. He deals with tunny, but if you wish to know about other than European waters I think you had better get an American book as their species are different from our own and rather different methods have been devised for catching them. The best book is probably "American Big Game Fishing" by various authors and published by The Derrydale Press, but it is expensive, 25 dollars. Another is "Salt Water Fishing" by van Campen Heilner. The English edition is published by Herbert Jenkins at 25/-. This is a good practical book.—*W. W. P., E.C.3.*

Cards

An Underbid—The question as put shows that Eldesthand has made an underbid. Declarer's Partner (dummy) should request Eldesthand to make good his bid. If Eldesthand makes good his bid in the same denomination (Hearts), Youngesthand is silenced for one round of the auction. If Eldesthand makes good his bid in a denomination other than Hearts, Youngesthand is silenced for the rest of the auction.

If, however, there is an error in the question, and the bidding has proceeded: Declarer "One Spade," Eldesthand "Two Hearts," then Declarer's Partner (dummy) should make a forcing bid of "Three Spades"; for clearly Declarer must hold at least A, Q, x, x of Spades and be short in Hearts, and Declarer's Partner (dummy) can visualise a slam. Declarer should bid the conventional "Four No-Trumps." This bid indicates either three Aces or two Aces and the King of a suit bid by either partner. As Declarer's Partner (dummy) holds the King of Spades, Declarer is marked with the Aces of Spades, Hearts and Clubs, and Declarer's Partner (dummy) can bid "Six Spades" with confidence.

Declarer's Partner (dummy) might bid "Seven Spades"; for the bidding reveals that Eldesthand has no card better than the King of Hearts, and it is a reasonable assumption that he holds at least K, x, x, x, x, x in Hearts to justify his bid, and that, therefore, Declarer holds the Ace of Hearts singleton. There is a slight risk in bidding the grand slam; for Declarer's Partner (dummy) cannot be positive that Declarer has not got A, x of Hearts. The risk, however, is worth taking. Declarer cannot bid the grand slam because for all he knows there may be a losing trick in Diamonds.

You do not state the score. But if Declarer and Declarer's Partner (dummy) are not vulnerable, and Eldesthand and Youngesthand are vulnerable, there are possibilities in a double of Eldesthand's bid of "Two Hearts."—*Truby.*

Kennel

Greyhounds and Salukis.—Salukis have been coursed quite a bit of recent years and the Cleve Saluki Coursing Club has held several meetings every season down to the present. The general opinion seems to be that these dogs are stouter than the greyhound but not so fast over moderate courses. In a long and gruelling course they would probably excel. We should prefer them to Afghans as an outcross with the greyhound owing to their shape. The Afghans are particularly suited to a rough and hilly country. Both have good feet for work. Mr. Nathaniel Dunn, of Alnmouth, Cumberland, crossed the Afghan Baz with greyhounds about 1911, and the progeny were admitted to the Greyhound Stud Book. We do not know if the results came up to expectations. If you want to get a Saluki we would advise asking Commander Adam, Quarry Down, Hythe, Kent, hon. sec. of the Cleve Club, if he could give you addresses of the most successful runners at their meetings.—*J. S. N., Belfast.*

Eating Filth.—From the particulars you give about your terrier we should doubt if you have been successful in clearing him of worms. Are you quite satisfied that he is not infested with these pests? As a rule puppies grow out of the disgusting habit of eating filth. Try dusting any filth that he can get at with cayenne pepper. This often teaches a lesson that is not forgotten. Also give a stomach tonic such as homœopathic nux vomica 3x trituration. Five grains twice a day.—*E. J., Penrith.*

Racing.

Beeswing.—You will find a good deal about Beeswing in *Silk and Scarlet* by "The Dandi." Beeswing, a baby daughter of Doctor Syntax—a daughter of Ardrossan—Lady Eliza by Whitworth—was foaled in 1833. Beeswing the most noted of all the Doctor's daughters, and the pride of Northumberland, stood barely 15 hands 2in. high, and always ran big. She had one of the sweetest heads ever seen, and her hips and ribs were capital, but she was rather light boned, owing, in a great measure, to her having been badly kept when a foal. She was owned by Mr. Orde, who with all his turf lore, had never learned that bone and muscle must originally go in at the mouth [she was underfed]. Beeswing was a well advanced yearling before she rubbed her nose against an oat. She never bit to any horse, except Touchstone; and her two sons by him, Newminster and Nunnykirk, were beautiful movers. Beeswing's dam was a lame mare by Ardrossan. The walk from Warrington to Chester in her sixth visit to Touchstone was too much for her; and she fairly tottered into her box at the Eaton Paddocks, on the evening of the second day. After that she only got up once, to take a little gruel, and then died, quite worn out with fatigue, and the weight of a brown Dutchman colt, which was not due for two months. There was no mark of violence upon her, but the flesh came away in flakes from the backbone, as if from a thing too long kept, and her mane was sent as a relic by post to Mr. Orde. She was a most tremendous kicker in her stall, but showed no vice at the post, and beyond pulling hard at first she was a delightful mare to ride. She raced till she was nine, and was hacked in the Park for a year before being sent to the stud. Bob Johnson rode her. She finds place in most of the general histories of the turf. The principal performances of Beeswing are as follows:—1833, Doncaster, won the Champagne Stakes. 1836, won the Newcastle St. Leger and Newcastle Cup. 1837, Newcastle, won the Cup, Doncaster, won the Cleveland Stakes and the Gold Shield (given in lieu of the Cup). 1838, Newcastle, won the Craven Stakes, ran second for the Northumberland Plate, and won the Cup. Doncaster, won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, and ran second to Don John for the Doncaster Cup. 1839, Newcastle, won the Craven Stakes and the Cup. York, won the Queen's Plate, beating Melbourne, Epirus and Humphrey. Stockton, won the Cup. Richmond, won the Queen's Plate. Doncaster, won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, beating Epirus. 1840, Newcastle, won the Craven Stakes, but was beaten a short head by Lanercost for the Cup. York, won the Cup. Doncaster, won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, and the Doncaster Cup. Kelso, beaten half a length by Lanercost for the Cup, and at the same meeting over two miles, ran a dead heat with Lanercost. After running the dead heat, Beeswing on the same afternoon, beat The Doctor and Doctor Cains over 2½ miles. 1841 Newcastle, beaten by Charles XII for the Craven Stakes, but won the Cup, beating Calypso and Lanercost. Stockton, won the Cup. Doncaster, won the Cup and the Horisby Castle Stakes. Richmond, won the Cup. 1842, Ascot, won the Gold Cup. Newcastle, won the Cup beating Charles XII. Doncaster, won the Cup, defeating Charles XII. As at Ascot the fine old mare went off with a rattling lead and at a pace which the others were quite unable to follow; she was never headed and won by six lengths. Her last race, and a truly glorious finish to a wonderful career.—*C. M. B., Whitchurch.*

Shooting.

Wildfowling.—You might be able to get some wildfowling at Potton. We believe the local farmer there has the shooting rights. Of course under the new Act duck and geese can only be shot below high water mark after February 1st. The Wildfowlers' Association of Anlaby Road, Hull, might be able to help you.—*M. C. P., Horncastle.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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.

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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[*Poole, Dublin*

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JOINT-MASTER OF THE WEST WATERFORD HOUNDS

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - 240
WILDFOWL AT LONG RANGE - - - - - 245
MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING - - 246
FISH FARM TROUT AS FOOD - - - - - 247
FAMOUS "FLYING FILLY'S" PROGENY AT AN IRISH STUD - - - - - - - - 248
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - 249
DAIRY FARMING AS IT STANDS TO-DAY - - 250
LIMBERED UP FOR THE TRACK, RING, AND FIGHTING FORCES - - - - - - - 253
SURVIVALS FROM A PREHISTORIC ARMOURY - 254
GEESE WITH A 20-BORE - - - - - - 256
PICTURES FROM NATURE'S ACADEMY - - - 257
THE LAST PRESERVED PHEASANTS - - - - 258
HUNTING AND "BRASS HATS" - - - - - 259
BIRDS OF PARADISE AT THE ZOO - - - - 260
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - 260
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 260
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - 261
HUNTING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - 265
A WAR-TIME GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP PROPOSAL - 266
THE ROCK GARDEN IN SPRING TIME - - - 267
RAISING EARLY VEGETABLES IN COLD FRAMES - 267
VALUE OF BEAN SEEDS FOR CULINARY PURPOSES 268
KEEPING RABBITS UNDER CONTROL - - - 269
THE PLANTING OF WOODLANDS - - - - 269
COLD WEATHER ON THE FARM - - - - - 270
THE MONTHS THAT COME AFTER - - - - 272
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - 272
EMERGENCY CONVERSION OF MOTOR VEHICLES TO PRODUCER GAS - - - - - - - - 274
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - 275
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - 276

MEAT RATIONING

NO one can have been surprised to hear the announcement that meat rationing comes into force on March 11th. From that date we shall be allowed to spend no more than 1/10 per head per week at the butcher's with whom we have registered. Recently in Great Britain the average consumption of meat has been 2lb. per person per week. The ration announced is going to mean a very considerable reduction of that amount, and the Minister, therefore, begs us all to get into training before rationing officially commences. As a matter of fact he is giving us no option in this respect, for restriction of butchers' supplies began immediately, and these supplies are now restricted to about the same amount as they will receive when rationing comes into force. This, of course, is not rationing. The distinction between restriction and rationing. The distinction between restriction and the real thing is somewhat too fine for the ordinary man to grasp.

Now as to the actual ration. We are still allowed to eat without any restriction—but, be it noted, without any guarantee that we shall be able to get them—kidney and liver and sausage and tongue. We shall be able, to begin with at any rate, to get some meat (the supply will be restricted) in restaurants without handing over a coupon. For the rest we may spend 1/10 each week. Every housewife in the country will have worked out for herself what this means to her household in meat. In most cases she will get imported meat—English meat will mean smaller amounts, and will in any case be more difficult to obtain—and, in qualities that are not the best, this means about 1½lb. of meat a week for each person. For example, a man and his wife can obtain 3lb. of stewing steak a week at the present prices. Larger families will have more money to spend and can therefore get more meat; but it would be as well to point out that, in general, large families have small incomes and people with small incomes in a time of rising prices, increased taxation, and numerous other difficulties, have got to be very careful with their shillings and, indeed, with their pence.

Mr. Morrison intends, he assures us, to keep the supply situation under constant review and to modify the ration from time to time in the light of existing circumstances. That is gratifying. But he was unable to give any guarantee against a rise in the price of meat; and that is not gratifying.

It seems evident that a number of days in each week will be meatless days. The number will vary according to the capabilities of the housewife and the local supply of meat, but no family will escape meatless days. It seems evident, too, that the butcher is going to be hard hit. His sales will be limited to his registered customers, some of whom may from time to time be unable to afford such meat as he may have for sale, and his supply is dependent upon a system of distribution which may or may not work well.

The number of slaughter houses has been drastically, fantastically, reduced and conditions have been chaotic in most slaughtering districts for some time. No doubt the weather helped to upset the distribution scheme in many districts, and no one would blame the Minister for the weather. But, equally, the weather could not be blamed for all the troubles, for all the many complaints, from farmers and butchers and buying public about bad organisation in distribution and acute shortage of home-killed meat.

This rationing scheme is not going to be welcomed by anyone—farmer or butcher or buying public. But everyone will accept its burdens and bear them cheerfully. They will expect it to be organised efficiently, however. On that point we, in common with many others, are by no means confident that everything that could be done has been done.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 276.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY

AT a meeting of the Council of the Shire Horse Society, held in London recently, further consideration was given to the withdrawal of the heavy horse grants, and a very large number of letters were submitted which had been received from Heavy Horse Hiring Societies and War Agricultural Executive Committees in all parts of the country. From the former it appeared that unless the grant is reinstated there will inevitably be an enormous decline in heavy horse breeding, while the latter deplored the Minister's action in withholding the grants just at a time when the horse is so vital a cog in the production of the country's food supply. It was unanimously agreed to press for a reinstatement of the grants. The *Field* has pointed out on many occasions what it maintains to be the very short-sighted policy of more than one Government department where horses are concerned. A decline in heavy horse breeding would, indeed, be a calamity, and one from which it would take many years to recover.

SERVICES RUGBY STARS

In the past the Services have contributed a fair share to the International Rugby teams of the four home countries. Now the process is reversed and the four home countries seem almost to be vying with one another in contributing to the Services teams. Though the title of last Saturday's popular Red Cross match at Richmond was the Army *versus* the Empire, the teams comprised a galaxy of international players. The Empire team was not as representative as had been hoped and two chosen Australian players were unable to appear; but English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish players were plentifully sprinkled in the sides. How far the Services are absorbing first-class players is further demonstrated by the increasing difficulty that famous clubs are finding in putting teams into the field for week-end matches. The Harlequins, for instance, are hard put to field only two fifteens—so much so that players wanting games for the rest of the season are invited to get into touch with Mr. Adrian Stoop, Hartley Grange, Hartley Wintney, Hants. In the north, the Headingley Club, one of the strongholds of the Rugby Union game in Yorkshire, has closed down owing to shortage of players. A suggestion was made in the *Field* recently that clubs might with advantage pool their resources temporarily. Amalgamations might well be arranged as a means both of ensuring full teams and of keeping the standard of the game as high as possible.

SHOOTING BY MOTION PICTURES

There is nothing new in the idea of filmi shooting. Clay target shooting has been film before now and even films of actual pheas shooting have been taken in the past. In Am some excellent films have been made of s. shooting as well as duck shooting from "blind and what is known as "upland" shooting. This is all worthy of encouragement, as being a means of bringing home to urban audiences some of the truth concerning field sport and counteracting insidious anti-sport propaganda. Our contemporary, *Field and Stream*, has recently been assisting in further activities of this kind in the States, with what success cinemagoers will, in due course, be able to judge. But what about the use of the film as a means of instruction in the art of shooting? A picture shown in slow motion of how to take a particular bird might well prove an invaluable method of demonstrating in detail just what has to be done or just what must be avoided. The predominant part played by the feet would then be clearly and irrefutably made known as well as the continuous movement of the gun and other fundamental points. Seeing is believing!

THE OLD FARMHOUSE

Here the lane turns, and below it stands the farm
As it has stood for twenty score of years.
Perhaps the lane was not always above
The farmyard's level, but surely it always turned
Here, where a stonier track comes in to join it:
And thousands of good-mornings and good-evenings
Have been spoken at this corner, as now I speak,
Walking by in the dusk. The country people
Greet stranger and friend alike, but not an enemy
Unless he is a shadow in the dark.
Many who spoke have lost their speech and add
Mould to the churchyard on the further hill
Where church and manor-house keep company.
Their silence is good. I would be glad to think
I might lie down as quietly as they
And in so green a place, some future day.

F. J. CATLEY.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IF only Æsop were still alive and a naturalised Englishman! What a beautiful new fable he would have made, glancing at what had happened to the countryside, of the wolf and the lamb! The wolf, I fancy, he would have labelled "Town" and the lamb "Country." First, the wolf makes a meal of the lamb, leaving only a few bones, and this he did because he was revolving fine new schemes for getting rich, schemes which necessitated long journeys and so he had to be well-fed before he started. Unfortunately he became so occupied in getting richer and richer that he forgot that he could not eat any of the great store of gold he had collected. The wolf began to grow hungry, and hunger reminded him of the lamb which in former days had supplied him with all the food and drink he had wanted. So he gave up his journeys and trotted off to the pastures and corn-stubbles and root-fields where the lamb lived, calling, "Lamb, lamb, I am hungry; give me corn and hay and swedes and fruits and cheese and bacon and meat and potatoes, and look sharp about it!" But there was no answering "baa" to greet him because the poor wolf had entirely forgotten that he had already eaten the lamb.

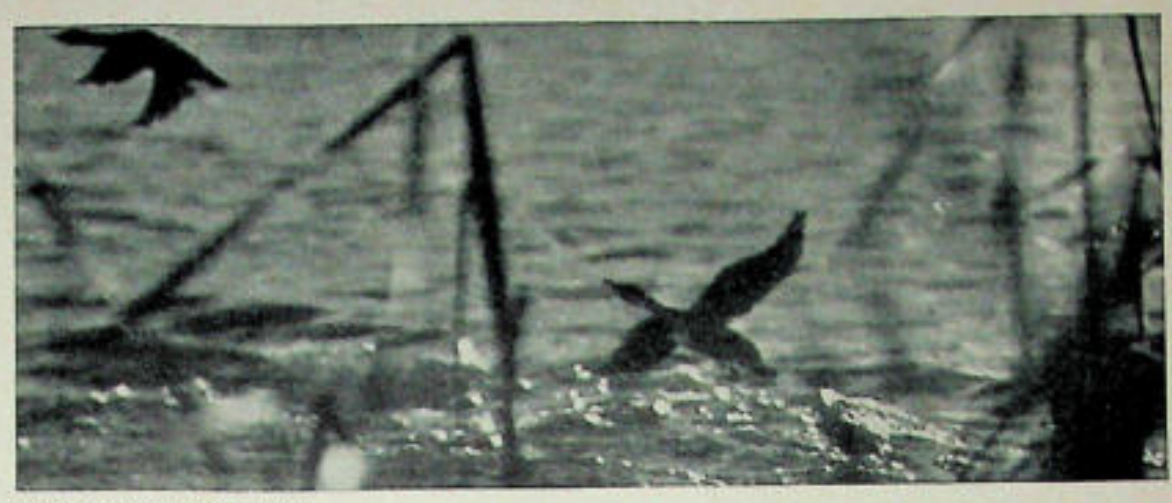
Perhaps this anglicized Æsop might have written this story—only a much better one than mine—when he read in the newspapers that the farmers must plough up more land and produce more food, just like magic, just like a rabbit pulled out by the ears from the conjuror's hat. There is a saying that the modern world has forgotten, as the wolf forgot he had eaten the lamb, namely, that no thistle can be expected to grow figs, and for years past our urban civilisation has encouraged the growth of thistles. If a cripple is required to win a foot-race, then he must have two good legs to run upon and it is elementary truths like this of which urban-mindedness, removed from all contact with nature and the earth, is so queerly oblivious.

How oblivious it has grown to these ABC truisms may be gathered by turning over the pages of the Astor-Rowntree Report on British Agriculture, which was published a short time before the war began. Reading now what the Report said a few months ago would be rich food for the ironist, if indeed one wanted to be ironical rather than to awaken the urban mind to the supreme peril its neglect of rudimentary home truths is bringing upon it.

Among the supremely silly things which are enunciated by that Report are that we must not let "our domestic production" of staple foods interfere with our "international commercial policy" (that, of course, means the flood of imports which has been the prime cause of the ruin of "British Agriculture"); that subsidies are a bad thing (granted, but how is the wretched farmer to live without them or rather what he gets of them after the millers and factories and distributors have had their whack?); that "Science and the machine will gradually conquer the peasant to his ultimate advantage," and that agriculture must be judged not by arable acreage and by the men upon it, but by output (though how science and machinery can benefit the peasant when they have "conquered," that is to say, expelled him, and how output—viz. crops—can be grown without the fields to bear them and the men to plant and harvest them is not explained—the conjuror's hat again); and that we need not worry about the decline of arable crops or our dependence upon imported cattle food (but events have themselves made this statement look so like a turn in a farce that, as the wiseacres say, "comment is needless.")

I extract these few plums out of the Report not from a motive of derision, but because it is entirely typical of the average urban thinking about agriculture (whenever *urbs* can spare the time to think about it at all). Not even to-day is *urbs* aware that the land is its own life and that it cannot be starved of men, of capital, of wide-embracing foresight and planning, of co-operative marketing, of just prices and of fertility without acute danger to that life. To prattle about "commercial policy" in the face of such an issue is as though a man in an earthquake ran back to his falling house to fetch the pocket-book he had left behind. Spiritually we have to unlearn these false values and practically to undo these obsessions before soundness at the heart can return. And that soundness depends upon the fostering of the yeoman and the peasant as contented owners of the land from which is produced the good and honest food that makes a nation to be strong and healthy and without fear.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.



RISING FROM THE REEDS

WILDFOWL AT LONG RANGE

A Case for Exceptional Allowance

NOW that under the provisions of the recent Act geese and ducks cannot be killed after February 1st inland and the 20th on the coast, we have less time in which to do our shooting. Owing to the general disturbances on the Continent caused by the War, there may now be a greater influx of fowl to these shores and the spectacle of increased hordes flying about our estuaries and inland waters. This will be a bit tantalising for those whose shooting does not take them to the foreshore, for their ducks will enjoy the protection of the law at the same time as their pheasants and partridges.

As far as actual skill with a gun is concerned, there are really two kinds of wildfowl shooting. The one kind is very similar to ordinary game shooting and it is experienced at inland lakes or marshes where birds may be shot from prearranged stands or hides, over which they will pass much as though they were driven game. Of course, their flight is different; but then the flight of pheasants and partridges is not the same. Every bird has its own flight, to which one has to get accustomed. I have seen men shoot well all day at driven partridges—and driven partridges are never really easy—and then go to pieces at duck from a lake that were comparatively simple. This was just because they had not time to get their eye in at the different target. But such shooting must be considered to be in the same category as game shooting. One is firing at normal ranges and under what may be described as comfortable conditions. Furthermore one can use an ordinary gun.

To the average person this is a blessing. For a man who does the greater part of his shooting with one weapon is not likely to put up the best performance when he has to manipulate another which is at least a pound heavier, or fitted probably with longer barrels and heavily choked at that. Yet there are those who, at the very mention of duck, begin seeking out heavy guns with full choke boring and large shot ammunition. I have never found duck any harder to kill at normal range than pheasants or rabbits. And should it become necessary to fire at rather full ranges, cartridges of the "Marci" or "Ace" kind will be quite powerful enough. Such a combination is often more efficient than the man behind it! On one of the best inland duck shoots in the country the best scoring is nearly always made by men who use their ordinary game guns and game cartridges.

When reference is made to the subject of wildfowling proper there is no implication of a superior type of sport. All that is meant is that here is a kind of shooting which is different. Each kind has its adherents, its advantages and disadvantages. Comparisons generally are odious, and certainly here the only comparison made will be in relation to actual shooting. The shooting of duck and other fowl in coastal areas or wild districts demands a technique of its own. This is not meant to infer that the underlying principles differ, for the fundamentals remain unchanged. But the manner of their application is not the same.

It must be accepted as a governing condition that shots at ranges from 40–60 yards will have to be taken and considered as being part of the normal routine of wildfowling, for unless the gunner is so armed and practised that he can do execution at such distances, his bag is going to be very light, if at times he will secure any bag at all. At the same time this forms no sort of excuse for taking advantage of the situation and loosing off at impossible and unsporting ranges. The nearer fowl are the better. When flight shooting they may be no more than 20 yards. But there will be many a day when not a chance will be presented at less than 45 yards. Swing, footwork and all the rest of it must, as ever, play their part. But whereas in ordinary shooting it is not so necessary to think in terms of allowance, in long range wildfowling the question of allowance is all-important.

Who has not fired at the leader of a skein of geese crossing at 50 yards, only to see the second or third bird double up and come crashing down? Who has not fired at a duck passing low over the surface of water and seen the splash made by the charge yards behind? What a feeling of hopeless frustration it creates too. One might as well have thrown a handful of pebbles! Wide crossing shots and high overhead shots, both of which require extreme allowance, seem to present themselves so frequently in fowling. For all the swing and maintenance of swing, one has got to get those gun muzzles yards ahead.

It is not a bit of good to talk in terms of actual measurement. Mathematical calculations are only of academic interest. Knowledge of the fact that to connect with a crossing bird travelling at 40 miles per hour it is necessary to aim about 11ft. ahead of it will not make one successful. Rather might it tend to make one fire at a fixed point. Yet the necessity of being yards ahead must be impressed upon the mind, though it is impossible exactly to judge the yards. Fire a gate-length ahead, some practical persons will say. This is advice of the right type in that it creates a sense of distance without precision. The thing is to think in terms of liberal but not definite allowance.

If it is at all possible to crystalise what should be done in the case of a wide crossing shot at, say, 50 yards, the following might be said. Keeping conscious of the bird and its line of flight, raise your gun towards that line, but about twice the distance ahead that you would when shooting game birds, and swinging all the time bring the butt right into the shoulder and fire. Details of the footwork required, if normally placed, such as pivoting on the left foot for shots to the right and on the right foot for shots to the left need not be gone into now. But if you attempt to deal with such birds as you would with a pheasant at 30 yards, you will merely be courting disappointment. And this is what most people do at first.

But there are certain advantages that are offered in this long distance shooting. There is plenty of time, for one thing. For another, there is not the embarrassment that a covey of partridges, bunched up together, can cause. It is rather a question of steady, deliberate judgment, and a case for cool, unhurried action. The quarry is usually in view for a comparatively long period, and the gunner has every chance of making a careful decision. Accurate range judging is most important, especially as a bird may be flying in such a way that it is only just within killing distance at a certain point. And while it is not possible to avoid taking out-of-range shots at times, it is remarkable to what fine limits distance judging can be brought with constant practice. A fowler's bag is never large, and unless he develops every faculty to the utmost he will too often return home with it empty and with no tangible reward for his effort.

SCOLOPAX.

A FINE ANGLING WATER FOR SALMON AND TROUT

MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING—II

Minnow and Plug

By J. HUGHES PARRY

This is the second of a series of talks on modern methods of catching salmon with fly, minnow, plug, prawn, shrimp and worm.

UNDER this heading, minnows of all types, artificial and natural, sprats, golden, silver and red will be taken first. Curiously enough it is more or less a granted fact amongst all anglers of repute for salmon that real fresh minnows and sprats straight from the river or sea are more deadly than even the most perfect imitations, such as the new Nevison baits—made by Messrs. Allcocks—which are real sprats covered over and absolutely perfect in shape and form. Even with these, fish are known to prefer the real fresh sprat from the sea.

Still, literally thousands of salmon are killed in the British Isles on artificial baits, and the time saved in many cases counter-balances the fact of the undoubted preference of the fish for real baits.

The modern spinning outfit, with light rod and expoliating reel such as Helican, Spinet, Illingworth, etc., has a host of devotees, whilst the Pflueger Reel within the last very few years is becoming more and more popular, and doubtless is one of the easiest of all reels to master; the ease with which it casts a light bait is of great advantage. One can also use a fairly strong, up to 15-lb. breaking strain, line on it, and personally I do not like to fish for salmon with a line weaker than that. But whatever reel one may use the fact remains that it is absolutely impossible with any of them to let out line and draw in line, yard by yard, as is often the most deadly way of fishing any spinning bait, and this must be done from your hand or from the ground. A minnow coming criss-cross when working with the swing of the current will doubtless kill three fish to every two killed by the greatest expert using a level wind reel and bringing his bait round in one level arc.

The modern light wood or cork minnow fished with a heavy weight, which is just allowed to bump along the bottom, especially in fast rocky water, is perhaps the most deadly of all ways to fish such places. And to get the best results from any one pool, it is necessary to use one's own brain, so as to put your bait in the most natural manner in front of a fish lying in a certain place, always remembering that any salmon, except a fresh run fish, which has seen nothing at all, is as a general rule very loth to chase up stream after any bait. So be careful not to spin a minnow in such a manner that it is necessary to draw it up against the current for any distance at all.

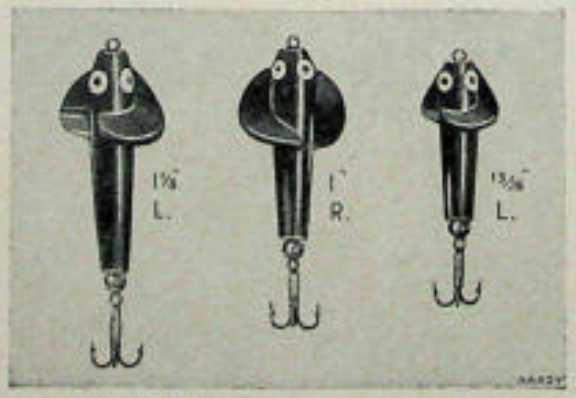
Spinning has to-day reached a very high art, and with the New Henderson Elasticum wire, traces can be tied by an amateur in a few minutes which are practically invisible and unbreakable.

The real old-fashioned drop minnow with the lead inside and either a small triangle or a single hook coming from its mouth and generally threaded on gut bound to the hooks, has to a great extent gone out of fashion. It still remains, all the same, in some places on certain pools the most deadly way of killing salmon. Wire does not lend itself to a trace in this case and the new synthetic gut with its extreme strength and its total lack of visibility seems exactly to meet the need.

The fundamental rules for salmon-fishing with all lures holds good. The colder the water the deeper one should fish, and vice versa. This is especially true when minnow fishing in the very early spring. One must get right down to them and if a pool is say 25ft. deep, then one's bait ought to be within 1ft. at least of the bottom if one wants to kill salmon.

In deep, slow running pools, which salmon haunt in the early spring, a drop minnow or sprat is often successful when no notice has been taken of a spinning bait, for this reason alone, that with the drop minnow the bait has reached the bottom and so come within the vision of the salmon lying there, whilst he has never even seen the spinning bait at all, or if he has it has been travelling at such a pace and so far away as not to annoy him into chasing it.

A golden sprat fished, sink and draw, in the early spring in very deep pools will often bring surprising results, and like when fly fishing, salmon have a distinct preference for different types of baits according to what they have last been feeding on in the sea.



"HEAVYWEIGHT" DEVONS BY MESSRS. HARDY BROS., OF ALNWICK

There was a very clear instance of this on the Welsh Dee in 1935. Out of the salmon killed on one beat during the month of April, 61 out of 75 were killed on a sand-eel. A prawn or minnow seemed more or less useless during the time that special run of fish were in the water; but I do not think that since that year a dozen fish all told have been caught on a sand-eel. Another year on hearing that a yellow fly, "The Yellow Peril" was very successful on some water a few miles below our beat, and after a small rise, resulting in these fish moving up into our water, and, owing to the river falling very fast, settling in deep pools in which they seemed very loth indeed to take anything, I tried dyeing fresh prawns a bright yellow colour and these certainly were far more successful than the red ones or of minnows of any colour at all.

It never entered my head to try golden sprats, fished, sink and draw, else in all probability they would have been as successful on that special run of fish as the yellow prawns were.

As with salmon flies, so with minnows. One year one special colour or type will do extraordinarily well, another year a different kind, and it is only by experimenting with various types, colours, &c., that one can find out the special one preferred by that particular school of fish.

Often in summer even with a temperature of 50 deg. Fahr., or over, and after a salmon has refused a fly, one can tempt him by throwing a minnow a couple of yards or so above his lie at an angle of 45 degrees up stream and spinning it really fast down and across where he is, the result being a sudden stoppage almost like hooking the bottom of the river. In a case like this one of Hardy's small heavyish minnows fished without any lead, owing to the shap of their fins, seems to be most successful. It alwa seems to me that one gets more satisfaction out catching one salmon under conditions like this in catching a dozen in the spring when at times are so ravenous that the veriest tyro can catch with almost any form of minnow.

Modern artificial minnows, especially wooden ones are made far fatter than the old minnow. For several years one of the best salmon anglers I know has cut an ordinary 4in. minnow in half—this is an old fashioned device—and has had wonderful success with it. Personally I think a lot of the minnows now on the market are made too thin, especially in the larger sizes, the triangle at the tail should however in all cases be at least half the diameter of the spread of the fins. Many of the modern wobblers have so small a triangle, that the fish shuts his mouth on the minnow itself, and then lets go without ever feeling the ridiculously small hooks at the tail of the minnow.

It is a curious fact that out of a dozen minnows, identical to us in size, colour and make, a salmon can see some difference, and every practical angler has one or two pet minnows which he would be very loth to lose. Often this is bent and disreputable looking, but either the fish prefer it—that is my candid belief—or else one fishes that special minnow with more care and confidence than any other. Personally I think the spin of that special minnow must be different from that of the others, although this is not visible to the human eye.

With a light modern steel rod, and practically unbreakable line and cast, and fish are in the humour, the scales are heavily weighted in favour of the fisherman and the amount of water which can be covered is out of all proportion to that which our forebears could fish in a day with the old fly rod. Salmon lie in such unexpected places these days. I often wonder if they used to do so and that such places were never fished. With the little effort in casting and the distance obtained it is little or no wonder that minnow fishing is becoming more and more popular every year.

We will now come to plugs. Our American cousins used these for many years before they became popular over here, and so far as my experience goes we have not yet brought them up to the same pitch of perfection as the first class American article. Perhaps of all artificial baits, not excepting fly even, the angler can get more enjoyment out of using them than with anything else.

To begin with, they are such weird looking things in the water, and then again it all depends on the skill of the angler whether he is successful or not. The way the expert can let out line over some deep ledge, judging the depth and pull, so as to make his plug dive and dart almost in and out of deep ledges is extraordinarily fascinating to watch. With their transparent bodies and indestructible finish, plugs are practically everlasting. Heddon, River Runtie, River Runt and Spook are my personal favourites, and a 2in. model of the latter type in brown and yellow has been very successful at times.

A curious thing is that on several occasions in dead low water with a high temperature of 55 deg. Fahr. and over, salmon have followed this special bait in broad daylight, not once but several times for quite a considerable distance, in a few cases even taking it when they refused to take any notice at all of prawn, minnows, or worms, but this weird thing wriggling about over their heads excited them without any doubt. With a total length of 2¼in. and a weight of half an ounce, these can easily be thrown a considerable distance, and very rough water can be fished safely and with care. It is a most fascinating form of salmon fishing which doubtless in a few years will be brought to a far higher pitch of perfection than is now generally seen by the users of same on most rivers.

AN IDEAL SALMON POOL.

ON THE SALMON LOCH AT GEIRRAN

There is one form of plug fishing about which I have seen nothing yet in print. There is a transparent River Runtie—again made by Heddon in Michigan—mounted with a single hook, length 1¾in., weight 1/25th of an oz. With this one can fish very much in the same way as with a fly and greased-line, and it will then come across the current just submerged. Salmon take it in a very savage way indeed, quite differently from that of taking a greased-line fly, in fact they almost throw themselves half out of the water at it and shake it like a dog shakes a bone to get it settled in his mouth.

I do not know if there are many places suitable for fishing this special bait. But in one special spot, with a fast current running over a rocky broken bottom, about 3 to 6ft. deep on the average but with two or three deep clefts in it and which usually is a very bad spot to entice salmon to take in—although they are nearly always there in the summer, with the temperature above 45 deg. Fahr.—it has been very successful. But even if it is not so, the pleasure of learning the rudimentary art of fishing these most fascinating lures more than recompenses the lack of fish at the end of the day.

FISH FARM TROUT AS FOOD

THE production of trout for food is a trade in which this country has hitherto not been able to make any headway. The price of the trout in wholesale and retail markets is not low but at the same time rearing and feeding costs are too high to allow of a reasonable, if any, profit to be made. In one or two fish farms it may be possible to sell surplus stock as "portion fish" without loss but generally even this very modest salvage of trout not required for the stocking of rivers and lakes cannot be obtained. The commercial edible trout are mainly rainbows since this species grows rather more rapidly than brown trout under the same conditions. Denmark was the source of supply of the live trout in tanks which one saw in shops and in various restaurants and Denmark is still the chief country of origin now that the Diseases of Fish Act has put an end to the imported live trout trade and has compelled them to be brought into this country exclusively as dead fish.

Labour charges form a considerable item in the total cost of the trout and in this the Danish farmer, working on a family basis, has a considerable advantage. The food for the fish may, and in this country probably does, cost even more. Liver used in Britain in the earliest stages of life and horseflesh used as the fish become larger are replaced in Denmark by small and exceedingly cheap sea fish. Approximately 3lb. of food are required to produce 1lb. of trout.

Two further important items in the routine of production are climate and the type of water available. It is obvious that the fish must be brought to the requisite size of about three to the pound in the shortest possible time. The feeding period in each year must therefore be as long as possible and the water must be of a type which will allow, and indeed encourage, rapid growth. So far as climate is concerned the south of England is as favourable as Denmark but further north the colder spring and the earlier onset of autumn more than probably curtail to an appreciable extent the time during which growth will occur at the maximum rate. In certain of the chalk stream districts also there can be no doubt that the water is in the best possible state for the promotion and encouragement of the most rapid growth. The astonishing size reached by the trout in some of the chalk stream stews and fish farms during their second summer of life is tribute enough to the growth producing character of the water when coupled with intensive feeding on a scientific system. As against this type of growth, however, one has to contrast the results which are produced in more northern waters not of the chalk stream character. It has been held that the critical factor is calcium just as it is the factor which, while not in itself an essential component of vegetable growth, is necessary in order to enable plants to assimilate the other materials required from soil and air. So far as trout are concerned there are apparent exceptions to the general chalk stream rule and from these exceptions unduly wide deductions have in some cases been drawn but for practical purposes it can be said that the further removed waters are from the chalk stream type the slower will be the growth and the smaller the ultimate size of the trout. In waters of the extreme peat acid type a ¾lb. trout may rank almost as the best of its kind.

The trade for trout for edible purposes is small and it may even be placed in the luxury category. The truite bleu of the gourmet certainly cannot be classed as a necessity for any part of the population. At the same time the importation takes place and for it we have to make payment outside the country. If a time of stringency does come even minute additions, such as this, to the food supply may be welcome and replacement of the Danish supply, or an addition to it, from sources within this country might be acceptable. It would appear, however, that the price of such home-produced trout would have to be higher than the price which prevailed pre-war and that they could only be grown to the best advantage in the south and even then only in certain selected areas. A time lag of two years must elapse between the egg and the edible stages. If it were decided that such production of additional food is desirable then there would seem to be no reason why, in addition to the very limited number of suitable fish farms, the private stews in the same districts should not be organised into groups for the same purpose.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

FAMOUS "FLYING FILLY'S" PROGENY AT AN IRISH STUD

As I write, there comes the glad news of resumption of racing, after over six weeks without any in Great Britain. This has been by far the longest continuous stoppage of its kind attributable to conditions other than war. The worst winter for National Hunt racing was in 1895. No meetings could be held between Manchester (January 2nd) and Plumpton (January 18th). A further break of twenty-six days occurred between January 27th and February 21st, and then a two-days meeting was held at Hull. There were only nine runners on the first day and twenty on the second. For another nine days, racing was not possible. It was resumed at Gatwick on March 5th.

The break at the beginning of the year was unfortunate, because the fixture list as arranged was attenuated, and stakes greatly reduced. Owners who in face of these conditions sent their jumpers into training have had precious little satisfaction and the National Hunt Committee has very wisely departed from their original intention to end their season when flat-racing is begun. Extra jumping fixtures are now promised for the spring.

During my recent stay in Ireland, I visited one of the most progressive studs in that country. It is owned by the Mitchell brothers and directed by Mr. William J. Mitchell at Collinstown House, Leixlip, in Co. Kildare, only fourteen miles from Dublin. There I saw the successful stallion, Furrokh Siyar, and Khan Bahadur, who after one season at the Longholes Stud, Cheveley, near Newmarket, was purchased privately in December from the Aga Khan. Foaled in France in 1935, Khan Bahadur is brother to the Derby winner, Mahmoud, by Blenheim out of Mah Mahal, by Gainsborough out of Mumtaz Mahal, by The Tetrarch.

Khan Bahadur, had an easy time as a two-year-old, while his contemporaries, Mirza II and Tahir, were winning rich prizes for the stable. He ran twice at that age. After finishing third in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, he won the Prince of Wales Plate (£890) at York. The best remembered of his three-year-old performances is his successful effort in the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot where, ridden by Gordon Richards, he staggered the plungers by defeating Puzzler, on whom odds of 4 to 1 had been laid.

Last year, Khan Bahadur's fee was £48 and one guinea the groom, and many well-known breeders sent mares to him, as did his trainer Mr. Frank Butters. He is a very good-looking chestnut horse whose reduced fee of £24 15s., inclusive, seems to me to be very attractive, considering his credentials and promise as a stallion.

COLTS AT THE MOYGADDY STUD

Mr. William Mitchell's early experience of bloodstock was gained in association with his father Edward Mitchell of Co. Meath who was widely known as a successful breeder and exhibitor of thoroughbreds and hunters. The Collinstown Stud was established in 1932. Mares were carefully selected and there are at present 15 matrons "on the strength" most of whom have produced winners since they joined this stud. Latterly, Messrs. Mitchell have sold annually at Doncaster and sent other yearlings to both the Newmarket and Dublin sales. Much of the success of the stud can be traced to its original sultan Furrokh Siyar, now 11 years old. His first "get" ran in 1938, when he had six two-year-old winners, including First Course and First Post. Last year he had nine winners of 15 races and among them were the smart two-year-olds First Sight, Roshanara and Woodside, the first named of whom was bred from the Collinstown stud mare, Distance.

Furrokh Siyar represents a striking combination of the blood of Phalaris and The Tetrarch. He is by Colorado, out of Mumtaz Mahal. I have always greatly regretted the death of Colorado, after only two years at stud. I not only admired him as a racehorse more than any other son of Phalaris but, in my opinion he promised as a stallion to perpetuate the good qualities of the tribe more effectively than any other Phalaris horse, not excluding Fairway. During his short stud career, Colorado got an Ascot Gold Cup winner in Felicitation, the brilliant sprinters Furrokh Siyar and Coroado, and others of merit.

The popular view always tends to decry the stud record of a famous race-mare unless she produces a succession of sons and daughters whose racing ability is also of the first class. Surely the odds against an exceptional mare like Sceptre or Pretty Polly having any offspring as good as she was herself, is many thousands to one. In the course of time we have seen the good influence of such mares asserted and established by succeeding generations, particularly through their daughters, some of whom were very moderate race-mares.

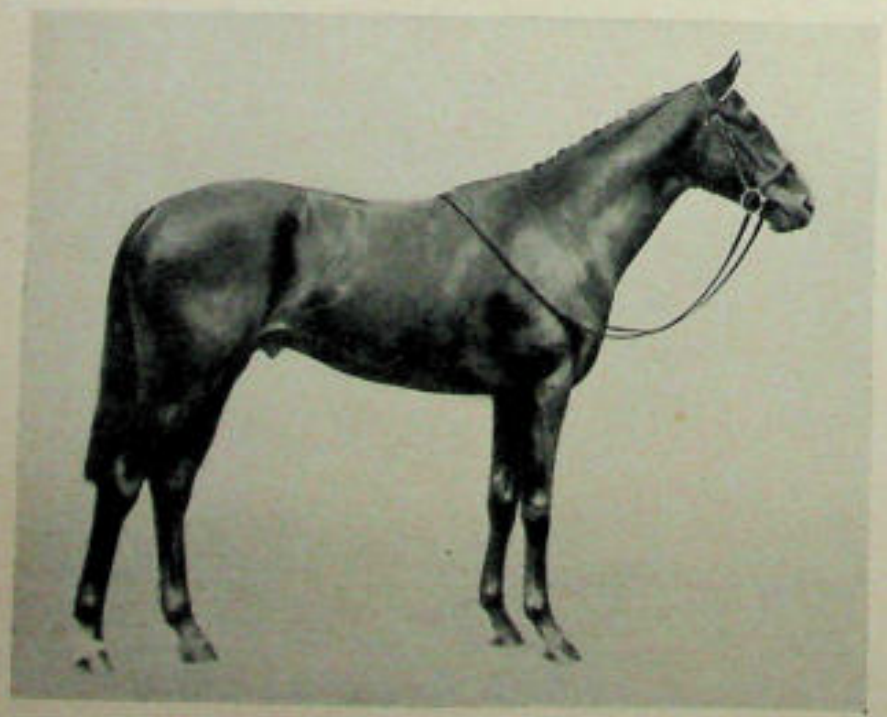
Sprinter though she was Mumtaz Mahal has achieved more than ordinary success as a brood-mare. Not only has she produced many winners, including Furrokh Siyar, Badruddin and Mirza II, but her winning daughter Mah Mahal has distinguished herself as the dam of a Derby winner, Mahmoud, and of Pherozshah and Khan Bahadur. From this it will be seen that the two stallions at the Collinstown Stud are closely related, Furrokh Siyar being a son, and Khan Bahadur a grandson of the famous "flying filly," Mumtaz Mahal.

Furrokh Siyar was unbeaten in France as a two-year-old and being one of the fastest horses of his time he either won or was placed in all his races the following year, except when he visited Goodwood. As a five-year-old his owner Mr. R. McCreery again raced him in England, at which time he was trained by H. S. Persse at Stockbridge. The horse's best performance that season was when in the King's Stand Stakes he ran Gold Bridge to a head, with Myrobella, Strathcarron, Rosemary's Pet and March Tor among those behind him.

He stands 16 hands high, has great bone and power and a perfect disposition, a commendable quality which is also possessed by Khan Bahadur. Furrokh Siyar has been full for the last five years, but to meet war conditions a discount of 33 per cent. will be conceded for 1940 on his fee of 99 sovs. inclusive.

Messrs. Mitchell have also acquired the Moygaddy Stud, not far from Collinstown House. Moygaddy belonged previously to the late Major Daniel Dixon, who bred Owenstown, Poor Man and many other good winners there.

YEOMAN.



KHAN BAHADUR (BY BLENHEIM—MAH MAHAL)

FURROKH SIYAR (BY COLORADO—MUMTAZ MAHAL)

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON—II

He notes a few changes in clothes

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to a Rip Van Winkle of hunting

THE same bells, the same clump clump of horses going out to exercise, the same Boots in his striped waistcoat and black apron, walked Mr. Silas P. Mowbray as he did in the days of the Squire, the Earl or the Duke.*

To tell the truth in 1840, Mr. Mowbray had fallen down a glacier in the Rockies where he had remained until he was spewed up in the Spring of 1930.

Finding nothing to his taste in the Marshall Field Museum where he had been thawed out, or in the whirl and noise of New York, and having heard that England was always centuries behind the times, he had decided to go and see if it had really stood still since he had last hunted there with the Squire.

In the morning his old oxhide trunk which he had left on his last visit was duly produced, and unpacked by the Boots.

"SILAS NOTED HIS VIS-À-VIS HAD A PLAIN WHITE LINEN STOCK WITH NO STIFF COLLAR"

Silas rose, and after a bath which he insisted on taking in his room before the fire, dressed himself in his new-found clothes and went down to breakfast. Here he met Lord Quorn with whom he had arranged the night before to drive over to hunt with the Pytchley.

They eyed each other: Silas noted his *vis-à-vis* had a plain white linen stock with no stiff collar under it, while he himself wore a blue satin one, from which the ear of his collar reached halfway up his cheeks. Both had yellow waistcoats and leathers. Quorn wondered if Silas had borrowed his from a trooper of His Majesty's Life Guards, they fitted so tightly. Silas thought Quorn's must have once belonged to Daniel Lambert, they were so full. Silas's lemon tops reached half-way down his calf, while Quorn's pink ones measured a bare hand's breadth. Quorn's spurs were half-inch dummies, while Mowbray's were three inches long with just blunted rowels. Their cut-away coats were the same except one's buttons were brass and plain except for a Q, while the other's were silver, embossed each with a different horse moulded by Stubbs, but the old-timer's hat was higher and had a much narrower brim.

On the motor carriage which was to carry them to the meet, Mr. Mowbray was surprised to see no footman on the box.

Once outside Melton, Mr. Mowbray noticed little change except there were now no gates barring the way. The same switch-back road between cut and laid hedges ran mile after mile. Here and there where the track had been recently straightened out he saw timber fences with young thorn between.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed. "We used to think a single rail each side bad enough, but the four foot sawn black four rail palisades! Say! do you ride kangaroos?"

Thimble Hall, that sham Gothic cottage he remembered Sir Frederick Fowke building as a lodge to Lowesby Hall to commemorate the birth of his son, still stood at the cross-roads above Twyford. He saw the smoke from Baggrave the home of the Burnabys. He was disgusted to see a huge chicken farm on the Lowesby domain and shocked to hear it belonged to a marquis.†

There on the left, Burrow Hill and the Punch Bowl, untouched since the Romans had left, and Dalby Hall, the home of generations of Hartops, still nestled among its ancient trees. John o' Gaunt fox covert, planted by the Duke of Beaufort and called after his ancestor, was there too. Ahead on the right the Coplow, a fir-capped sugar-loaf, that hub of a wheel, dominated the surrounding country, visible from almost every corner of Leicestershire. Over the Uppingham road on the left was Skeffington Hall, and on the right Billesden, where Lord Suffield built some kennels to be used by the Quorn when hunting the Harborough side of the country.

His lordship told his companion that these kennels had been given up and the Fernie hounds now hunted that part of the Quorn country lying south of the Uppingham and east of the Leicester Lutterworth roads. As they passed Rowleston Hall, Lord Quorn told him it no longer belonged to the Greens, but was rented by a famous American yachtsman named Johnston.

Three gates were gone, but Nosely Wood still concealed the hall where Mr. Mowbray was delighted to hear Sir Arthur Hazlerigg still lived. Stungton Holt flashed by, and soon they were passing the great square tower of Langton Church, a well-remembered landmark for miles round.

On reaching the main Leicester–Harborough road, Silas looked out to see if Gumley Hall were visible. He just made it out between the trees and recalled the old Squire, Joseph Cradock, with his stories of Dr. Johnson, Garrick and Goldsmith.‡

Then they sped up Gallow Hill; Silas got the whiff of stinking carrion, but he saw no gallows there with their grim burden. Lord Quorn told him the smell came from the glue factory.

Bowden Inn where the Quorn used to stay before the Billesden Kennels were built, Silas scarcely recognised in the tumbled down cottages which mark their site.

Soon they were in Market Harborough, unchanged except for a huge garage, the same Union Workhouse (now politely called the Market Harborough Public Assistance Institution).

On the left the Angel, opposite a fine Queen Anne house, the red brick Market House surmounted by the Earl of Harborough's Arms; opposite the magnificent iron scroll sign of the Three Swans, stretching half across the street, and better still an old-fashioned looking owner standing beneath it in gold-buckled shoes, knee-breeches and apron; but he reminded Silas more of an Elizabethan than a Georgian inn keeper.

"Surely Saturday's market day?" asked Mr. Mowbray, pointing to the rows of untenanted posts on each side of the wide street, and the market square filled with nothing but empty motor cars.

"The street cattle market was done away with years ago," replied Lord Quorn, "and transferred over the river."

The old Grammar School, a half-timbered building standing on stilts before the towering church steeple was the same as when Charles I held his fatal council of war in it the night before Naseby Field.

Once over the river, however, Mr. Mowbray found himself in a new country of glaring markets, flaring new cinemas, ornate villas, tin tabernacles, cemeteries, type-foundries, railways and all the other blessings of progress.

Up Oxenden Hill, past the church, standing aloof in the middle of a field as to withdraw from the vulgar world that thundered by. Waterloo Gorse on the far side of the valley had grown up since Silas had last seen it into a well-timbered wood. They passed quickly through the great pastures and over the brook from which Silas had once extracted both the great Assheton-Smith and the Squire Osbaldeston one day when they were riding, jealous of each other. The little grey lodge of Kelmarsh Hall hove in sight, past which a string of cars was passing to the meet.

(To be continued)

"—THE BROOK FROM WHICH SILAS HAD ONCE EXTRACTED THE GREAT ASSHETON-SMITH AND SQUIRE OSBALDESTON"

* Osbaldeston, Master of the Quorn; Lord Lonsdale, of the Cottesmore; and the Duke of Rutland, of the Belvoir.

† Since sold and done away with.

‡ *Literary and Miscellaneous Memories.* By J. Cradock.

EMPTY STABLES

Empty stables echoed back the sadness of my feet—
An echo and a silence that was horribly complete
As I walked the cobbled way outside the old familiar door
Of a harness-room, now looking as it never looked before.
The walls were strangely empty, not an ash left in the grate
Where, on hunting days, the bright fire blazed from early dawn till late.
But now the air already spread its dampness over me—
Quickly I locked the old green door and pocketed the key.
And at the double gates beyond I turned to say goodbye,
Stifling a most unmanly urge to hide away and cry.
I prayed to God that I should see my stables live again—
To hear the pails a-clatter, and the rattling of a chain—
To see again a white-blazed face, clean heads with pricked-up ears—
I prayed to God to keep this place safe through the coming years. . . .

* * * *

Once, long ago, I saw them thus, my stables ghostly bare.
But I came back from Flanders' fields to find them waiting there—
Now, once again, I hope to hear the sound of horses' feet
When, spruce and pink and spurred, I'll back the bay mare to the meet!

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

MILKING TIME AT ONE OF THE THREE DAIRIES AT COMPTON TAKEN OVER BY THE AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

DAIRY FARMING AS IT STANDS TO-DAY

By G. H. N. PETTIT, Cambridge University School of Agriculture

THE problems facing dairy farming to-day can be summarised under four main headings:—

1. To maintain the production of milk at a level which is at least sufficient for liquid consumption at its pre-war level with a reasonable "safety margin."
2. To adapt methods of production, and distribution, to war-time conditions.
3. To provide a reasonable profit for those engaged in the industry.
4. To avoid for the time being further rises in retail prices.

It is unlikely that the industry could by itself solve all four problems. There is for example an obvious difficulty in providing a reasonable profit for those in the industry *without* raising prices to the consumer. However, the Government are solving that particular problem, temporarily at any rate, by means of a direct Treasury grant to producers, which should relieve them for the time being of anxiety regarding the price position and allow them to concentrate upon adapting their methods to war-time conditions so as to maintain an ample supply of milk.

There are many practical problems to be solved before such a supply is assured and the remainder of this article is devoted to a discussion of some of the more important of these in the light of information obtained by the writer in the operation of the Cambridge Food Recording Scheme for Dairy Cows.

This scheme has a broader basis than its name suggests and is, in fact, a general study of the economic aspects of milk production. It was established in 1934 and has a membership of about 85 milk producers in various parts of the Eastern Counties. The first object of the scheme is to help individual members to improve their returns from milk production by applying information obtained from systematic records; its second object to provide material for research into a wide range of economic and technical problems.

Foremost among the problems to be solved are those relating to feeding.

Foods.

The charges for foods, including grazing, represent rather more than half of the total expenses incurred in milk production and almost twice the cost of labour, which is the next largest item. The balance is made up of herd depreciation and miscellaneous items which amount together to less than half the charges for foods.

On those Eastern Counties farms for which detailed records are available the average cost of foods and grazing was exceptionally low during 1938–9, viz. 6d. per gallon. Variation in the figure was very considerable—individual results ranging from below 4d. to above 8d. per gallon. This wide variation is due to a number of factors. Generally speaking herds where the food cost per gallon is strikingly low show the following characteristics:—

1. A rate of feeding which compares favourably with the calculated requirements for maintenance plus milk production.
2. A wise choice of foods, including such questions as the balance of rations and selection from alternative foods.
3. A satisfactory milk yield per cow.
4. Ample grazing of good quality.

That is the background against which we have to consider the war-time handicaps of high-priced feeding stuffs, restricted choice, and deterioration from peace-time quality. It is significant that all three of these factors were mentioned in the 1919 report of the Astor Committee as contributing to the serious drop in milk production which occurred towards the end of the last war.

The same factors are operating again now. Much of the success of those members of the food recording scheme whose feeding costs per gallon are lowest is quite simply explained—they plan their rations correctly, and what is even more important, they see that their plans are carried out without waste. Nearly all dairy farmers now recognise the principle that each cow should be rationed in accordance with her yield and condition, allowing for any special peculiarities that she may have. Very few, however, have a reasonably accurate check upon the total food consumed by their herds; yet, without such a check it is impossible to claim that the principle stated above is being put into full and effective operation.

Horsemen are usually credited with doing the worst "thieving" on behalf of their animals, but I am not at all certain that cowmen are not very nearly as bad. To have a rationing plan and yet not implement it by records of food consumed is like keeping accounts without balancing them at the end of the year. One takes most of the trouble and yet loses much of the benefit.

Economy of feeding stuffs becomes more important with every rise in the price of purchased concentrates and with every war-time hindrance to supplies. A good deal can be done to economise purchases by seeing that the best use is made of home-grown foods. The aims in this connection should be two-fold. Firstly, to devise rations of the home-grown bulky foods which will provide for maintenance *plus* one gallon; secondly, to include a proportion of home-grown concentrates in rations for production over the first gallon.

Main difficulty in devising rations of home-grown bulky foods only to cover maintenance and the production of one gallon of milk lies in providing sufficient protein. One does not often find such rations being consistently applied in practice—at least, not under Eastern Counties conditions. Indeed, it is disappointing to find numerous cases of farmers with good supplies of silage, or roots, or cheap sugar beet pulp still feeding a full concentrate ration for every gallon of winter milk. This is commonly due to lack of sufficient hay of good quality.

Given hay of fairly good quality, 17lb. along with 50lb. of swedes, or their equivalent in other roots,

will provide for maintenance and the first gallon of milk. Where sufficient hay of good quality is not available, use must be made of straw, or inferior hay. A small quantity of a high protein food is then necessary to restore the balance of the ration. Such a ration for maintenance plus one gallon could be devised as follows :—

Hay (of only moderate quality) ..	7lb.
Straw	12lb.
Swedes (or equivalent of other roots)	50lb.
December ground nut cake ..	1¼lb.

The Government have given clear warning that supplies of imported concentrates will remain substantially below peace-time levels, and already there are serious repercussions upon the pig and poultry industries. A good deal is being heard about substitutes in pig feeding and farmers are being urged to feed pigs upon kale, roots, sugar beet tops and other foods to which the pig's stomach is not really suited. Such a policy may be sound within moderate limits but is readily carried to excess, and whenever possible bulky foods should be fed to cattle and sheep which can make better use of them than can the pig. In this way concentrates saved in cattle and sheep feeding would be available for pigs and poultry.

In the national interest, therefore, every dairy farmer should try his hardest to replace concentrates by bulky foods wherever it is possible to do so without depressing milk yields. Voluntary efforts on these lines may save farmers from a rationing system which would have all the disadvantages attendant upon such systems, plus special difficulties of its own.

The comparative stability and adaptability of mixed farming is likely to be brought out to an increasing degree as the war goes on, and those mixed farmers who have substantial acreages of temporary grass are probably in the soundest position of all. Their main difficulty is likely to be in obtaining the right kind of supplementary feeding stuffs in the right quality. Earlier a ration was described which needed a small supply of decorticated groundnut cake if it was to be satisfactorily balanced. The farmer who to-day tries to buy decorticated groundnut cake, or indeed any straight ration, may find that his merchant refuses to supply it. The merchant will usually be quite willing, however, to sell a "dairy meal" of dubious composition and quality. Some of these mixtures are, in the words of an old stockman, "hardly worth belly-room." This state of affairs is highly objectionable and should receive immediate and energetic action by the competent government authority.

There appear to be two main alternatives to the present state of affairs. One is to adjust the present controlled price system in such a way as to discourage the sale of proprietary mixed foods. The other would be to set up panels of independent authorities, who are in touch with farming and trade conditions, to draw up a range of standard rations. In the formulation of such standard rations benefit to livestock should weigh more heavily than benefit to the merchants' pockets. The supply situation could be taken in to account and revisions made in formulæ as changes in supply occurred.

In order to reduce the bad effects upon stock of frequent changes in the ration it is desirable to use as many ingredients as possible so as to lessen the effects of changes. Variety is also desirable on nutritional grounds and could be more readily achieved under the system envisaged than at present. There is a strong case for including among the standard rations what is sometimes known as a "protein fraction," i.e. a mixture of all the available high protein foods designed to balance home-grown foods such as oats and tail corn, and to serve as a supplement to fodders and roots in milk production.

Milk Yield

The loss to the dairy farmer arising from reduced milk yields following the use of inferior quality and unsuitable feeding stuffs is likely to be quite as great as the loss due to higher prices. In this connection some estimates based upon average figures from the herds which co-operate in the food recording scheme are of interest.

In the first estimate milk yield is assumed to fall 10 per cent. below its normal level as a direct result of poorer quality feeding stuffs and difficulties in balancing the ration, difficulties in maintaining its palatability, etc. It is also assumed that the saving in the quantity fed is only about half what one would expect were it not for difficulties with the feeding stuffs.

Finally, for the sake of the argument, feeding stuff prices are assumed to remain at their 1938–9 level. Under these circumstances, *overall* cost increases by 1½d. per gallon. The explanation of this severe rise is, of course, that it is not possible to economise significantly on the maintenance ration nor on such items as labour.

In the second estimate an increase in the price of concentrates of £1 10s. per ton over the price ruling during 1938–9 is assumed. This is about 20 per cent., and the charges for home-grown bulky foods are increased in the same proportion. In these circumstances, and if milk yield per cow remains at its 1938–9 level, then overall cost per gallon increases by 1½d. per gallon. This is precisely the same as the increase in the first estimate. In short a 10 per cent. fall in milk yield, under the circumstances described, has as serious an effect upon cost per gallon as has a 20 per cent. increase in food costs. Furthermore one must bear in mind that a fall in yield brings about not merely a higher cost per gallon but also a smaller turnover.

Various circumstances, including the dictates of national policy, make some drop in milk yields during war-time almost inevitable. It is important therefore to realise that this drop in yield is as serious in its effects upon the farmer's pocket as are the higher prices ruling for feeding stuffs. One can be sure that no farmer wishes unnecessarily to endanger seamen's lives through wasting feeding stuffs. On the other hand, the farmer is justified in

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE JUDGING AT THE NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW AT OLYMPIA

expecting a realistic attitude from those in control of policy.

Is there under war conditions an ideal milk yield at which to aim? It seems not—conditions vary so much from district to district, and from farm to farm. All one can say in general terms is that very high yields, when obtained by the use of excessive quantities of concentrates per gallon, are undesirable. It is only fair, however, to say that many herds with very excellent milk yields show a low consumption of concentrates, and that many herds with low yields show a high consumption of concentrates per gallon. To quote any particular yield as being ideal is a dangerous simplification. What is required is close attention at every level of milk yield to two main points:

1. The substitution of home-grown bulky foods for concentrates wherever this can be carried out satisfactorily.
2. Care in the rationing of all foods and especially concentrates. In this connection intelligent study of each individual cow's requirements is of the highest importance.

The cow which shows persistency in her yield as lactation proceeds, and which breeds regularly is going to be more than usually valuable. Not enough attention has been paid to this factor of "persistency." A cow which gives say 700 gallons in a lactation without ever exceeding three gallons per day requires fewer concentrates than does another cow with the same yield but which reaches four gallons per day and then falls off quickly. The steady yielding cow does not always get fair credit for her performance by comparison with herdmates which have a higher yield at the flush but which fall away quickly.

Problems of disease should receive continued and even increased attention in time of war, and in particular the various diseases which bring about sterility—whether partial or complete. The productive life in any one herd of the average cow is about 3½ years. This is probably equivalent to a total productive life of about 4½–5 years after allowance is made for those cows which are sold from one herd to another. This is far too short a time and is a tremendous brake upon livestock improvement. An extension of the average productive life of the cow by even one year would open up enormous new possibilities for improvement. It would allow attention to be directed to many points which now tend to be neglected—in the struggle to maintain milk yields, viz. "persistency" of milk yield, economy in the conversion of food into milk, and a fuller attention to dual purpose qualities in such breeds as the Shorthorn.

The dual-purpose breeds would perhaps have most to gain from an improvement in the length of life of the cow—the breeder of dual-purpose animals having many more points to study than has the breeder of out-and-out dairy cattle.

A DAIRY HERD BY THE FARMYARD

GRAZING.

At the beginning of this article it was said that herds where food cost per gallon is strikingly low are usually found to have ample grazing of good quality. A practical illustration of the cheapness of pasture by comparison with hand-feeding can be obtained from average figures from the food recording scheme.

During winter 1938–9 cost of all foods was 7d. per gallon, no charge being made for grazing. During the following summer the cost of hand-feeding, as distinct from grazing, was 2¾d. per gallon. Subject to certain reservations which do not seriously affect the comparison it may be said that the difference of 4¼d. per gallon was due to grazing. The grazing, however, cost only 1½d. per gallon. This replacement of foods to the value of 4d. by grazing costing only 1½d. is striking proof of the great importance of grazing in the economy of milk production.

The figures quoted are the average of a large number of farms and in individual cases where the pastures are of higher quality and productivity the results are, of course, even more striking. Indeed, pasture improvement is commonly the key to better returns even in a dry area such as the Eastern Counties. At the same time it can do a great deal to reduce the national expenditure upon imported feeding stuffs. The question of quality of hay, which was mentioned earlier, is another aspect of the improvement of grassland.

LABOUR.

War-time conditions are intensifying a shortage of cowmen which was already chronic in some districts before war broke out. It is not yet possible to foresee how important a factor in depressing milk production a shortage of cowmen may become—probably not much greater for the time being. A continued extension of the use of milking machines is practically certain, and will help to ease the position. In herds where three or more persons are required for hand-milking the saving of labour arising from the use of a machine will usually leave a margin above the machine expenses.

There are, however, other points to consider: milk yields per cow are slightly lower in machine-milked herds whilst herd depreciation and feeding costs are slightly higher. On balance there is not much to choose between hand-milked and machine-milked herds in the matter of overall costs. There are, however, other considerations which are not brought out by straight-forward comparison of costs. Probably the most important is a decrease, following the installation of a machine, of serious inconveniences arising from difficulties in obtaining good hand-milkers and in retaining their services.

Finally, it may be said that the success or failure of milking machines depends more upon efficiency in the persons managing and working them than upon anything else.

In conclusion one may say that the most pressing needs of the dairy farmer to-day are: relief from anxiety regarding the price position, and confidence that the action of responsible government authorities will show a practical grasp of the realities of the situation. Given these two requirements the dairy farmer is likely to make a good show at getting on with his job of producing an adequate supply of milk in spite of war-time difficulties.

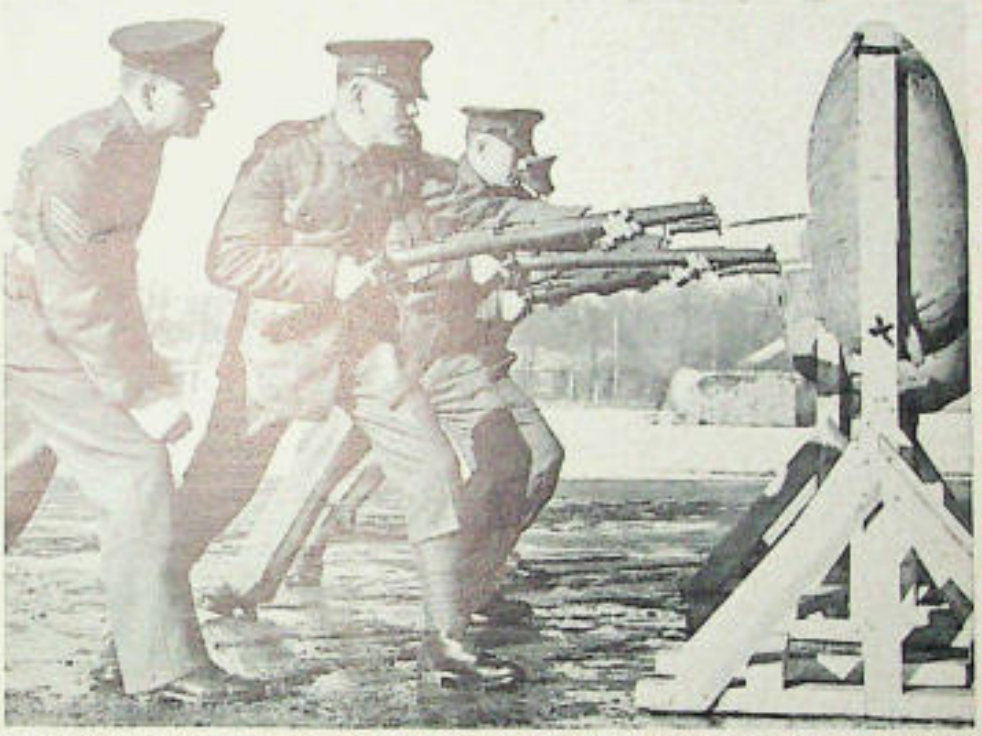
A HAMPSHIRE DAIRY HERD ON EXCELLENT KEEP NEAR KINGSCLERE

LIMBERED UP FOR THE TRACK, THE RING, AND THE FIGHTING FORCES

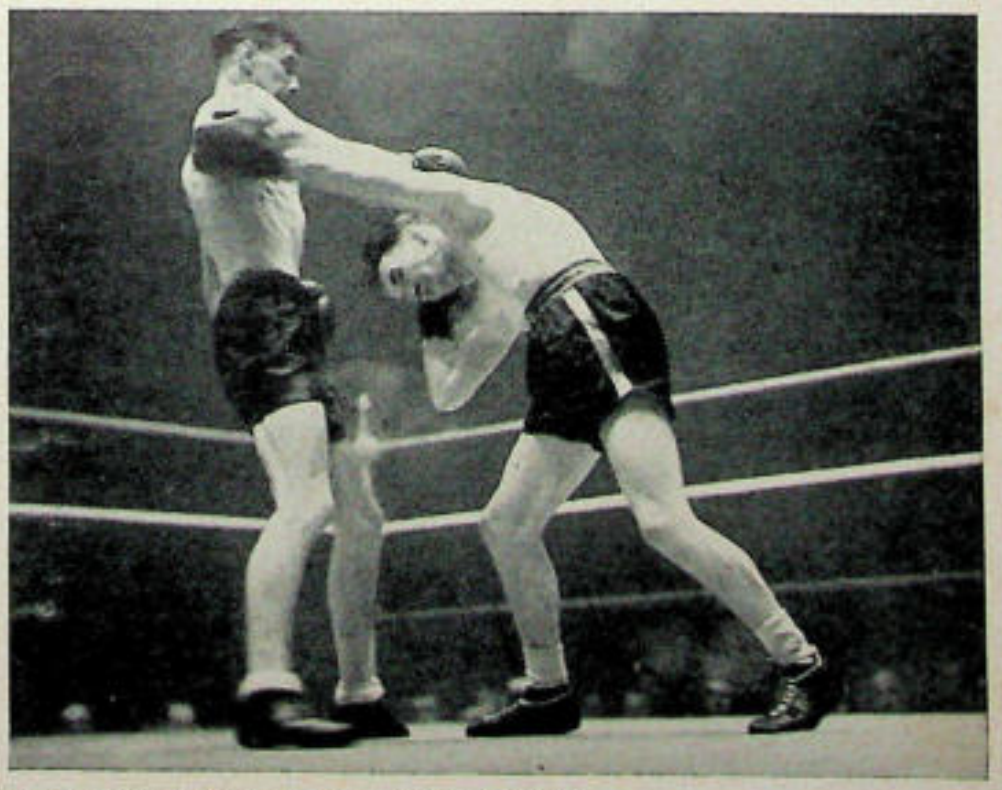
"PHYSICAL JERKS"

Cricketers in their war-time role—Len Hutton, England and Yorkshire, and Nichols, of Essex, on parade at an Army School of Physical Training.

SERGEANT LARRY GAINS GREETS STAFF-SERGEANT ALF GOVER, OF SURREY CRICKET MEMORIES



"POINT!"—ARTHUR DANAHAR FINDS BAYONET PRACTICE WITH THE IRISH GUARDS ONE WAY OF KEEPING FIT FOR BOXING



SYDNEY WOODERSON KEEPS IN FORM AND NEL TARLETON HAS A GREAT COME BACK

The great miler, who has been taking part in cross-country running, is seen after winning a 7½-mile run for the Blackheath Harriers. With him is A. C. Stanbury who finished second. On the right, Nel Tarleton, of Liverpool, fighting Johnny Cusick, of Manchester, for the feather-weight championship of Great Britain which he won on points. He first won the title in 1931 and now regains it for the third time at the age of 34, a truly wonderful achievement.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT GRIMES GRAVES, NORFOLK. DR. LESLIE ARMSTRONG IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT

SURVIVALS FROM A PREHISTORIC ARMOURY

By G. BERNARD WOOD

FOUR men in the charming market town of Brandon, on the Suffolk-Norfolk border, share one of England's oldest and most curious handicrafts. They are flint-knappers. Twice, recently, have I spent an afternoon with two of them. Victor Edwards and Archie Waterman, and what I saw and heard in their small shed behind the Coach and Horses Inn is worth telling.

The nature of this ancient handicraft is first hinted at by a beautifully-designed signpost, in the centre of Brandon, in which a muscular figure clad in skins sits on a boulder and works with primitive tools on a piece of flint. The direction arms immediately below resemble battle-axes.

Apart from the matter of dress, I found practically no difference between the scene on the signpost and that in Victor Edwards's shed. Flint-knapping has been carried on in Brandon since the Stone Age, and the methods employed here to-day have changed only slightly since our friend the Ancient Briton turned out his flint weapons for battle and the hunt.

Arrow-heads and battle-axes are still produced at Brandon, but only as souvenirs of an age that has passed. Gun flints are the chief products, and it was with very close interest that I watched some of these being "knapped." Archie Waterman readily demonstrated the process—and made it look ridiculously easy!

Sitting on a three-legged stool, he first strapped a thick leather pad just below the left thigh and then seized one of the newly-quarried flints heaped at one side. Resting the lump against his protective pad, he strikes it sharply in a well-chosen spot with a "quartering" hammer; the quarters fall back neatly into his hand, and then each quarter receives a blow from a lighter tool known as a "flaking" hammer.

Next comes the actual knapping. Taking one of the long, narrow flakes and placing it on a metal "stake," the craftsman strikes it with a "knapping" hammer—a tool fitted with a long, thin blade-head—and after a final trimming with the same tool, four or five perfect gun flints are ready for use. The different sizes—for pistol, carbine and musket respectively—are secured by the ingenious use of the thumb as gauge.

Replace those steel hammers by the rough tools of quartzite used by the earliest flint-workers, and you have an almost exact picture of an Ancient British armoury. Even the numerals I heard Archie Waterman using, when counting a sack of gun flints, had their origin in the Neolithic workshops!

Bronze and iron eventually superseded flint, of course, except where this was used in tinder-boxes. Consequently, flint-knapping declined, but a revival set in with the invention of the flint-lock gun. From 1686 to 1835 Brandon craftsmen made gun flints exclusively for the British Government.

"But who wants gun flints to-day?" I asked. The tapping ceased for a moment; Archie looked up and exclaimed, "The natives of Siam, Malay, parts of Africa, and other places still use flint-lock firearms, and they gladly barter tiger skins, elephant tusks and other valuable commodities for kegs of Brandon gun flints." A keg of 200 pistol flints may fetch as much as 20 skins, I understand, and as 30,000 flints are dispatched every week, it is easy to visualise the brisk, colourful trade that goes on regularly at such ports as Bangkok, Lagos and Singapore.

According to Mr. Waterman, many of the natives think the gun flints just "grow" here! Another superstition concerns the colour of the flints, for the natives will not have those which happen to be grey instead of the usual black. This occasional greyness sometimes patterns the flints with a curious design—a phenomenon which may account for the natives' fears. Mr. Waterman showed me a collection of these geological freaks. Some bore numerals almost as clear in their outline as though they had been stamped by hand. Others had marks resembling human heads, rabbits and hares.

Until a few months ago the Brandon craftsmen obtained their raw material from a neighbouring pit, or quarry, on Ling Heath. Unfortunately, the sole quarryman and the last of his type, died recently, but his picturesque if primitive methods are worth putting on record.

His only tool was a pick; he was his own "crane." He had one advantage over those who quarried their flint hereabouts centuries ago; his pick was fitted with a steel head, while theirs were deer antlers.

This old quarryman reached the flint-bed by cutting downwards in a continuous series of vertical shafts—each about 5ft. in depth—beginning with a wide shaft on the ground level and gradually narrowing until the flint was struck. In this way he was able to hoist the flint blocks from the pit bottom without mechanical aid. He simply lifted each block on to his knees, then on to his head, from here pushed it on to the floor of the shaft above, climbed up after it by a number of toe-holes—then repeated the process at each shaft until ground-level was reached.

The one great source of flint supplies for primitive man, however, was a group of pits now known by the misleading name of Grimes Graves. For centuries the mounds and hollows which mark the site of these filled-in pits were considered to be either the relics of some bygone fortification, or the burial place of a Scandinavian chieftain named Grim. In 1870, excavations conducted by that enterprising archæologist, Canon Greenwell, revealed the true nature of the place. Within recent years Grimes Graves has been taken over by H.M. Office of Works, and one of the pits is now open for public inspection.

The pits, of which there are no fewer than 366, extend over 34 acres of beautiful Breckland, four miles north-east of Brandon. Isolated and rarely visited, Breckland was the last home of the bustard, and is still the nesting-place of the Norfolk plover, lapwing and the ringed plover. These birds, however, are already diminishing in number because of the young forests that have been planted recently as part of the Government's afforestation scheme. Yet the trees promise to restore (in some degree) the ancient character of this countryside, whose forest growths once gave shelter to the red deer.

Indeed, the abundance of red deer hereabouts during Neolithic and later times, was turned to very good account by the primitive flint-workers. They used their antlers as picks.

Hundreds of such tools have been found within the later pits, which are about 4,000 years old. In

THE KNAPPING HAMMER AT WORK

FLINTS ARE STILL WANTED

"GALLERIES" IN ONE OF THE CHALK PITS AT GRIMES GRAVES

the oldest mines, dating back to about 10,000 years B.C., the digging tool was evidently nothing better than a piece of bone. The deer antler was a distinct improvement, for deep lines could be scratched on the surface to ensure a good hand-grip, and the tines could be strengthened by the insertion of a flint-chisel. Both usages are apparent in the antler picks that have been recovered. A few of these were found exactly as they had been left in a pit-

TWO ANTLERS USED AS PICKS AND FOUND AT GRIMES GRAVES

gallery thousands of years before; when first unearthed, two or three actually bore signs of the miners' finger-prints!

A descent of the pit that has been opened to the public reveals the working conditions of those long-forgotten miners. The shaft drops vertically for 30 feet. Now entered by means of trap door and ladder, the pit, originally, was probably fitted with hide-ropes for climbing purposes, while some kind of primitive basket, it is thought, would be used for the removal of the quarried flint.

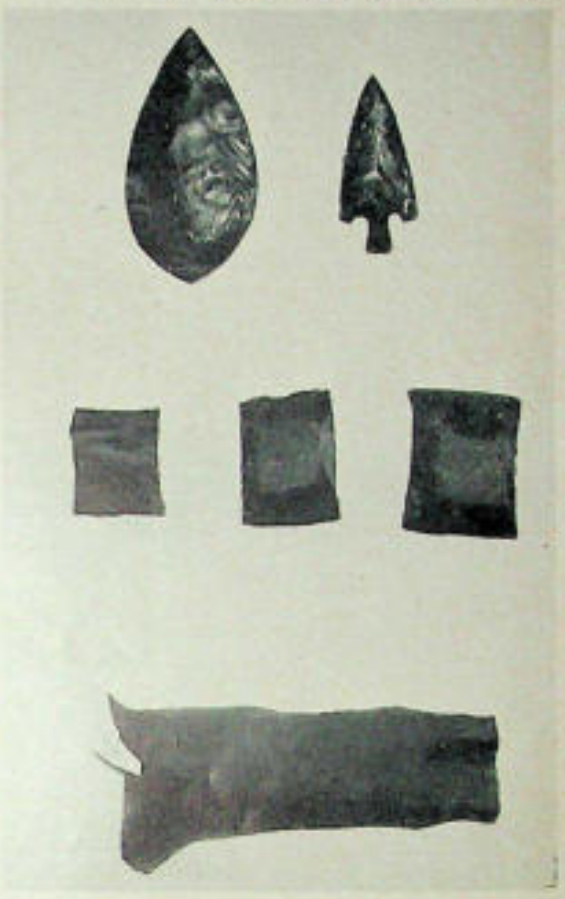
Radiating from the shaft base there is a complete circle of lateral galleries, each no higher than 18 in. or 24in., and on crawling through some of these I could plainly see the floor-flint for which the miners worked so arduously. Broad, flat bones were probably used as shovels, and some degree of illumination was secured by the chalk lamps, of which several examples have been found. These are roughly shaped blocks provided with a hollow for the oil and wick.

Normally, the flint-lumps were flaked and given their final shapes after being hauled to the surface, but occasionally this task seems to have been done within the pits.

Despite their primitive stage of development, some of those miners seem to have possessed the rudiments of an artistic sense. Evidence? The outside crust of some raw flints found at Grimes Graves bear incised drawings of animals, including the red deer and several animal heads. Another of their devices, inscribed on the wall of one pit shaft, is thought to be a form of sun dial.

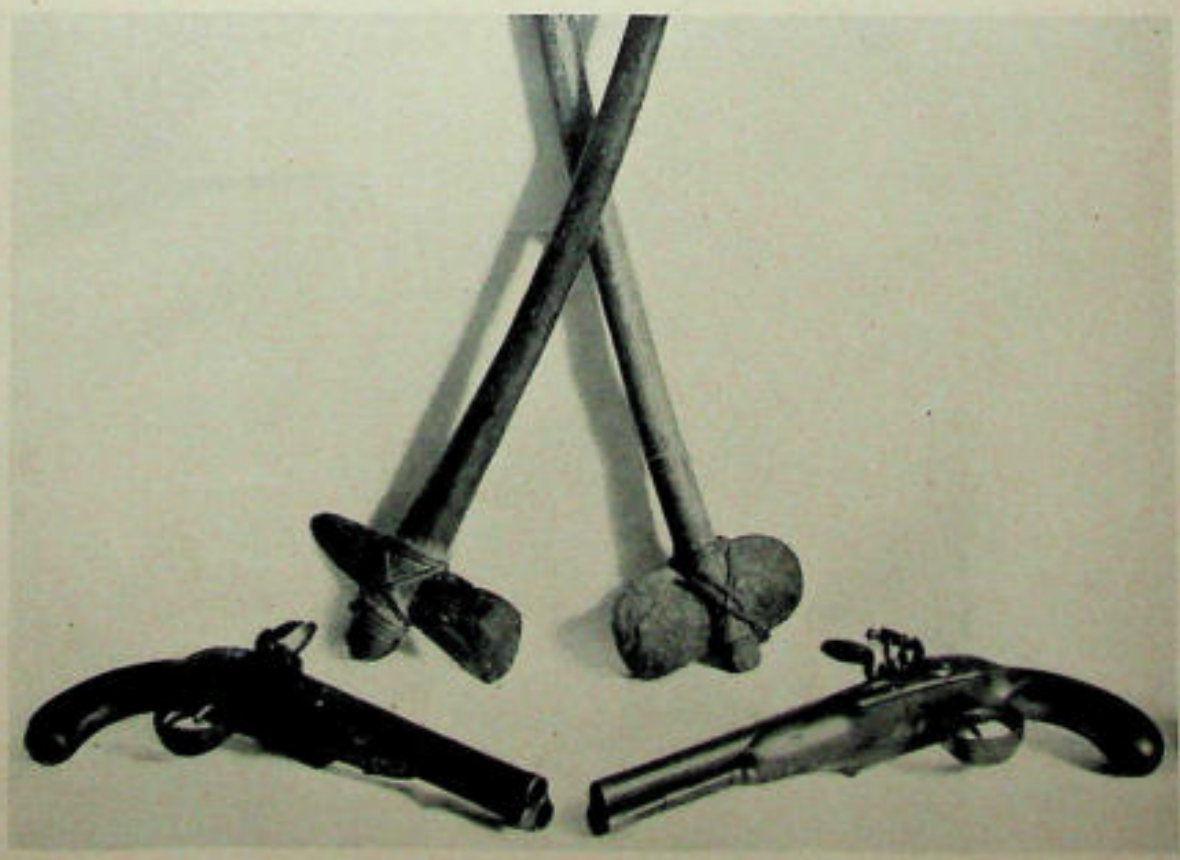
Vast quantities of flints—knapped into tools and weapons by means of quartzite hammers as already explained—must have been circulated from Grimes Graves to surrounding districts in those far-off days. Doubtless they were bartered for food, and a great variety of bones recently discovered *in situ* indicates that the flint-workers and their families lived well on the flesh of ox, sheep, pig, horse, red deer, and even of the dog. Some of the ox bones were those of calves, which suggests that milk, too, formed part of their diet.

Excavations are still proceeding at Grimes Graves. Led by Dr. Leslie Armstrong, F.S.A., a group of archæologists was busy with spade, pick and trowel



FLINT WEAPONS, ACTUAL SIZE, MADE AT BRANDON
Top Row—Arrow heads *Middle*—Gun flints
Bottom—Flake from which gun flints are knapped

on one of the "graves" as I passed by. Their subsequent discoveries may prove very important—involving a matter of human recognisances, as it were—for the object of one of their quests is to find further evidence of that artistic sense and culture among the earliest types of man here represented, to whom such qualities cannot yet be assigned with confidence.



FLINT BATTLE ARMS
An ancient battle axe *(left)* with a modern one made at Brandon, and two flint-lock pistols.

GEESE WITH A TWENTY BORE

By C. W. BALCHIN

As a rule the weapon preferred and most used for geese of any variety is either a well-choked twelve using a cartridge of heavy load, or the Magnum discharging a much heavier charge.

Seldom does it fall to the owner of a small 20-bore gun to get a kill at these heavy birds, and very remote is the occasion when the shot results in a right and left, and at the astonishing range for such a gun of quite 50yds. in a high wind with the sun almost straight in the face. But this is what happened the other day while out procuring odd game for the house.

For several days large skeins of brent and pink-feet had been seen and heard both by day and night. Stalking was resorted to in a few cases but no luck resulted, and as all the big water was frozen over leaving only a few ditches and small ponds there was not much choice of a pitch wherein one might successfully lie up for a flight shot. This had been tried, too, but without luck. On the day they were bagged there was a high wind from the north, bitterly cold with a bright sun which sent up a glaring reflection from the snow and which was rather trying to the eyes. We had practically secured most of the required game for home consumption and had decided to go and look up an old cock pheasant that we knew had been lurking in some rushes on the edge of one of the main covers. This was drawn but he was not at home.

Getting down out of the wind for a smoke seemed the best thing for the moment. Hardly had we got down to this business when three geese were sighted flying along the face of a high hill. About 100yds. behind them were a dozen or so more. At this distance it could not be determined exactly what sort they were and the wind moaning through the trees allowed no sound of them to come to us for identification. At first they continued their flight in a westerly direction and looked likely to continue thus, when without any warning they turned and made in our direction. Surely, we were not going to be lucky enough for a shot? Besides, we thought, as we had only light guns, one double twenty and a double four-ten, our chances did not seem too rosy for a kill even if they did come within shot.

But still they came on; one more meadow and they would be over us or perhaps settled in the reeds in front. In this case we might stand a chance at a close one. But in this we were disappointed. Instead of coming down in those reeds they did just the opposite, coming down in a meadow in front of us. Just over the hedge was a small muddy gully and they had settled on the banks of this, which meant that we had to leave our "hide" and by dint of much stealth get within range.

We had something like 40yds. of almost open ground to cover before the shelter of the hedge was reached. We had almost accomplished this when a farm cart was heard coming along not far off and rattling exceedingly. This, we knew, would put them up quickly; and the worst of it was that the two men in charge of the cart saw us in the act of stalking something and did not give us a chance by stopping for a few moments. The geese got up and made away for the hills. A chance shot was taken at the leaders and to our utter astonishment one fell immediately out of the line obviously *badly* hit, another staggered on for 100yds. or so to come down, but seemed as if to recover and fly low along the ground. The nearest one was secured; then a hunt for the next was made and it was eventually found on some ploughed ground. After examining both birds, it was found that the first had about six pellets in the right side, one breaking the right wing, the other had received several pellets in the stomach; the shot was No. 6 Kleanbore "20."

This was altogether a very economical morning; seven rabbits, three pheasants and the two pink-feet; total bag—12 head. Cartridges used all told were only 15, and some of these were from the four-ten.

The geese can be plainly seen in the accompanying photograph, also the guns that were used and the "Gunners."

Good sized skeins remained for some time and a lot numbering nearly a couple of hundred were seen flying high over the Downs towards Cuckmere Haven. I believe that they had been continuous there for nearly a fortnight. Also at the same place some extremely large flocks of mallard and teal have been seen but, strangely, only a very few wigeon. Some fairish bags have been made but up to now I have only heard that nine geese have been accounted for, three brent and the rest pinkfeet.

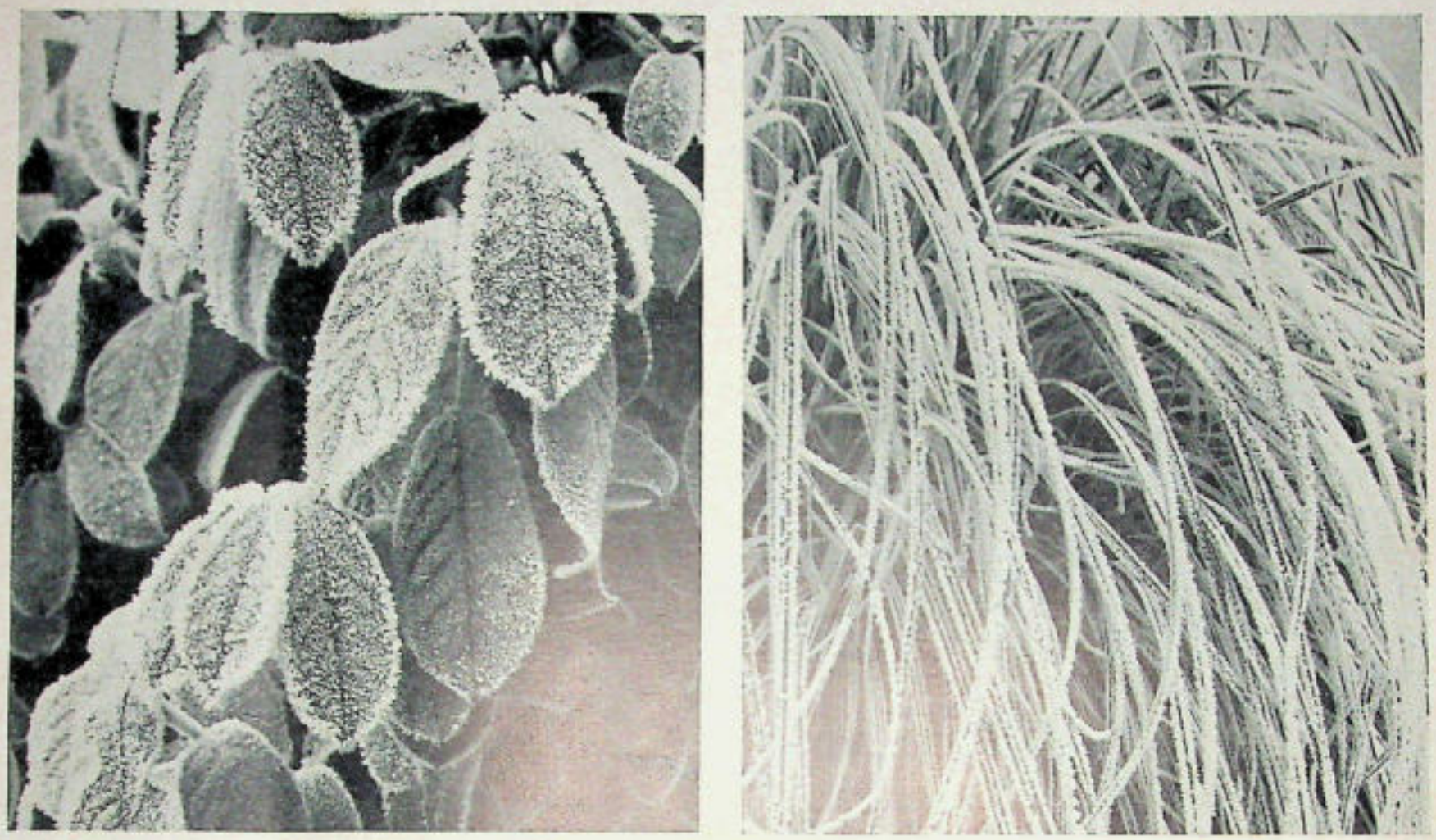
[These are the first geese shot at Firle for over 100 years.—ED.]

SEVEN RABBITS, THREE PHEASANTS AND TWO PINKFEET—TWELVE HEAD FROM FIFTEEN CARTRIDGES

GREYLAG ON THE NEST, ONE OF THE RAREST BRITISH NESTING BIRDS

From a photograph by C. Nell Temple

PICTURES SELECTED FROM NATURE'S ACADEMY



FROST OUTLINES THE LAUREL LEAVES AND TURNS THE GRASS INTO STREAMERS OF WHITE
From photographs by Ronald Barraud

THE FROZEN WHARFE AT BURLEY, WHARFEDALE, WITH ITS CASCADES TURNED INTO ICICLES DURING THE HARD WEATHER AT THE START OF THE YEAR

THE LAST PRESERVED PHEASANTS

A Poignant Back-end Occasion

THE GAME CART WAS VERY SMART WITH ITS RUBBER TYRES

THE invitation said "Come and shoot what may be the last preserved pheasants any of us will ever shoot." Let us hope it will not be true. After all the invitation also said "Cocks only," and a good many blameless spinsters ultimately found their way into the bag. Algy was hard put to it to find guns. It is almost as difficult to find men to shoot your pheasants as to shoot your relations in this first year of what is called "Hitler's war." They simply won't come and do it. But when we went out on the first morning the party consisted of Rupert with a ·410, Peter with a 20-bore, and Algy, an embryonic air-gunner, Major B, Tom and Dick. Harry joined us after lunch. The gunner was to do his test. After all if you can't hit a pheasant from a shooting stick, you will never hit a Messerschmitt from the rear cock-pit.

The exigencies of the censorship forbid a description of the weather, but I may be permitted to note that it was a trifle chilly for the time of year. There was no need to sit up during the night listening for the hooting of owls, our only weather forecast. We found Joyce and his minions waiting for us at the first stand. In the opening stages of Hitler's war the presence of Joyce adds somewhat to one's self-assurance. Joyce first started interesting himself in pheasants about the time that President Krüger was causing a lot of bother. He kept them sitting pretty despite the uproar caused by Wilhelm II, and he makes one feel that he and the *genus phasianus* will remain long after Messrs. Hitler, Himmler and Ribbentrop have departed to spend the evening of their days at Omsk, Tomsk or Tobolsk.

The first stand was at the bottom of a slope with the guns round the apex of a triangular covert, a covert that looked remarkably bare and austere in the January weather (which was chilly for the time of year). We were to obey the late Sir William Eden's injunction as to shooting cocks, hens, or whatever might befall. Peter was on the left flank, Rupert on the right. Algy and the gunner were at the bottom of the hill. Tom and Dick beyond them. The rise opened with a couple of complaining cocks, who had done all this before, and really found it too much when the weather was a trifle chilly for the time of year. Then a cock and a hen came over Algy, who dealt with them right and left, and there was a breakaway on the left. The old birds were swinging down the front of the wood and away back. Tom and Dick's 12-bores were saluting them, and the pipe of the ·410 showed that Rupert was playing his part.

There was another flash at the bottom of the covert. Algy got a couple of cocks, a hen to the right fell to the gunner, and a cock crumpled up above Peter, followed by two more who got clear while he re-loaded. The gunner took a cock behind him, a high hen of Algy's trickled down into the wood behind, and then there was a last rise out of which Major B got one, Algy two, and the gunner one. A last solitary cock, remote, unfriended, solitary, but anything but slow, passed between Algy and the gunner. Algy called "take it," but the Messerschmitt got back to its base without even its tank holed.

The second stand was a more conventional straight covert with the guns ranged in front of it. There was a remarkable showing of birds here for January. Algy was at the corner, then Peter, Dick and the gunner next, and Rupert and Tom on the right. The rise came pretty solid for January and it came *en bloc*. Round the corner Peter's 20-bore could be heard, Algy kept his loader fully employed, and Major B was quite evidently finding them. But it was not one of those coverts where the corner of the eye could be kept for the triumphs or the discomfiture of others. The gunner pulled off a lengthy but satisfactory fluke to his left, dropped another behind him, missed a bird which came between him and Rupert, and failed to blow to pieces a hen that perched upon his gun-barrel, or should one say "sat on his tail"?

The next stand was cocks only. It was one of those places one refers to when somebody asks you, with reference to your day's shooting, "Did they fly?" They definitely fly at that third stand. But to-day it was chiefly hens that came. We let them pass with unctuous rectitude. The guns were in a ride running steeply down the side of a hill. Those at the top could get a pheasant-eye view of what happened below. Major B was seen to deal very satisfactorily with a curly one; Tom missed one, Major B gave it a couple of barrels to speed its departure; the gunner failed to make any impression on a pigeon; over the tree tops a cock could be seen crumpling to Algy's unerring tubes, and as the beat ended the gunner got one behind him. So far his average was bearing up. He was heard to remark that he believed he was going to have a day out. He little realised the shape of things to come.

The last stand before lunch was a hare drive. Nobody I think really likes shooting hares unless they are hungry. In these days any of us may be hungry. And not only hunger but also husbandry demand that hares be shot. And there were plenty of them. I doubt if there were less than forty in the drive, but only a proportion would come forward. Peter was seen to deal with one very successfully, and Rupert and the ·410 had another head-over-heels, as to the manner born. Perhaps a dozen were shot, perhaps a dozen and a half, and towards the end there came a covey of partridges eight strong, and half a dozen pheasants from the hedgerows. One of these came hedge-hopping straight towards the gunner. It drove towards him across the full length of the pasture with the appearance of a long-tailed, rather slow, partridge. He dealt with it as such, but without result. The bird banked smartly and turned down the line, whereupon Rupert wiped the gunner's eye with faultless precision.

After that came lunch. Peter had shot at least half a dozen pheasants, so nobody grudged him an equal number of sausages which Algy dispensed from a cauldron that would have done credit to Act i, Scene 1 of Macbeth. The weather after lunch was even a little more chilly for the time of year, and the gunner's performance sank from average to poor, and from poor to abominable. It is true that at the last stand he managed to place one of Harry's birds about six inches from Harry's hat (in which a stethoscope was said to be concealed), but for the rest it was felt at tea that our Air Effort was doomed to failure. Clearly the swift and bold of Major B, the bold and swift of Algy, were better suited to the back seat of a bomber. Nor was this all. Over the second day's performance I will draw a veil. Some things are too bitter to be revealed to the cold cynosure of print, more chilling even than the weather for the time of year. On the gunner's heart, a large warm and expansive organ he assured them all, would be found written the words "The second stand, January 20th, 1940." Not half so poignant were bloody Mary's feelings about Calais. It was a good rise, a really remarkable rise for mid-January, and not a feather appeared displaced.

ALGY WHO WAS WELL UP TO FORM

RUPERT HAD A ·410 AND PETER A 20-BORE

Before he left, this is what the gunner wrote in Peter's game-book:

"My shooting creed is shortly this,
It matters not come hit, come miss.
But when I'm gone I want it said,
That when I hit I killed 'em dead."

And Rupert's variation on the same theme went like this:

"It matters not if you should shoot,
Like Ripon, or the veriest duffer,
But all the shooting gods salute,
If you don't make the quarry suffer."

Says he thinks that that last line describes his feelings about Herbert, the only German airman he knows.

LONGPARISH.

PLOUGHING BY NIGHT

Many farmers will want to push on with the ploughing campaign for next year's harvest by ploughing in the darker hours, and sometimes by night. They will be interested to learn that the Lighting Regulations have recently been amended to enable more night work to be done. The relative paragraph of the new Lighting Restrictions Order, 1940 (dated January 19th, 1940), runs as follows:—

In the case of a tractor which is being used for any agricultural purpose otherwise than on a road, light may be displayed from not more than three lamps on the tractor, so long as

(*a*) not more than two lamps show forwards and not more than one lamp shows to the rear;

(*b*) any reflectors fitted to the lamps are removed, or painted over with matt black paint or otherwise rendered ineffective;

(*c*) in the case of each lamp, the area of the aperture through which light is emitted does not exceed the area of a circle of 3in. in diameter; and

(*d*) each lamp is directed downwards and so screened that the ground is not illuminated at a distance from the tractor in any direction greater than 20yds.

In the event of Air Raid Warnings, all such lights are to be extinguished.

A MEET OF THE STAFF COLLEGE DRAG IN 1923

On the left the Master, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel (now Major-General) Sir F. Pile. On the right the First Whipper-in, Brevet Major (now Lieutenant-General) H. R. Pownall

FOX-HUNTING AND "BRASS HATS"

By COLONEL LEWIS COMYN

THROUGHOUT its history the British Army has been closely associated with fox-hunting and its kindred sports stag-hunting, hare-hunting, even jackal-hunting. Where no live quarry has been available the drag has often provided a welcome substitute.

One recalls that a pack of English foxhounds imported into the theatre of war during Wellington's Peninsular Campaign afforded officers a pleasant relief from the lengthy periods of boredom which seem inevitable in all war-time operations. Moreover, did not the pursuit of the fox in the Peninsular provide the opportunity for one of the most delightful of the exploits of Brigadier Gerard? So, at least, Conan Doyle would almost make us believe.

The Calpe Hunt at Gibraltar claims to be the traditional successor of Wellington's pack even if actual blood relationship cannot be established. It has always been recognised as the British Garrison hunt even though it hunts entirely on Spanish soil and even though a great Spanish gentleman carried the horn for no less than 40 seasons. When in 1932 the late Marques de Marzales retired, the mastership passed to Rear Admiral James and the horn was taken over by Captain Mahony, A.D.C. to the Governor, Sir Alexander Godley. Since that time the "Higher Command" at Gibraltar has been closely associated, one way or another, with the administration of the Calpe Hunt. It ceased hunting operations after the civil war began but General Franco gave special permission for hunting to be resumed long before the civil war ended.

No English pack of hounds, so far as I know, were taken to any theatre of the Great War 1914–18 but, at least for officers on the Western Front, leave periods were so generous and transport facilities so rapid that the joys of the chase in Great Britain and Ireland could be availed of to the fullest extent by any officer who fancied what many officers must have considered the grandest kind of holiday.

Lord Haig, as one would expect from the best type of cavalry officer, was himself a hunting man and a good friend to hunting enthusiasts even if he could not be described as personally "mad keen." After the war when he had settled down at Bemersyde in the centre of the Duke of Buccleuch's country I remember how eyebrows were raised in that very smart hunting field when the famous Field Marshal turned out in ratcatcher.

Our present Commander-in-Chief in France, Lord Gort, V.C., is a first-rate man to hounds as might be gathered from the prominent position which he occupies in the accompanying photograph of the Staff College Drag "in action." He is second from the right on the horse with the blaze. The photograph was taken in 1923 when he was an instructor at Camberley. The man on the extreme right who has landed over the fence a length in front of Gort is now Lieut.-General Philip Neame, V.C., Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who was also an instructor at the time. It is a curious coincidence that the photographer unwittingly snapped two V.C.s jumping side by side and, fortunately, both of them are riding in the forefront of the "battle"—where one would expect to find a V.C.

Lord Gort's own Chief of Staff in France, Lieut.-General Henry Pownall, is prominent in the other photograph showing a meet of the Staff College Drag in 1923 when he was first whipper-in to the Master of that season, now Major-General Sir Frederick Pile, C.-in-C., A.-A. Command. Both of them were students at Camberley at the time.

General Sir John Dill who commands the I. Corps in France is probably the greatest thruster of the lot, an absolute tiger to go. He took a bad fall hunting with the Drag when he was Commandant of the Staff College.

Reading these names of the most prominent soldiers of the day one is driven to the conclusion that there must be something in the theory, widely held in the army, that riding to hounds forms a valuable element in an officer's education. It develops powers of observation, quick decision and "dash," all of which are essential attributes for leadership.

It is this theory which justified the retention of officers' chargers at the Staff College almost up to the outbreak of the present war. The Geddes Report, which "axed" so many things dear to the army, in the search for retrenchment had cast its withering eye on the Staff College chargers and they would probably not have survived that ordeal had not Lord Cavan, himself an ex-M.F.H., been C.I.G.S. at the War Office when the question came up for decision.

Time seems to have justified the wisdom of his contention that, whatever else was scrapped, the chargers at the Staff College should be retained, anyhow until horses finally disappeared from warfare. It is sad to reflect that that moment is rapidly approaching.

A 1923 FIELD IN ACTION WITH TWO V.C.'s TO LEAD IT

Second from the right is Viscount Gort, V.C., C.-in-C. of the B.E.F. (then Lieutenant-Colonel) and on the extreme right Lieut.-General Philip Neame, V.C. (then Lieutenant-Colonel)

GREAT BIRD OF PARADISE IN DISPLAY

Birds of Paradise at the Zoo

By JAMES FISHER

THIS most peculiar and fantastic family of birds has been well represented at the London Zoo for many years. Recently, upwards of a dozen individuals of nearly as many species of the Birds of Paradise have been shown in the Zoological Gardens; the orange-wattled Bird of Paradise, which I mentioned in my article of December 30th, was one of the latest, and certainly the rarest of the species the Zoo has had.

Nearly all the Birds of Paradise come from New Guinea and the adjoining islands, extending west into the Moluccas. The Rifle-bird, a handsome dark species, comes from Northern Australia. So the group has reached its extraordinary pitch of evolutionary development in a comparatively restricted part of the world. Mr. Stonor, who has made a very detailed study of the relationships of the different species, concludes that they are derived from an ancestor with short plumes and a very simple dancing display, and that they branched out in the course of the ages into two main groups, one, inhabiting the foothills, with long flowing plumes and a dancing display, and the other, inhabiting the mountains, with short plumes and a display in which the bird regularly turns upside down.

To-day the red Bird of Paradise alone remains anything like the primitive ancestor, the long-plumed forms are represented by such species as the greater and the lesser Birds of Paradise, and the short-plumed forms by the blue (or Prince Rudolph's) and the Emperor of Germany's Birds of Paradise. If we can represent evolutionary progress as a form of energy (which is a false, but useful, assumption), we can imagine that most of the evolutionary energy of the Birds of Paradise seems to have been directed towards improving their plumage and powers of display and towards making these more and more fantastic.

Interest in these wonderful birds has passed through several phases. At first they were almost a legend. Linnaeus, who described the greater Bird of Paradise as *Paradisea apoda*, the legless bird, may have had his tongue in his cheek, but many of his contemporaries really thought it had no legs, since the superstitious New Guinea natives (for reasons best known to themselves) used to cut the feet off every skin before they sold it. After a period in which a Paradise Bird's skin was a treasured prize and a traveller's curiosity, came one when commercialism reared its ugly head, to use a well-worn cliché. The suppression of the plume trade was one of the first political victories of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Few explorers have seen much of the Birds of Paradise in their native haunts. Those that live in the less mountainous parts inhabit thick forests in which they are very difficult to see—and to reach the mountain forms the explorer has to get through the thick forests. This explains why the new species recently discovered in the eastern part of the central mountain range has only been seen by a couple of white prospectors. Since it is difficult enough to see the birds, it is even more difficult to see anything of their habits. Mr. A. J. Marshall, an Australian who has spent some time in New Guinea, tells me that he never properly saw the display of even the commonest Birds of Paradise until he came to the London Zoo.

Modern theories about the nature of bird display indicate that Darwin's original thesis was a considerable over-simplification. It is becoming rapidly clear that the objects of bright plumage, and complicated ways of using it, in many male birds are not for the attraction of a female so much as for the intimidation of a rival male. Since Wallace's time it has been known that Birds of Paradise, rather like our European black-cocks and ruffs, congregate at special dancing grounds where the males show off. Recent American expeditions to New Guinea have confirmed the suspicion that the birds' activity at these dancing grounds is designed for aggression and intimidation, as has been also shown in the black-cock and ruff. The presence of a female is not always necessary to produce display.

When transported across the Equator to captivity in the northern hemisphere, birds from the southern hemisphere may or may not suffer a change in their breeding season. Some species instantly adapt themselves and breed in the northern hemisphere, others appear to suffer from a complete breakdown of their internal rhythm and may breed at any time, while a third group retains its southern hemisphere breeding season for the whole life of the individual. The Birds of Paradise fall into this last group, and though they have been bred in captivity upon only one occasion before the Great War (and that in winter) always come into full plumage and display in November or December, and continue at their magnificent best until the English spring.

So this is the best time of year to see the Birds of Paradise at the Zoo. Perhaps the best from the plumage and display point of view are the greater, the lesser and the blue, though I must put in a word for Wilson's Bird of Paradise on sheer colour alone. This exhibits bright patches of the primary colours, red, blue and yellow, that on the crown of its head being composed not of coloured feathers but of bare pigmented skin. It is indeed a curious bird.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THE waste of war goes on unabated and the end is not in view. All the time, reserves of gold or goods, amassed by the daring, cunning, or wisdom of past generations, are being exhausted. The longer the war lasts, the poorer we must all be. We shall have to do without a great many things which we shall miss; that is the price, and not too great a price, which we must pay to enjoy Liberty the greatest luxury of all.

If luxuries are those things that most people would love to possess but only a few ever enjoy, surely Liberty must be accounted a luxury. We all would love to be free to live where and how we wish; free to eat and drink what we like; free to work and to rest as we please; free to roam the world or have a garden of our own. Yet how many are there who are free to enjoy all or any of these luxuries? Very few. But we are all still free to think, that is, to have an opinion of our own; free to say what we think, without fear of the firing squad or the concentration camp; free to hope and strive for better things to come. It is to defend this right to be free that we are fighting and paying. So let us be free to choose whatever it may please us to eat and drink, free to spend upon wine and food what we save on cosmetics, or anything else that we choose to do without.

Man must eat—rich or poor. The rich man has a greater choice before him than the poor man, but he is not better off, unless he happens to be a man of taste as well as a man of means. Taste is not a matter of cash. You can, and you should, cultivate your sense of taste, but you must be born with it in the first place.

There are many people, and there are going to be many more before the end of the war, who have very little money, yet are blessed with as keen a sense of appreciation for savours and flavours, for good food and wine, as for sound and colour, for music and paintings. They can and many do give to the selection and the preparation of their daily meals that which is more valuable than hard cash: common sense, imagination and appreciation. Our food need never be poor, even when it has to cost us less.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

A COMPLETE ban by the Treasury on raising new capital for any purpose whatsoever is causing considerable hardship in several directions. This is particularly the case with certain home corporations.

Several municipalities have outstanding substantial loans carrying 6 per cent. interest. Such loans were raised shortly after the last war when money rates were extremely high. The loans are exceedingly expensive in relation to present day monetary conditions.

Some such loans could be paid off or converted this year. Few municipalities have sufficient resources to pay off the loans. Under normal circumstances the issues would be converted into others bearing a lower rate of interest. Conversion however, is impossible at present owing to the Treasury ban.

Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell, chairman of National Provincial Bank, dealt with this subject when addressing shareholders of the bank at the recent annual meeting. Mr. Campbell said that no one would doubt the wisdom of the authorities in instituting a strict and detailed control over the issue of capital in war conditions.

Yet with the gradual gearing up of the industrial machine to maximum output the need for additional capital of all kinds was insistent. In many directions the State have assumed responsibility for large expenditure on fixed capital in connection with war industries.

There was, however, a vast field where the services of bankers in providing working capital might be more fully utilised. Mr. Campbell had in mind the provision of temporary finance to enable producers of food, clothing and munitions to bridge over the period between production and the receipt of proceeds from the various purchasing authorities.

After five months of hostilities it is possible to see fairly clearly which branches of industry have benefited and which have suffered from war conditions. The textile trades have certainly benefited to a marked degree. Manufacturers of uniforms are extremely busy. Firms manufacturing khaki cloths are working full out on Government contracts.

War demands for all manner of goods have brought prosperity to the wholesale warehouse business of London. Such firms act as middlemen between manufacturers and drapery stores all over the country. They deal in blankets and sheetings, stockings and underwear, dress materials and many other articles.

Many manufacturers of such goods are now engaged on work of national importance. There is difficulty in securing fresh supplies. Available stocks held by the wholesale warehouse firms are being cleared off and good profits accrue.

For instance, Fore Street Warehouse Company had profits for 1939 of £20,461 against only £4,413 previously. Ordinary dividend is doubled at 4 per cent. The £1 shares have a market price around 8/- each. Pawsons & Leafs, another City firm, doubles its ordinary dividend at 5 per cent. Foster Porter, after paying 2½ per cent. for eight successive years, distributes 3¾ per cent. for 1939. These are just a few examples out of many.

On the other hand catering firms are badly hit by war conditions. Holborn & Frascati suffered a net loss of over £13,000 last year after meeting debenture interest and other charges. There is no final ordinary dividend for the first time for many years. Experience was much the same in the last war. When peace was restored in 1918 the hotels and catering companies soon recovered lost ground. Their shares became popular and proved profitable to those who bought at knockout prices. The textile trade, on the other hand, was in for a long period of depression after the last war.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently need £13 to provide special diet for a bedridden, diabetic man aged 71. His wife nurses him day and night and is worn out. Their income is his Old Age Pension, which is 10/- weekly, and a few shillings given to them by their married children. The man was at one time a butcher, owning his own business, but competition, bad debts and failing health began to tell, and things were going downhill when the last blow fell—the bankruptcy of a firm which owed him £900. When everything was cleared up there was little left but he started again, this time working for another man. His health, however, soon gave out and he had to give up. Will someone give him much-needed help now?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAR AIMS

SIR,—With regard to the letter in your issue of 27th January by Lord Tavistock I quite fail to see why there is any "ferocity" in suggesting that after this war ends Germany's armaments should be rigidly controlled. The absolutely authenticated atrocities which the Germans committed in the last war, now being resumed in the present conflict with relentless savagery, show what we are up against.

The present regime in Germany has sworn to destroy the British Empire and, as Mr. Winston Churchill pointed out in his admirable Manchester speech, the murderous terrorism, which the Germans are practising against their unfortunate victims in Poland and elsewhere, would be enacted in a greater degree in Britain if they won this war. The blind pacifists and sentimentalists who waste their sympathy on Germany and Germans would suffer with the rest, and if they resented such treatment they would be shot, or put into a concentration camp for the remainder of their natural existence. Germany's record shows that she will always be aggressive unless she is controlled by superior force, and it is to be hoped Britain and France will make sure that this is done effectually in the next treaty.

The important point of a precedent should be remembered, so at the least sign of the slightest infringement the most drastic action should ensue. This is why the Versailles Treaty failed ignominiously!

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, DENIS D. LYELL.
Moffat.

PHEASANT SHOOTING

SIR,—It see it is stated in the Press that the pheasant shooting season is to be extended. Whilst it is platitudinous to write that farmers must receive the aid to produce all they can, and we too must produce all food at home that we can, I would like to enter a "caveat" against a too hasty alteration of our existing game laws. An extension may be a wedge driven into the existing order of things to cause suspension, or even repeal of our game laws.

Whilst certain areas may have a superfluity of pheasants, other areas are not suffering from this surfeit. With keepers nobly responding, and in increasing numbers going to the war, and with food questions coming more under control, it is possible certain communities may, on their own, illegally have some influence on the stocks of all game. Game is a source of food supply, and even the pheasant can utilise some of the wild products of the countryside, not usually harvested, as a means to produce food for itself and ourselves. Whilst in these times of distress I dismiss the question of the actual "sport of shooting," I am anxious lest a temporary measure should develop and become a means whereby all game food is "scuttled" in and out of "season."

Yours faithfully,

Cavendish Hall, H. A. BROCKLEBANK.
Sudbury, Suffolk.

PRICES OF HEREFORDS

SIR,—At a meeting of the council of this Society attention was drawn by several prominent members to an article by Mr. E. Walford Lloyd which appeared in your issue of 20th January, 1940, under the title "Good prices for pedigree stock."

In paragraph 4, Mr. Lloyd states: "I am doing my best to give a few of the *highest* prices realised." In paragraph 7, he writes: "While the vastly popular whitefaced Herefords . . . were in demand up to 190 guineas. This, to any reader, would naturally imply that the highest price obtained for a Hereford in 1939 was 190 guineas.

It is not possible to give detailed prices of animals sold by private treaty both for the home and export market, which in several cases far exceeded 500 guineas. The following are a few prices realised at our Official Bull Show and Sale in February, 1939, and which were published in the public press:—

February Show and Sale, 1939.

Weston Prospectus, bred by C. H. Morris and bought by Las Cabezas Estancia Co., Ltd., Buenos Aires .. .. £577 10s.
Weston Rumpus, bred by C. H. Morris and bought by the Irish Free State Government .. £446 5s.
Weston Maximus, bred by C. H. Morris and bought by Wilson Bros., Monte Video £315
Atok Grand Duke, bred by J. W. Jones & Sons and bought by the Irish Free State Government £210
Paunton Nimrod, bred by W. E. Lock and bought by P. and G. Hughes, Buenos Aires .. £241 10s.
Paunton Officer, bred by W. E. Lock and sold for export to New Zealand £210

My council are of the opinion that prominent writers like Mr. Lloyd should take the trouble to verify statements made in such articles, as wrong impressions created by inaccurate statements are liable to do considerable injury to any particular breed. They therefore trust that you will be good enough to publish the above figures with due prominence in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. C. BRITTEN.
The Hereford Herd Book Society,
3, Offa Street, Hereford.

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD

SIR,—I wonder whether any reader of the *Field* could help me with reference to an article which was published in *Baily's Magazine*. I believe somewhere between 1902 and 1910. The subject was "Which is the most Difficult Bird?" and the writer had collected the views of a number of persons well known in the shooting world. I should be most grateful for help.

Yours faithfully,

Feathercombe, ERIC PARKER.
Hambledon,
Godalming.

HIGH AND OVERHEAD

SIR,—I am very glad to see from the most interesting letter written by "Sussex" in your issue of December 9th that my article has been appreciated.

This article was intended to deal only with those birds that are too high to be taken out in front, for it is always better to take a bird well in front, as long as by so doing it will be within range. Only really high birds will be out of range. And, any way, low birds will be too close to take overhead.

I think my technique is really similar to that of "Sussex," though it is not easy to put it into watertight language. When I talk about bringing up the gun ahead of the bird, I do not mean to convey that this should be done in advance, but rather as the bird enters the danger zone. Most certainly any attempt to intercept is fatal. Thus my way of bringing up the gun would entail passing the bird, which is what "Sussex" does. But I rather think that in this type of shot the butt comes into the shoulder for a fraction of a second before the trigger is pressed, at least at times. I fully appreciate the necessity of a smooth continuous movement throughout.

As regards the question of range, it is, of course, rare to get pheasants much over 100ft., but it is done in hilly country and they can be killed all right if gun and shooter are efficient. But full loads and closer than cylinder patterning are advisable. For such sport some men use an extra pair of choked barrels.

What I feel is that if a man can kill birds 100ft. up, he can kill them over this height. The technique is the same. But, of course, it is very bad policy to fire at game that is out of range, though a pheasant very rarely flies out of range of any one directly underneath.

Yours faithfully,

London. W. H. T. LONG.

P.S.—I should perhaps add that by bringing up or throwing up the gun, I do not necessarily mean bringing it right into the shoulder at once!

TITS AT A HOPPER

SIR,—Attached to my bird-table I have a hemp seed feeding hopper which supplies the seeds singly to tits and other sharp-beaked birds, but is inaccessible to sparrows and birds with broad beaks.

During the present severe cold and with snow on the ground, the number of birds that enter the hopper—hour after hour—is so great that I decided to keep observations.

Taken over fifteen separate minutes at different hours of the day an *average* of eleven seeds per minute were taken from the hopper.

The hopper is within ten yards of another bird table providing a variety of food, such as mutton-fat, peanuts, bread crumbs, &c. It is safe to assume therefore that the number would be even greater if this counter-attraction were removed, but I think, even so, it will be admitted that 660 seeds per hour or 4,620 per seven-hour "working" day is an extraordinary figure.

The visitors to the hopper are mostly great tits with a very small sprinkling of blue tits, coal tits and marsh tits.

Yours truly,

The Old Farm House, F. B. RINGWELL.
Hever, near Edenbridge,
Kent.

WILD BIRDS PROTECTION ACT

SIR,—As there seems to be a good deal of confusion in regard to the provisions of this Act, I think that the following resumé may be of interest to your readers.

Under the Wild Birds (Ducks and Geese) Protection Act, 1939, the close season for wild duck (all species, except goosander and merganser) and wild geese (all species) commences on February 1st and ends on August 11th, subject to the following exceptions. An earlier commencing date or a later finishing date may be fixed by local order for all or any wild duck or geese, and a later commencing date up to February 21st may be fixed by local order for all wild fowl to which the Act applies in parts of a county or county borough contiguous to the low water mark of ordinary tides.

For 1940 from a study of the county orders it appears that the position will be as follows:—

(1) Certain species of wild fowl have all year protection in certain counties as follows: Cheshire, shoveler; Cornwall, shelddrake and goose; Devon, shelddrake; Glamorgan, eider duck, long-tailed duck, shelddrake and smew; Northants, smew; Northumberland, eider duck and shelddrake; Somerset, scaup, shelddrake and smew; East Suffolk, shelddrake; Westmorland, shelddrake and tufted duck; Isle of Wight, pintail duck, golden eye, pochard, scaup, scoter, shelddrake, shoveler, smew and goose.

(2) Otherwise the close season for wild fowl to which last year's Act applies commences with February 1st, except that commencement has been postponed to February 21st under section 1 (4) of the new Act in the following areas:—

Essex.—The foreshore between Harwich and Southend with adjoining unenclosed land and creeks, rivers and streams, to the first boundary of enclosed or cultivated lands, including also those creeks, rivers and streams so far as they are tidal.

Norfolk.—The foreshore and adjoining unenclosed land and creeks, to the first boundary of enclosed or cultivated land, excluding the foreshore of Breydon Water and land adjoining thereto.

(3) The close season for wild fowl to which last year's Act applies ends with August 11th, except in the cases of all year protection mentioned above, and the following further cases, when the dates specified are the last dates included in the close season:—

GENERAL VARIATIONS.

	Wild Duck	*Wild Geese*
Bedford	August 31st	August 31st
Cambridge ..	„ 15th	„ 11th
Cheshire	„ 12th	„ 12th
	(Shoveler—all year)	
Cornwall	August 14th	All year
	(Shelddrake—all year)	
Durham	August 31st	August 31st
Isle of Ely ..	„ 31st	„ 31st
Huntingdon ..	„ 31st	„ 31st
Kent	„ 31st	„ 31st
	(Except mallard and wigeon)	
Lincolnshire ..	August 15th	August 15th
London	„ 31st	„ 31st
Middlesex	„ 31st	„ 31st
Soke of Peterborough ..	„ 31st	„ 31st
Surrey	„ 31st	„ 31st
Isle of Wight ..	„ 31st	All year
(Except species protected throughout the year)		
Yorks., East Riding	August 31st	August 31st
	(Except mallard)	
North Riding ..	August 31st	August 31st
	(Except mallard, teal and wigeon)	

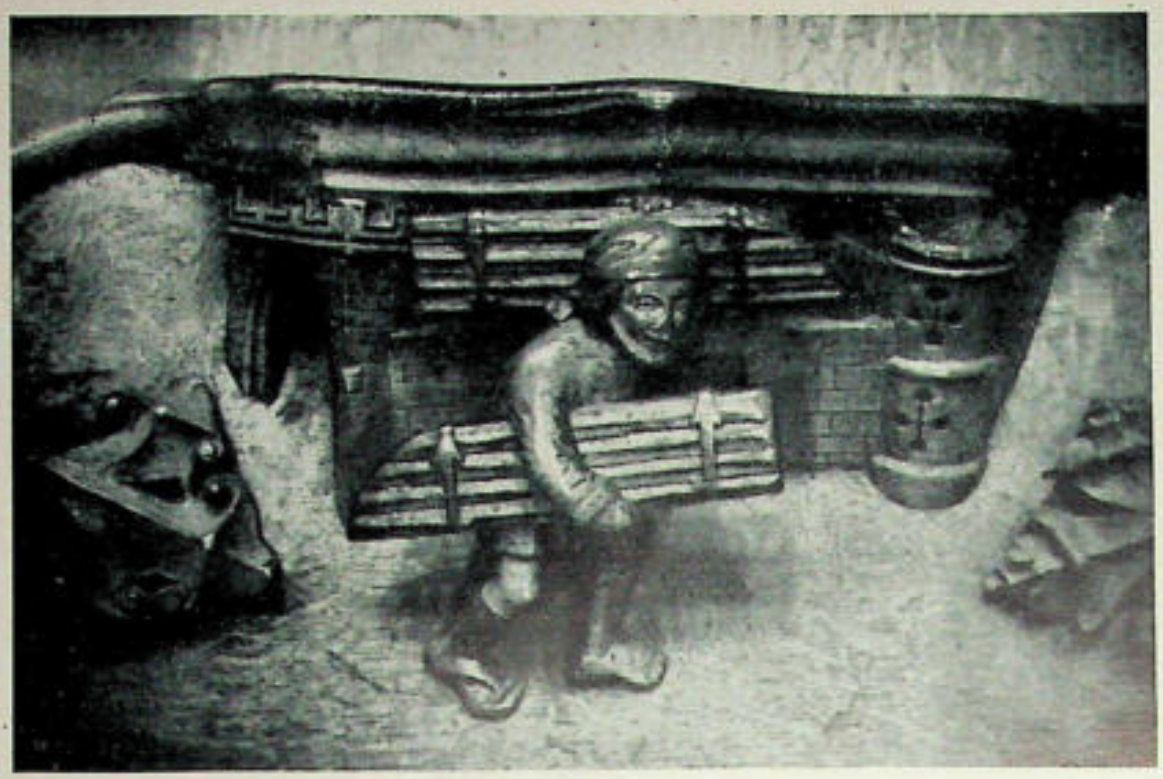
VARIATIONS FOR PARTICULAR SPECIES.

Anglesey—Shelddrake and Smew ..	Sept. 30th
Caernarvon—Shelddrake and Smew ..	„ 30th
Cumberland—Wild Goose	Aug. 31st
Denbigh—Shelddrake and Smew ..	Sept. 30th
Derby—Wild Goose	Aug. 12th
Lancaster—Wild Goose	„ 31st
Merioneth—Wild Goose	„ 31st
Pembroke—Shelddrake	„ 31st
W. Suffolk—Wild Goose	„ 15th

Unfortunately confusion must exist until the terminology used by certain county councils is cleared up. "Wild duck" is altogether too loose a definition.

Yours faithfully,

Hampshire. D. B.



SAMSON AND THE GATES OF GAZA
(See letter "Bearing off the City Gates")

BEARING OFF THE CITY GATES

SIR,—Yes, he has stolen the gates of the city and marches off with one over his shoulder and one under his arm and in the background you can see the defenceless gateway.

This amusing little scene is a carving, executed in the fifteenth century, and illustrates the story of Samson and the gates of Gaza. It is in Ripon Cathedral, Yorkshire.

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington. J. DENTON ROBINSON.

LOCUST DAMAGE

SIR,—Once every few years the farmer in Kenya has his early Bible lessons unpleasantly recalled to him, when a plague of locusts makes its unwelcome appearance. The first sight of such a swarm is usually a low brown smokelike cloud stretching for miles in the distance. This on approach dissolves itself into millions of flying locusts, which, so long as they keep on flying, are regarded with sympathetic interest, the sympathy being for the farmer on whose land they will settle.

Usually towards afternoon, the leaders of the swarm decide that they have journeyed far enough and commence to look round for an expanse of young maize, wheat or good grazing, on which to pass the night. All hands are immediately turned out to start smoke fires, bang cans, or otherwise make loud noises, which, of all the methods employed to move locust swarms, seems, though serio-comic, to be the most effective. In spite of all efforts, however, a determined swarm settles, and immediately what was a moment ago a bright green field, assumes a dark brown colour and closer inspection shows locusts inches thick; locusts on every blade of grass, hundreds on every maize stalk, leaf and cob.

The following day, about 11 o'clock, without warning and without apparent reason, the flight is resumed, locusts everywhere rising and joining the numbers already on the wing. Then the disastrous effect of their night's sojourn becomes apparent. A wheat field which should have produced its six bags to the acre is a lawn, a maize "shamba," whose proud owner a week before had estimated his thousand bags, is a forest of bare stalks, with every leaf a wire and every cob-cover half consumed: should rain follow, such cobs will probably rot due to wet penetration, and the resulting maize be unsaleable.

Whilst, fortunately, locusts do not, apparently, eat coffee (which is our second crop hereabouts) they do immense damage both to the coffee and its shade trees, as their weight breaks down branches and even main stems. A plantation of young wattle for example, after locusts have spent a night on it, looks as if it had come through a cyclone, all the tops being bent half over.

Various methods are in force to try and deal with this plague and enormous sums are spent periodically in the "baiting" of the young locusts, "hoppers," and other measures, but praiseworthy as all such efforts are, it does seem to the individual, standing for hours under a passing swarm—which darkens the sky—that human endeavour is futile.

Yours faithfully,

Longleat Estate, Kitale, Kenya Colony. H. BRIAN BATES.

THE ONLY MAN THE RIGHT WAY UP
(See letter "Buried Upside Down")

BURIED UPSIDE DOWN

SIR,—Surely this is one of the most curious tombstones in the country? It can be seen hidden away in the woodlands on the brow of Box Hill, Surrey, and although the plain block of stone certainly has little artistic merit, its inscription is, to put it mildly, remarkable.

It reads:—"Peter Labelliere, aged 76 years, an eccentric resident of Dorking, was buried here *head downwards* on the 11th June, 1800."

Labelliere's reason for being buried in so curious a position was probably the belief, common in his day, that at Judgment Day everything would turn upside down—and he would then be the only man standing the right way up!

It is said that buried with him were "Lanthorn, tinderbox and matches," that he might be able to provide himself with a light in the prevailing darkness.

Yours faithfully,

71, Southcroft Road, Tooting, S.W.17. L. T. BERRY.

WHITE EGGS OF YELLOWHAMMER

SIR,—Mr. T. P. Hayward's letter, published in your issue of December 16th, 1939, brings to my mind the finding of two yellowhammers' nests, in which the eggs were white.

In May, 1934, while searching a piece of downland near Salisbury, my wife found the nest of a yellowhammer in a gorse bush. It contained one pure white egg. The nest was re-visited after a period of one week and the bird flushed. The nest then contained four eggs, all of which were pure white and slightly smaller than usual for the bird. One egg, incidentally, was almost round, not unlike a small kingfisher's egg, but without the glossy surface and the pinkish tinge.

On a further visit to the nest, it was found to be deserted. The eggs were taken, and on blowing were found to be partly "sat."

My wife and I hunted carefully over this down for the next two months in the hope of finding a second clutch laid by this bird, but without success.

The following year, in June, 1935, on the same down, my wife again found a yellowhammer's nest containing white eggs; on this occasion there were three eggs, much the same shape as those found the previous year. They appeared to have been "sat" for some time. This nest was also deserted, and on blowing, the eggs found to be in the same state of incubation as before.

Both clutches are now in the collection of a well-known ornithologist in North Wales.

Yours faithfully,

"SALISBURY RED."

BROKEN DOWN BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS
(See letter "Locust Damage")

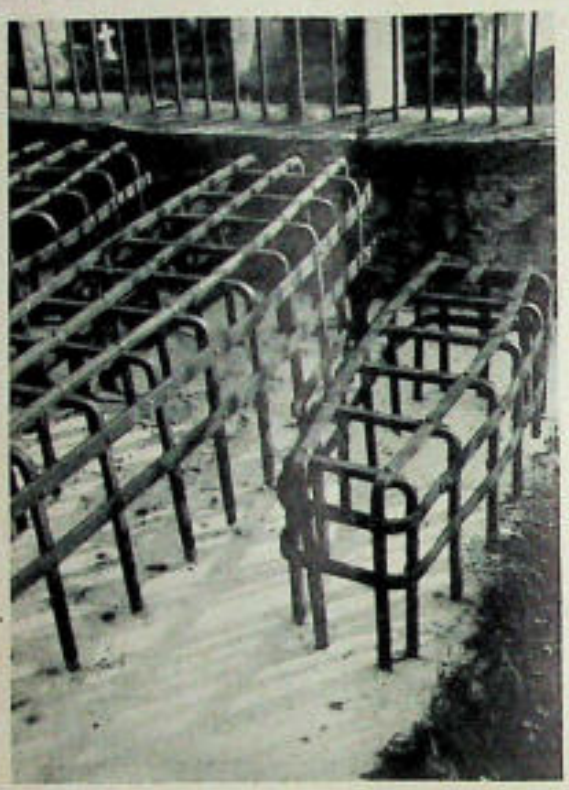
GREAT [BLACK WOODPECKER

SIR,—It is very nice to read in your columns that a Great Black Woodpecker has been observed in Lincolnshire. It seems strange that this bird is not regarded as a British bird.

In Herefordshire there are most definite reports of the occurrence of four of this species. Has sufficient notice been taken of the fact that the people who saw them were well-known naturalists?

Capt. Mayne Reid, who was a most competent naturalist, wrote as follows as regards this woodpecker in one of his delightful books, *The Naturalist in Siluria*. The chapter is headed "A curious instance of scansorial instinct."

"The great black is so rare that many ornithologists even doubt its existence in any part of England. It has been observed, however, and in my own grounds in South Herefordshire, myself the observer. In the summer of 1880 a pair passed over my head, one flying behind the other at an interval of a hundred yards or so. They lit in a tall linden tree near the house, only to stay in it



FOILING THE ROBBERS
(See letter, "Mort Safes")

for a few seconds; then continued their up-and-down flight towards some hanging woods beyond, where I lost sight of and never saw them again."

In 1879, Mr. D. R. Chapman, the curator of the Museum, Hereford, saw one at Belmont.

The Rev. Clement Ley saw one at Ruckhall, Eaton Bishop, about 1874, and pointed it out to his cousin, Mr. Edward Du Buisson. Mr. Ley knew this bird and its note well, having studied it on the Continent. He also saw one in Devonshire in 1876.

The incidents are dealt with in *The Birds of Herefordshire* (Dr. H. G. Bull, 1888).

Yours faithfully,

Constitutional Club, G. N. CARTER.
London.

[Since the Lincolnshire report, we have twice had the Great Black Woodpecker reported to us from Leicestershire.—ED.]

A BIRD WITH A LONG TAIL

SIR,—At Caerwent, on the Chepstow-Newport road, there is a hedge ornamented with a piece of topiary work which cannot fail to attract the eye of those who pass by. It consists of a bird with a tail of eight to nine feet in length. This "peacock," if he could display, would produce an enormous fan.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. F. R. WESTON.

MORT SAFES

SIR,—In connection with Mr. J. A. Carpenter's letter and picture of a Yorkshire "Resurrection Stone" in the *Field* of January 20th, the accompanying photograph may be of interest as showing another way of foiling the body-snatchers.

It was taken at Logierait, near Ballinluig, Perthshire, and shows three "mort safes" which used to be buried over coffins for a certain period and

A GOLDEN TO BE PROUD OF
(See letter, "A Record Breaker")

then dug up again for later burials. They take the form of iron grids, and, though not so difficult to handle as the stone, were presumably sufficient to prevent the graves being tampered with. The grid on the right of the picture is for a child's coffin.

Yours faithfully,

Ashwood T. LESLIE SMITH.
Broughty Ferry, Angus.

A RECORD BREAKER

SIR,—This is a photograph of the golden retriever Rip owned, trained and handled by Paul Bakewell of St. Louis, who has trained Rip in one hour per day during one year, to handle him into the position of F.T. Champion, by winning his second class A. Field Trial, in which he beat the best of all breeds of retrievers in America, winning with 27 points; the second, a Labrador, gaining 18 points.

Rip is by Speedwell Reubin ex Am. Ch. Speedwell Tango. Reubin goes back to Dual Ch. Balcombe Boy through Foxbury Peter, and to Ch. Noranby Campfire through Marion of Wyatt, and Rufus of Kentford, his grandparents.

Am. Ch. Speedwell Tango goes back to Noranby Balfour through Ch. Michael of Moreton and Ch. Cornelius. There is dual purpose blood all through Rip's pedigree, and his owner may well be proud of him.

Yours faithfully,

Chieveley, W. M. CHARLESWORTH.
Newbury.

[Note in the photograph the size and shape of Rip's nose. This *should* be a distinctive feature of the breed, but in this case it is more marked than usual.—ED.]

HISTORY IN IRONWORK

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing some ancient wrought ironwork on the door of the south porch at Stillingfleet Church, near York. This display of craftsmanship is meant as a historical record of certain events, some of them local in their interest, others of wider significance.

The ends of the hinge pieces are shaped to represent dragons and serve as reminders of the monsters—variously described as worms, askes or wyverns—that seem to have ravaged the surrounding countryside in bygone days. Near the left-hand capitol there is an old form of swastika, and, in the shadow above, two naked figures representing Adam and Eve recall the Garden of Eden story.

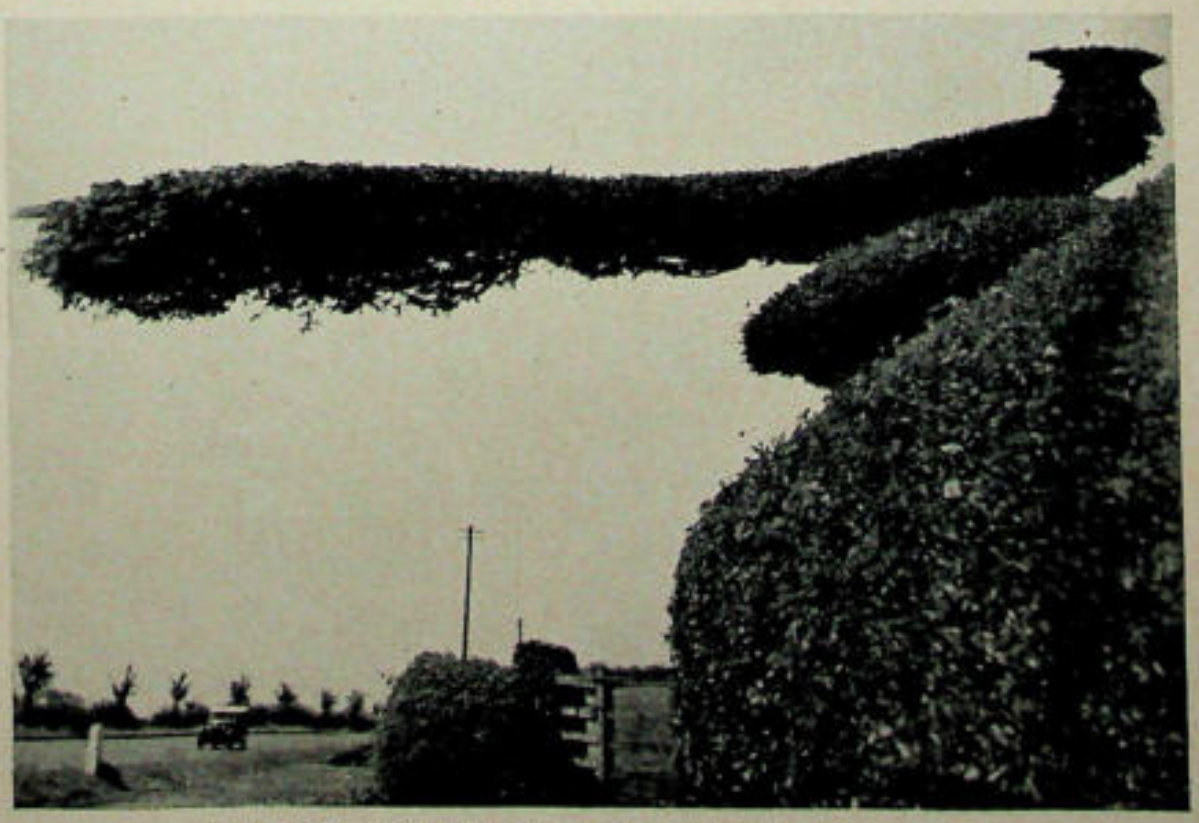
Near the opposite capitol there are curious symbols of the Passion, but a Viking boat—almost in the centre, near the top—is given pride of place, probably because the scene of the story it enshrines—the Battle of Stamford Bridge—is not far distant. The Norsemen who took part in that affray moored their boats on the River Ouse at Riccall, three

RECORDS ON A CHURCH DOOR
(See letter, "History in Ironwork")

miles from Stillingfleet, before tramping across country to victory at York, but to defeat at Stamford Bridge.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. G. B. WOOD.



THE TOPIARY ARTIST INDULGES IN A STRETCH OF IMAGINATION
(See letter, "A Bird with a Long Tail")

BLUE ROCKS

SIR,—I suppose the pigeons described by your correspondent E. B. could not have been stock-doves? In inland districts in this country where the rockdove does not occur, they are often miscalled "blue rocks."

Assuming identification to have been correct, I can never understand why the great black woodpecker has not been admitted to the British list. Few birds are more unlikely to have been imported for avicultural purposes and kept in confinement.

Yours faithfully,
Cairnsmore, TAVISTOCK.
Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.

THE LATE A. L. BUTLER

SIR,—That the death on New Year's Eve of Arthur Lennox Butler, for many years the Director of Game Preservation in the Sudan, should have passed without notice in the Press, is doubtless due to his long retirement and to the illness, which during the last years of his life, incapacitated him from the pursuits he loved so well. At his home near Horsham, his collection of trophies bore witness to his prowess as a hunter of big game, and his unique collection of humming-birds to his much greater devotion to ornithology as well as to his amazing skill as a taxidermist. This won him a European reputation, and it is hoped that somebody more competent than the writer may be found to do justice to his scientific attainments and to his work in the Andaman Islands and the Malay Peninsula before he went to the Sudan. But it is as his friend and colleague in the early days of the Sudan Government that I, and many others for whom I speak, would wish to pay our tribute.

"Wild Beast Butler" or "Beastie," as he was affectionately named in that happy band who organised the administration of the Sudan under the wise guidance of Sir Reginald Wingate, was always more a naturalist than a hunter, although no one enjoyed with greater zest a sand grouse shoot or a potter along the banks of the Nile; and he was a first-rate shot, especially at driven partridge. He had that rare gift of taming the savage and soothing the timid among birds and beasts with the touch of his hands, whether it were a leopard, a falcon or a baby woodcock. He succeeded in rearing to maturity the young of the sand grouse, the woodcock and the snipe. The attractions of the Sudan to big game hunters brought him into touch with sportsmen of many nationalities, and his circle of friends included such names as Lichtenstein, Teleki and the great Selous.

It will be of interest to his friends of thirty years ago to know that at his beautiful home in St. Leonard's Forest, surrounded by pets which ranged from wallabies to nuthatches, he was able to enjoy for many years the pursuits of the naturalist and the sportsman. It was the writer's privilege to share in these from time to time, and to witness the uncomplaining patience with which he bore the growing disability of his long illness, eased only by the tender care of his devoted wife.

Yours faithfully,
Terry's Cross, NIGEL G. DAVIDSON.
Henfield, Sussex.

FROST AND SNIPE

SIR,—Can any of your naturalist readers inform me if there is any kind of food to be got, that would be suitable to feed snipe. A stream at the bottom of my garden, during the recent few weeks of very keen frosts has been the temporary home of several snipe, which have been forced to seek out these fast running streams for food.

During my rambles up and down the stream I have watched them standing up to the waist in water finding food, and when I have walked past, they just stand motionless; hunger has made them brave. Day and night they are there. I have passed by in the moonlight when it was nearly midnight and have seen them still there, standing like sentries on every bend along the stream.

So if any of the readers of the *Field* know of any kind of food with which I could feed these birds, I shall be very grateful if they would let me know through the medium of the *Field*.

Yours faithfully,
10, Holly Bank Grove, F. W. OATES.
Holgate, York.

GREYLAGS IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—It may be of interest to some of your readers to note that on January 25th on a small part of marshy land adjoining the Og, a tributary to the Kennet, I was surprised to see a pair of grey geese feeding on the grass beside an unfrozen stream. To my great annoyance, however, a party of steeplechasers put them up, before I had a chance of approaching nearer. The geese circled over once and pitched in a grass field not half a mile away. After a careful stalk I was able to approach within thirty yards of the birds, concealed by a mound. From this position I was able to identify them, without a shadow of doubt, as Greylags. They then got up again, and pitched this time in a grass field only about 250 yards off. The following day they had gone.

THE FORTUNATE PEDLAR
(See letter "With Pack on Back")

Is it usual for this species to be as tame or to be found so far inland at this time of year?

Yours faithfully,
C. House, C. A. G. M.
The College,
Marlborough, Wilts.

[Geese are frequently very tame in cold weather. —ED.]

A RINGED STARLING

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that a ring removed from the leg of a starling shot in West Somerset just before Christmas and sent me by a member of the British Field Sports Society proves to be from a bird released near the Hague in October, 1938.

Incidentally, in feeding the wild birds recently I have noticed the curious fact that although an exceptionally large number and variety have joined in the feast there has not been a single house sparrow. Can these all have migrated to the towns?

Yours faithfully,
Stopham, JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM.
Pulborough, Sussex.

WITH PACK ON BACK

SIR,—The illustration of the village sign of Widdecombe-in-the-Moor in your issue of January 27th, prompts me to send you a photograph of the sign at Swaffham in Norfolk.

It illustrates the folk-lore story of the pedlar of Swaffham who found a great store of gold as the result of a dream. This legendary figure has to some extent been identified with John Chapman who was churchwarden in 1462, possibly because the word pedlar (chap-man) was a rebus on his name.

There still exists in the church a fifteenth century carved oak prayer-desk known as the "Pedlar's Seat," and on it is carved a small figure of the pedlar with his pack on his back.

Yours faithfully,
Holly Lodge, F. A. GIRLING.
Lawford, Manningtree.

CHIFF-CHAFF IN DEVON

SIR,—Whilst snipe-shooting on a small piece of marshy ground near here on January 13th last, I saw a small bird which immediately called for closer attention. Without any difficulty at all, I was able to approach to within five feet and had no hesitation whatever in identifying it as a chiff-chaff.

The bird was quite tame, and although the weather was cold and a large part of the marsh was frozen, appeared to be in excellent condition and very lively. It was certainly finding insect life for food amongst the clumps of rushes.

Also, on December 17th last, I watched for some time two swallows at Torcross, both "birds of the year" (1939).

Yours faithfully,
4, Vine Terrace, CYRIL R. H. EDWARDS.
Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

[The chiff-chaff frequently winters in our south-western counties. The swallow record can only be described as extraordinary.—ED.]

ADMITTANCE OF H.M. FORCES TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

SIR,—As the above are now admitted with their wives and children on weekdays at half price, and on Sundays the officer, or man, free, but a charge of 1/- for an adult or 6*d*. for a child, it has been suggested that many Fellows of the Zoological Society who do not require their members weekday and Sunday tickets, might send them to the Treasurer for use of the Services at the office in the Outer Circle of Regents Park, where the above admissions are made. Wounded men are admitted free, but the children or adults accompanying them pay 1/- or 6*d*. These tickets, if available, would enable many to enjoy the Society's gardens free of expense.

Yours truly,
M. PONTAL.

A NOVEL SIGNPOST

SIR,—This signpost which I came across unexpectedly at a crossroads at Palm Bay, near Margate, caused me to pull up for a good look and then a laugh.

Doubtless, other readers will appreciate the subtlety of this novel advertisement.

Yours faithfully,
48, St. Catherine's Road, J. A. CARPENTER.
Harrogate.

DIRECTIONS FROM WHICH THE MOTORIST CAN TAKE HIS CHOICE
(See letter "A Novel Signpost")

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

BEDALE.—Hunting farmers and landowners will be pleased to learn that Mr. J. M. Barwick, who has been the Master of the Bedale Hunt for some seasons, has withdrawn his resignation though he is engaged on military service, in order that hunting can be carried on during the war period. This intimation was made by Sir F. Samuelson at a meeting of the Hunt subscribers held at Bedale recently. Mr. Barwick will be unable to hunt the country himself, and one of the stipulations is that the secretary of the Hunt, Captain A. W. Mallinson, shall have full control. Mr. Barwick will waive the guarantee formerly given, and will accept only the residue, after all the expenses of the Hunt have been met. At the same time the hope was expressed that subscribers will also play their part and subscribe as generously as they have done in past seasons.

Mr. Barwick said that he had taken this step in the interests of post war hunting. Personally he would not be able to hunt, but the hounds would hunt the country two days per week, under the guidance of Captain Mallinson. He (the Master) hoped to hold an informal meeting of the puppy walkers in a month or so, and they would then decide which puppies would be kept, for they could not maintain the same number. It would be his endeavour to raise several litters, so that the future of the Bedale Hunt could be assured. If that were done it would save them having to start a new pack at the end of the war.

BLACKMORE VALE.—At a General Meeting, held at Sherborne, on Friday, January 26th, with Lord Bayford in the chair, the resignation of Capt. Ellis Nuttall from the Joint Mastership at the end of the present season, on account of his military duties, was received with much regret. Col. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, D.S.O., M.F.H. and Miss Augusta Guest, M.F.H. were elected Masters for the season 1940–41. They will hunt the country four days a week, with an occasional bye.

CATTISTOCK.—On Monday morning, January 29th, hounds met near Bradford Peverell House, where Mrs. Middleton dispensed hospitality to the small field, as she had to a larger one in by-gone days, before hounds moved off.

They did not find in Seven Barrows, or in the strip of woodland that stretches down towards the farm, but, near The Pheasantry they grew keen, and presently a challenge in the thick undergrowth told us that there was a fox afoot. Five minutes later he went away, and the pack, close at him, ran past the Keeper's Lodge, and headed for Chilly Knapp. There are some open Downs which lie between Bradford Peverell and the Muckleford Road, and the prospect of a gallop was good; but unluckily there were men working on the Downs and they headed our fox. He turned right-handed toward Seven Barrows, skirting the Bradford Peverell Downs and crossing the drive, as if for Poundbury Farm, but again something must have headed him, for he turned back from the road and sought refuge in some thick brambles beside the drive. Hounds came on at a good pace; were at fault on the open; and then Tablet, that grand daughter of Sir Edward Curre's Tuner, who has led the bitches for many seasons, threw her tongue and led hounds straight to the bramble patch, where they made short work of Mr. Charles. It was a short burst—twenty-eight minutes as a matter of fact—but it was far better than sitting indoors and cursing the weather, which was all I had been able to do in the first weeks of January.

Hounds went on to draw the railway covert beyond Poundbury Farm, where they found again, a bold dog fox, who was holloaed away by Mrs. Stansfeld, who was on "point duty" at the edge of the covert. He ran hard over Poundbury Farm and for five minutes, I thought we were going to get a real gallop, but on the plough, which was "picking up" badly, they were at fault again, and seemed unable to go on. The day had been very disagreeable, and the field, which by this time was reduced to six enthusiasts, all voted, when consulted, to call it a day. Not much of a day, to be sure, but still they had a hunt.

Hounds met at Martinstown on Monday, February 5th, and moving off promptly at 11 a.m., lost little time in finding on Hog Hill, hardly half a mile from the meet. In fact there were two brace in the gorses, but they were twisting customers, and in less than an hour one had been marked to ground and another killed without any semblance of a hunt. The root-fields which lie below Maiden Castle were next drawn, and a stout fox going away in short order, hounds ran hard across the Bridport road to Poundbury Farm, where their pilot turned left, and making a good pace ran on through Mr. Pope's coverts and over the Bradford Peverell road until he came to the line of the Great Western Railway. Here he swung still further left-handed, running through the railway covert and re-crossing the road to "Hilly" where hounds were eventually beaten at the end of a nice 30 minutes' burst.

A move was then made to Duke's Gorse, and here again a brace of foxes was accounted for, one being marked to ground and the other being added to the Cattistock tally, which, thanks to Gosden's excellent work this season, is far better than might be expected under existing conditions. It was still early and the little war-time field was spoiling for one good gallop, so, in the hope of providing one, hounds were taken to Pen Barn Gorse and from here at last we had our reward. Hardly had hounds gone into the covert when a fox was holloaed over one of the rides, and a minute later he went away from the covert and set his mask for Ashton Farm. One can often tell by a fox's look when he leaves covert whether he means business or not, and as this one broke by me (he was a big dog fox) I thought I saw "blood in his eye."

Hounds came tumbling out of covert and settling to the line, away we raced over the upland pasture toward Upwey. Leaving Duke's Gorse on his left, our pilot bore right-handed over Bronkham, and then across the open as if for Steepleton, crossing the Martinstown road and then turning back left-handed over the Mills Farm toward the gorses that lie in the valley beyond. Scent seemed to have improved, and hounds had forced their fox very hard up to this point and we had all we could do to stay with them, so I was hardly surprised when he stopped in a clump of gorse, hoping, I suppose, that hounds would over-run the line. They came to the gorse, passed it and raced on for 50yds. The cry stopped, they swung back headed by wise old Tablet and dashed into the gorse, and again the cry began. Out came "Mr. Charles," but he was dead beat, and in another 50yds. they had him. I looked at my watch—just 41 minutes, and the best hunt of the day.

LINCOLN.

CROOME.—It was welcome news indeed to enthusiasts to hear that it was proposed to hunt The Rhidings on foot on January 21st. A small select field, composed of those enthusiasts who, in the words of John Jorrocks, would "valk sooner than stay at 'ome," assembled on the road outside Red Deer Farm.

On being put in at the northern end of Marsh Covert hounds quickly disturbed at least a brace of foxes, one of which broke covert a few seconds later. He passed over the road as if for Strensham. Meanwhile another was hunted round for a while, and finally entered The Rhidings, where numerous fresh foxes got up, and nearly two hour's covert work ensued. Scent lay badly, and hounds and huntsman had no easy task in arduous conditions. At length, sometime after mid-day, they went away over the snow-covered plough to Old Ground Brake, where they turned right-handed over the road for Pheasant Wood and were stopped.

D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Captain C. M. Wellesley-Wesley, Senior Master of the South Dorset Hounds, has been called to active duty, and is at present quartered "Somewhere in England." He was at home on leave over the weekend, however, and he was able to hunt hounds when they met at Puddletown Square, on Monday the 29th. Colonel and Mrs. Betty were to have held a lawn meet on that day, but the Colonel was absent on war work, and Mrs. Betty was ill, though that did not make a difference in the hospitality which was offered to the small field which turned out. The going was terrible when hounds moved off to draw the gorses at Druce. The Master told me that the keeper at Druce had the "flu" and on that account the stopping had been improperly done, which he thought accounted for the fact that hounds did not find there, but after a short delay, they moved on to Chebbord Gorse, where a fox was soon afoot. He was unwilling to face the open—one could scarcely blame him—but he had to fly or be killed, and presently he broke and went away down wind for Chesilbourne, where he was killed after a smart burst. Finding again on Whitelands Down, hounds ran hard to Hazel Copse, beyond which they were brought to their noses on the plough, but worked it out slowly and ran on, past Dewlish village, and then by the Dewlish House stables, over Park Hill, to Crawthorne Dairy, where they were at fault in the hog-pen, which their quarry had run through in an effort to evade his pursuers. Held forward, they presently recovered the line, and running on for another half-mile, eventually marked their fox to ground, at the end of the best hunt of the day. The going, by three o'clock, was so bad that the Master thought it best not to draw again, and hounds were ordered home.

A. H. H.

IRELAND

THE SCARTEEN.—On January 26th we met at Glenefy. A fox in the glen covert got to ground at once; there were several other foxes on the hill, but none of them were inclined to leave, and after hunting one just down to the Glebe, we left him. Going on to Mooresfort we found at once in the twigyard, but after running a few fields the fox got to ground. We then schooled across country to Ballinacree, and just before reaching the covert a fox jumped out of a fence in full view of hounds and ran as if for Cullen, but turning up right-handed ran over the Emly Cullen road by the Wash in the direction of Mooresfort, then turning left-handed ran straight into Ballinard, where he got to ground.

On February 2nd we met at Limerick Junction. Ballykistine domain was blank, but on the way to Mr. Harris's covert in the Stud Farm we found a brace of foxes in a hedgerow, one of which was unfortunately chopped. Getting on to the other, hounds ran through the covert and across the Junction-Cullen road, and leaving Ballinard to their left, they crossed the Schronell-Cullen road and marked their fox to ground in a shore in Ballynulty. Going on to Cullen we found at once and running very fast towards Garryhakin hounds turned left-handed over the hill of Rahard where the fox was evidently headed. After a check here, hounds hit off the line and ran nicely into Ballinacree. With a diminished field we jogged on to Mr. Grace's place at Castle Lloyd, where after some time the kennel terrier bolted two foxes, but as scent had almost completely failed, nothing more could be done.

J. R.

TIPPERARY.—On January 27th, hounds met at the Kennels. They opened in Garraun and, after first breaking towards Tullamaine, ran back through Mr. T. Quinlan's screen to Miltown. Thence they turned down to the big country round Morestown Castle, and ran a left-handed circle back to Miltown, where scent failed after an enjoyable hunt of 40 minutes.

Hounds were next taken to Tullamaine, and were soon away with a big dog-fox. They ran hard, with Martley's on their right, to Slattery's hounds-fence, where they marked when pointing for Coolmoyne Creamery. Another fox was soon afoot in Hackett's, and hounds ran at a great pace towards Monamay, then bore right-handed, as though for Bullock Park, into Lyonstown Screen, beyond which they were beaten on foiled ground when running towards Treyer's Glen.

A few days later the meet was at Knockfee Cross. After a short hunt from Knockfee, hounds were taken to Knockmorris, and quickly had a fox on his legs. Scent was good and they ran fast over the Cahir road, pulling him down two fields beyond, after a racing 15 minutes. The Church Wood at Woodroff provided the next fox, and the pack streamed away over grand country, round Angel Hill, back to the Church Wood, and up to the Laurels. Breaking again towards Barona, they turned left-handed to Morestown Castle, where some bullocks had turned the fox. With great perseverance hounds carried the line through Walshe's bog, only to be beaten on the foiled ground close to Woodroff House.

This month saw hounds at Camas Bridge, and Clewan produced a fox without delay. Scent was only moderate, however, and hounds ran slowly, with Ardmayle on their left, to Thurlesbeg, where they were defeated. A good fox went away from Ballinamona, but unfortunately hounds could only run slowly to Hoar Abbey schoolhouse and Foley's gorse, and down to the Cahir-Cashel road. Assisted by Mrs. Masters they carried on nearly to the Commons, before turning right-handed towards Racecourse Hall.

T. C. V.

A WAR-TIME GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP PROPOSAL

James Braid Passes Another Milestone

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

TO read about the historic happenings of a past era is one thing, but to have contributed in no small degree to their making, and still be able to lean back and relive them over again in one's memory, is a privilege denied all but a small exclusive circle, whose numbers are regrettably being depleted by the inexorable toll of Time.

One such is James Braid, who a few days ago passed his seventieth milestone—an occasion which brought many messages of congratulation from a host of admirers. Looking back over a long and varied life this grand old player can rightly claim to be one of the outstanding figures at the watershed of golfing history. He has seen the game gradually evolve from the simple primitive days of the guttie to the present record-breaking phase of the rubber-cored ball, and his views, though perhaps sometimes slightly biased in favour of the past, are always of great interest to golfers. For a man of his age he is astonishingly fit and active. His towering presence still graces the Championship lists and it is our genuine wish that long may it be so.

Quite recently, however, I unexpectedly came across an interesting link with Braid's earlier days. I happened to be lunching with a friend who is an elderly eye-specialist of no little repute. As previously I had never regarded him as a golfer, or as even mildly interested in the royal and ancient pastime,

I was consequently surprised when a chance comment upon a golfing matter was taken up with evident relish, especially as his subsequent remarks revealed a knowledge of the subject that was far from casual.

After lunch we adjourned to his study and there I was shown with evident pride, a large photograph, carefully framed and neatly autographed. The group proved to be Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, "Sandy" Herd and James Braid. Underneath was a small plate inscribed ". . . a slight recognition of kindness received, June 12th, 1906."

Enquiring as to its history, I learned that during one of their visits to the far North these four professionals became involved in a clubhouse discussion as to which possessed the best eyesight. Finally, to settle the point, my friend was consulted for expert arbitration. In due course he was visited by all four men and the tests made showed that the eysight of both Taylor and Braid was weak. Vardon had a decided astigmatism. The soundest vision was possessed by Herd. These findings have since been confirmed by the passage of years. Braid has for some time been troubled by his eyes. Taylor has had to resort to glasses, but Herd's eyes, considering his age, are comparatively unimpaired. I always feel that Herd has never received full credit for his single victory in the Open Championship. We do not always appreciate the fact that, in his day, "Sandy" was called upon to play the best ball of the three men who between them won the Championship sixteen times in twenty-one years.

In the past J. H. Taylor has been looked upon as the elder statesman of the professionals, and it was with interest that I heard the timely plea he recently made on behalf of his colleagues. At the outset of the war it was apparent that many professionals would be adversely affected. Just how bad, it was impossible to say at the time. Happily in many cases such fears have so far been groundless, but in others, the results are very serious, in fact, the position of some men is truly desperate.

With the object of helping these professionals, Taylor suggests a resumption of competitive golf on a small scale. The proposal has many points in its favour. Apart from the fact that the war charities would benefit from such Club and Alliance meetings, the interest aroused would undoubtedly be translated into terms of business at the pro.'s

JAMES BRAID WHO, A FEW DAYS AGO, CELEBRATED HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Left, *at St. Andrews in* 1905; centre, *in* 1913; right, *a picture taken in recent years*

shop, and private golf would gain a much-needed stimulus. As far as possible I think the main club competitions ought to be carried out. The Government has stressed often enough the importance of everyday activities being maintained so as to counteract the danger of depression caused by the black-out conditions and the many other disturbing factors in this war of nerves. Mild recreation, infused with a grain of competitive spirit, will go a long way towards dispelling such moods and undoubtedly help to maintain the public morale at a high level. Moreover, Service golfers home on leave will welcome the prospect of taking part in club competitions.

The proposal put forward by Henry Cotton is somewhat different. He suggests the holding of one major tournament of seventy-two holes medal play, at the end of which the leading amateur and professional would be regarded as the respective champions of the year. At such a time I feel that the moment is hardly opportune for the adoption of such a suggestion. Stern times lie ahead, and it would be unpolitic to plan for even an unofficial championship some months hence. Apart from anything else, I doubt very much if many players would care to be listed as the champions of 1940.

It is, however, comforting to see that the U.S.G.A. have optimistically retained the Walker Cup dates on their calendar for the autumn. May their faith in human nature be justified. At their annual meeting the championship committee pointed out how the number of United States entrants have increased over the past few seasons and that steps should be taken to ensure that as many places as possible should be made available in the national events. As a result the decision was reached that in the future all foreign entrants to the American Open and Amateur Championships will be required to pass through the sectional qualifying test. In the past overseas entrants were excused the qualifying rounds—a rule which has saved a great deal of time and expense to invading golfers. This factor alone will, I am afraid, make a considerable difference in the number of overseas entrants to American championships when peace returns, but it will at least prevent indifferent club golfers going to the States for vacations and cluttering up the fields.

At the same meeting of the U.S.G.A. it was announced that Harold W. Pierce of Brookline was to succeed Archie M. Reid as their president. The choice is bound to be extremely popular. I had many long conversations with Pierce when he came over with the last American Walker Cup team, and it was interesting to hear his views on the question of "seeding" in the amateur championship. Personally, I think it to be a most pernicious system, but there certainly was ample room to criticise the unhappy fate of several of the American players who were bunched together in one corner of the draw and proceeded to eliminate one another.

Such a state of affairs certainly reinforced the argument of those who agitate for "seeding," but it was really an exceptional Amateur from that point of view. Such reformers should bear in mind the fact that year by year the championship continues to provide an excellent week's golf, and invariably a first-class winner.

Returning to the subject of the new U.S.G.A. president it will be recalled that Harold Pierce was very much in the news at St. Andrews through being the referee in the Bentley-Bruen and Fisher-Kocsis

match, when the technical infringement of a rule occurred. Although it is now old news, it created a great deal of discussion at the time as to which party was right. The fault was partly due to Pierce not ruling that the hole had been lost through the irregularity. Instead he placed the onus on Bentley by reminding him that the hole was his if he wished to claim. It provided, however, an excellent opportunity of showing that the spirit of the game can rise above the letter of the law. There are occasions when the Nelson eye is welcome even in rule-breaking.

Alongside Henry Cotton's renewed Red Cross campaign on the home front, comes the news from America of attempts to raise a substantial sum for the Finnish people. Frankie Strafaci, one of America's leading players, has suggested that a match should be arranged between the American Ryder Cup team and a side of amateurs under the captaincy of Bobby Jones to take place just before the Master's Tournament early next month. If it materialises the match should catch the imagination of the American public and from this side the results will make most interesting reading.

All golfers will warmly welcome once more to this country C. Ross Somerville, who has come over as an officer in the Canadian contingent. Somerville, one of the finest amateur golfers Canada has ever produced, has twice come near to winning our Amateur Championship, and it would be a happy thought if he could take part in a Red Cross match with Cotton whilst he is in this country.

THE ROCK GARDEN IN SPRING TIME

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE cushions of green and greyish green evergreen foliage in the rock garden hold the promise of spring all through winter, and slowly at first, and then, as spring advances, with a sudden rush the tiny flowers shine forth in their firmament of green. Amongst the earliest are the crocus species, which like sheltered pockets, and *Galanthus Elwesii* which, unlike most snowdrop species, does best on a hot bank. The saxifrages, of the Kabschia and Engleria section, flower during the first three months of the year, some of them being easy and others decidedly difficult.

It is a fairly safe rule to bear in mind that the green foliaged saxifrages of the Kabschia and Engleria section are easy and the grey-foliaged difficult. For instance, *S. apiculta*, with emerald green tufts of foliage, is notoriously easy, whilst *S. Grisebachii* Wisley var, with its encrusted greyish foliage, is decidedly difficult.

The Burseriana hybrids are particularly lovely, amongst the pick being Gloria, with white flowers almost as large as a penny, and Hindhead seedling, with lemon yellow flowers on red stems. Mother of Pearl, one of the comparatively newer treasures, has flowers of the palest shell pink. Myra is noteworthy for its cherry red flowers, for that colour is indeed scarce anywhere in the garden during the bleakest weeks of spring.

All the Kabschia and Engleria saxifrages need very gritty, well drained soil (the best drainage being limestone chippings), good loam and leaf mould. If starved the results are very poor. Though full sun is to their liking they must never suffer from drought in summer. Those of the Porphyrion section are equally fastidious and need similar conditions. The scree is ideal for them. All the saxifrages in this section are prostrate in growth and, well grown, produce their almost stemless flowers in profusion. One of the loveliest gems is *S. retusa*, with flowers of the most brilliant blood crimson.

When all is said and done, even the most highbrow rock gardens owe their chief beauty in spring to the easiest saxifrages—the Dactyloides, commonly known as the mossy section—and aubrietias. The saxifrages of the mossy section are most accommodating, but they are only seen at their best in part shade and rich but well drained soil. Most of them are vigorous growers, smothering large bits of the rock garden with their lovely emerald foliage and dainty flowers.

These saxifrages, as a rule, need more feeding than they commonly get, and it is a good plan at this season to sprinkle round their centres some really good soil such as old potting soil or rich soil from the compost heap. A little annual feeding saves them from looking shabby before their time. As with nearly all saxifrages they should not suffer from drought in summer.

The pick of the white flowered varieties is perhaps Diana, with large blooms on 6in. stems. Clibrani and *S. sanguinea superba* are first rate red varieties. *S. bathionensis* is another good red hybrid. *S. decipiens* is chiefly attractive for its reddish foliage in mid-winter. Then there are the mossy saxifrages that are ideal for paved walks, on account of their dainty compact growth. Amongst these the pick is perhaps *S. caespitosa cervicornis*, with cream coloured flowers on 2in. stems. There is also a pink form.

Aubrietias are always best on chalky soils and on soils deficient in lime it has to be added. They should always be planted with a view to the future for, though they are amongst the easiest plants, they resent being moved beyond the seedling stage and show their resentment by dying off in their centres. After their very long flowering period is well over they should be clipped back to encourage the vigorous young growths in the centre.

Few people grow the wild species, which is a native of Southern Europe and Asia Minor, for it is a poor weed compared to the modern hybrids. In great patches aubrietias, in mixed colours ranging from lavender blue to red, crimson and purple, are a delight. Some of the oldest varieties, notably Dr. Mules, are still amongst the best. The pick of the crimson and red varieties are, perhaps, Crimson Bedder, which has the merit of being very free flowering, Mrs. Rodewald and Vindictive. Aubrietias are easy to raise from seed, and packets of large flowered hybrids in mixture are offered by most seedsmen.

The diminutive double daisies are suitable for the rock garden. The coarse double daisies, with flowers out of all proportion to their foliage, bear little resemblance to such dainty treasures as Dresden China and Rob Roy. The old hen and chicken daisy is most attractive, but it is essential to give it a really rich moist soil otherwise there will be a "hen" but no "chicken." The tiniest of the daisy tribe, *Bellium minutum*, flowers in the summer and is amongst the ideal plants for paved walks.

Second in popularity only to saxifrages, aubrietias and double daisies come candytufts, arabis and alyssum. The candytufts are old favourites, and *Iberis sempervirens*, Little Gem, is ideal for the rock garden on account of its neat dwarf growth.

Arabis, both the type and the variegated form, are universally grown, but the pink form less commonly. The very dwarf, *A. Sundermannii*, was raised by the King of Bulgaria's gardener. The golden and lemon yellow alyssums are also amongst the most popular rock garden plants, but there are various attractive species which might be more commonly grown. *A. spinosum*, a native of Spain, makes tufts with white or pink flowers. Strict botanists call this plant *Ptelotrichum*. The smallest of the alyssums are *A. serpyfolium*, with silvery leaves and golden yellow flowers, and *A. repens* from Transylvania.

RAISING EARLY VEGETABLES IN COLD FRAMES

COLD frames are chiefly used to secure early vegetables, but on heavy cold soils they are invaluable for raising seedlings of the dwarf and runner beans, peas, cauliflowers, lettuces, leeks and parsley, without a hot-bed.

As a rule it is only in large gardens that cold frames are placed on hot-beds, the mixture of the latter consisting of two-thirds stable litter and one third decaying leaves. The use of leaves makes the hot-bed last longer. Each hot-bed is made quite eighteen inches larger than the frame to be placed on it and it is customary to build it twice the height to which it will settle down before the frame is placed on it. The top when ready should be nine inches to one foot deep of good sieved soil.

A succession of vegetables, such as potatoes, lettuces and radishes is sound. Potatoes of a well sprouted early sort are planted first in rows a foot apart and on top of each row lettuce and radish seed is very thinly sown. The radishes are ready first; they are succeeded by the lettuces and finally the potatoes. Another possibility is radishes and carrots, choosing an early sort of radish, such as French Breakfast, and a forcing variety of carrot, such as Early Nantes.

Every use should be made of cold frames, even without hot-beds, for imported stuff this season will be scarce and prohibitive. Early saladings are particularly useful. Amongst the best lettuces to sow are May King, Paris Market Forcing, Chavigne, and Loos Tennis Ball. The important point is to sow very thinly, indeed so thinly that there should be hardly any necessity for thinning.

Carrots to be grown in frames should always be early stump-rooted varieties. Early French Horn and Perfect Gem are excellent. As with lettuces, thin sowing is essential for success. Turnips need a specially firm soil. Varieties such as White Milan and Lily White are first rate. Many cooks make skilful use of white radishes to replace turnips, but early turnips are so delicious that they are worth the little extra trouble.

With all vegetables raised in frames it is of primary importance to keep the glass on both sides scrupulously clean. We have little enough light at this season, and if that light has to penetrate dirty glass the crops stand a poor chance.

Cauliflowers sown in autumn in cold frames need attention. They are the most delicate of the brassicas, but even so undue coddling only makes for sickly plants. They need all the air they can get except in very severe weather. Many gardeners

prefer sowing in the open in autumn, but on a raised bed for perfect drainage and greater warmth, for the soil being drier than the adjacent ground is warmer. In the open leafless boughs, failing cloches, are useful for keeping out many degrees of frost.

Nothing is gained by putting out cauliflowers too early. We often have the most severe cold of winter in March and plants put out in late February or early March that have to endure a long bleak spell naturally suffer badly.

Kales are a great stand-by at this season, but they are frequently badly treated in the kitchen, for plain boiled kales, except the young shoots, are rather coarse. It is best to serve them associated with other vegetables, such as onions or shallots and tomatoes. Kales, tomato and onion pie with cheese sauce is a good luncheon dish. To make it allow double the quantity of cooked kale to tomatoes and onion together.

Unless all the health-giving salts are to be lost the kale should be conservatively cooked, i.e. in as little water as possible and quickly. Fill a greased pie dish with layers of finely chopped up cooked kale, tomatoes and onion, pour over the cheese sauce, sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs and a few nuts of margarine, and put in a hot oven for 15 minutes. As an alternative, diced bacon can be used, but in this case no sauce is necessary.

Chicory is still in season and cooked in the French way is delicious. English cooks too often drown these delicate blanched heads in boiling water. The outer leaves should be cut off and the heads washed in cold salted water. Then blanch them for just five minutes in boiling water. When well drained, lay them spread out in a shallow saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter (or margarine in these days), a good squeeze of lemon, and seasoning to taste. Cover closely and cook gently for quite an hour and a quarter. Serve with melted butter poured over.

One reason why chicory tastes so good in France is because it is nearly always cooked in earthenware, for chicory is amongst the vegetables which should never be cooked in a metal pan. Another point is covering it closely. Cooked in a lot of water most vegetables are deplorable; cooked in the minimum of water (measured literally by tablespoonfuls) and a tablespoonful of butter or margarine they are good; if cooked in the minimum of water, with a heaping tablespoonful of butter or even margarine, and really closely covered they should be perfection.

Few saucepan lids fit really closely, but it is easy enough to make them fit closely by putting on a sheet of greaseproof paper before putting on the lid. The lid should fit as tightly as a cork if flavour is to be conserved.

Where there are facilities for sowing in a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees, tomatoes should be sown now. The usual compost consists of one-third good loam, one-third leaf mould, or prepared peat, and one-third sand or wood ash. Many growers assert that it is a mistake to sift the compost too finely and that the seedlings do better if their roots can get hold of a few bits of loam the size of a pea. It is well worth the trouble of putting in each seed separately. The seeds should be barely covered with soil.

F. S. R.

VALUE OF BEAN SEEDS FOR CULINARY PURPOSES

By WALTER F. GILES, A.H., R.H.S.
Member of the Vegetable Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society.

THE term "Haricot" is a general one given by our French neighbours to all types of dwarf and climbing beans, but does not include the broad bean class.

They amplify the word "Haricot" to indicate the manner in which the pods or the seeds of the various varieties are used for culinary purposes. The three principal are the following:—

HARICOTS VERTS—the use of the pods in a green state, either cooked whole or broken into sections.

HARICOTS FLAGEOLETS (or more commonly "flageolets")—the use of the seeds in a state intermediate between the green pods (Haricots verts) and the fully ripe seeds. The use of bean seeds as "flageolets," although little appreciated in this country, is very largely practised abroad, and in the vegetable markets of many French towns the shelling by women of beans from the semi-ripe pods in readiness for cooking in the manner of green peas, is a very familiar sight. The seeds of almost all kinds (except those of the scarlet runner class) are suitable for use in this way, irrespective of coat colour, as this latter is not developed as would be the case if the seeds were ripe. Those who have not tried semi-ripe seeds in this state are certainly recommended to do so.

HARICOTS SECS—the use of the seeds in a dried state. In this country the word "Haricot" has invariably been applied to those seeds, generally white in colour, usually obtained from the grocer. However, the use of the bean seeds as "Haricots" need not be restricted to the white-seeded kinds. Practically all the varieties of the dwarf and climbing types of French beans can be used in this way, although those which have self-coloured seed coats, such as white, green, buff or the various shades of brown and red are the most popular. Varieties having mottled seed coats, although useful, are not so appetising in appearance on the table.

In Holland a variety of dwarf French bean which has bright brown seed is largely cultivated specially for use in a dried state. It is commonly known as the "Dutch brown bean." The pods are short and not stringless, and unless they are used very young, are not sufficiently fleshy to be of much interest for cooking in a green state.

During the last great war the Royal Horticultural Society introduced this bean to the notice of British gardeners and this, as well as certain other varieties, was extensively grown at that period for "Haricots secs" in order to make good the shortage of potatoes.

Now that this country is again at war, the Ministry of Agriculture, in a booklet just issued, has drawn attention to the value of beans in a dried state, and recommends the Dutch brown as a useful type to grow for storing. Unfortunately, however, since the last war, the quantity of this variety grown in this country has been very small, and therefore supplies of home-grown seed are very limited. Further, the Dutch Government, I understand, has prohibited the exportation of seeds of this bean.

What then is the alternative? Simply this: grow any of the varieties of dwarf beans avilable in England which have self-coloured seeds, and use them in a dried state. The pods of all these varieties can be used in a green state as Haricots verts; the seeds in a semi-dried state as flageolets; or quite dry as Haricots secs. Thus they are useful in three different ways.

In 1917 I made some exhaustive trials with a considerable number of varieties of beans to test their value when cooked as Haricots secs. Each lot was put into a muslin bag and soaked in cold water for twelve hours. All the bags were then put into a large saucepan containing cold water to which a little salt was added, brought to the boil, and then simmered gently for 1½ hours. This was the treatment and time recommended for cooking the Dutch brown bean. Each lot was then served up on a separate plate, with salt, pepper and butter, and examined and tasted by three persons. Mrs. Giles supervised the cooking.

Owing to the increased number of very fine types of dwarf beans with self-coloured seed coats which have been introduced into commerce since 1917, I recently repeated the experiment on a larger scale. The treatment of the seed, and the time allowed for cooking was precisely the same as that followed in 1917. The results are most interesting, and show that whilst all the types were quite good and could always be used in an emergency, certain varieties undoubtedly were outstanding for this purpose.

The following are the results obtained with the varieties tried:—

DUTCH BROWN-SEEDED

Swelled up large and plump, nice appetising brown colour, floury and of good flavour. Cooked just right.

OTHER BROWN OR BUFF-SEEDED TYPES

Ne Plus Ultra.—In appearance and colour is much the same as the Dutch brown but smaller in size. Flavour good, not quite so floury as brown Dutch. Requires a little longer time for cooking.

Premier.—Swelled up well and beans are of a pleasing "dun" colour. Flavour good. Requires slightly longer time for cooking.

Masterpiece.—Has cooked splendidly. Seeds well swollen up and are of an appetising brown colour. Flavour excellent. Requires a little less time for cooking.

Plentiful.—Has also done splendidly. Seeds swollen up to a pale chocolate brown. Very floury and splendid flavour. Requires little less time for cooking.

RED AND ROSE-SEEDED TYPES

Canadian Wonder.—Has lost the red colour of the skin in cooking, and beans have swollen up splendidly to a large size of appetising pale chocolate colour. Very floury, good flavour and can be well recommended.

Red Haricot.—Except for the fact that this variety requires a little longer time for cooking, it is in all respects similar to Canadian Wonder and can be well recommended.

Peerless.—Swollen up well and cooked to a very pleasing shade of brown. Flavour good. Requires a little longer time for cooking.

WHITE-SEEDED TYPES

White Haricot or Canterbury.—A splendid lot and one of the best. Seeds have swollen up well, are very floury and of very pleasing appearance on the table.

Early Giant.—The slightly coloured hilum has almost disappeared and this variety has done as as well as the White Haricot or Canterbury, except that the seeds are slightly smaller.

GREEN-SEEDED TYPE

Green Gem.—Has cooked to a pleasing pale green colour and flavour is good. Requires a little longer time for cooking.

BLACK-SEEDED TYPE

Negro.—These black seeds have cooked to a rich chocolate brown colour. They are large and floury, and really excellent in flavour, but the very dark colour of the skin may make them less attractive on the table than some others.

SPECKLED-SEEDED TYPES

The Prince.—The mottled colour of the skin of this bean has almost disappeared in cooking, and it is a very floury and attractive dish with seeds of dull brown colour. This variety cooked very quickly and requires considerably less than the 1½ hours allowed. Done well.

Superlative.—Has not responded so well as most others. Requires considerably longer time to cook than most lots, and the appearance on the table of the black and white skins does not make it very attractive.

CLIMBING TYPES

There are also certain types of climbing beans, the seeds of which are very suitable for use in a semi-dried state as "flageolets" or in a dried state as "Haricots secs." These beans of course need sticks during growth, but they give a much larger yield per plant than the dwarf varieties. Four of them were included in the cooking tests, the results being as follows:—

WHITE-SEEDED TYPE

Earliest of All.—Has cooked splendidly and done as well as the white-seeded dwarf kinds. Very floury and attractive, and can be well recommended.

RED-SEEDED TYPE

Tender and True.—The red seed coat has developed into a clear chocolate brown. Has swollen up well and makes a very attractive dish. Good flavour.

BROWN-SEEDED TYPE

Princess of Wales.—Has swollen up to a very large size and is a pleasing brown colour. Cooked well. Splendid flavour.

ROUND-SEEDED RED AND WHITE (the so-called "pea-bean")

Has cooked remarkably well but requires considerably less cooking than the 1½ hours allowed. The seeds have swollen up well, are very floury and of excellent flavour. Would appear to be a very nutritious bean and well worth growing for this purpose.

The analysis of bean seeds shows that they are an extraordinarily valuable vegetable food, and their use during the winter when many green vegetables are scarce, cannot be too strongly recommended.

KEEPING RABBITS UNDER CONTROL

By J. W. BEST

RABBITS in the last few years have been conspicuous, not only in the fields and roads—the latter usually flattened out by cars into an unrecognisable mess—but their evil doings have been much discussed in the Press. In this publicity so many apparently wild statements have been made that one hesitates to venture any general remarks on the subject. Some publicists have ventured to record the amount of grass which one rabbit will eat compared with a sheep or a heifer, others have condemned the use of traps, because, they say, traps increase rather than diminish the plague. Most people agree, however, that rabbits are a pest, and that the sooner their numbers are reduced the better it will be for agriculture and the conduct of the war.

There are three sections of the community interested in rabbits and their control who, generally speaking, view the problem from different angles. First come the farmers, and there are very few of them who do not look upon rabbits as a plague to be eliminated as soon as possible. Sportsmen, on the other hand, while expressing sympathy with the farmer, are not all of them in favour of extermination. This point of view is understandable when it is realised that rabbits form quite a considerable item in many days' shooting, and also in many parts of the country figure largely in a fox's menu. From the farmer's point of view also it is surely better that a vixen should be able to bring up her cubs on a diet of rabbits than that she should be forced to look to the hen roosts. The third section of the community interested in rabbits—and the most noisy—are the humanitarians, whose concern is not so much the control of rabbits as the means by which it is effected. In this must be included sportsmen, fox hunters, and dog owners who are really concerned about the safety of foxes, hounds, pheasants, partridges, and stray dogs which may be caught by traps set for rabbits in the open.

The prevention of this trapping in the open is the main provision of the new Act which, in addition to fixing the responsibility for control of rabbits with which few will quarrel, does make trapping for rabbits in the open illegal. This, too, is very necessary. Foxes, pheasants, dogs, and cats can now wander at large and in reasonable safety. The prohibition to set traps in the open sounds very humane and is. But why, may one ask the humanitarian society responsible for introducing the bill, is it cruel to trap a rabbit in the open and not in a hole? It is possible and even quite probable that the rabbit trapped in a hole suffers more than one in the open.

The trouble was that the Bill was introduced by the wrong people. The rabbit plague is a matter concerning farmers and woodland owners rather than a humanitarian society.

However, farmers must keep their rabbits under control, and my records since 1928 on a two hundred acre farm may be of interest. The country is ideal from the point of view of the rabbits. Small fields surrounded by big banked hedges, sandy stoneless soil, grass land. These with a number of dense thickets of gorse and bramble on the steep hill sides provide the perfect breeding places and sanctuaries from the rabbit point of view. Surrounding the farm are a number of small holdings, whose occupiers often look upon the rabbits as one of their principal sources of income.

The damage done by the plague of rabbits was not only to the grass and growing crops, but to the banks of the hedges which had to be continually made up. I have kept the records since August, 1928, and each year from August 1st to the end of the following July, I have totalled the bag for the rabbit year as shown below. If there is any error in the total it is on the side of moderation, since it is possible that an occasional rabbit shot by myself or the children may not have been entered in the game book.

Year	*Rabbits killed*	
1928–29	1639	Let to a professional rabbit catcher.
1929–30	2557	
1930–31	1702	
1931–32	2731	
1932–33	1201	
1933–34	1530	
1934–35	4052	Let up to Christmas, after that killed by ourselves. Diseased rabbits found.
1935–36	4877	Shot, netted, or snared by ourselves.
1936–37	2903	
1937–38	1694	
1938–39	1843	

These figures are, of course, an exact guide only of the number of rabbits killed, but they can also be taken as a general indication of the incidence of the plague in different years and of the success of the various methods of dealing with it. There has, I think, been little variation in the invasion of rabbits over the boundary fences. It is significant that in the year 1934–5 more than half the rabbits killed were destroyed after Christmas, and after the professional catcher had given up, saying that there were no more rabbits to catch! It is also worth noting that the highest total reached in any year was when the work was done entirely by my employee and myself and not by outside men. The professional rabbit catchers used snares and (when allowed) traps. We have used snares and ferrets. Gas has been tried, but voted no good. In the summer we have killed a good many with the rifle. Probably what has helped most—indeed the operations would be useless without it—has been the clearing of the thickets on the hill sides and, when weather has permitted, the burning of the dry bracken in the early spring. Such work has enabled us to ferret every hole on the place. At first the snaring was difficult because the grass had been so eaten down that it was almost impossible to see the runs; now that the rabbits have been reduced there is much more grass. But the boundary hedges need constant watching, and it is to be hoped that the provision of the new Act will compel my neighbours to keep their rabbits down tight.

In mentioning the record catches of the years 1934–5 and 1935–6 a further factor in the rabbit-population has to be considered, as it should be in relation to the whole rabbit problem; namely, the weather. Our average yearly rainfall is 39in., but I cannot find any deviation from it in any one year which has had an influence on my totals of rabbits killed. What is remarkable, though, is that the two record years already mentioned (and explained?) were preceded by the two driest months of July during the last twelve years. Most people who have studied the rabbit problem do not, I know, agree with the theory that a dry July favours rabbits. But my figures are, I claim, significant, and it will be interesting to know if they can be confirmed by records from other areas.

THE PLANTING OF WOODLANDS

By REGINALD DAVEY

What more distressing sight than a plantation, formed many years ago and which for any reason remains stunted. A stroll along a charming chalk hillside near the River Thames brought me the other day to a brow crowned with yew, beech, juniper and thorn, all well grown and healthy. Passing beyond I came upon a 30-year-old area of larch and Scots pine, all trees scarcely 10ft. high and a waste of land and the cost of planting. Beech, sycamore, Austrian pine or Monterey cypress would have grown, but the two species chosen could hardly have been more unsuitable.

It is easy to understand the mind of the planter. Larch costs perhaps £10 per acre to plant, less a Government grant of £2, and in 80 years will be worth £200 per acre, providing valuable material from thinnings the while. Such a valuable investment suggests the planting of larch in preference to other species, which do not produce either such a valuable crop, or grow so rapidly. The limiting factor is the soil. Larch is very particular and thrives best on a sandy loam of the type that carries bracken. Of course the fertile agricultural soils will carry larch, as any other species, but on the heavier soils, as on the lighter, larch will not be either a successful or a profitable crop.

When speaking of hardwoods, there is a fairly wide recognition of the soils that suit them best. We live in a hardwood country, and everyone associates chalk with beech and sycamore, clay with oak and hazel, fertile soils with elm, chalky loams with ash, and so forth but the conifer is not so well understood. Regarded as a foreigner, with totalitarian characteristics, he is not very popular, regardless of the fact that one of the most beautiful, Scots pine, is a native tree.

The planting of conifers aims at maximum value per acre in minimum time. Douglas fir is the fastest grower, but the resultant crop is less valuable per acre than larch, which also produces saleable thinnings. The aim of the planter is therefore to grow larch wherever possible, preferring the European variety to the Japanese on the ground of quality.

With a rainfall of 30in. or more and a sandy loam growing lush bracken, European larch is a safe selection, as it is on any fertile soil of agricultural quality. Apart from this, when brambles begin to intermix with the bracken, indicating a wetter and heavier soil the European variety should give

[R. Davey

"OAK WILL GROW SUCCESSFULLY ON QUITE LIGHT SOILS"

place to Japanese larch, which has a wider soil range, and will succeed also on the drier soils of the bracken with heather type. Where heather grows alone neither of the larches should be planted, Scots pine being the proper tree, with Corsican pine suitable for the poorer areas.

On the heavier soils, where brambles predominate, hardwoods are most suitable, but if conifers are desired, then Sitka spruce will succeed on a fairly fertile heavy loam. Douglas fir is the best tree for a heavy soil, though its entire lack of covert value restricts its use on a shooting estate to outlying woods.

Oak is the traditional tree for clay soils, with hazel or elm underwood. With a rainfall of over 30in. Douglas fir will grow equally well. For the wet places in any wood alder is useful as also is Norway spruce. For chalk soils beech is the order of the day. Sycamore grows if there is some admixture of soil. If the surface soil is a brick earth 18in. deep then any tree can be grown.

The only conifers that can be planted on chalk soils with any prospect of success are Austrian pine and Monterey cypress, neither very valuable species. The native yew and juniper grow well but neither are commercial propositions at present.

A safe generalisation is to plant hardwoods on the heavy soils, on chalk and on clay, with the possible exception of Douglas fir, which will not grow on chalk. Conifers are in general more suited to the lighter soils, the sandy loams and sands, provided always that the rainfall is adequate in the case of larch, say over 30in. It is not widely realised that oak will grow successfully on quite light soils, where the sessile variety is preferred to the common or pedunculate oak. A safe rule is that sessile oak will grow wherever larch will grow.

Another use for conifers is as a nurse for hardwoods and to provide meanwhile useful thinnings. The best example is larch used to rear oak or ash, when it can be planted on a heavier soil and in a district of lower rainfall than would be the case were it intended to form the final crop. Care in selection of species is the key to successful planting. To assume, as some appear to do, that any tree will grow anywhere is to court failure.

LOSS OF RATION CARDS

The Ministry of Food announces that in future a fee of 1/- will be charged for replacing a ration book, ration card, or other ration document that has been lost, defaced or destroyed, &c.

COLD WEATHER ON THE FARM

Practical Experiences in Ploughing, Sowing and Dairying

By ANTHONY MARVAL (Farm Manager, The Lord Wandsworth College, Hants.)

WHILST there is possibly much that can be said in favour of a spell of the old-fashioned wintry weather, such as we have recently experienced, and although its beneficial effects may be better appreciated later in the year, the reaction among farmers to that prolonged immobilisation of horses and tractors was one of deep concern. In most cases an extensive ploughing campaign, involving a much larger wheat and bean acreage than usual, had been undertaken, but from the outset, unfortunately, progress with this work was seriously obstructed by continual rain.

On the College farm, for instance, where about 900 acres are actually farmed, between 40 and 50 acres of grassland had been broken up in the course of the summer, but even so on the outbreak of war a further 70 acres of pasture was scheduled for similar treatment. Even with favourable weather such an addition to the normal autumn programme of work would have been a formidable proposition; actually it was only by the extensive use of the furrow press drill, in conjunction with either horse or tractor ploughs that about 160 acres was drilled, mostly wheat, before Christmas. That still left some 40 acres of wheat to be drilled, and the end of the cold spell was very welcome.

Last season our best piece of wheat ultimately proved to be a piece press-drilled behind the sheep fold in early February. For these late sowings we always prefer "Little Joss," for it will ripen in good time, will yield much better than the truer spring types, such as Red Marvel and April Bearded, but still stands well, for its straw does not attain the length of Autumn sown "Joss." A satisfactory crop of this variety has been obtained from mid-March sowing in small experimental plots, but I would not risk drilling on a field scale after the end of February. After that date I would prefer to sow oats, or barley, to wheat.

Those were treacherous days for the horse-keeper. He was torn between the natural desire to make up for lost time with his land work, and the fear of permanent strains or injuries to his horses as a result of premature work on hard ground and slippery surfaces. For most of the past month here the roads were too icy for the dung cart, though it was possible to remove the accumulations from buildings and farm yards to a dump in the nearby rickyard. Even so with a milking herd lying out, and yards devoid of fattening beasts, the volume of dung made was relatively small and the possession of a threshing drum was a most useful means of keeping the farm's labour force regularly employed. It was ideal weather for threshing—dry, no wind to speak of, and hard under foot to facilitate the moving of drum and elevator from site to site.

Wheat, though giving a nice bold sample, is not running very well and a 7-sack per acre average for the whole of last season's crop is about as much as can be expected. The frosts and cold winds of late April were chiefly responsible for this disappointing yield—they seem to produce the death of large numbers of the later tillers—though a very dull flowering period in late June cannot be exempted from blame. Winter sown oats failed here last season in the very severe weather at Christmas, but spring sown oats are yielding unusually well. It is true that the colour is none too good, particularly from crops which were undersown, but the grain is plump and should provide good feed for horses and cows. Here we have grown "Victory" for many years, but though it gives good yields of saleable grain, it lodges rather readily at times.

This season a limited acreage of "Eagle" will also be tried. In general appearance very similar to "Victory", it has been found, in trials carried out here, to yield rather better and to stand distinctly better. The barley crop has been another satisfactory yielder here this season, and the quality too has been surprisingly good. After putting damp grain on one side for grinding for the pigs, and sufficient seed to sow a 100 per cent. increased acreage, the rest was sold for 80/- per quarter. A pity the acreage grown had not been 270 instead of only 27! The same stock of Plumage Archer has been grown on the College farm for many years, but although the introduction of the new, improved "1935" stock of this variety would be desirable the present price of seed barley makes such a course rather difficult to justify.

A THRESHING DRUM HAS BEEN A MOST USEFUL MEANS OF KEEPING THE FARM'S LABOUR FORCE REGULARLY EMPLOYED

It has been ideal weather for threshing—dry with no wind to speak of

A herd of 45 tuberculin-tested, non-pedigree shorthorns are milked by machine on the College farm. Although the cows lie out winter and summer the output of milk did not fall in the recent cold weather, in fact a slight but definite and general rise in yield seemed to indicate that they prefer the dry but cold weather to extreme mildness and wet.

Naturally care was taken to choose night pasture which provided adequate shelter from the wind behind thick hedgerows and undulating ground, and feeding, though carefully controlled was liberal. The daily ration of hay, mangolds, and marrow kale supplied the animal's requirements for maintenance and the production of the first gallon of milk, for stocks of these foods are plentiful this year and their employment in this manner enabled a reduction in the use of purchased concentrates to be made. The daily allowances per head amounted to 16lb. of good quality sainfoin hay, 25lb. of mangolds, and 20lb. of kale. It is the practice here to truss all hay before feeding, while the kale after cutting is carted direct to the cows' pasture.

The following mixture of concentrates is now being fed to all cows yielding more than one gallon of milk. It is keenly relished by the cows, possesses such a variety of foods that the necessary omission, owing to non-arrival, of one ingredient is probably not noticed by the cow, while its cost at current prices is not unreasonable.

The mixture:—

1½	parts	flaked maize.
2	„	earth nut cake.
2½	„	decorticated cotton cake.
2	„	maize germ meal.
2½	„	coconut cake.
4	„	of a proprietary balanced milk cube.
3	„	linseed cake.
2½	„	crushed oats (home grown).

It is given at the rate of 3½lb. per gallon to cows giving four or more gallons daily, and 3lb. per gallon is given to lower yielders.

In addition to the regulation testing for tuberculosis, the entire dairy herd is regularly subjected to the agglutination test for contagious abortion, and the milking herd tested for mastitis. Control measures, introduced about two and a half years ago when over half the herd had been found infected, applied to the last of this fearsome trinity, have been particularly successful. Infected cows, milked last, have gradually been disposed of at the termination of their useful milking lives and no fresh cases of infection have occurred. The benefits resulting from this control policy have been very substantial, for not only was it largely responsible for an increase of 80 gallons in the average annual cow yield, but the precipitous fall in bacterial counts made on the herd's milk supply produced greater "clean milk" bonus payments.

A constant source of trouble to the dairyman at times of any intense cold is the maintenance of adequate supplies of drinking water for the milking cows, for their appetites are large, and if deprived of their accustomed drink there is an immediate response in the form of an alarming drop in yield. A good blowlamp is an essential part of the cowman's winter equipment.

AN EARLY JANUARY PHOTOGRAPH: THAWING OUT THE DRINKING TROUGHS

Curtailment of water supplies results in an alarming drop in milk yield

FARMERS have responded loyally to the Minister of Agriculture's call "to increase and intensify production from their land". But still more land must come under the plough . . .

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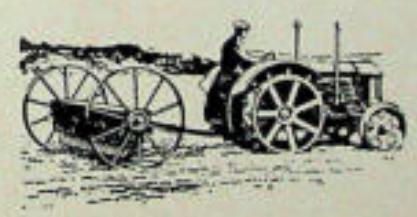

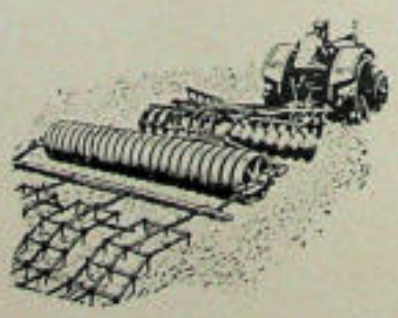

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THE MONTHS THAT COME AFTER

Orderly Planning For Success

By E. WALFORD-LLOYD

HOW rapidly the plough is changing the face of the countryside; and although your real, honest-to-God grassland farmer deplores, secretly in his heart, this change from his beloved pastures, yet he cannot help feeling proud at the magnitude of the effort demanded of him, and his response.

Time has now elapsed sufficiently to make possible a few comments on the quality of the work put in, and the success that has attended such of the cereal crops as have been sown.

To the practised eye it is fairly easy to see where the work has been done by someone who is used to the working of arable land, and where it has been carried out by those who, for the most part, have had only experience of farming pasture land.

This is not written in any spirit of carping criticism, but rather to point out the need for guiding those who, never having had to plough out grassland before, are not quite conversant with the way in which ploughing, and working the land after ploughing, should be carried out.

In some places the pasture was ploughed up in the usual manner, and care was taken to get the turf well under, the land was fairly well harrowed, and the seed corn was drilled.

The result looked pleasing to the ordinary eye, but to the experienced arable land farmer there was room for criticism in that under foot such a field did not tread firmly, and was not sufficiently consolidated to make an ideal tilth obtainable.

The arable land farmer, breaking up an old pasture, took care that in addition to burying the turf, the land or furrow-presser was employed to get that turf down tightly at the bottom of the furrow, and so make a firm seed bed for the grain, or, if he did not use a presser, the roller and the harrows were used until the land was down as tight as a hard road. Not that the surface would be left like a road, for a single harrowing would put a face to it that would prevent it caking from the effect of heavy rain, and yet would not affect, adversely, the consolidation below.

Newly ploughed up grassland, unless thoroughly well consolidated, is inclined to run into hollows, and then the seed corn has not sufficient soil round the roots to enable it to tiller, and when a sharp period of frost is experienced the soil is pushed up from the roots, and there is danger of the plant dying off.

This spring, therefore, should see a return to the old custom of rolling and harrowing the wheat that the harvest may be all that is hoped for next August.

Another thing I should like to see done, and done at once, is to fix the price of mutton for *next year*, 1941, and to fix a price that would operate from January to May, 1941.

This may sound a bit previous, and many may well ask "Why try to fix such a price *now*, when no one can forecast the position that may obtain at that time?"

Now on much of the land being broken up under orders from executive committees forage crops should be grown, and, if possible fed on the land to increase its fertility, and give it a better chance of growing cereal crops that will pay.

I feel that if the price of the best grade Down mutton were to be fixed at from 1/3½ to 1/4 per lb. this would give sheep breeders some sort of encouragement, and would ensure a good deal of land being sown to turnip or swede crops and fed off by sheep, thus leaving the land in excellent heart for oats or barley next year. It is only the first grade mutton prices that I would fix now, the second grades could take care of themselves being mostly produced from grass sheep; and after all it is the arable land flockmaster who deserves some encouragement, for he is producing the highest quality mutton, is doing his land well the whole time, and is thus a most deserving case for a little reward.

I feel sure that it will be only by orderly planning over a period of years that success will be attained, for if by lucky chance the war ended to-morrow, it would be well over a year ere things could return to even semi-normal, and much longer than that to return to normal.

One would like to feel that better business methods were introduced at the Ministry of Food, that Area Live Stock Supervisors understood local conditions a trifle better than they appear to do, and that such vexatious and unsatisfactory methods as telephoning to area headquarters the full particulars of all pigs received at collecting centres immediately after grading could be done away with, for it is not a practical method of dealing with what is, after all, a most important subject for those concerned.

Again complaints are made about the wool control, and especially at the great discrepancy in prices paid to the flockmaster, and the prices charged to manufacturers.

It is true that the authorities are only just discovering how great an industry is agriculture, and how far and wide are its repercussions over all kinds and conditions of other industries.

The most difficult problem the Minister of Agriculture has to solve is how to *make farming pay* for all sorts and conditions of farmers. The man with plenty of capital and credit is holding his own, but the smaller men, and particularly those on what we know as family farms, are having a rough time, and even with credit it puzzles most of us to know how they can ever make it pay. So many cannot even afford to pay for labour, and all they appear to get out of farming is a life which can be termed existing.

Can they be helped?

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service

THE new Agricultural Bill, that passed through its second reading in the House of Commons last week enjoys the title of "Agriculture (Miscellaneous War Provisions) Bill," but it is not just a collection of odds and ends. It contains a number of measures of considerable importance to farmers: some of the provisions may in fact transform the face of many of the neglected parts of the countryside. One of these is the provision of services and equipment to enable those farmers who at the moment have not the necessary cash and cannot obtain the necessary credit to undertake the extra production their country now demands from them. Favourable prices and a guaranteed market will do much to strengthen the basis for credit through the usual channels.

Credit through the banks is the most desirable method. But there will be a number of cases (for example where the farmer, in a small way of business, has no banking account or where the merchant is limiting normal supplies of credit), in which the interests of food production will make it desirable to provide the farmer with the means for playing his part in the campaign. This part of the Bill permits the Minister to put into operation a scheme for the provision of goods and services to assist farmers who need them. The Minister will act through the War Agricultural Executive Committees in this matter, and arrangements will be made for a settling up after the farmer has received payment for his produce. Interest will of course be charged at the usual rates.

Oats, Barley and Rye

Parliamentary authority is being sought to enable those who claim deficiency payments for wheat to obtain as well the higher rate of oats subsidy, if the level of market prices is so low as to bring the subsidy provisions into operation, and to remove the limits to the acreages of oats or of barley for which the full subsidy would in those circumstances be paid. It has also been announced that rye will be eligible for the same price guarantee as oats; and if any subsidy is payable it will depend upon the price of oats, because there are no satisfactory returns for rye prices on which to base any separate figure.

The new Bill fulfils Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's promise to ask Parliament to increase the standard price of the wheat crop harvested in 1939 in order to help farmers finance their 1940 crop. It provides for the standard price to be raised to 11/- per cwt. It also protects farmers against loss from drastic changes in the market price of wheat which is now controlled by the Ministry of Food and may have to be changed from time to time. Last August, for example, wheat was about 4/3 per cwt; on September 9th it became 5/4, and since then it has risen to 7/-.

Under the old method of estimating the average wheat price over the whole year for the purposes of arriving at the deficiency payment figure, farmers who sold their wheat early would be penalised compared with those who are selling now. Therefore there will now be shorter accounting periods, coinciding with periods when there is no marked change in the wheat price, and this will prevent any inequality of deficiency payment.

The Bill provides for a progressive extension by Order, as the situation demands, of the dates up to which the £2 per acre ploughing grant will be payable. It also takes account of the fact that there is some grassland that would not yield a very satisfactory arable crop but would produce more food if it were ploughed up and re-seeded so as to carry more stock. Such land will become eligible for the £2 grant, subject, of course, to approval by the War Agricultural Committees.

The new legislation, broadly speaking gives the Catchment Board power to undertake drainage work, where there is no other drainage authority throughout its whole area and, if need be, in adjacent counties, instead of being confined as heretofore to works connected with the arterial rivers. Where there is an Internal Drainage Board, the Catchment Board cannot do the actual work but it has the duty of seeing that this work is done. The Catchment Boards can thus take over the work of draining and re-conditioning minor watercourses for which county councils have been responsible, and will, with the consent of the local authorities concerned be enabled to undertake work outside their own area. The Government will pay 50 per cent. of the cost of each drainage scheme and the remainder will be paid by the landowners concerned, who may distribute these capital payments over a maximum limit of five years in equal annual instalments.

Many thousands of acres of land are in need of mole-drainage to put them into good heart and in such cases also the Government will bear 50 per cent. of the cost, the remainder being paid by the occupier. The total cost of mole-drainage, is estimated at from 15/- to £3 per acre and the Government's contribution is limited to £1 per acre.

For the want of drainage, but for various other reasons also, there are many thousands of once fertile acres that have gone out of cultivation. The nation certainly cannot afford to have derelict acres in war-time. The County War Agricultural Executive Committees already have powers to take possession of such land with the Minister's consent as well as land that is not being cultivated in accordance with the rules of good husbandry. The Committees may find a suitable tenant in these instances or they may farm the land under their own direction. But considerable expenditure may be needed to bring land of this class back into proper use and no tenant would be very eager to come forward if he felt that he might have to vacate the land just as his labours were likely to be rewarded. Nor would it be right that the State should be deprived of the opportunity of recouping the expenditure made on its behalf. The County Committees, therefore, will be empowered to retain possession of such land for a period up to three years after the end of the war. When the land is given up, the owner can be called upon to pay a sum equal to the improvement in the land's value as a result of the money spent in farming it.

"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, March 5th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The Field Newspaper, 41, Southgate Street, Winchester. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be neat 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.

WAR FARMING NOTE *No. 7 FEBRUARY 1940*

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SELF-SUPPORT from GRASSLAND

The difficulty of bringing livestock safely through this critical winter and the prospect of a long war have clearly demonstrated the vital need to be more self-supporting in feedingstuffs.

It is obvious to everyone that to achieve this means a complete readjustment not only of methods of feeding stock but of utilisation of land for food production. Careful planning is essential, and plans must be made now.

On the larger arable farms it may be possible to grow sufficient corn, beans, kale, rape and other crops for stock feeding, but on small farms, especially in grassland districts, it is very difficult and often impossible to grow enough corn and still have land to spare for hay and grazing.

It is evident that most farmers must turn to grassland to solve feeding problems.

The fact cannot be over-emphasized that, if a farmer has enough reasonably good grassland, he can obtain self-support for his dairy herd, or very near it, from the produce of grassland alone. He can do this, too, without employing extra labour, or upsetting farm routine, and by very simple methods. The total outlay required is only a fraction of that normally spent on imported concentrates.

Good grassland management, not super-farming, is the basis of this achievement.

In essence, the aim is to get plenty of young grass, to extend the grazing season, and to conserve all surplus grass by making it into hay or silage. The grassland of the farm is managed as a whole, treating early grass, grass for ensiling, and hay as separate crops in a three-year rotation.

A number of farmers are already managing their grassland in this way, and have found no difficulty in making enough good food to replace at least ½ ton of balanced dairy cake in the winter feeding of each cow, besides having ample grazing.

Put in another way, two, or at most three, acres of "managed" grassland will provide all the food needed for a cow throughout the entire year.

How this can be done is fully described in the war-time edition of our booklet, "Better Grass–Better Stock", copies of which can be obtained from agricultural merchants or direct from any I.C.I. sales office.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

EMERGENCY CONVERSION OF MOTOR VEHICLES TO PRODUCER GAS

Government Committee's Report

By W. G. McMINNIES

IN May 1937, Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, set up a committee to investigate the possibilities of using producer gas as an alternative fuel to petrol for commercial and passenger service vehicles. This committee's report (price 9d.), has just been published by H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, and makes most interesting reading.

The committee carried out extensive road tests on various kinds of vehicle which led them to conclude that, subject to certain limitations, producer gas could be employed satisfactorily in an emergency as a fuel for road vehicles. They also designed a simple form of producer gas plant which could be made cheaply and quickly by mass production methods and easily fitted to existing vehicles. This plant has been thoroughly tested and is recommended as suitable for manufacture.

In its present form, details and drawings of which are given in the report, the plant is suitable for vehicles up to six tons laden weight and fitted with engines up to four litres in capacity. The gas producer, coolers and filters can be carried on the vehicle or more easily accommodated on a trailer, also designed by the committee. The importance of accurate workmanship in the manufacture of the producer is emphasised.

The annual supply of fuel suitable for providing producer gas is estimated to be sufficient for the requirements of several thousand vehicles at the present time and for as many as ten thousand vehicles in the near future. The manufacture of producer fuels by methods not previously used is being investigated by the committee. The report does not refer to the possibilities of using producer gas as a fuel for private cars or agricultural machines. It would appear, however, that a smaller edition of the plant which they have designed could be used successfully on these types of vehicle.

The cost of operation with producer gas is difficult to estimate because it is bound up with such factors as loss of power when compared with petrol, loss of loading space and extra cost of servicing the plant. Actual fuel costs, however, should be materially less than with petrol.

Other points from the committee's conclusions are that cylinder wear may be increased considerably unless great care is taken in filtering the gas, that modifications to the engine are unnecessary, although raising the compression to eight to one would be an advantage, and that the fitting of complicated controls is unnecessary. They also point out that there is little danger either from fire or from the asphyxiating properties of the fuel used, *i.e.*, anthracite.

And finally it is noted that while producer gas can be used successfully on vehicles employed on a number of short journeys, punctuated by stops, its most suitable and economical use is on long distance runs. In the course of the road tests of vehicles operated by the committee, a total distance of over 170,000 miles was covered. Thirty-three vehicles were in use fitted with six types of producer. The behaviour of each unit was most carefully observed throughout the trials and it was as a result of the data thus gained, plus the invaluable work of the Fuel Research Station, that the committee eventually were able to produce their own recommended design of plant.

This plant consists in the producer in which the gas is made, the coolers which cool the hot gas made in the producer, the filters which purge the gas of minute solid particles which would otherwise damage the engine, and lastly the controls by which the quantity of gas and air supplied to the engine is regulated. The "Emergency" producer designed and recommended by the committee consists of a cylindrical shell 4ft. 6in. high and 1ft. 6in. in diameter. There is a fuel charging door at the top, an ash discharging door at the bottom, a water-cooled air intake, and a gas offtake. The water radiator is fitted round the upper part of the producer shell.

The coolers and filters for mounting on a trailer, the method of fitting recommended as most convenient, form separate units. The gas from the producer passes in series through four cylindrical coolers, each about 3ft. 6in. long and 6ft. in diameter, arranged in pairs on each side of the chassis. The cooled gas then passes through the filtering unit consisting of two vertical cylinders. Here the gas passes through four beds of sizal tow, the filtering medium found the most suitable as the result of the aforementioned tests. The report discusses the pros and cons of mounting the plant on the vehicle and the alternative of carrying it separately on a trailer. Obviously each operator will have to decide for himself which is the better plan for his own vehicle and the work it has to do. In general the committee favour the use of a trailer.

A very simple form of manual control is suggested. In this the gas is introduced into the induction system between the inlet manifold and standard petrol carburetter, the only modification to which is the fitting of a hand control to the throttle. The gas throttle, fitted close to the junction, is controlled by the accelerator pedal, while an air admission valve, controlled by hand, is fitted just before the throttle and a cock for turning off the petrol is also needed.

This design enables the engine to be started up on petrol in the normal way, manœuvred on petrol when the producer trailer is detached and quickly re-converted to petrol when occasion arises. It is also pointed out that, with the exception of an occasional adjustment to the air valve, the control of the producer gas driven vehicle is similar to that of a petrol driven machine. In discussing the operation of producer gas vehicles, the general suitability of this fuel as an alternative to petrol for use in an emergency is stressed. Its main disadvantage is a reduction of power which may amount to as much as 60 per cent. when compared with petrol. But even that failing could be completely overcome by the use of specially designed engines of large size.

In an ordinary conversion problem with which the committee were concerned the loss of power can be offset to some extent by raising the compression. This may affect the engine's running on petrol and may also call for the employment of special sparking plugs and some modification to the timing of the ignition. In general, it is stated, the producer gas driven vehicle is one gear worse than it would be when using petrol. On the level, of course, this weakness would not be noticed, but on hills it is a definite disadvantage. Even so, there should never be any difficulty in dealing with main road hills.

No special difficulty is expected to arise in training drivers accustomed to petrol engine control to accustom themselves to the use of producer gas. When lighting up the anthracite from cold, the engine is started on petrol and used as an exhauster to draw the flame through the fuel bed from a torch inserted in the mouth of the air intake on the producer. The fuel starts to ignite in about a minute and the vehicle will move off on producer gas in two to four minutes from the time the torch is inserted.

Full power, however, is not available for twenty minutes or so and during this period it may be necessary to adjust the air control valve. After that the performance settles down to a steady flow and control is no more complicated than when running on petrol. As the anthracite is burned, its level in the producer falls and it becomes necessary to refuel the container from time to time, depending on the size of the engine, load carried and running conditions.

The fuel consumption of a vehicle with a gross laden weight of about 6 tons varies from one and a half to two pounds per mile. Thus in some cases distances of 120–150 miles may be covered on a single filling of anthracite. With bulkier fuels, such as low temperature coke, the mileage will naturally be less. Re-charging is simple enough and is effected by filling the container from sacks of fuel carried on the vehicle. The removal of ash and clinker is generally done the morning after the journey so as to allow these by-products to cool down. As it is difficult to ensure rapid ignition with partly consumed fuel it is always advisable to empty the producer and re-charge it with fresh fuel before starting a new run.

To make a good start after a halt of, say, a quarter of an hour's duration, it is advisable to keep the engine idling so as to maintain the condition of the fuel bed. If the engine is stopped for an hour or so it will probably be necessary to re-start it on petrol and to draw up the fire before changing over to producer gas. It should not, however, be necessary under these conditions to apply the torch to the air inlet.

Again and again in the report the importance of keeping the filters clean is stressed. As already pointed out, bad filtering of the gas may cause very serious cylinder wear owing to the abrasive action of the impurities allowed to pass the filter.

As regards fuels it is stated that they should be free from tarry compounds and ash. The size grading is important, tests having proved that the best is from ¾in. to ¾in., although fair results may be obtained with gradings of ¾in. to $\frac{3}{16}$in. While the advantages of dried fuel are emphasised, the difficulty of procuring it led the committee to design their plant for operation with wet fuel.

A LANCHESTER FOURTEEN SPORTS SALOON IN WINTRY ENVIRONMENT

PATHFINDER ILLUMINATED WALKING STICK

Manufactured by A. G. Spalding and Bros., this stick is stoutly made of solid hickory, dark stained and polished. There is a knob of hickory, housing counter-sunk switch. The shaft is hollowed at top to take an electric bulb, contacts, and battery. A small triangular aperture about 10in. below the knob, allows the light to shine downwards only. For Army officers, A.R.P. workers and all pedestrians who go by night, this is an excellent protection. Price 12/6.

BRIDGE

AN INTERESTING HAND

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

ALL the way from Tangier comes an interesting query, or rather two queries.

At a love score the dealer holds :—

♠ A, K, J, 8. ♡ 9, 8, 6. ◇ 3, 2. ♣ A, K, 10, 9.

"How," my correspondent asks, "would the majority of ranking Contract players call this hand?" and if the hand is opened, "What percentage (roughly) of the top grade players would bid 'One Spade'?"

My correspondent is apparently an American, or perhaps American influence predominates in Tangier; for ranking player and top grade player are Americanisms that mean a first class player. Not that this definition gets us much forrader, since it is well known that every bridge player thinks himself 40 per cent. better than he is, and considers every other bridge player to be 40 per cent. worse than he is. Hence, I am not prepared to say (not even roughly) what percentage of the first class players would bid "One Spade" with this hand; but the hand is of sufficient interest to merit discussion in the light of common sense and modern bidding principles.

Now it is clear that a hand that contains four honour tricks cannot be passed, and the queries, therefore, resolve themselves into the simple question: should a player, holding the above hand, open with a bid of "One Spade" or "One Club"?

To many of our leading players (notably Captain Kempson) an opening bid of "One" with a four-card major suit is anathema. These players, therefore, would always open with "One Club," and on principle. They are, however, in the minority, and the majority of players now accept the view that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with opening with a bid on a four-card major suit, always provided that there is no better bid in the hand.

When a hand contains two biddable suits, the principle, laid down in most text books, is to bid the higher valued suit first and bid the lower valued suit on the next round of the bidding. The object of this is to enable partner to make a choice of suits without increasing the contract. To some extent this principle is outmoded; for to-day we hear a lot about reverse bidding, the principle of which, as the name implies, is to bid the lower valued suit first and then the higher valued suit.

As a general rule it is rarely advisable to "reverse" when holding two four-card suits, since it merely misleads partner as to the length of the suits. And, indeed, with a 4, 4, 3, 2 distribution it is usually preferable to bid the higher valued suit first, and, after partner's response, bid "Two No-Trumps," or "Three No-Trumps" according to the strength of the hand; for it rarely avails anything to show the minor suit. Yet, either on purpose or by chance, my correspondent has sent me a hand which is almost ideal for reverse bidding; for reverse bidding is intimately connected with the Principle of Preparedness (Principle of Anticipation if you prefer) and this principle may be defined as the selection of a bid, or response, so that partner's bid will not leave a fresh problem. And it is clear that if the opening bid on the above hand is "One Spade," and partner responds with either "Two Hearts" or "Two Diamonds," it would be dangerous, not to say misleading, to bid "Three Clubs," and "Two No-Trumps" is undesirable with one suit unguarded and no strength in partner's suit. But if reverse bidding is used, the opening bid is "One Club," and the Spades can safely be bid over any response made by partner, since they need not be bid at a higher level than "Two."

Hence, the answer to my correspondent appears to be that the best modern players would open the bidding with "One Club," not because a four-card major suit bid is anathema, but because the Principle of Preparedness makes it a better bid than "One Spade."

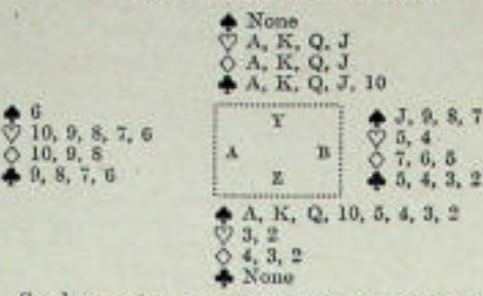
There is one other case where reverse bidding is justified with a 4, 4, 3, 2 distribution. It occurs when one of the four-card suits is a major suit headed by two and a half honour tricks, and the other four-card suit is a minor suit headed by two honour tricks. With such a hand as :—

♠ A, K, Q, x. ♡ x, x. ◇ A, K, x, x. ♣ x, x, x

for example, the best opening bid is "One Diamond." If partner responds with "One Heart," you bid "One Spade." If partner responds with "Two Clubs" or with "One No-Trump" you respond with "Two Spades." It will be seen readily enough, that if you open the bidding with "One Spade" there is no satisfactory reply to whatever response partner may make; for if partner responds with "One No-Trump" or with "Two Clubs," "Two Diamonds" is misleading; and if partner responds with "Two Hearts," "Two No-Trumps" is undesirable and "Three Diamonds" is dangerous.

In most other situations, where you hold a 4, 4, 3, 2 distribution, it is preferable to bid the higher valued suit first and then bid No-Trumps, if it is not possible to bid the lower valued suit at the level of "Two."

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Spades are trumps. Z to lead. Z and Y to win all thirteen tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Trick 1. Z leads 2◇. Y ruffs with 2♠.
Trick 2. Y leads 2♡. Z ruffs.
Trick 3. Z leads 3◇. Y ruffs with 3♠.
Tricks 4, 5 *and* 6. Y makes A♠, K♠, and K♡. Z discards 3♣.
Trick 7. Y leads 5♣. If B wins with K♣, then last two tricks are won by Z. If A wins with A♣, then last two tricks are won by Y.

CHESS

EUWE v. KERES

The ninth game of the match. It shows a very fine combination by Keres.

(*Indian Defence.*)

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

(a) Threatening either Kt to Kt 5 or P to K 4.
(b) This is, we think, premature. White should first complete his development.
(c) Not 12. . . . P takes P because of 13. B takes P, B takes R; 14. Q takes B, Kt to R 3; 15. P to B 4 with advantage in position to White.
(d) If 14. P takes P, then 14. . . . Kt to B 4 followed, if 15. P to Q Kt 4, by 15. . . . Kt takes P; 16. B takes P, B takes B; 17. Q takes B, B to B 5 with a good game for Black.
(e) A very good move. If, instead, P to K 4, then P to Q Kt 4.
(f) Threatening B takes Kt followed by B takes P, ch.
(g) A neat reply.
(h) White appears to have nothing better than 18. P takes P although after 18. . . . Kt takes P Black would have a very good game.
(i) If, instead, P takes P, then B takes Q P.
(j) If 21. P takes P, then 21. . . . B takes Q P; 22. R takes B, Q to K 2, regaining the piece and remaining a pawn ahead.
(k) Black is a pawn ahead and has a pair of Bishops.
(l) This sacrifice is the beginning of a very fine combination.
(m) A fine move.
(n) If 25. Kt to K 3, then 25. . . . R takes B; 26. R to K sq, Q R to K sq and wins. If, instead, 25. K to R sq, then 25. . . . R takes B, to be followed by Q R to K sq and R to K 7, against which threat White is helpless.
(o) White appears to have no satisfactory move.
(p) If 29. R takes P, then 29. . . . B takes Kt, ch; 30. K takes B, R to K 7, ch followed by 31. . . . B takes R.
(q) A fine move, threatening B to R 6 followed by R to K 8, mate.
(r) Finishing in splendid style.
(s) If K to B sq, then R to Kt 8, ch. If, instead, K to R sq, then B to Kt 2, ch and mate in two more moves.
(t) If 35. K to Kt 2, then 35. . . . B to B 4, ch. If, instead, 35. K to K 4, then 35. . . . R to K sq, ch; 36. K to Q 5 (if K to Q 3, then B to B 4, mate), B to B 6, ch; 37. Q to K 4, B takes Q, mate.

TOURNAMENT IN LONDON

A game from the first round.

(*Sicilian Defence.*)

WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. Dr. Fazekas.	WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. Dr. Fazekas.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	14. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	15. R to K sq (f)	Q to Kt 3
3. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	16. B to K 3	Q takes P
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	17. B takes P	R to R sq
5. B to Kt 5, ch	kt to B 3 (b)	18. B to B 5	B to B 4
6. P to Q 4	Kt to B 2	19. Q takes B	Q takes Kt
7. P to Q 5 (c)	Kt takes B	20. P to Q 6	Q to B 3
8. Kt takes Kt	Q to R 4, ch	21. P takes P (g)	Q takes Q
9. Kt to B 3	Kt to Kt 5	22. P takes B, =Q, ch	K to Q 2
10. Castles	B to B 4		
11. Kt to K sq	R to Q sq	23. Q R to Q sq, ch	K to B 2
12. P to Q R 3	P to B 5 (d)	24. Q to Q 6, ch	Resigns (h)
13. Q to B 3	Kt tks B P (e)		

(a) P to Q 3, transposing into the 2. . . . P to Q 3 variation, is safer.
(b) If 5. . . . B to Q 2, then 6. Kt to K 5, B takes B (or 6. . . . Kt takes Kt; 7. Q to B 3); 7. Q to B 3, P to B 3; 8. Kt takes B, P takes Kt; 9. Q takes Kt, Q takes Q; 10. Kt to B 7, ch, K to Q 2; 11. Kt takes Q with advantage to White.
(c) Much better than P takes P, to which Black would reply with Q takes Q, ch followed by B to Kt 5.
(d) Not P to K 3 because of B to Kt 5, threatening either P takes Kt or B takes K. The text-move, however, is not good. Black should, instead, play 12. . . . Kt takes Q P, to be followed, after 13. Kt takes Kt, by 13. . . . P to B 5.
(e) A bad move since it allows White to get his King's Rook into action. Black should, instead, play B to B sq.
(f) White has the better game since Black cannot develop his King's side. If now 15. . . . P to K Kt 3, then 16. Q to B 6, B to K Kt sq; 17. P to Q 6. R to Q 2 (if P to K 3, then R takes P, ch); 18. B to Kt 5, Q to Q sq (again, if P to K 3, then R takes P, ch); 19. Kt to Kt 5 with a winning game for White.
(g) Finishing neatly.
(h) After K to B sq there follows B to Kt 6.

PROBLEM No. 4054

By A. C. CHALLENGER.*

Black (5 pieces).

White (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

*Observer, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4053

1. Q to Q 8, Any move; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

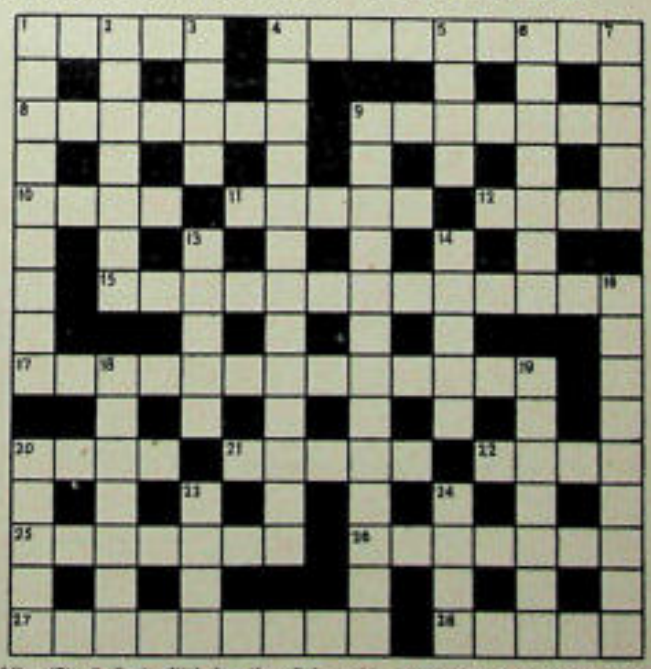
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 556

ACROSS.—1, Behead the game and get the birds, but not game ones (5). 4, Muddled scarfs about her suggest an assistant or rival to Cupid (9). 8, In order to be systematic the senior officer has taken the grain and mixed it (7). 9, A pastoral god has to be firm in finding a low level (7). 10, What is said here is confused (4). 11, Whilst here it is material to be brief perhaps (5). 12, Take a step the other way, and look for a vehicle (4). 15, The more go down shafts make it easy to discover a nocturnal insect (9, 4). 17, Not out-of-door accomplishments (7, 6). 20, A shell with an order, and probably an unpleasant surprise (4). 21, Might possibly be a bargain if I wasn't in it (5). 22, There is an alternative in me (4). 25, "I was not of —— descent" (Shakespeare) (7). 26, "Yes, penitent and ——"(7). 27, The gangster makes quite a lot of noise before he starts business (9). 28, We all hope to make this about Christmastide (5).

DOWN.—1, Our parliamentary representative is always in at the finish of this sporting event (5, 4). 2, It sounds good advice to "keep your hair on" when giving or taking a scolding (7). 3, Just a little less than 7 down (4). 4, "Bird in cage cut" sounds like a tragic title, but it really turns out to be just a game (7, 6). 5, Obtain as reward of labour (4). 6, In Spain there should be plenty of this grass to spare (7). 7, Like most Scots he has plenty of grit (5). 9, An officer who is likely to have plenty of floating capital to look after (15). 13, With long neck and legs you may see her on the marshes (5). 14, A well-known one came from Nantes (5). 16, "He is too much given to —— in his raillery" (Dryden) (9). 18, The state almost to a T for the sentimental (7). 19, Though contemptuous he certainly should have a good appetite (7). 20, "Sweet is the rose but grows upon a ——" (Spenser) (5). 23, We take it for granted that all our seasons are (4). 24, Aromatic, and if sport might suggest mint sauce (4).

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. 555

Published February 10th

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

Do Severe Winters damage Salmon Spawn?—If the redds (which are in effect small hills of gravel) in which the ova are incubating become frozen, it is probable that a considerable loss occurs. More damage is done by ice than by floods, but the risk in any given season depends a good deal on height of water in the autumn. If floods at spawning time have invited salmon to spawn in the small feeders, there is much risk from frost after the water has fallen. Cold water delays hatching, however, and this is probably an advantage, since there is more chance of food being available when the fry have grown to the feeding stage.—*H. L., Somerset.*

Cards

Twelve Tricks at Piquet.—The rule is: A player winning every trick scores 40 points for "capot," these points including the scores for the odd trick and for the last trick. *Note:* In some circles one point for the last card is still scored, but it is not in accordance with modern practice, although allowed in old editions of *Hoyle.*—*J. C. B., Sherborne.*

Country House

To Destroy Moles.—Red squill powder is commonly used as a poison and is comparatively harmless to larger animals. The baits are prepared as follows:—Worms are cut into 2in. strips, and are coated with a mixture of equal parts of fine flour and red squill powder in the proportion of 20 per cent. by weight of the mixture to the weight of the worms. Shreds of meat can be soaked in a liquid extract of red squill for twenty-four hours before use.—*L. P., Hants.*

Hunting

Fox Cubs and Wounds.—Fox cubs are born about April, and the period of gestation is usually from 60 to 65 days. There would appear to be no settled opinion as to whether a fox will lick its own wounds, and the question is frequently asked. The inductive method is notoriously dangerous, but we quote the two following instances. About ten years ago we were hunting in Berkshire one day when hounds found a trapped fox. When he was released he certainly licked the raw places before making off. Another instance of the same kind was related to us as having happened in Australia. We imagine that a gunshot wound would be likely to have the same effect, but regret that we cannot quote any specific instances.—*Sir R. A., Bart., Guestling, Sussex.*

Kennel

Syrup of Iodide.—The dose of the syrup of iodide of iron for a dog of the weight mentioned would be about 15 drops morning and night, and might be continued with for 10-15 days. The action is more constipating than laxative, so it may be necessary to give an occasional dose of medicinal paraffin, say a dessertspoonful, to ensure a free action of the bowels.—*C. J. B., Norwich.*

Protection against Distemper.—The injection of the vaccine confers some degree of immunity, but the latter is only of short duration, and a solid immunity, as it is called, can only be obtained by the vaccine followed by the virus.—*J. M., Cambridge.*

Bad Breath.—As your dog has been examined by two veterinary surgeons it is difficult to suggest the cause of his bad breath. Probably more often than not this arises from overfeeding, but it may be attributable to a disordered stomach, worms or an affection of the nasal passages. If the dog has not been treated for worms recently, give a vermifuge. You might also try the homœopathic nux vomica mentioned in the previous answer. We should give him more active exercise than he can obtain by running about the garden.—*E. A. W., Barnet.*

Miscellaneous

Preservation of Hunting Boots.—The best thing to do with hunting boots which it is desired to store for a greater or lesser time is to treat them as follows:—First of all sponge the boots well, as though for cleaning in the ordinary way; this is important as it will remove any of the acid grease which may have been worked on to them in the course of use; they should then be well cleaned and polished. When this has been done they should be carefully smeared all over with a coating of a good quality grease such as that which is sold by first-class boot-makers under the name of "Dryfoot Grease," an alternative is Dubbin, but this is not so good. The grease will preserve the boots and, provided that it is not spread too thickly, will be absorbed in time, and will in no way interfere with subsequent polishing. The boots should be wrapped up in bags or other covering to protect them from the dust and should then be stored in a dry place which is not too hot.—*H. J. C., Hereford.*

Shooting

Distemper in Ferrets.—Distemper or sweat usually attacks young ferrets. If they are really healthy, they seldom suffer seriously. Lack of suitable feeding in the way of fresh flesh and damp or dirty hutches are some of the chief predisposing causes. The best way to treat a sick animal is to wash it with carbolic soap in warm water in which is mixed a little Condy's fluid. After drying, wrap it in warm flannel and place in separate hutch. Dose it with cod liver oil and give it warm milk. Repeat the treatment if necessary and feed on eggs and milk and beef juice from fresh meat.—*P. L., Staffordshire.*

Heavy Load in Game Gun.—Cartridges of 2½in. length for use in ordinary 12-bore game guns that are loaded with 1¼oz. of shot are manufactured as proprietary goods by certain ammunition firms and are not loaded by retailers or gunmakers. There is no increase in the powder charge but a special progressive burning powder of dense type is used, which is specially suited to driving the heavy shot load. Such cartridges are the Maximum and Alphamax of I.C.I. and the Ace of Mullerite. A retailer would procure them for you.

1¼oz. of No. 7 shot is not recommended as this would cause rather too much recoil, since small shot tends to give greater recoil than larger shot. No. 5 or 5½ would be preferable and No. 4 for very long shots.

If you fire very many such cartridges you may feel some extra recoil with any shot size, but you will in no case impose any extra strain on your gun.—*R. S. C., Clyro.*

Air Rifles.—Both of the makes of air rifle mentioned are excellent and thoroughly reliable. In our opinion there is little to choose, the question really being one of personal preference.

However, since the weapon is required for sporting work we certainly advise you to have it in .220 bore, as the heavier bullet will be found more deadly against rooks, &c., and especially rabbits.—*J. F., Cobham.*

Cartridge Tests

Your purple cartridges contained a bare 29 grains of E.C. powder and 31/32oz. No. 5 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,074 feet per second with medium recoil. Patterns (30in. circle 40yds choke barrel) averaged 66 per cent. and were fairly even. These cartridges should prove effective but are certainly not up to the maker's usual high standard. Personally we consider the powder and shot charge not well balanced.—*A. S. P., Grange-over-Sands.*

Stable

Cure for Cracked Heels.—If your filly is suffering from badly cracked heels we should advise you to wash them out and thoroughly dry them, and then give an application of zinc ointment, which may be obtained from any chemist. The preparation will be found more efficacious if a small amount of sulphur is mixed with it. Your filly will probably be as well without the light shoes until the wounds are healed. Impress on your groom that the ointment must be well rubbed in at least once a day.—*E. S., Cumberland.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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.

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - 283
THE SHOT GUN OR THE RIFLE? - - - - 285
SOME PROBLEMS OF HOUND FEEDING - - - 286
SELECTING AND MANAGING THE FIRST PONY - 287
SALMON PROSPECTS FOR WEST COUNTRY RIVERS 288
A DISOBEDIENT GUN-DOG - - - - - - 288
FINNS WE KNOW AND RUSSIANS WE DO NOT KNOW 289
WOMAN OWNER'S OUTSTANDING SUCCESSES ON THE TURF - - - - - - - - 290
FROM A HUNTING LOG-BOOK - - - - - 290
THE LUCK OF THE GAME - - - - - - 291
THIS PEST THE PIGEON GIVES FINE SPORT - 292
THE MAINTENANCE OF PARTRIDGE STOCKS - 293
MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING - - 295
A PROBLEM IN IDENTIFICATION - - - - 296
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - 297
MEMORIES OF MARTINGALES - - - - - 298
FROM THE FEBRUARY CALENDAR AT HOME AND ABROAD - - - - - - 299
WAIFS AND STRAYS AT THE ZOO - - - - 300
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - 300
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 300
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - 301
A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS - 303
SPRING FLOWERING EVERGREENS - - - - 306
KITCHEN GARDEN CROP ROTATION - - - - 306
THERE IS PROFIT IN EARLY SALADS - - - 307
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - 307
THE WISDOM THAT WAS THEIRS - - - - 308
CARE OF DRIVES AND PATHS - - - - - 308
HUNTING COMPETITION FOR SERVICE READERS - 309
A NEW YEAR'S DAY NIGHTMARE - - - - 310
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - 311
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - 312

AGRICULTURAL PROBLEMS

THE recent debate in the House of Commons on Agriculture provides much food for thought. The Government's policy came in for severe criticism from both sides of the House, and on votes taken on two amendments—one on the ploughing subsidy proposed by Mrs. Tate, the other on drainage proposed by Mr. T. Williams—they had very small majorities; 33 in the first case and 49 in the second, so small that they must have come as a considerable shock to the front bench.

Evidently the Government's policy is now causing almost as much disquiet in the House as it is in the country. We agree entirely with Mr. Lloyd George in thinking that the food position in this country is serious, and we agree, too, that the speeches coming from Ministers are altogether too casual and leisurely. We agree, wholeheartedly, that the production of more, and yet more, home-grown food is absolutely essential. And we agree that there are some millions of areas of waterlogged land in this country which, properly drained, could produce much food. With many points that Mr. Lloyd George makes, not only in this but in most of his speeches, we do not find ourselves in agreement, but on drainage he has our fullest support.

We were, in the columns of the *Field*, drawing attention to this question of drainage some four years ago. The position is better to-day than it was then, but only slightly better, and Mr. Ramsbotham's statement that a great deal of drainage had been carried out in recent years was obviously comparative (he had to admit that there had been no surveys of the acreage dealt with since 1927, and that there was no entirely correct figure available). Drainage, as every farmer, but unfortunately not every Member, knows, is all important. And our drainage system has been neglected for many years. We wish that this amendment, although it meant compulsion, had received yet greater support.

The ploughing-up scheme has received well merited support, and has beyond any measure of doubt been a great success. But its continued success depends upon the sane judgment of the county war executives. There is much evidence in support of Mrs. Tate's assertion that the land being ploughed up is in many instances land that will not produce crops at present. In some counties there seems to be too much of a "record-breaking" spirit altogether, and land is ploughed up, irrespective of its merits for crop producing, on the principle apparently that every acre counts. The British farmer knows his land and is a conscientious craftsman. That much of our land has gone out of cultivation is not his fault. He might, we suggest, be allowed to use his own discretion as to the suitability or not of land to be ploughed more frequently in the future.

In going bald-headed for the ploughing of land, do not let us forget that the livestock position is also serious; do not let us forget that we still need a dairying industry, and a poultry industry, and a sheep farming industry.

The debate raises two other points. Colonel Colville was the Government spokesman on Mrs. Tate's amendment and that is beyond criticism. Mr. Ramsbotham, who is First Commissioner of Works, was the spokesman on drainage. Why? Sir Samuel Hoare, who now apparently has something to do with Agriculture and who is in the Cabinet, was in the House.

This was a most important debate, yet it was most inadequately reported generally speaking. *The Daily Telegraph* alone gave it the space it deserved. We would urge, as strongly as we can, that all those readers of the *Field* who are interested in our country's agriculture and realise its immense importance, at this time, should make a point of subscribing to *Hansard*. They will then at least know what has been said on vital national issues.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 312.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

MISLEADING FIGURES

UNEMPLOYMENT has quite suddenly come to the fore again. Articles stressing the fact that the figures are misleading are prominent at the time of the monthly call-over, and Mr. Ernest Brown, when the last figures (which he says showed an increase that was entirely misleading), made a magnificently complacent speech over the wireless. No doubt the figures are misleading. No doubt the position has improved immensely. But the fact remains that whenever a count is taken there are some 1,300,000 unemployed. And this figure does not include the black-coated worker, a great many of whom have lost their jobs since war broke out. Mr. Brown has perhaps forgotten them. But each call-up takes some 250,000 men, and the R.A.F. want more men, and the land wants men, and Mr. Churchill wants one million women to go into munition factories. We think the figures must be misleading. They do not add up. And meanwhile the monthly call-over remains a blot on the nation's name.

SCHOOLS SEVEN-A-SIDES

Last year the Rosslyn Park Rugby Club organised for the first time a Public Schools Seven-a-side tournament at the Old Deer Park, Richmond. The enterprise proved as successful as it was popular. It is good to learn that in spite of war conditions, plans are being made for another tournament this year, to take place on the Old Deer Park on April 6th. Invitations to enter teams have been sent to some hundred schools in England, Scotland and Wales, and there is little doubt that a large number will accept, for the boys last year obviously enjoyed the novelty of this concentrated form of the game as much as the club teams that have normally taken part in the tournament organised by the Middlesex County Union, which we can hardly expect to take place this year. One of the great points about these tournaments is that they bring together players who do not otherwise meet, and this should be a valuable influence in the game's development among the schools. But the tournament is chiefly enjoyable, as are most of the club tournaments, as a jolly day of mixed Rugby—and it will be a very full day indeed if the schools respond as is expected. The Rosslyn Park Club is planning to have two pitches available for the games. The Schools tournament, by the way, follows that of the Hospitals on the Richmond Athletic Ground on March 30th, so that Richmond will provide seven-a-side competitions on two consecutive Saturdays.

THOUGHT FOR ANGLERS

There would hardly seem to be much connection, normally, between road works and angling, but such an association does exist in regard to the Winchester by-pass, which has just been opened to traffic, and the lesson to be learned is one that might well be commended to local authorities in general and to such commercial concerns as might be similarly placed and financially able to follow the example.

During the construction of this seven miles of roadway, considerable difficulties and obstacles have been met with, and overcome, so that the consideration which has been given to interests which could hardly be said to be an integral part of the scheme is the more commendable.

Quite an important part of the work was the system of drainage to carry off surface water, and the nearness of the River Itchen would seem to be a very convenient channel for the purpose, yet none of the surface water from the roadway passes direct to this famous trout river. Weirs and gullies discharge the water into ditches and thence into soakaways, so that any possible pollution which might cause injury to fish or plant life is avoided. Such thoughtfulness and consideration on the part of the designers of the scheme and those who approved it is deserving of the highest praise.

NOCTURNE, 1940

I thought I saw the hands of all mankind
Lifted to God in plea,
Their suppliant fingers opened or entwined
Across the sky's dark sea.

I thought they turned to silver pens, that drew
The shape of heart's desire,
Till, from the curtained firmament, there flew
A pale moth, clothed in fire.

I thought I read the message of release,
Written on heaven's height;
And then I heard the shattering of the peace,
As great guns shook the night.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

AFTER such a continuity of frosts that the temperature almost fell to the bottom of the gulf of zero, the world rose one day draped in such exceeding beauty as I have never seen in all the years of the twentieth century. The alchemy of the rime had transformed everything, and with painstaking magic had not despised or neglected anything. A piece of string looped over a twig was a rope of pearls; the embrowned dead stems of giant hemlock were like altar plate on tripods; the arched sprays of the asparagus like fountains of white fire; grass stems switches of silver; fields a cloth of silver; every twig, dead leaf, wisp of cow's hair, scrap of litter and capsule or withered husk were transmuted into regalia of such delicacy and foam lightness as had never been seen in any court. The very dung-heaps were bejewelled, the humblest weed was draped with lace embroidery, and the rime disdained no smallest twig to plate with silver and emboss with ornament. The faggot pile was a hoard of ingots of silver, as though I had been enriched overnight. Every field was cloth of silver, every leaf tasselled, every bush and treehead pricked out in filigree, every stem a magic horn, every woody knot a star, and every hedgerow dressed in moonshine.

An old cottage of wichert and long flowing lines of thatch stood under tall elms leading into a spinney. Now it had a roof of silver and the crowns of the trees above it were clouds and domes of silver which, when closely viewed, made such an intricacy of lacework as seemed a free gift of all the past generations of lace-makers. "It's a wonderland," as one farmer said to me, while another compared the scene with a picture postcard, and that was his way of trying to convey a world of pure fantasy. A fall of snow would have coarsened the whole and destroyed the filigree.

The larger elms in black and silver were the most beautiful tapestry of all because of their mesh of twigs and, when the sun cleared the mist and shone full on one of these tall elms, set on the brow of a hill and with nothing beyond it but an expanse of the palest, pastel-blue sky, the enchantment could go no further. A delicate heap of gold encrusted each twig and branch. It seemed as though this redemptive rime had picked out the ugliest litter of our defiled countryside to lavish its graces upon them and to touch them with its wand. Particularly so with the tousled, gawky, dishevelled hedgerows, unpleached for donkeys' years. There wilderness gave the hoar frost the greater opportunity to weave its subtle complex traceries into a wondrous arras. The cottage under the silver clouds was a life-size scene in some absurdly realistic fairy story. The wire netting enclosing a poultry run might have been the hair-net of the ice queen. The whole globe seemed like a single crystal flung on its course by such beings as we wot not of.

The rooks, being very tame from hunger, perched on a silver bush a few yards from me, and these black angels looked like patrols of Satan's regiments that had captured another Paradise very remote from the one they had lost. A kind of filminess was spread over all as though this magic world would suddenly unloose its anchorage and float off like gossamer, leaving us naked in space. There was complete stillness; no sound of wheels smote the road, no bough loaded with silver so much as trembled. The world might have been a thousand fathoms under the sea, and the sense of a sea-change "into something rich and strange" was the more impressed upon the observer from the clustering of the spicules making formations like white coral. An unreal world, indeed. But it seemed to make the more so the preposterous doings of man, his crazy sufferings, his lunatic ambitions, and his insane energies.

Yet man possesses the spark of life, of more intrinsic worth than all the starry splendours of the frozen earth. The beauty was transcendent, but at the same time terrible and estranging, something in which living beings could have no part. The first primrose in the wood would be of more virtue to us than this majestical roof fretted with such plasterwork against the blue sky such as not the greatest of craftsmen could ever achieve. Man has dishonoured this spark of life, but the glories of a dead world appeared to make it more precious than all the company of the frozen stars.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a famous provincial paper: "It is not only leakages to this enemy that we need to be on our guard against in our casual talk. The black out provides a good many opportunities for opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, all quite near home."

A Practice Sight

THE SHOT GUN OR THE RIFLE?

By Major H. C. MAYDON

OFTEN is the question asked, "Which do you prefer, gun or rifle shooting?" Was there ever a query more difficult to answer? If it means, "Would you prefer a day's grouse driving to a day's stalking?" most people would vote for the gun. If you offered me a week's duck shooting in India against a week's stalking anywhere—well, almost anywhere—I should choose the duck. But if you were a magician and could proffer the choice of a whole season's scatter gun shooting against putting me within 100 miles of some beast I wanted, say an Arabian oryx, a Spanish ibex or an Ovis Poli, there would be no hesitation. A real prize means business, while the other is a pleasurable pastime.

I shall always think that the actual pulling of the trigger is the very least of all game sport. We can all admire a fine shot, hiding our envy as best we may, but half of it is a natural eye and the other half practice; the real sport is finding the stuff. That is why shooting in England is generally unnatural. Of course, there is the old excuse, people have not got the time. Why not? Is life so full then that a man cannot find time for a thing worth doing? One is inclined to label such as a mere shooter and he will miss half the sport of the game.

A spaniel can give it you, that lacking sporting half, just a funny, old half-broken spaniel, but best leave your other pals at home and for true bliss take no gillie and work alone. It will have to be real work, too, and no half measures; your dog will see to that if I know him. Thus you may end the day with no sparkling shots, no sky-scrapers to dream about (and if there were they would lose some of their value without witnesses, for we are only mortal), but you will have earned your bag. Of course, when you tell the story it will be your spaniel who did it. "Do you know Jock actually short-headed that old cock far away up the hedge and brought him back over my head," &c.; but in your inmost heart you are claiming half the glory. After all, it was your idea to try that hedge.

No need to say more, you agree or you do not, but there is no doubt which man would get the biggest bag if ever we revert to the primitive life.

It is just on this difference of view-point that hangs the choice of rifle or shot gun. To be "nurse-led" over a Scotch forest to shoot "a" stag is doubtless good exercise, gives some fine views and a healthy appetite, to end with a much applauded shot if buck-fever permits, but it is not real. It is hard to visualise the real thing at home at all, but you might get near it with a roe, "still-hunting" by yourself, or with some cunning old stag hugging the marches.

You see that I emphasise this "by yourself." No form of hunting, which includes fishing, lends itself to coffee-housing nor welcomes an audience. It is far too serious. You have only to watch an Arab, or any wildman, at work to realise just how serious. But after all, we are better than wildmen. Are we? It depends on how you measure happiness. Some of the happiest men I know in the United Kingdom are unfortunately poachers. They never wear that bored look.

We have still arrived nowhere in this argument, shot gun or rifle, save for one lunatic's opinion that it must be solitary. If you will admit anything in that you are half converted to the rifle already.

Another feature in favour of the rifle is the elimination of time and space. You do not go out for a bag, but to hunt and kill one or two special beasts; it may be a question of days, months or even years; your sphere may be barely contained in two continents; your contacts create few enmities since the love of shikar is part of the natural brotherhood. What a waste of time, says one. A point of view. Most things are. At least not harmful. You compete with nature instead of with man, that is the difference.

We are reaching a comparison at last. Even you and your faithful spaniel will not wish to be trekking and shooting day-in day-out for months on end, yet this rifle craze—queer—but it never grows stale. At last comes the great day itself, that you have been chasing for weeks and weeks not quite unmindful of the saying that there is no such word as impossible. You have seen tracks at last; you have arrived.

Now find me any shot gun day in the world to compare!

Yes, I want a native with me at the end, he is my spaniel. Of course, he wins me the shot, the praise is his, but don't forget I chose the hedge—a biggish one too, sometimes, about half the breadth of a continent. How much skill counts at the finish is a moot point. Five per cent. for holding straight powder, but that is nothing if your stalk were worthy; 45 per cent. to whomever leads the stalk and the rest to a multitude of little things. The credit for the last generally belongs to the sportsman himself and is best summed up in one word—perseverance.

You can go out to Kenya, say, and in two months, thanks to motor transport, you can shoot upwards of 20 varieties of rifle game; but that has been pure shooting; if you want to bag the true prizes the fun has barely started. It is when you begin to fill up the blanks, and with good heads to boot, that your perseverance is tested. It is no use loosing your human spaniel if you have chosen the wrong hedge, and, despite the best advice, the quarry is not always where he was expected.

We combed 300 miles of the desert littoral of Angola last winter for gemsbok without success, although at seasons that area is white with them, and when our local farmer-guide had departed disgusted, we hit on an unexpected pocket of them quite by chance. Or was it quite chance? G.B., my companion, is a very old hand at the game, and the famous coverts are not always the best. We had seen scarce tracks, too few to enthuse our departed local. We harked back, combing the waterless dunes not too far from civilisation. We grew warmer and at last we began to spy game. We had good sport in our last week in a queer undiscovered paradise, watching, twenty miles away across the blue, the harbour where the great steamers anchored, little dreaming of the two far-wandering nomads who had found their quest so near.

So perhaps it is not so much a question of rifle or shot gun, as the desire for elbow room and the possession of a roving spirit.

"IT REQUIRES A NICE EYE AND GREAT ATTENTION TO KEEP THEM ALL IN EQUAL FLESH"

DIFFICULTIES OF HOUND FEEDING

By R. ANSELL WELLS

MR. JORROCKS was, happily, not troubled with thoughts of war and war-time economy, since he flourished in the reign of that "nice little 'ooman who kept a pack of stag'ounds," but he did, nevertheless, with his usual happy knack sum up our present-day problems when he said, "Solid pu.'din's better nor empty praise"; there is not a Master of Hounds in England to-day but would gladly exchange all the praise which his hounds have earned in the past for so much solid pudding, for food and the money wherewith to buy it are of paramount importance if we are to keep the nucleus of our fine packs of hounds in existence until the dawning of a happier day.

It is not exactly easy to write an article upon the feeding of hounds because, whereas the theory of feeding is an exact science, the practice of it is an art in which intuition, cultivated by long experience, plays an infinitely more important part than do weights and measures. Beckford summed up the situation when he wrote, "It requires a nice eye and great attention to keep them all in equal flesh: it is what distinguishes a good kennel-huntsman." Only a man who is a born feeder and is constantly with his hounds can keep them in proper fettle, and, more often than not, such a man cannot tell you exactly what it is that he does or why he does it; instinct and knack will obtain results which can never be produced by adherence to a text-book or by measurements and weighings, be they never so accurate.

Further proof of the very great importance of intuition, as opposed to exact knowledge, is to be found in the fact that even such an acknowledged expert as Peter Beckford himself admits that before writing his letter which deals with feeding, "I have enquired of my feeder . . . how he mixes up his meat." So I shall not try to discuss quantities, but shall confine myself to the more general aspects of the feeding of hounds, and leave it to my readers to interpret my remarks in terms of their own kennel economy.

For very many years the foundation of all hound feeding has been oatmeal porridge and flesh, and although modern science has made us aware of the Vitamins A to E and has shown us that each of these five vitamins is necessary for good health, the basis of feeding remains the same; any additions which may now be made in accordance with the dictates of the scientists are only trimmings and do not really make very much difference in the sum total of the basic foodstuffs which a pack of hounds will consume in twelve months.

I will deal with the flesh first, since it is the most easily disposed of. Flesh and the broth which is produced from it in the boiler are vitally important, but, except in very rare cases, the provision of this flesh should not be a matter of more than ordinary difficulty, even in war-time. The flesh which finds its way into the boiler at the kennels is not such as has any value as food for human consumption, and we may confidently expect that there will be the same number of dead horses, cows, etc., now as heretofore; it will only remain, as ever, for the Master of Hounds and his huntsman to lose no opportunity of securing suitable beasts for the kennels.

Whenever possible live beasts should be acquired, for two reasons: firstly, that they can be turned out in a paddock and kept for use as and when required, and secondly, because they represent one of the very few ways in which an economy in oatmeal can be effected. If a live horse is available it can be fed to hounds without any oatmeal whatever, and packs which are fed in this way have been found to do very well indeed.

The horse may be taken straight into the draw-yard and slaughtered there; the hide and the inside are then removed and hounds may be let in to break up the carcase as they would a fox. An average horse is sufficient to feed 60 couple of hounds, but if there are fewer hounds in kennel it will, of course, be as well to give them access only to a sufficient quantity of the meat, the rest being set aside and used in the boiler in the ordinary way, since the important part about this diet is that the meat should be absolutely fresh-killed. I believe that in some kennels they feed dead meat in this way, somehow or other; the idea does not appeal to me and I think that many Masters of Hounds would be averse to the practice. It is not likely that anyone will get such a supply of live horses as to be able to feed one fresh-killed every day, but two or three times a week would certainly not be too often to feed this meat, were it obtainable, though it might prove to be an unsuitable diet for hounds upon the day immediately preceding that on which they were to hunt.

Now for oatmeal, upon which, just at the moment, there is some doubt and anxiety because of possible measures that may be taken by the Ministry of Food in the control of this commodity, and no little confusion in its distribution, though the Minister assures us that this latter question is only a passing phase which is, even now, in the process of adjustment. There is only one kind of oatmeal upon which hounds can be fed, and that is the best that is procurable, made from old Scotch oats. A recent quotation from a first-class firm shows that the present price for such oatmeal is £28 5s. per ton, free on rail, which is an appreciable increase over the normal. The first thought that strikes one on seeing this high figure is whether there is any adequate substitute or anything which might be added to the oatmeal to eke out the bulk.

One pack of hounds has been making use of the broken pieces from a factory which makes a well-known type of dry biscuit, and other packs have used the broken waste from the ordinary biscuit makers, but this source of supply is likely to become restricted, and, in those cases where rye is used, supplies are already very reduced because much of the rye which was used in peace-time came from Germany and Poland. Barley meal has been used with the oatmeal, but this is not very satisfactory because it is a heating food and does not mix up well, also there is but little feeding value in comparison with bulk; a curious feature of barley meal is that cooking, which makes oatmeal thick, makes barley meal thin, and it must, therefore, be added after the oatmeal has been cooked.

Another addition to oatmeal which is used in some kennels is rice, but in the present emergency this must be ruled out since it comes from oversea and is likely to be more scarce than oatmeal, which is home-grown. The same thing applies to maize. I am informed by the trade that the present position in rice and maize is that the former is a little more plentiful than it was, but the price shows a tendency to rise above the present figure of about £16 per ton, and, while the price of flaked maize is controlled at a fairly reasonable level, the commodity remains very scarce; the future outlook in both cases is uncertain.

It would seem therefore that oatmeal, besides being the best feeding stuff, is also likely to be the most easily procurable. If we are to understand the position we must take various factors into account, not the least important of which is an Order now under consideration by the Government. The Ministry of Food have already announced advance particulars of this Order, and from these it appears that prices will be fixed at 39/- per quarter for milling oats and 33/- per quarter for feeding, while there will be a fluctuating and uncontrolled price for seed.

The workings of this arrangement still seem to be rather obscure because it will be seen that, if the price for seed is not controlled, there will be a tendency upon the part of growers to hold on to their stocks in the hope of selling them for seed at a price higher than the maximum controlled figure of 39/-. It is practically certain that this will actually happen, and it is also likely that there will be a larger demand for seed than in normal times on account of the increased acreage which has been brought under the plough by the Government grant of £2 per acre. Much of this acreage is not sufficiently good land to make the sowing of wheat a profitable business; in addition to this the weather might influence matters and if the season were late it would mean that no sowing would be possible in some districts until it is too late to plant wheat; in these cases oats would be grown.

However, the demand for seed will be over, or practically over, by the end of next month and this position will clear itself up automatically. We shall then be left with the two controlled prices of 33/- and 39/-, for feeding and milling oats respectively. Unless the Order is amended before it is finally approved these two prices may cause some confusion, because the Ministry say that the price of 39/- per quarter will only be payable for oats for milling purposes, for which a written guarantee is given that it is intended for human consumption.

There is an increasing demand for oatmeal for human consumption in Scotland and the demands will probably be large, but at the same time there is no doubt but that there are ample supplies for all purposes. What is not certain is how the sale of these oats will work out and to what extent the growers will hold on to their stocks in the hope of being able

to sell them at the higher price for human consumption.

The fixing of the price is aimed at releasing supplies which are now being held against a further rise, but the millers do not know whether they will receive a steady supply of oats for milling which they will be allowed to sell for the feeding of hounds, although there will be no actual restriction on the sale of oats for this purpose. There is little chance that there will be any Canadian oats milled, for several reasons, among which are the following: the importation of Canadian oats makes demands upon shipping and is therefore to be avoided; the Canadian millers prefer to do their own milling, by which they save on freight and also command a higher price for the article; and lastly, Canadian oats, being thinner than home-grown and also much harder, do not make nearly such good oatmeal.

To sum up the position as it now is, and to make some suggestions as to the procedure which should be adopted by those who have hounds to feed, one may say that it looks as though there will be ample supplies of oatmeal available which, if the contemplated Order comes into force in its present form, will be based upon a controlled price of 33/- per quarter, but that the delivery of oatmeal to Kennels may be spasmodic. Masters of Hounds would, therefore, be well advised to make large purchases when stocks are available so that they may have an ample reserve in hand.

The price, in itself, will be quite sufficient to stress the need for a judicious use of the oatmeal and for any saving that can be effected, though it will be penny wise and pound foolish to make such a saving at the expense of the well-being of the hounds; in this connection it is as well to note that although oatmeal will go further in a sloppy pudding than in a thick one, the effect upon hounds will be disastrous.

There is one major change-over which may be made during the summer months, and that is the feeding of potatoes instead of oatmeal; potatoes, boiled up in the copper and then mashed and mixed with the broth, are an excellent feeding-stuff and one on which hounds will do well, but they are very fattening and, therefore, not suitable except during the summer months when hounds are not in work.

No study of the feeding of hounds would be complete without some mention being made of the various oddments which can profitably be added to the diet; these include young nettles, well boiled and fed with the water in which they have been cooked; also cabbage and other greens, which should be boiled and fed without the water in which they have been cooked. Another especially valuable vegetable is the leek; these should be boiled up in a sack and then turned out, chopped up and spread over the food in small quantities; they are not usually difficult to obtain, since those which are too small for marketing will do admirably.

There is also bran, which may be given in small quantities, either plain or scalded; but all of these are no more than slight additions which provide essential vitamins and help to keep hounds in top condition without actually making much, if any, difference to the amount of the staple foods which are consumed. A form of meal biscuit which is made from wheat is still obtainable, but it is likely that these will be restricted long before oatmeal, and so they will remain as a useful and valuable food for bitches in whelp and young puppies but will not be used much for the feeding of the pack.

SELECTING AND MANAGING THE FIRST PONY

NOTHING thrills a child so much as the prospect of learning to ride, and an even greater source of joy is the thought of having a pony that will be its very own. At this stage love of riding and affection for ponies and horses is naturally in the embryo stage, an extremely delicate one, for it is now that this can be fanned into a lasting source of pleasure, or by some small mismanagement be turned into a loathing which sometimes, but by no means always, can be overcome in later years. And it is here that the judicious selection of the first pony counts so much. No light task, despite the glowing descriptions of perfect ponies that adorn the advertisement pages of some of the sporting papers. Nor yet made easier by the numerous recommendations of one's friends, who know "the very thing," outgrown by their own or their friend's children.

With few exceptions I would never buy a pony that had taught a family to ride, unless, of course, I knew both the children and pony intimately and favourably. This type of old pony has so often learnt tricks with which it is unnecessary to start a child's riding career, also their mouths are usually not so fresh as once and will certainly not get any fresher. Many people think that age is the great criterion, but I would prefer to buy and train a three-year-old pony of the right make and shape and temperament, as far as one can judge. Old ponies often suffer from laminitis, and with an occurrence of this disease they are apt to stumble.

Training a young unbroken pony is not very difficult. A great deal can be taught on the long reins, ponies learn so much quicker than horses, and added to this a spell of being driven in a trap is very beneficial, for it teaches the pony to ignore traffic on the road, and to give up all indiscriminate shying, the most unseating of all habits for the beginner. The final stages of the training, riding the pony, should not present any difficulty, because in these days there seems to be at least one star performer of every pony club who would be pleased and proud to back the pony and get it accustomed to a rider. Not only can the home broken pony be taught manners when out but also when in the stable, so all-important where the over zealous child is liable to dash into the stable and do the most unorthodox things in the way of going too near heels.

But this is not a treatise on how to train a pony, but rather an article designed to help in the selection of one. Some people go for breed, and consider Shetland ponies ideal for the first pony, which they often are, others swear by New Forest ponies, Welsh, Dartmoor or the famous breed from Connemara. But of first importance come make, shape and temperament. Make and shape has not the same meaning here as when a hunter is being bought, but each point is of equal importance. A narrow back is essential. No child can feel at home and comfortable in the saddle with legs stuck out on either side of a broad back. Good withers, too, are of paramount importance for the beginner who has not learnt how to keep a pony's head up, and it must be infinitely preferable for them to have something in front to give a feeling of security. Size is again important; always get a pony that the child can get on and off by itself; nothing promotes confidence quicker than a child being able to do this on its own.

Last but not least, comes temperament. Perfection seems as hard to attain here as in anything else, but it is better to err on the sluggish side than to get a pony that hots up. It is true that slugs do teach their riders bad tricks and bore them when trying to keep up with a horse out riding, but anything is better than the child being frightened by a pony it can't quite manage. Above all never give any pony corn, they can do an unbelievable amount of work on hay and even grass; corn not only hots them up but may lead to fever in the feet.

For this very reason when buying a Shetland try to get one that has been bred in England, or at least lived on good pasture for some time. These ponies are more liable than any others to this disease and sometimes even get it when out at grass, so great is the contrast from the sparse fare of their native islands. In other respects they are often very suitable as first ponies. Their size and good temper in or out of the stable, submitting to any amount of petting good naturedly, are both points in their favour. But the other things one must consider when selecting a Shetland are: narrow back and good withers, both points they are inclined to fail in. New Forest ponies often make excellent children's ponies. They are usually narrow backed and quiet, in fact experts call them weedy, a fault on the right side for this purpose. And their success in this role is shown by the fact that a great many trainers of children's ponies use this breed, and have done well with them. Dartmoor ponies too are bought largely by these experts who train and sell them for anything between £15 and £40.

If money is no object, this is an excellent way of procuring a good pony, provided of course that the purchaser knows something of the owner. Connemara ponies fill the bill well. They are an exceptional breed in many respects, and it is interesting to note that there is now a Connemara Pony Breeders Society in Ireland, so anxious are they to keep this great breed pure. These ponies' tempers are good, they are extraordinarily sound, well bred and intelligent looking, and their legs and feet far above the average. They are not, unfortunately, so easy to obtain in England as they used to be when droves of these ponies were shipped over from Ireland and sold at fairs in the port of landing, or driven round to nearby towns until disposed of. But it is still easy enough to procure them, as the society will always give helpful information in this respect.

A PRODUCT OF THE PONY CLUB

The very young to-day soon get past the "first pony" stage and before long are able to show their elders the way

THEIR SIZE AND GOOD TEMPER ARE POINTS IN FAVOUR OF SHETLANDS

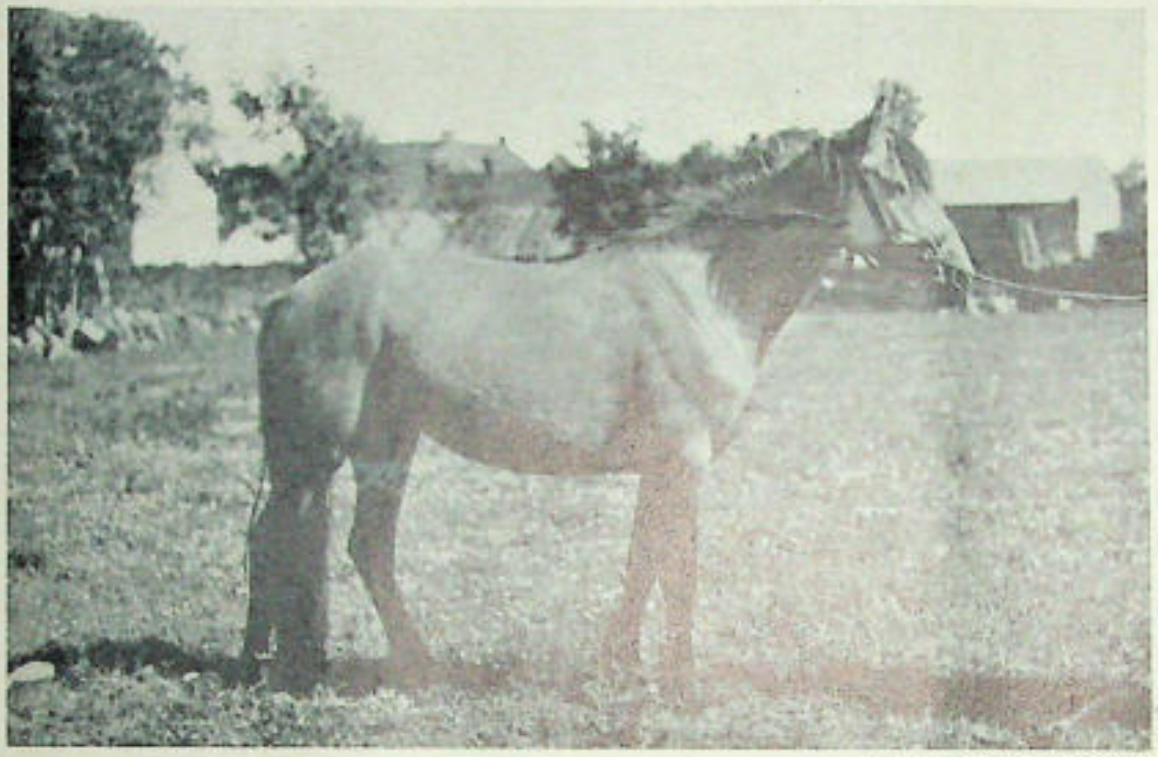
Lady Huntoke with Fairylight, a Champion of the breed, at Islington, and his prize-winning daughters, Fleurette and Velia.

There is one class of pony that should be studiously avoided, and that is the freak thoroughbred. Winners in the show ring they often are, and a continual source of admiration to the onlooker and pride to the parent, but they are none the less unsuitable for any but the most experienced and accomplished child rider. These lovely little thoroughbreds, accidents of nature, are usually one of a pair of twins or the produce of a very old mare, and though their ancestry may trace back to Gallopin or St. Simon they can never be wholly trusted. They are naturally excitable, and besides this full of tricks and often real wickedness.

Having mentioned a few of the breeds from which our children's ponies come, it is only fair to add the humbler pony who has no Scottish or moorland lineage, but often proves the most trusty and loyal servant of them all. His mother may have drawn the village milk float, his sire a tinker's cart, his small stature the result perhaps of poor food or the fact that his mother had to carry on her duties before as well as directly after his birth, or he may be another kind of freak. He is to be met with in tinkers' droves or gypsy encampments, and after a good deal of bargaining can be bought comparatively cheaply. His legs may be hairy and general appearance rough in defiance of all grooming, but he reacts favourably to good food and treatment. Here is the type of pony that stands by cropping grass while their youthful owners remount after a fall, and no amount of circus tricks practised from their backs seems to upset their equilibrium.

There is one question that perplexes many parents, and that is whether to clip or not. A clipped pony will always prove too much for a beginner to ride, and often for the more experienced, and yet the unclipped ones sweat so that it is an impossibility to dry them, and this may lead to chills. The best plan, really, is to clip them once about the middle of October. They will then grow enough coat to keep themselves warm before the cold weather starts, but they will never produce the shaggy mat that is the despair of all who try to dry them, or have to clean the rider's clothes.

IRISH GORSE.



A TYPICAL CONNEMARA MARE [Connemara Pony Breeders' Society

Connemara ponies have good tempers, are extraordinarily sound, well bred and intelligent looking

SALMON PROSPECTS FOR WEST COUNTRY RIVERS

Big runs of Grilse in 1939 augur well for 1940

THERE are several points of rather more than usual interest about the forthcoming season for salmon fishing in West Country rivers. They have, like streams in other parts of the country, had two poor years in succession, and circumstances resemble in considerable measure those of a decade ago. Then there were also two very bad seasons, 1929 and 1930, followed by a very good year, 1931. Will history repeat itself? It would be like the irony of fate to send a bumper year when so many keen anglers will be unable to do any fishing!

Prophesying about salmon is notoriously a dangerous business which only the foolhardy attempt. But it is sometimes possible by examining the recent past to get some sort of idea of what the immediate future has in store, because the abundance or scarcity of some classes of fish in any one year is very often reflected in the numbers of the next older class twelve months later.

West Country rivers showed a surprising diversity of results in 1939. The Exe and Dart both started much better than in 1938, and, generally speaking, had more fish than in the previous spring. Rods on Dart, for example, had over one hundred fish in March and April against about twenty in 1938. But the Tamar and Tavy had a very poor spring indeed, with a marked scarcity of salmon, the net catch for March and April being only some sixty, one of the worst figures on record. Then, when summer came, the positions were reversed, and the two last named rivers had bigger runs of fish than those which had done better in the beginning.

The most encouraging portent for 1940 lies, I think, in the number of grilse in some of our rivers during 1939, for big runs of grilse one year are almost invariably followed by good supplies of small summer fish a year later. This happened in 1930 and 1931. In the former we had the biggest run of grilse for many years in some of our rivers, and these had a wonderful supply of four-year summer fish in 1931.

The Tamar and Tavy both had a large run of grilse in the summer of 1939, and they represented over 25 per cent. of the total net catch. The Exe also had more grilse than for a number of years, and from July onwards the bulk of the fish running seemed to be of this class.

The Dart, for some unknown reason, does not appear to be a grilse river; it had very few in 1930, and, so far as I can learn, not many last year. The same applies to Taw and Torridge, which are experiencing one of those unfortunate periods that affect most rivers at times, the catch for the last three years showing a drop of over 50 per cent. on the previous average, and being lower than even 1929 and 1930.

It seems likely, therefore, that, while large spring fish will be scarce in Tamar and Tavy, small springers may well be plentiful, because the smolts would go to sea at the same time as those which produced the grilse of 1939, and they evidently flourished in salt water. Small summer salmon should also be a good crop, and both these estimates apply equally well to the Exe.

Of the Dart it is more difficult to write, except that large springers should be well up to average in numbers, if not indeed above, while it may turn out that the downward trend in Taw and Torridge will be abruptly reversed, as it was in 1931 when the net catch jumped from an average of 2,500 in the two previous years to 5,500.

Altogether, I think, taking the rivers as a whole, we can look forward to the salmon supply of 1940 being better than for several years past.

WEST COUNTRY.

A DISOBEDIENT GUN-DOG

PERHAPS an incident in the life of one of my Labradors may interest *Field* readers. It happened a few years ago in British Columbia, in early winter.

The weather had been particularly severe, zero, and biting north winds. The stubble fields all around the lakes where our wild fowl had been feeding were covered with several inches of snow. The shallow waters were frozen over. Nearly all our birds, geese, ducks and a few small flocks of swans had gone south to warmer climes, where food and climate were more to their liking.

The lake waters close to shore had a fairly thick covering of ice. This had been broken up into slabs and chunks of ice, which kept pounding and churning against each other, making it impossible for our duck and geese to feed or swim. I was exercising my dogs one day along the lake shore. It was quite a hard job, especially as my hands and feet were nearly frozen. I had my gun with me on the look-out for goshawks and a few golden eagles, which through the winter play havoc with all bird life.

I hated to have to shoot the eagles, but if this is not done they simply mop up our pheasants, picking them up out of the deep snow, where the pheasants have no protection, as the only feed they get are the seeds of various tall weeds which grow in the open fields.

As nearly all our wild fowl had gone, I was much surprised to see a couple of Canada geese high up in the air, but fairly close to the shore—no easy shot. However, I was lucky enough to bring both birds down. One fell stone dead on a big sheet of ice; the other was only winged. They both fell close together. The ice was churning and twisting about, and the wounded bird got wedged in between the slabs of shifting ice.

My dogs were at heel, taking it all in. It was far too risky to ask any dog to fetch the birds. Some distance down the lake was an old flat-bottomed boat. My friend went after it.

I turned my back for a minute, and on looking round there was my bitch Vesta heading out for the birds. I called and shouted to her; no use, she was out of control. The birds were some 100 yards or so off shore. My dog was barging her way through the ice field, often completely submerged, and then she would show up her head and chest, getting banged about by the ever shifting ice. But she kept on her course, and it must have been nearly half an hour before she at last reached the crippled bird and started back to shore. After a terrific battle through ice and waves and wind, she at last reached shore with her bird. She was not the least upset, shook herself, and rolled around in the snow.

My friend had got the old boat shoved out, but got completely stuck some 50 yards from shore. I went along to help, and got half-way to him. Again I looked around, and again my bitch was in the ice field, heading for the second goose. I shouted and yelled to her; I was dreadfully afraid that her strength would not last out a second trip of such a hazardous and nerve-wracking experience.

Gradually she made her way, and as before often submerged and pounded about by the heavy ice. She reached the bird eventually, and had quite a job clambering on to the slippery block of ice on which the dead bird lay. It was an extra big goose, and her journey back took nearly all the strength out of her; her mouth and chest were cut up pretty severely by the ice, but not for one moment did she show any signs of quitting her job, and at long last she scrambled up on the beach with the bird—a feat of courage and endurance which I have never seen equalled, and never will.

Who would not wish to possess such a dog? And yet she was out of control and disobeyed orders. Give me her type, and you can have all the field trial winners you wish!

I might add that the above was an incident in the life of "Gay Vesta." A short account of her life has already appeared in the *Field*.

R. LECKIE-EWING.

FINNS WE KNOW AND RUSSIANS WE DO NOT KNOW

CLEAN IN LIMB AND MIND

Competitors in the Finnish marathon championship. No. 48 is V. Muinonen (1938 European Champion), No. 294, E. Tamila, and No. 14 Manno Tarkiainen (Finnish Champion)

PAAVO NURMI

World record beater and trainer of record beaters in long distance running

FINLAND'S GREAT HOPE FOR THE ABANDONED HELSINKI OLYMPIAD

Taisto Maki, world record breaker over 5,000 and 10,000 metres

FINNS PLAYING THEIR NATIONAL FORM OF BASEBALL

Any game that puts a premium on agility and physical fitness finds favour with the Finns. After due consideration they adopted baseball as a national game but with considerable changes from the manner in which it is played in the United States

From an Official Finnish Publication

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

Types of Russian prisoners in the hands of the Finns. The people who are striving to impose their conception of civilisation on a small and gallant race

WOMEN OWNERS OUTSTANDING SUCCESSES ON THE TURF

LAST year racing colours were officially registered by 2,766 owners. Of these 642 were women. Fifty years ago, the Racing Calendar recorded the registered colours of 755 persons, of whom only five were women. One of those five, Mrs. T. Chaloner of Newmarket, regularly attended the local race meetings last season, and her colours, chocolate, black hoops, black cap, having been registered for life, still appear in the official list.

The first mention of racing colours was made in Heber's Calendar of 1762. It was an order made by the Jockey Club and it read: "For the greater conveniency of distinguishing the Horses in Running, and also for the Prevention of Disputes arising from not knowing the Colours worn by each Rider, the underwritten GENTLEMEN have come to the resolution and Agreement of having the Colours annexed to the following NAMES, worn by their respective Riders." This first list contained 18 names, and it will not occasion any surprise when I say that there was not a woman among them.

In many cases, colours registered for life belong to people who no longer keep horses in training, but the figures I have given are a reliable indication of the part which women now take in racing as the owners of horses.

I need not explain this development, which is so obviously an expression of the general emancipatory trend dating from the beginning of the present century.

In 1900, Lily Langtry, who raced then as Mr. Jersey, won the Ascot Gold Cup with Merman, but it was not until 1918 that Lady James Douglas's Gainsborough gained in the Two Thousand Guineas the first classic success by a woman owner. Gainsborough also took the substitute Derby and St. Leger. One other woman, Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, has won the Two Thousand. Her victory was gained with Rodosto in 1933, but though the One Thousand Guineas has been run without a break since 1814, this race for fillies only has so far remained the exclusive perquisite of male owners. Lady James Douglas also has the distinction of being the only woman so far to win the Oaks, which she did with Bayuda in 1919, though Mrs. G. B. Miller and her mother, the late Mrs. Talbot, were perhaps unlucky not to succeed in 1935; their filly Ankaret was caught and beaten on the post by Quashed. However, two years later they gained their unique triumph at Epsom when Midday Sun, owned jointly by them, won the Derby. Midday Sun was third after meeting with serious interference in the St. Leger, and that race has yet to be won at Doncaster by a woman.

No event of importance has been won more frequently by women than the Grand National. I am reminded that Poethlyn ran in the name and colours of Mrs. Hugh Peel when he was successful at Aintree; she may have owned him in partnership with her husband, who was more actively associated with the horse. Other winners in this category have been Mrs. M. Partridge's Sprig (1927), Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's Gregalach (1929), Mrs. Ambrose Clark's Kellsboro' Jack (1933), Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Miller (1934), and Mrs. Marion Scott's Battleship (1938).

In Gregalach's year, the Lincolnshire Handicap was won by Mrs. R. W. Foster's Elton, and this can pass as the only occasion when both the races of the "spring double" have been appropriated by women, though Elton I believe was a partnership horse, in whom Basil Briscoe and at least one other besides Mrs. Foster had a share.

There is a strong possibility that the coming Lincolnshire Handicap (April 3rd) and the Grand National (April 5th) may fall to women owners. Miss Dorothy Paget has a lively chance to win both races. In the whole history of racing, the sport has had few patrons as lavish as Miss Paget. Before the war, she had about 100 horses in training in various stables in England and Ireland, besides her mares, foals and yearlings, and the number has not been appreciably reduced since. In every way her interest both in jumping and flat racing is remarkable. She is continuing to buy young horses, particularly in Ireland; she rarely misses a meeting where she has a fancied runner, and the support which she gives frequently to her horses has for many years past been an important contribution to the strength of the betting ring.

Miss Paget entered four horses for the Lincolnshire Handicap, but two have been withdrawn, leaving Wonersh, trained by Owen Anthony, and Fairfax, who is in Walter Nightingall's stable. Three of her four entries for the Grand National remain in, they are Kilstar, who started co-favourite and finished third last year, John Chinaman, a recent winner in Ireland, and Le Cygne, the young horse she bought to represent her in the Red Cross Chase at Leopardstown.

The top weight in the Grand National, Royal Mail, was bought two years ago from the executors of Mr. Lloyd Thomas for 6,500 guineas, by Mrs. C. Evans, famous in the old Gaiety days as Camille Clifford, the Gibson girl.

Mrs. C. Jones, who has Black Hawk in the Grand National and Faststep in the "Lincoln," is the wife of a professional racing man, particularly associated with South Wales. Old Pal will represent Lady Lindsay in the Grand National. Like the late Mrs. Hollins, she conducts her own racing affairs expertly, concentrates on jumping, and is not notably interested in flat racing. She is a member of Shaw family, Yorkshire colliery owners.

If Mrs. Arthur Bendir's Quartier-Maitre completes his preparation for the Lincolnshire Handicap satisfactorily, he is likely to start favourite. Those associated with her horse Condover, backed him to win over £100,000 for the Cambridgeshire of 1922, in which race he was unplaced. Mrs. Bendir's husband is head of Ladbroke and Co. Ltd., of Old Burlington Street, W.1; she is the daughter of the late George Edwardes, of musical comedy fame, and Mrs. Martin Hartigan is her sister. Quartier-Maitre, who was bought in France, ran well but unsuccessfully in several important mid-distance handicaps last season. He was third for the Victoria Cup, started favourite for the Royal Hunt Cup and finished fourth, was second favourite for the Steward's Cup in which he was fifth, and ran second to Orichalque in the Cambridgeshire (Class II).

The Duchess of Norfolk, who has entered Ticca Gari for the Lincolnshire Handicap, has taken a prominent part in racing of recent seasons, and as her trainer, Victor Gilpin, is on military service, she has assumed much of the management of the Michel Grove stables where her own and the Duke's horses are quartered.

Miss Rachel Parsons has had good sport in recent seasons with Davy Dolittle (Lincolnshire Handicap) and a few other horses trained for her by H. S. Persse. Bannymede, one of the bottom weights, was bought by Lady Hoyle for 430 guineas, after the filly had won a two-year-old selling race at Ripon for Mrs. R. D. Shafto in 1938. Lady Hoyle's husband, Sir Emmanuel, of Huddersfield, died last May, up to which time he was the owner of Boompa-a-Daisy, who is likely to be a fancied runner for the "Lincoln." Sir Emmanuel gave 1,700 guineas for this colt by Mr. Jinks out of Chatford when he was sold as a yearling by the Worksop Manor stud, and later named him Sirrco. Mr. F. Deuchar took over the colt, after his trainer, F Armstrong, had given 1,075 guineas for him at the sale of Sir Emmanuel Hoyle's horses at Newcastle last June, and renamed him.

YEOMAN.

FROM A HUNTING LOG-BOOK

It is with very great pleasure that we publish once again an article by "Whipster." These records from the Belvoir of the cold cycles of 1854–5 and 1884–5 appeared, though in somewhat different form, in the Field at the time of their occurrence, but we feel that they will interest all hunting folk at the present time no less than the accounts of testimonials presented to retiring huntsmen will interest those still actively hunting hounds.

THE hunting log-book is a "sure find" for facts and dates concerning vagaries of weathers and their effect on outdoor sport and records show that "cold cycles" occur at regular intervals of 40 and 45 years.

Casting a long way back to the Belvoir hunting season of 1854–55, recorded by Mr. John Welby, "the Squire" of Allington, near Grantham, is the following note in memoirs dedicated to His Grace the sixth Duke of Rutland: "It was the winter when our Army was in the Crimea, and the hunting field contributed a large contingent to the fighting forces. The frost commenced January 16th, 1855 and continued with extraordinary severity until February 28th, the last day's hunting of the season was April 13th, and hounds killed 98 foxes. The Duke's huntsman was Will Goodall, who retired the following season, the farmers presenting him with a gold cup containing 360 guineas, as a token of regard."

The next big break in a season's sport for a long frost was season 1884–85, recorded in Frank Gillard's Reminiscences, edited by Cuthbert Bradley, "Whipster." The seventh Duke of Rutland, remembered as Lord John Manners, the eminent statesman, celebrated his 75th birthday by riding a grey cob to the meet of hounds at Croxton Park. The acting master of the family pack was the Duke's second son, Lord Edward Manners, member of Parliament for Melton Mowbray. The frost set in the last day of the year 1884, and continued until March 1st, with only four doubtful woodland days' hunting in the snow. The season of 87 days finished April 23rd; hounds killed 98 foxes, and marked 48 to ground.

The following season there was a break in Belvoir traditions; the Duke retired from mastership, appointing as his successor Sir Gilbert Greenall, afterwards Lord Daresbury, son of the Duke's old parliamentary friend, the Cheshire baronet. Frank Gillard also resigned as huntsman, and the testimonial of £1,300 subscribed by admirers was a tribute to his worth.

A wonderfully memorable day's hunting resulted on March 1st, 1885, when the long spell of frost gave way to favourable conditions. The fixture for the Belvoir was Newton Bar, and a good hunt of 50 minutes from Culverthorpe Coverts was awarded with a kill on the lawn of Newton House. Lord Edward Manners presented the brush to Mrs. Heathcote, well represented in the field by two sons and five daughters, regular riders to hounds.

The afternoon run from Sapperton Wood was one of the best of the season's sport. A bold fox took the "desired line" to Hanby, hounds running at top speed down to the Lenton Brook. The leading division to have a fling at the formidable obstacle were Lord Edward Manners, Mr. Edgar Lubbock, Mr. James Hutchinson, Mr. Vincent Hemery, Mr. Archie Soames and Mr. Cecil Rudkin. The majority were better suited with an easier place, getting the right side with a scramble down into the deep stream. Hounds turned left-hand, running the pastures below Lenton Vicarage, a former home of the Heathcote family. The pack divided, Gillard casting on towards Osgodby, the brook again coming into the line, hounds throwing up soon after it was jumped after a fast spin of 35 minutes.

Looking back, it was a remarkable sight to see Ben Baxter, the shoeing smith of Irnham, galloping after us, with the dead fox over his shoulder, followed by three couple of hounds that had killed the fox in Lenton Vicarage gardens!

WHIPSTER.

THE WANDERER

On Small Common's turf I strolled,
And enjoyed the fragrant gold
Covering dwarf gorse like wigs;
Maple's corrugated twigs
That the wind too soon bereaves
Of their airy-orange leaves;
The broad bracken's burnished rust;
Exploded puff-balls' leathery crust;
Pale mauve scabious; last rock-rose—
Poetry to the ant-heap's prose—
And the ragwort's yellow eyes,
Tiring of October skies.

When I stood beside a stark
Trunk with rough and greening bark,
From bough to bough tumbling slow,
Sounding each like a bird's beak-blow,
One dry leaf of sycamore
Reached reluctantly the floor
Where its brethren in grey
Drifts awaited calm decay.

Happy to be there—alone,
Save for heifers white and roan—
On Small Common's turf strolled I,
Enjoying bush, fern, flower, tree, sky.

N. L. BRIGHT.

THE LUCK OF THE GAME

By REGINALD ADCOCK

IT was the time of the great freeze-up. After three days of bitter weather with the thermometer hovering around 20 deg. of frost the land had turned as hard as crystal and rang underfoot like iron; all the smaller ponds and flashes of water were frozen over and fit almost to bear the weight of a man. It was the time, if ever there was one, when all the duck in the district were bound to foregather on the head waters of the big lake where it is fed by a rapid stream, the last inland waters to remain open, and the last resort of the local duck population before being forced by the spreading frost-hold to betake themselves further afield to fast-flowing rivers, tidal estuaries or the open sea.

I knew the haunt of old, knew it well. Every twist and turn of its banks, every tree along the margin of its waters were as familiar to me in the dark as the furniture in my own bedroom. I knew the owner too, and had frequently shot in his company, a retired army man of charming disposition who loved his gun and his rod, but for whom the workings of *anno Domini* and the effects of a full and active life had rendered inadvisable the chilly vigil of an evening flight in bleakest January. But a friendly chat upon the telephone brought his enthusiastic sanction and encouragement for my own projected endeavours, expressing at the same time with a note of keen regret his disappointment that he could not come too. He knew—no one better—what the prevailing conditions meant and the high promise of sport that they held. But he dare not risk an outing in such weather.

The big lake is a low-lying sheet of water surrounded on all sides by steep and thickly wooded banks that screen it effectively from view and guard its ancient privacy. Over most of its area its waters are deep and free from rushes or aquatic vegetation of any kind. What few duck normally frequent it by day hug its little bays and backwaters and keep close to the shelter of its overgrown banks. Only at the top end where it is fed by a swift-moving stream are its waters shallow enough to support plant life, and there a great spreading bed of bulrushes provides ample cover for shy duck and shelters many a skulking moor-hen. It was to that quiet sequestered corner that I made my way shortly after 3.30 p.m., hoping perhaps to surprise a duck or two among the reeds, before selecting and preparing a suitable position for the flight.

Squibbs, my constant and inseparable companion on all my forays and excursions, had regretfully to be left at home. She had not been quite herself for two days past, and prolonged exposure in that bitter weather with the possible chance of an icy immersion in freezing water presented graver risks than I was prepared to let her take. Alone, therefore, but thrilling with anticipation, I left the car well rugged outside the wood, and set off down the slope among the trees to the low-lying lake two hundred yards away. From the occasional glimpses I caught of its frosted surface I decided it was well frozen over. Would the head waters still be free? Or had I come too late?

Alas, for any prospect of stalking a duck in that sheltered retreat. In the unearthly stillness of that frozen world, rimed with frost and brittle as glass, every twig cracked like a pistol and every leaf crunched like cracking bones. Long before I gained the water's edge a subdued "Qua-ack, qua-ack" reached my ears, and a whisper of wings told a tale of departure. As I stood rooted in my tracks I tried to divine the number of duck in flight. Two or three at least, maybe half-a-dozen, but they were obviously restless and much on the alert. Despite my stealthy approach, the rending and cracking that accompanied my every foot-fall must have sounded to the watchful duck like the clumsy progress of a lumbering rhinoceros. Their discreet and hasty withdrawal could easily be excused.

Meanwhile, there was no time to be lost. The duck, frozen out from their usual haunts and with no alternative to pitch on, might be back at any moment. They could not have seen me; I certainly had not seen them. Rapidly I examined the lie of the land and viewed the extent of the still open water. It was very small—scarcely five yards by ten, just at the outfall of the stream. In that intense and bitter cold I could almost imagine a thin sheet of ice forming already on the area just left by the duck. There were plenty of small white feathers curled and floating on the surface. The omens could not be better.

As I stood there sizing up the situation, I gazed over the hoary heads of the crisp and frosted bulrushes at the long levels of the winding lake stretching away for a mile and more to my front. The only patch of open water was at my feet; behind me and on either side the woods closed in, oaks, ash and fir growing down to the water's side, and dense tangles of dark green laurel overhanging the steep edge. I must pick a concealed position commanding the open patch and facing the western sky. But such a place was impracticable owing to the frequent trees, which restricted the angle of effective vision. So in the end I had to be content as usual with a compromise: a stand far more in the open than I would have liked, but with a good angle of fire towards the west, and not more than fifteen yards from the ice-free stream.

Resting my gun against the intersection of two crossing hazel stems, I proceeded to make myself comfortable, scraping away dead twigs and frosted leaves from the ground where I proposed to stand, and trimming back stray branches that might impede my vision.

So it was that when the first bunch of duck unexpectedly arrived, I was caught unprepared. They seemed to come in suddenly and without a sound, and were on the point of settling before I saw them. Somehow, too, they had failed to see me. But in the next instant recognition was mutual, and I had just time enough to grab my gun and swing on to the last of the departing visitors (yes, when shooting alone ordinary precautions are sometimes relaxed) to have the satisfaction of seeing it crash into the thickest part of the reed bed.

"No time to pick it now," I thought, "even if the ice will bear." Feverishly I searched my pockets for my coy-call. "Where the . . . ! Ah, here it is among the cartridges; but it's too late to use it now. The duck must be well out of hearing." So I prepared to wait for the next lot, inwardly annoyed at being thus caught napping. Darkness was closing in apace and the first few stars twinkled frostily above. A water-hen gave its strident call from the midst of the bulrushes; a belated cock pheasant set the echoes ringing with his haughty challenge; and from the woods behind me came the long soft wavering hoot of an owl. Night was keeping tryst once more with day.

Then on the ensuing stillness stole that stirring sound that sets the fowler's pulse pounding at a quickened pace, the contented babbling of mallard in flight and the subtle whisper of their wings. High above me they swept, circled wide over the lake, and then came winging gently and low up to the last few precious yards of running water. My two shots seared the darkness with flames of red and shattered that silvery silence with a roar. Two ducks—easy victims—went to join the first among the reeds. Hastily I produced my decoy and blew long and loud. I knew from experience that duck will often return to it even after being fired at. This time they came back with a vengeance, but on my blind side over towards the eastern sky, and before I knew what was happening, they were nearly settling on my head (for I had moved into the open as darkness fell). For one hectic moment they were too close to fire; but as they discovered their mistake and made off I loosed two barrels at shapes dimly seen; but nothing fell.

A pause in the action supervened, during which I blew at repeated intervals on the old familiar call. Once a single duck passing in the night answered with a derisive quack, I thought, as it went on its

I GAZED OVER THE HOARY HEADS OF THE CRISP AND FROSTED BULRUSHES

way. But a moment later half-a-dozen or so came silently up the lake and pitched in the open water scarce ten yards from me. For a brief space after alighting they remained deathly still, all senses alert to possible danger. I could not see them on the water, nor a second later could I discern them when they rose into the air at my shout. All the light had gone from the western sky. It was time to gather my spoils and go.

Next day the whole expanse of ice sang with the ringing music of skates in action, and the surrounding woods were resonant with joyful shouts and happy laughter. But long before the gay bands of careless merry-makers arrived, I was there searching for my three lost ducks. The lake was sealed from end to end now, and its waters shut away in the stronghold of ice. But my duck were not to be found. Only three clusters of feathers and thin trails leading off to the woods told a tale that hunters might read. Such are the fortunes of sport. Some old fox and his mate had dined well in the night and left but small traces behind. And now the last hole in the ice was closed, my great opportunity gone, and the ducks away to the sea.

WHERE THE GEESE COME IN

THIS PEST THE PIGEON GIVES FINE SPORT

A Substitute for Little or No Game Shooting

THERE are doubtless statistics dealing with the iniquities of the pigeon which prove that it costs the country many millions a year in its destruction of crops and garden produce. And there are doubtless many agriculturists and market gardeners who would wish that it could be wiped off the face of the earth. If its name could be added to the list of those birds which are already extinct, so much the better for everyone.

That it is justly considered a pest no one will dispute. That its drastic reduction is most necessary at this critical juncture all must be agreed. Nor is it only our home bird with which we have to cope. The hungry foreigner from unhappy Europe augments the local flocks and as a voracious feeder has no peer. A somewhat smaller bird than our "woodie," it seems to devour even more and its appetite knows no appeasement. But every kind of pigeon is a veritable *bon vivant*. It believes in good living and sees that it gets it. Who can blame it?

So much for its transgressions. What of its virtues? Has this harmful pest any good points that may compensate in some degree for its gross iniquities? An increasing number of shooting men have for years now been realising what grand sport the bird can give. And in my opinion, before the present war is over, this appreciation will spread in very many directions and among people who in the past have never given the matter a thought.

A few years ago I heard of a high rental being paid for the pigeon shooting in certain favoured woodlands, and I also met a French sportsman who came specially from his own sunny Côte D'Azur to indulge in wild-pigeon shooting in this misty isle. It can hardly be expected that much serious game rearing will be undertaken for some time to come, and shooting men will be encouraged to make the most of whatever natural sport comes their way. Whatever else may be said, it must be admitted that a pigeon can offer as exacting a shot as any bird that flies.

Of recent years this kind of shooting has received a good deal of attention in the Press and in pamphlets and booklets—certainly much more than ever before. In the old days it was rather looked upon as the preserve of keepers and farmers or those who got little or no game shooting. Often indeed a farmer would tell off one of his men who happened to know how to handle a gun to kill all the birds he could as they attacked the crop in some particular field. Armed perhaps with a rusty old single barrel and a pocketful of cheap cartridges, this worthy would lie up and, by letting his birds settle within easy range, manage to make nearly every shot tell. He might sell his spoils locally at about sixpence apiece and thus make a few shillings extra as well as enjoy the experience. Pigeons are usually appreciated among cottagers, as they are easily cooked and have no gamey flavour. There is plenty of meat on the breast.

On many big estates late winter and early spring shoots, organised by the head keeper, are still much the affairs that they were, in that the staff of keepers and tenants form the main army of guns. But each year more owners and landlords are joining in the fray and even syndicate partners have made a habit of journeying from a distance and look upon such events as important annual dates. The latter are finding, too, that there is plenty of charm and interest about a February or March woodland, as the evenings get brighter and longer. The greater period of daylight, too, helps to make things easier for a busy man.

Now there is a common practice in shooting at pigeons which needs to be discouraged. It is that of firing at them at outrageous ranges. Admittedly from their very wildness and the fact that they must be kept down, longer shots than are usual at game birds have to be taken. But to balance this, heavily loaded cartridges and well-choked guns are used. Perhaps, too, in view of all the circumstances some little licence is justified. But there can be no justification at all for the taking of shots at ranges that are known to be far beyond any killing distance. Once in thirty times a stray pellet will connect with a bird's head or neck and bring it down. But what of the other twenty-nine? The majority may be clean misses, but a few are bound to wound. And apart from humanitarian considerations, such practice can do nothing but harm. Pigeons are wary enough at the best of times and in a battle of wits with their pursuers, generally manage to get the better part of the bargain. Irresponsible shooting has the effect of making them still harder to secure, which means loss of sport and, what is worse, greater loss to agriculture.

During big organised shoots, when gunners are posted in coverts over a large district, it is most annoying to witness a fusillade of shots at flocks of birds that are circling 60 or 70 yards above a belt of woodland. For the odd bird that may be brought down, scores are driven out of the area that might have given several shooters a chance to do some worthwhile execution. Indeed, it generally pays to let the early comers settle. Pigeons are very strong fliers and if they find things unhealthy in one district are quite capable of making off to pastures new. Thus ill-considered tactics on the part of one or two guns may easily spoil sport for a whole party. When among those out are persons who seldom get the chance of burning powder such conduct can be understood, but discretion must be cultivated in the common interest.

What proves beyond all else the difficulty of shooting pigeons is the low average of kills to cartridges. Go and count the empty cases at a stand where the exact bag is known and where all birds have been shot on the wing. Unless the performer concerned is a first-class shot the figures will not make pretty reading and are best forgotten. This refers to winter and early spring rather than to late summer, when shooting among the corn may be comparatively easy.

SCOLOPAX.

THE CLOUD

The varied sports that we love so well
'Neath a deep dark cloud are lying,
And out in a welter of Hate and Hell
There are brave men fighting and dying.
In the woodland ride, in the open field,
On the racing track to-day,
Till the aching wound of the world is healed
What man has the heart to play?

The twelve-bore rings with a note forlorn
When a threat's on the East Wind's breath,
And sorrow sounds in the hunting-horn
When the bugles call to Death;
And who can joy in a record drive
Or the gain of a perfect goal
While the bombing planes on our trawlers dive
And the North Sea takes its toll?

But a day will come, with the cannon dumb,
When the shattered ranks dismiss,
When the sky is freed from the engine's hum
And the earth from the bullet's hiss,
When Youth will return in pride to claim
Its kingdom of bat and ball,
And the land that endured and *played the game*
Will be master among them all.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

THE MAINTENANCE OF PARTRIDGE STOCKS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

THE wise architect, before submitting the specifications of a dwelling, studies the idiosyncracies of its prospective occupants. This is not a very good analogy, perhaps, but it serves to indicate the spirit in which the would-be tenant of a partridge shoot should survey his ground. Some years ago, one of the greatest authorities on game preservation wrote that "wheresoever game birds can exist at all, there or thereabouts will partridges be found." But that was in the palmy days of agriculture, and few people would be inclined to accept the statement as an entirely accurate representation of present-day conditions.

Under force of circumstances, the environment of partridges has changed. They are no longer ubiquitous, as in the days when every hedge was a bushy, berry-bearing sanctuary and almost every other field a semi-cultivated plot. To-day, the wind whistles through hedges two-foot high and over miles of grass on which on a winter's day you may not see a dozen birds. Naturally enough, the partridge prefers a country in which a comfortable living may be earned, and his bump of locality is highly developed. Where he is born, there, or near at hand, will he elect to spend his life, provided the surroundings continue to supply him with the necessaries to his comfort. But, should food or shelter fail, off he goes to "a better 'ole."

It is too soon for speculation on the effect the new turnover from grass to arable will exercise on partridge welfare. It should be entirely beneficial. But it will not anyhow become apparent for a year or two and meanwhile we must take things as they are. Which means, broadly speaking, that except in East Anglia, Hampshire and a few other partridge areas par excellence, most people have to make the best of what ground they can get and be correspondingly thankful.

Downland, if it can be had, offers certain obvious advantages, to my mind. First, it is usually cheap; secondly, there is always a good deal of cultivation on it, and, as a rule, it is less subject to constant disturbance than lower levels which are becoming increasingly overbuilt.

A typical downland shoot is one of which about one-fifth is barren land, useless except as a scratching ground, amid the innumerable ant-hills; one-fifth cultivation, and the remainder furze and bramble. Yet this is all healthy land for breeding birds. They will nest in the furze and pick up quite a decent living, with a little supplementary assistance in the winter. And, although, in my opinion, a minimum of 1,500 acres is requisite to the raising and retention of an adequate stock, it may be reasonably suggested that a single-handed keeper, especially if artificial pheasant is not engaging his attention, can superintend a couple of thousand acres of downland more efficiently than half that acreage of broken country.

Then another promising type of ground is that so-called marshland which one finds in so many areas abutting on our coasts. The word marsh is really a misnomer, for most of these vast acreages have been so drained and "dyked" that one can walk dry-shod over them in summer, and in the worst winter they are never waterlogged. But there are water-meadows to which every kind of game, from snipe to wild pheasants, will come in due season. Here no one can complain of lack of cover, for the long coarse grass, most of which is left to be eaten down by cattle, the big belts of scrub and untrimmed hedges, offer partridges unexceptionable nesting accommodation. And even in the driest summer there is an abundant supply of food—dwarf clover and flowering grasses harbouring a wealth of insect life, and almost every field showing moles and red and black ants actively engaged in their earthworks. The snag about this rough country is the vermin; the big hedges and overgrown dykes need most careful and systematic trapping, and, unfortunately, owing to the difficulty of hunting this kind of country, foxes are abundant. At the same time, as mechanical reapers do not function, cut out nests are reduced to a minimum. And the rough going does not appeal to the average hiker, so that birds suffer little disturbance in the breeding season.

My own experience as a tenant for many years of ground of this type prompts me to suggest that the constant moisture of its subsoil is its primary virtue, for that moisture breeds the insects which are so essential to young partridge life. People are inclined to forget that everything begins with the egg and that a pair of baby birds are of more value as potential breeders than a dozen three-year-olds. If for no better reason than the susceptibility of young birds to divers diseases, the success or failure of a partridge "crop" depends first upon food and foremost upon its quality, rather than its quantity.

Since no-one will deny that natural foods are preferable to artificial, may I, in illustration of this point, instance a downland shoot in which I was interested for several years before Hitler broke up a syndicate. Its consistency of yield may have been due in part to the fact that in acreage, high and low ground are pretty evenly divided. It slopes from 400ft. nearly to sea-level through about 600 acres of reclaimed marshland. The latter is mixed arable and rough grazing ground; large fields of flowering grasses studded with ant and mole-hills, and towards the coast the soil is moist and pulpy.

During the brilliant summers of four and five years ago, partridges were dying off in August in a mysterious way. There was no sign of disease, but they wasted, whereas on the marshes they throve amazingly on the ants, sandhoppers and other insect life which breeds in millions.

Throughout the long drought there was no trouble on this part of the shoot because, the critical insect stage surmounted, the natural moisture kept an ever-fresh supply of seeds and weeds and clover for the youngsters. It is also possible that an abundance of insect life makes up for any scarcity of water where birds can get at old established ant hills which the drought does not affect.

Be that as it may, if young birds cannot find the fresh, small vegetable food which is essential at about three weeks old, they will perforce have recourse to stuff which disagrees with them and die, not of starvation, but of indigestion. Last year, despite some losses off the nests, the birds did as well upon the high ground as the low; there was not a single casualty from emaciation. Which seems to prove that, provided the partridge is well supplied with the type of food best calculated to improve his stamina, he stands a good chance of successfully resisting all but the most adverse weather conditions.

It may be suggested, therefore, that on the average shoot, more could be done than is done to improve existing food supplies. We know more or less what partridges do eat, but we do not take a great deal of trouble to find out what they like best and what is best for them. It would be at once less troublesome and more economical to study partridge likes and dislikes. Roughly, in order of precedence, I think the foods which appeal to partridges are wheat, knot-grass, millet, rye-grass, barley and buck-wheat. There are some more, but these will suffice. It is a simple matter to put down a few roods of such mixed sowings every year on different parts of a shoot, thereby not only ensuring a wider distribution of birds, but also providing food and cover until well on into the winter. They crop in rotation, and on soil that is continually being turned, insect life will flourish all the more, while the over-ripe seeds as they drop will provide the birds with plenty of entertainment. Then tailings and winnowings can be stored up in sacks against the winter with an appreciable saving in the food bill.

These sowings will not necessarily be all sufficient to maintain a breeding stock in good condition right through to the nesting season, but they will go some distance towards it, for a daily ration of wheat, barley, weed seeds and a little dari with a dash of olive oil should keep partridges reasonably warm and healthy in the coldest winter. And as 1 oz. of food per day is an ample individual allowance, even in the most adverse circumstances of weather, the cost of sowing sufficient ground for its provision is not alarming.

PARTRIDGES IN WINTER

Feeding is a feverish business; crouching low on the ground, partridges in winter love to scratch among wheat straw for any grains that may remain. Never still for a moment, they offer a very difficult target for the camera.

ON THE RIVER TAY, AT BALLATHIE, PERTHSHIRE

MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING—III

Prawn and Shrimp

By J. HUGHES PARRY

This is the third of a series of talks on modern methods of catching salmon with fly, minnow, plug, prawn, shrimp and worm.

THE utter hatred and disgust shown by many anglers for salmon, on seeing anyone fishing with this bait, can be easily understood by one who has made a careful study of the reactions of salmon on seeing a prawn approaching. At times it is of all lures without a shadow of doubt the most deadly, again at other times it almost seems to frighten fish out of their lives, causing them to jump madly about as soon as the prawn comes into their view, even when 15 to 20 yds. away. In this case it is absolutely hopeless to keep on fishing with a prawn, and my advice is to take it off at once and try something else. But against this, when they are in the humour, words won't express its attraction.

Fished either as a spinning lure, sink and draw, or with a float and just allowed to drift around and downstream, in exactly the same way as a roach or dace fisherman does with his maggot, tiny worm, or breadcrust, all and every way is most deadly at times. The latter especially so in deep, swirly pools, like the major pool for instance on the Welsh Dee, near Trevor, where at times fish can be slaughtered by the dozen with little or no effort on the part of the angler. Skill in this case does not enter to any great extent into the killing of fish; of course judgment in picking suitable tackle is necessary. But with the present day extraordinarily fine, almost invisible supple wire, with a single No. 2 hook bound on it, and so threaded through a prawn, a floating greased line, and a float buoyant enough to keep the prawn and shot on the cast at a given depth, then little or no skill is needed in hooking a salmon, as in the humour they will, when given time, swallow the prawn right down, exactly in the same manner as a pike takes a live bait, and the technique for successfully hooking a salmon should be the same. This mode of fishing was barred on the Wye a few years ago, for without doubt, a terrible toll of salmon can be taken in suitable places by this modern way of bottom fishing for salmon.

Luckily enough for the salmon and also for other anglers on the river, places suitable for this special type of fishing, *i.e.*, big, wide, deep, swirly pools, where salmon congregate in great numbers are not very common. But I am certain that, if allowed, an awful slaughter at times, and especially in the summer, could be made on the Carrots Pool on Hampton Bishop Water on the Wye, as that pool exactly lends itself to this type of fishing.

To come to more orthodox ways of fishing a prawn, experienced salmon fishermen are all tending more and more to the belief that a prawn fished dropping slowly downstream is proving far more deadly than when fished level with or against the current, as salmon seem very prone to watch a prawn coming, but not to pay any attention to it until it is past their heads, when they suddenly swing round and grab it. This can be very clearly and easily seen when fishing with a small prawn, either with a single hook or a small triangle hidden amongst the feelers, when by throwing upstream, where if you have good eyes and know your water well, it is possible to pitch your prawn within a foot to nine inches of a salmon's nose, which can be seen as a waving shadow resting behind some rock or obstruction in the strong stream. The new Nevison artificial spinning prawns—if one can call them so, as they are real prawns coated over—are to our human eye as near perfection as can be made.

But nevertheless, it remains a fact that with a really fresh prawn scientifically mounted, with a pair of double hooks, suitable sizes and suitably painted, a synthetic gut cast, a steel rod, a light practically unbreakable spinning line, a Pflueger reel carrying over 150 yds. of from 15lb.–20lb. breaking strain line, a tremendous amount of water can be easily fished in all and every way during the day with little effort on the part of the angler. And more or less with the certainty that if the salmon are there, and in the humour to take, the bag will be considerably heavier at the end of the day, than with any other form of bait, especially with the temperature of the water varying from under 40 deg. to about 52 deg. Fahr.

The colder the water the more willingly salmon seem to grab a prawn, and in the early spring a spinning prawn is very often taken in preference to a golden sprat or any minnow or spoon, and the roughest and readiest tackle with heavy triangles and strong gut substitute or wire, powerful enough to pull on with all one's might, seems at times to make no difference at all, when salmon are really keen on it. I have even gone so far as to patch up pieces of three different prawns, picked up off the ground, when coming to an end of all of mine, and to kill a salmon with this, which would pay no attention at all to fly, minnow, sand-eel; all they wanted that day was prawn.

But if a fish refuses a prawn I do not think he is likely to be caught with one as long as he may rest in that same lie, however long it may be; and I am certain that to get the best results for yourself and for other anglers, this bait should not be fished as carefully or so often over a pool, as salmon react to the sight of one more quickly and in a stranger manner than when fishing with anything else. There is a great difference between the way a salmon will take a prawn and a shrimp when float-fishing; nine times out of ten when a prawn is taken, the float after a second's hesitation goes down at once, it may just appear again, and then sails away in a steady manner.

But with a shrimp one's float just quivers and bobs up and down, goes on without any movement save that of the current, again quivering and trembling as if a big butterfly or moth had lit on it and finally goes under and comes up again

once or twice. Likely enough, if you strike too soon, you will see under a magnifying glass, where the salmon has been nipping the shrimp, possibly trying to suck out the eggs, and not making any real effort to swallow it at all. This is especially true after a pool has been heavily peawned, although with a synthetic gut cast, a well-balanced float, a little double No. 5 hook well hidden in the feelers of the shrimp, if patience is used, and you have a good supply of fresh shrimps, even going as far as to ground-bait with a few well broken up and an odd tiny one or two, at last the salmon will decide to swallow your bait. On a warm summer's evening in low water, in suitable deep pools, this can be a most entertaining form of salmon fishing, as the lightness of the tackle necessary for success makes the odds fairly even in the fish's favour.

Tackle for modern shrimp fishing would be a source of surprise and perhaps ridicule to our ancestors, a notable instance being a 10-ft. Ghost steel trout rod, one of the light synthetic gut casts—a greased line, No. 4 Glider trout line suits this rod well—with some small double No. 6 hooks tied on gut. Thread your shrimp by pulling through until the double is amongst the feelers, bind round the tail with four or five twists of silk, the same colour as your shrimp and fish in exactly the same way as a greased line fly, letting the shrimp, broadside on, come down with the current in an absolutely natural manner, eliminating all drag if possible. Many and many a salmon impossible to land with anything else will be caught by thinking "Well that looks harmless enough anyhow." In very strong, rough, rocky streams just drawing a shrimp across, especially with the temperature above 50 deg. Fahr., only just below the surface will bring a sudden surge and a heavy pull from some spot where no prawn, shrimp, fly fished in any other way would be the slightest use. In such places this seems the very last word in catching almost uncatchable salmon, and always remember that in this low, clear water with a high temperature, salmon are as wary as Test or Itchen trout. They don't run away like the latter do. But they know you are there all the same and you must keep well out of sight and walk and wade very warily to get the better of them. As soon as the temperature of the water gets over 50 deg. Fahr., the very smallest fresh shrimps, preferably with eggs in them, are best for both this form and for bottom fishing, and it is wonderful to see a salmon of 20lb. or more caught on a tiny shrimp only a quarter of an inch or so and on tackle that compares favourably in thickness and in invisibility with the most modern trout dry-fly tackle. But this with good judgment is strong enough to kill the biggest and strongest salmon that swims.

Fresh prawns and shrimps can be kept for some time and seem to lose little, if any, of their attraction. Take a good wooden box (an old cigar box is first rate, provided the scent of the cigars is first thoroughly eliminated by daubing the inside with pilchard oil or even rubbing a fresh herring thoroughly over it, and wiping it clean afterwards), and put a layer of sea salt thinly on the bottom, then a layer of prawns or shrimps and scatter a little sea salt between each layer and leave the box open. I have caught salmon on those, in preference to bottled or pickled ones, which have been in the sea salt for over six months. They only want soaking for half-an-hour or so before using; besides one can then have a supply of different sized prawns and shrimps suitable for use, as required by the temperature of the water: always remembering the colder the water the bigger the bait and *vice versa*.

This last year I have been experimenting with a diving vane, to which it is possible to attach a real prawn, so as to be able to fish certain deep ledges, impossible to get into except with a plug bait. As these almost split cracks out of the solid rock bottom of the river, and lie at different angles to the current, washed out for aeons past where the rock is softest, it is only by drawing a plug hard against the current and then letting it go again that you possibly save getting hung up. So far except for one fish, my efforts have not been successful. But I feel absolutely certain that cleverer hands and brains than mine will within a very short period of time, invent some simple diving vane to which prawns, minnows, etc., can all be attached, so doing away with the necessity of weighted baits. These in places such as I have tried to visualise are only a continual source of annoyance to the fishermen on account of the impossibility of fishing them without getting hung up, and where without any doubt, if a real prawn could be scientifically fished the toll of salmon taken would be considerable.

To sum up prawn and shrimp fishing. If I were to be compelled to fish only two baits including fly, during the whole year and under all conditions of height of water, colour and temperature, and the killing of salmon was the point in view, then these two would be my choice, as doubtless they are the two most killing lures of all for salmon in fresh water.

(To be continued)

TRYING A POOL ON THE RIVER BANN, NEAR KILREA, NORTHERN IRELAND

THE MARSH WARBLER
The dangerous tilt of the nest is completely natural and indeed typical

THE REED WARBLER
The neat nest is in marked contrast to the untidy structure of the marsh warbler

A PROBLEM IN IDENTIFICATION

By G. K. YEATES

THE warblers are a confusing family of birds, and with the possible exception of the waders call for more skill in identification than any other. Certainly in the case of the present species this problem is acute. In fact, sub-species apart, it is doubtful whether any British bird calls for more careful identification than the marsh warbler, for its resemblance to the reed warbler is very close indeed. In many of the cases amongst British birds where a common species is liable to confusion with a rarer kinsman (cirl and yellow buntings, wood and skylark, curlew and whimbrel, to mention but three), the likeness is superficial rather than real, but in the case of the marsh and reed warblers not even the most encouraging optimist could pretend that this is so. In plumage the differences are so close and so subtle that for myself I must always remain doubtful of field identification of marsh warblers which rest on plumage distinction alone. For the benefit of the uninitiated these distinctions may be summarised as follows; that the marsh warbler has pale brown legs instead of the reed warbler's darker brown, and that the rump of the first is greenish in tinge as against the other's rufous colouring. Not very encouraging characters, I think it will be agreed.

MARSH WARBLER AT NEST
The nest has a pronounced "basket-handle" on the right

The problem is not helped by the difficulties of observation under which these two species are to be seen. Thick osier beds—the delight of both birds—are not exactly remarkable for affording good clear views, nor does the light in such places usually assist the observer. Even from the close range (5 feet) of a hide those characters are not easily noted. The intensity of the colouring—particularly the greens and browns on the rump—varies greatly not only with the light but with predominant colouring on the surrounding vegetation. I was very forcibly struck by this fact, and it has been this which has made me in future suspicious of field identifications of the marsh warbler.

Fortunately, in the breeding season there exist other and more definite aids. It has been said that the reed and marsh warblers are the only two British birds which are most satisfactorily identified by their nest and eggs, and to that opinion I must in part subscribe. The marsh warbler does not imitate that beautiful cup nest of the reed interwoven into the reed stems. On the contrary, the marsh's nest is an untidy affair by comparison, and much more like the typical warbler nest (*e.g.*, whitethroat). It is, too, often precariously built, and with a dangerous tilt, but it possesses a feature of distinction. With varying degrees of thoroughness it is firmly held in place by "basket handles" connected to other parts of the vegetation in which it is constructed. The eggs, too, are different, for they are much more distinctly marked, and their blotches are on a clearer ground colour than the reed warbler's.

Discovery, then, of nest and eggs will quickly put any doubts to rest, but to find a nest it is essential to know beforehand that the birds are present in the locality. With an uncommon species, which is found only in little "oases" of the Midlands and the South, mere casual searching is not likely to be profitable. Here song is the decisive factor, as in so many small birds. The marsh warbler has many of those harsh, discordant and disjointed notes which we associate with this family, the *Acrocephali*, but when the cock is in full song it is immediately distinctive. It is melodious, fluty and vivacious to a degree to which neither the reed nor sedge warblers can aspire.

Yet the fact remains that the marsh warbler is a problem in identification, and I know no species in which successful discovery brings greater satisfaction. Large birds are, of course, more exciting to hunt, but being large and conspicuous, they do not in many cases call for great skill or hard work in their discovery. The small birds may lack this excitement in the chase, but if they are to be outwitted, they call for far greater skill and much more toil, and they more than repay the labour involved.

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON

III.—He attends a Meet of the Pytchley

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen-picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to an old-time hunting man if he could return to it after a lapse of a hundred years

LORD QUORN told Mr. Mowbray a great many facts about Masters of Hounds of to-day—adding that some of them were Americans.

"It appears," said Mr. Mowbray "that one can now be a Master of Hounds without being a large landowner. That would have been quite impossible in my time. To be a Master of Hounds a man had to be a large landowner either in the country he hunted or some other county."

"But did not money and personality count?" asked Quorn.

"In those days land and money were the same thing," replied Mr. Mowbray. "Personality, of course, counted, but I doubt if Dick Meylor whom Lord Alvanley used to call 'the Sugar Baker' would ever have been elected Master of a Shire pack for all his money."

"Why Sugar Baker?" asked Quorn.

"His uncle, a Bristol merchant, made his fortune in Jamaica, and Alvanley hated Dick for exposing the shady financial tricks of his friend Beau Brummel and forcing him to leave the country. You see the Belvoir was the Dukes of Rutland's private pack and the Cottesmore were almost always under a Noel or a Lowther, while the Althorpe and Pytchley were the Spencers' property, except for the short time Mr. Ward had them. Only the Quorn were available for the ordinary individual, and in my time all but two masters were either lords or baronets. Then most of the great noblemen kept a pack of hounds entirely at their own expense to hunt their own estate, or shared with an equally important neighbour."

"I don't think there is a single hunt kept entirely at the Master's expense now, though several packs belong to the Masters, like the Brocklesby and Beauforts, where the Mastership of which has been hereditary for generations," replied Lord Quorn. "The Duke of Rutland lends his hounds to the country and owns most of that too. Hunting has become far more expensive and land far less paying. Most landowners are pretty broke nowadays, what with income tax at five shillings in the pound, super-tax and death duties up to fifty per cent. on big estates. Still we can't complain. The American Masters have been a big success here. Mr. Sawbridge with the Cottesmore, the two here and Mr. Higginson with the Cattistock. But here comes 'The Admiral'."

They had pulled up before the wide sweep in front of Kelmarsh Hall.

Mr. Mowbray saw a thick-set man walk down the steps of the Hall with his hat at a rakish angle. So that was Earl Beatty of the North Sea. He certainly looked the part.

"Who's the big man next him in the cap and very dark coat?" asked Mr. Mowbray. "I thought heavyweight huntsmen had gone out with Raven* and Steven Goodall†. He must have a very rich master to mount him, but he looks the part every inch and pound of him."

"You're right there, he's the goods, and no better heavy-weight ever crossed the Pytchley country, but he's not the huntsman. That's Colonel Jack Lowther, and best field master in England. He had 'im since 1923."

"Then why does he wear a servant's velvet cap, if he doesn't hunt hounds?" asked Mr. Mowbray.

"Nearly all Masters do so now," replied Lord Quorn, "to let the field know they're Master, I suppose."

"In my day we found that out pretty quick without him disguising himself as a servant," replied Mr. Mowbray, drawing a long breath through his teeth.

Having pointed out several other celebrities, Lord Quorn moved off to see to the unboxing of his horses, and left Mr. Mowbray to take stock of the field. He noticed that the costume varied a lot, very few cutaway coats, that Sir Raymond had yellow tops as long as his own. Mr. K's hat was taller than his, Lord B's spurs longer, while Captain H's leathers were equally tight-fitting and Major P's whip as long as his own, but no one had the proper collar and blue satin tie.

What had become of the smart second horsemen in bright liveries? All we could see were a lot of men in billy-cock hats and black coats holding the horses. Where were the red, yellow, blue and green carriages with coats of arms as big as soup plates on the door panels to proclaim the owner's family and rank? Where the bright liveries, the gold lace and cockaded hats? Where the sweating covert hacks? Only rows on rows of motor cars nearly all exactly alike, mostly black in colour, driven by a man in a long coat with metal buttons like tram drivers, and not a footman on any box!

How could one tell which car had come from the castle and which from the more humble villa?

Mr. Mowbray turned sadly away to look at something more pleasing, but blushing scarlet he quickly averted his gaze. A lady! She had the entire back of her habit torn away and seemed quite unaware that she was exposing the whole of her nether appendages to the public gaze!

"MR. MOWBRAY TURNED AWAY TO LOOK AT SOMETHING MORE PLEASING, BUT, BLUSHING SCARLET, HE QUICKLY AVERTED HIS GAZE"

WHILE SILAS IS INTRODUCED HIS MAN, IN LONG MULBERRY COAT AND HIGH BEAVER HAT, "THE ONLY ONE TURNED OUT AS A GENTLEMAN'S SERVANT SHOULD BE," WAITS WITH HIS HORSES

Who were all these pretty effeminate boys strutting about in hunting caps and waisted black coats with blue collars or blue ones with white collars? There had been fops when he was here last, but really nothing like these under-sized youngsters with curls and pink and white faces. Great snakes! one was actually rouging his lips before a hand mirror!

Mr. Mowbray turned to Lord Quorn, who arrived with the horses at that moment, and asked what these creatures were.

"Our lovelies," replied Quorn. "Let me introduce you. Lady Kathleen, may I present Mr. Mowbray from the States. Is your boy out, or is Eton long leave next week?"

Silas could not even get out "Pleased to meet you." So this was a matron of high degree with a son at Eton College, and he had taken for . . .

Mr. Mowbray had no difficulty in recognising his horses. There was his man in his long mulberry coat with big gold buttons, leather belt, and high beaver hat, the only one turned out as a gentleman's servant should be. Besides him there were only two other second horsemen in livery, one in green and one in blue, Lady Beatty's and Mrs. Ronald Tree's—both Americans needless to say. Mr. Mowbray felt very gratified to observe that his countrywomen were keeping up the right traditions in regard to hunting livery.

At this moment Mr. Tree offered him a glass of port. That, thank God, tasted the same, and was being carried round by two liveried servants as in the days of yore. Somewhat recovered, Mr. Mowbray

* Quorn 1877-1900.

† Mr. Ward's huntsmen.

had a look at the pack. There at any rate he perceived little, if any, change: the horses were the same, thoroughbreds, though perhaps with a little more bone; the hunt servants' liveries might have been Lord Chesterfield's, only their coats were a very dark red which reminded Silas of the first Earl of Lonsdale's hunt liveries; the hounds were the same, obviously descendants of the clean-necked, straight-legged racers after which he used to follow the Squire, both here and in Leicestershire. The sweeping crescent formed by Kelmarsh Hall and its two wings was just as he remembered it, and the broad step now crowded with men and women wearing the old white collar.

Looking round, England, he thought, must indeed have been going through a lean time: where were the jolly old Squires with great paunches, and the fat farmers on great lumbering pinches. The huntsman, rather old and wizened, sat rather crouched on his horse, not a spare ounce of flesh on either. His face was thin, clean-cut, with a look of infinite sadness on it. He spoke to no one and only answered the cheery greetings of the field as they passed the pack, with a touch to his cap.

One man stopped to speak: "So Frank my keeper tells me you killed my old fox yesterday. You would do a thing like that when you knew I had to be at the County Council."

Like the sun suddenly breathing through dark clouds, the old huntsman's face lit up with an expression of beatific joy.

"Yes, sir, we got him at last; but I'd have had him before if that man of yours hadn't had the earth always open for him to come back to after we got him away, and swearing they were marking his vixen, cheating my hounds."

Again the face returned to even greater sepulchral gloom at the thought of such duplicity.

So this was the great Frank Freeman, the most famous of all huntsmen?

Mr. Mowbray continued his review of the field. He could only see one fat man whom he was told came from America. All the others looked half-starved, while the women, when he could bring himself to scrutinise them, appeared, compared with those of his days, to be nearly all positively emaciated.

A man approached him and enquired if he was going to hunt regularly, and on his saying "No," said he was afraid he must ask him for "a cap."

"But you haven't even found a fox yet, let alone killed one!" exclaimed Silas, producing half a dollar.

It was then explained to him that besides the half dollar collected from everybody out, strangers were expected to give ten dollars to the hunt. Silas thought that this was a very inhospitable custom, not that he grudged the money. Formerly strangers were welcomed, and no one was asked to subscribe who did not care to, in fact most of the old-time Masters had scorned to accept any contribution, being able to regard the honour of Mastership sufficient.

(To be continued)

MEMORIES OF MARTINGALES

Symbolic Ornaments

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. L. JULYAN

WAR-TIME influence on motor transport has resulted in more horse-drawn vehicles being seen on our roads. Unfortunately, much of the old time trappings so dear to the carter and waggoner have gone, but face brasses and martingales to some extent remain. A study of these ornaments is worth while for all, but particularly for the child whose upbringing has been in a mechanical age. The martingale is essentially a strap of harness fastened at one end to the nose band and at the other to the girth to prevent the horse rearing, and by its position it gives scope for the display of a group of ornaments which when worn singly over the forehead are called "face-brasses."

The illustration shows four martingales in the writer's collection, and the brasses represent a few of the four hundred odd designs said to have been in use in Victorian times. A martingale usually has four brasses, but for heavy draught horses a wide strap carrying eight is sometimes used. The weight of a single martingale is about a pound and a half, and this, combined with the time taken in polishing the brasses, led to it practically disappearing except for ceremonial purposes.

A study of these ornaments takes us back into antiquity. We read in Judges that Gideon collected the ornaments from camels captured from his enemies. From objects in the British Museum it is seen that domestic animals were decorated by the Assyrians, the Greeks, and by other ancient peoples. The introduction into England is lost in obscurity, but a study of the finds in Roman collections indicates the use of ornaments on their chariots and on the harness. It seems probable the Crusaders coming back with the spoils of battle set a fashion of ornamenting harness as the Saracens did. But it was not until the industrial age that horse brasses became general, and only from 1800 that their popularity grew.

The earliest brasses were fashioned from sheet metal by the use of a chisel, a punch, and a hammer. A file gave the finishing touches. These bore the marks of individuality and were the products of the true craftsmen. Few such specimens are now found outside museums. With the development of brass founding cast brasses superseded them.

Cast brasses are heavier than the hand-made, and are distinguished by two studs or points at the back corresponding with the holes in the mould where the molten metal was poured in. When these have been cut off it is easy to see where they have been. Good specimens of this class are much sought after. With the fashion for collecting them in recent years antique shops have been selling vast numbers of reproductions. These are cast in the old moulds and in appearance are much the same, but the brass is not of the old quality, and they will not hold the polish in the same way. The real attraction to the true collector is the close association with the life and work of the people of other days, and these lack the evidence of wear in use seen in the older specimens.

Then there are stamped specimens largely produced in the decade before the Great War. These are the same thickness throughout, and are without the studs, or evidence of them, unless they have been "faked" to deceive.

There is evidence that such ornaments were originally regarded as amulets or charms to safeguard from evil, or to ward off the "evil eye." When their use on harness became general it is evident the horse owners did not regard them as essential equipment because it was generally left to the horseman to provide his own. Such things became very cherished possessions and were passed down from generation to generation. Their owners had a dual interest in them—they had a lingering belief in their association with good luck, and a joy in the appearance of their animals. That the superstition of bringing good luck had something to do with it is indicated from the popularity of certain designs, and as we still use mascots on cars the idea is easily understood.

BRASSES REPRESENTING A FEW OF THE 400 DESIGNS USED IN VICTORIAN TIMES

But let us look at the martingale brasses illustrated and endeavour to trace something of their history. On the first there are two crescents, a plain brass with a raised centre, and a heart. The crescent is probably the oldest design in use, and is found in nearly every set. It is referred to in the Bible as being used on camels' necks. It represents the moon, and the latter was supposed to have a very great influence on life and on agricultural operations. The plain brass likewise represents the sun, and the indentations around it are small crescents. In addition to its association it was a popular brass because it reflected the light well. The heart has always been important.

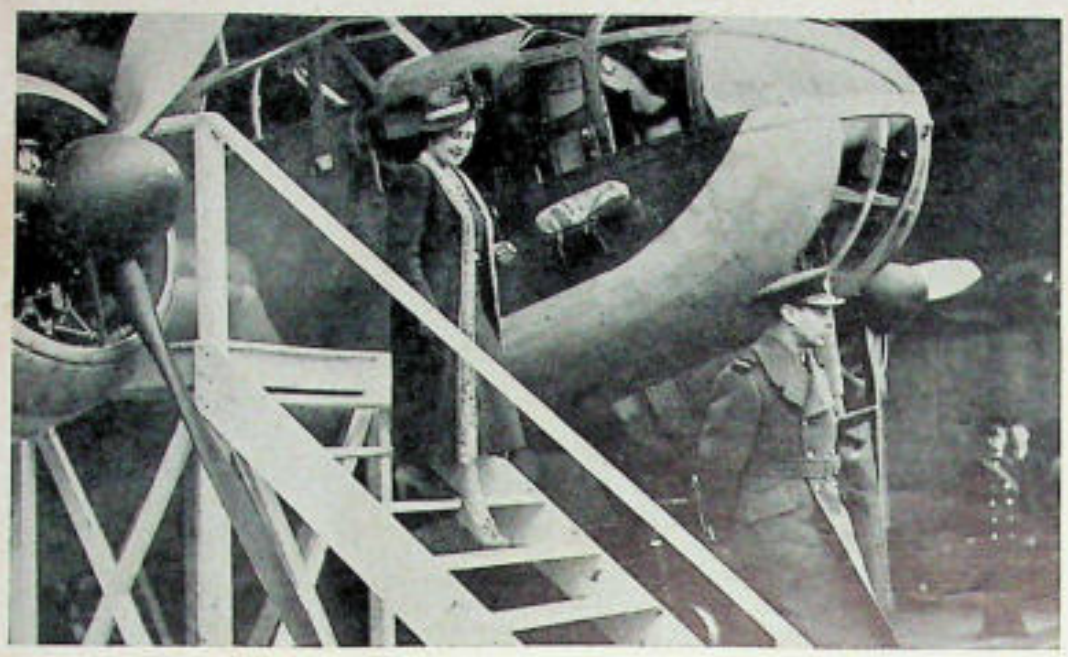
The second martingale consists mainly of brasses of the geometrical type which were possibly the earliest ones to find favour in England because they could be made by the local craftsman. No two of these were alike, and it gave scope for great artistic taste and skill. The crescent, the heart, the clover leaf, the lotus flower, the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other illustrations were combined with the geometrical pattern. The third specimen is just a little more elaborate, and has an extra brass. The moving wheel on the third brass is a favourite design. In number four martingale the same patterns appear.

On many martingales the brasses are more varied, and sometimes of an entirely different type. Agricultural designs were very popular in some areas and included horses and carts, horses and ploughs, animal heads, sheaves of corn, windmills, implements of husbandry, birds, and figures of farm workmen. On estates sporting types associated with the chase and shooting found favour—foxes' heads, stags, boars, pheasants, and dogs; while, as a variation there were designs based on family crests and coats of arms. Military emblems and national designs, like the rose, thistle, shamrock, and leek, found favour. Then again, various industries had their special brasses—the barrel of the brewer, the engine of the railway company, the anchor of the docks, the lion or elephant of the circus, and the trade designs of industrial firms. Musical instruments also figured largely, especially the Irish harp and the hunting horn. Horseshoes in a variety of designs naturally came in, and often a crest was found inside the shoe, or a horses' head or a bell. But all these types became indiscriminately mixed with commemorative brasses—like accessions and jubilees, through carters moving about and taking their brasses with them, or by adding to their collection by gifts or purchases as occasion offered.

As time goes on such brasses will become more interesting among exhibits of bygones. Their history is so closely associated with human work and with human outlook, and they are relics of an age when man found his interests in simple things connected with his daily labour. He would work late into the night or rise very early to polish the many brasses solely on account of his pride in a well turned out team.

When not in use his martingales and other ornaments would hang on the kitchen wall, and in old age they would be an ever-present reminder of his achievements and outstanding days in an otherwise common round of toil—the day when he took first prize for turn out at the fair, the time when he carted the product of the record harvest to market, the day when the work people were taken to the centre of some family or national rejoicings, and perhaps the day when his team had the honour of taking the old squire to his last resting place. Yes, the history of horse brasses is very closely connected with the history of transport, of agriculture, and the more intimate lives of individuals who would miss many things that were dear to them if they could return to their old scenes of labour in this mechanical age.

FROM THE FEBRUARY CALENDAR AT HOME AND ABROAD



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OCCASION OF A VISIT TO THE WEST COUNTRY WHERE THEY INSPECTED AIRCRAFT FACTORIES AND A ROYAL AIR FORCE TRAINING CENTRE. *Right:* W. W. WAKEFIELD, THE FAMOUS RUGBY INTERNATIONAL, AND FORMER ENGLAND CAPTAIN, AGAIN ON SERVICE WITH THE R.A.F.

HARRY ASHLEY, HUNTSMAN OF THE SOUTHDOWN, IN CONVERSATION WITH MISS BETTY CLARK AT A MEET AT DITCHLING. *Right:* THE FIRST FOUR HOME IN THE OXFORD CENTIPEDES V. CAMBRIDGE SPARTANS CROSS-COUNTRY RACE. H. C. STILL (CAPT. CAMBRIDGE), FIRST; A. D. WALDEN JONES (CAMBRIDGE), SECOND; R. S. BLEASE (OXFORD), THIRD; AND S. P. HULTON (OXFORD), FOURTH. THE RACE WAS OVER THE SIX-MILE COURSE AT SHOTOVER, OXFORD. CAMBRIDGE WON BY 36 POINTS TO 42

NOT IN SWITZERLAND BUT A SCENE IN ROME WHERE THE EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE OF WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS SKI-ING ON THEIR HOME SLOPES WAS WITNESSED THIS MONTH

WAIFS AND STRAYS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

QUITE a number of the animals which arrive at the Zoo are more or less unexpected; the creatures are not bought, or exchanged, or sold, or deliberately acquired by some Fellow or supporter of the Zoo and then presented; their advent is more fortuitous than this.

These arrivals fall into two groups. Some, like bird-eating spiders, or even small poisonous snakes, are accidental visitors to Britain whose discovery

GANNET ALIGHTING

in a crate of fruit, or in a ship's hold, has prompted a rapid telephone message to the Zoo offices; some are even accidentally imported to the Zoo itself—two colonies of sea-squirts in the Aquarium passed unnoticed until they had established themselves, and had probably originated from larvæ contained in the sea water in which a consignment of fish had arrived.

Others, more numerous, are wild animals which have fallen into circumstances which have led somebody to take pity on them, care for them, and bring them to the Zoo. Every breeding-season brings people, young and old, with birds fallen from the nest, or litters of deserted field-mice, and the staff have a considerable amount of trouble in dealing with their offers. Lately advice has been so widely sought that the Zoo has issued a booklet on the treatment of most household pets, with the hope that its readers will be able to care for their animals at home instead of stretching the limited accommodation at Regent's Park to breaking point.

Nevertheless, many waifs and strays make interesting additions to the collection. Birds are most common, though bats, hedgehogs, foxes, squirrels, seals and even bush-babies (escaped from captivity and found in Kensington Gardens) have been brought in. Bats, brought perhaps more often than any other sort of mammal, are among the hardest of all to keep. A pair of insectivorous bats needs individual and personal attention over a large fraction of the twenty-four hours of the day; and the Zoo has not got the staff to manage this specialised job. It should be mentioned, however, that the technique of keeping British native bats in captivity has now been so carefully worked out (particularly by Mr. Michael Blackmore) that they have not only lived for many years but have actually bred.

Some time ago I told of the chough, escaped from captivity, which was successfully housed at the Zoo. Every year brings British birds of one sort or another to the collection, and though they may not be so rare as the chough, most of them come straight from the wild via some tender-hearted enthusiast. After nearly every severe storm a number of sea-birds find their way to Regent's Park; among them can be mentioned gannets, fulmars, terns, storm petrels, Leach's petrels, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, and little auks—all found inland, and miles from their natural habitat. The police are among the most active in sending in such birds; further evidence, if such be needed, for their essential tenderness of heart.

Just over a year ago a peregrine arrived, caught in an exhausted state, bearing a ring placed on its leg in Norway; this winter's peregrine had an even more interesting history. Off Beirut, Syria, it flew aboard the Japanese vessel *Terukuni Maru*, where it was captured and placed in the care of a steward. Many of the passengers thought this was a bad omen, and when the ship was mined off the East Coast had cause to remember their suspicions. Whether or not the bird deserved rescue, it was saved from the wreck and presented to the Zoo.

The strays that arrive at the Zoo may be of curious origin, but at least most of them are taken on the strength in the official way—cards are filled in, entries made in the occurrence book, and keepers' daily reports are checked. But this is not true of *all* the Zoo's stray charges. Some of them just appear towards the hibernation season; for instance, Greek tortoises are quite often discovered among their giant Seychelles and Galapagos relatives in the Tortoise House, and their arrival has once or twice been correlated with the appearance of visitors in the house carrying mysterious brown-paper parcels under their arms—an ingenious method of providing a home for one's tortoise in the winter, but one scarcely fair on the Zoo authorities.

Animals, bought when young, but found to be quite unrelated to Peter Pan, are offered to the Zoo every week. Foxes are among the commonest of these, and seem to be kept by many people in London.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

ON Sunday, February 18th, as Mr. and Mrs. Brown walked home from church, with their two daughters, Joan and Madeleine, nobody would have guessed from their unhurried gait and unworried looks that the world was at war and that their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, were at this very moment on their way across the heath, with their three hungry boys, expecting to sit down to a good meal at the Browns' hospitable board soon after 1 o'clock. But Mrs. Brown was not alarmed. She had had no servant since the beginning of the war, but she had inherited from her French mother both taste for and skill in cookery; she had also inherited from her father, the famous professor of insectivora psychology, a real genius for detail and management.

At 1.15 p.m. precisely, the two families sat down together to yet one more excellent Sunday midday meal, the menu of which was pencilled, in French, upon two little china tablets.

Le Bouillon sans coupon.
La Terrine de poisson.
La Poule au riz.
La Salade Lorette.
La Crème caramel.

Le Bouillon sans coupon.—Put 8 quarts of water in your largest pot or pan; add the following vegetables, peeled and cut up: 1½lb. carrots; 1lb. potatoes; ½lb. turnips; ½lb. parsnips; 2 onions and 2 leeks; ½lb. haricot beans; also plenty of salt. Let the whole come to the boil and simmer gently for at least four hours, and, if there is less than four quarts left in the pot, add a little more water to make up four quarts. Then pour the *bouillon* into another saucepan, through a colander, and add as much of the vegetables as you can squeeze through. All this can be done on Saturday afternoon and the *bouillon* can be merely re-heated on Sunday morning and, when steaming hot, poured into the soup tureen, after a little tapioca has been stirred into it to give it more substance; the vegetables provide the flavour and the goodness without any meat or "stock" being required.

La Terrine de poisson maison.—This is also made by Mrs. Brown on Saturday, and sometimes even on Friday, for Sunday. She fills a deep, fireproof *terrine* with boned pieces of fish, different sorts of fish in layers, mostly white fish, a little pink salmon, and a few dark anchovies longways; salt, of course, and a sprinkling of peppercorns. She pours over it all a fish *fumet*, that is, a concentrated *bouillon* of fish heads and tails and bones, boiled slowly together; also two glasses of white wine and a glass of brandy to give it a good finish. Then she puts upon the *terrine* a close-fitting lid and leaves it in a fairly hot oven to bake for three hours. It is then taken out, but the lid is not removed until it is time to serve the *terrine*, the next day or the day after. Slices of a cold fish pie can then be cut and passed round, a sort of fish brawn which is tasty and ready for any meal.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THE market for South African gold shares has had a rather disturbed time recently. Prices have been irregular and uncertain and in some cases have dropped quite sharply. The reason is to be found in the announcement by three companies, the Palmietkuil Gold Mining, Welgedacht Exploration, and Holfontein (T.C.L.) Gold Mining, that as no financial assistance is forthcoming from the Union Government, pumping operations on the properties are to cease.

All three concerns, which are in the far east Rand, have in the past four or five years spent substantial sums on shaft sinking, etc., and have been engaged on developing ore reserves prior to the start of actual gold mining.

Working capital became exhausted towards the end of last year. Normally new capital would be raised from shareholders or in the new issue market, but in war-time that was not possible. The companies applied for Government help and meanwhile kept their pumps working. Now that the pumps must stop, the mines will gradually fill with water, and the "de-watering" of a mine is a big job, both in time and money.

Naturally, much disappointment is felt at the Union Government's decision. It had been hoped that at least in the case of Palmietkuil, which had developed over 2,000,000 tons of payable ore, it would have been considered worth granting assistance. A sharp distinction must be drawn, however, between "developing" companies such as these, which are producing nothing and would probably need further finance for some years before reaching the productive stage, and the established mines which are producing gold and earning profits.

Shares of the "developers" have naturally fallen sharply. Shares of the "producers" have only been affected indirectly where they have had to be sold by holders to meet speculative losses on "developing" interests. This has undoubtedly happened in a number of instances.

The "producing" companies form South Africa's greatest industry, which continues to go ahead. In January, in fact, the gold output of the Witwatersrand reached an all time high record of 1,106,242 fine ounces, valued at £8,296,815. The value is taken at 150/– an ounce. This is the maximum permitted to the companies by the Union Government which takes the excess value of the gold over that figure. It is, however, the highest price ever received for gold by the companies. There has been, moreover, an indication that the Union Government is prepared to consider making concessions should costs rise, due to war conditions.

Thus, there is every reason to maintain that shares in the established producing gold mines are still first-class investments. They offer excellent yields, especially when the relief in respect of Dominion income tax is taken into account. The £1 shares of Consolidated Main Reef Mines and Estate, for instance, might be confidently bought around 67/6. For each of the past two half-years the dividend has been 15 per cent. against 12½ per cent. previously. This means a yield of nearly 9 per cent. The life of the mine is estimated at 30 years.

The Sub Nigel is one of the richest mines on the Rand. For two years past it has paid dividends of 150 per cent. Its 10/– shares stand at a price of nearly £9 10s., but this means a yield of just under 8 per cent. This mine's life is placed at 35 years.

Three specially interesting shares are Vogelstruisbult, Grootvlei, and South African Lands. These three concerns are at the start of their life as gold mines. All have paid their maiden dividends within the past two years. Vogelstruisbult 10/– shares stand at 21/3. They paid 5 per cent. last June and 7½ per cent. in December. Monthly profits have been rising steadily. South African Lands' latest dividend was 100 per cent. in December. The 3/6 shares stand at 4 19 32. Grootvlei paid 5 per cent. last June, raised to 10 per cent. in December. These £1 shares stand at 4½.

FINANCE AND THE FARMER.—Assistance given by the Exchequer to dairy farmers in meeting higher costs of production, in order that the price of the commodity to the consumer should not be raised unduly, is at the rate of £1,000,000 a month, while the scale of prices at which the Government now buy meat gives the home meat producers an additional £1,280,000 a month, over and above the £5,000,000 a year subsidy formerly paid.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GROW MORE FOOD: DIG FOR VICTORY

SIR,—Mr. Van Sommes need not fear that the excellent advice he gives on encouraging use of allotments is being neglected.

Since the first fortnight of the war, when Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith appealed for 500,000 new allotment holders, an intensive campaign has gone on. Every local authority has been circularised: each has been urged to make more land available for allotments.

Full use has been made of the cinemas and the wireless; and every week the Press, particularly in the provinces, has been publishing items of news and articles on the "Dig for Victory" campaign. Demonstration plots have been set up in the parks of many of the cities, with parks superintendents acting as demonstrators, and the Royal Horticultural Society has established a panel of experts who will give practical help to allotment holders or private gardeners in any part of the country.

Over 200,000 posters have been sent out and are now a common sight in every town. More than 2,000,000 leaflets have been distributed. These leaflets, besides telling anyone what to do to get an allotment, contain a form of application that can be filled up, detached and sent to the local authority by attaching a halfpenny stamp to it. The large majority have been distributed, as Mr. Van Sommes suggests, "in boroughs, cities and towns."

Over 1,000 applications have been received for further supplies of these posters and leaflets. They are being displayed at municipal offices, on trams, buses, trade vans and lorries. Many applications have also been received for permission to reproduce them on catalogues, seed packets, cartons, bags and folders. One order alone was for 5,000,000.

A film of topical interest to all war-time gardeners is almost ready for release.

The response from the local authorities has been excellent. Birmingham, for example, are increasing their plots by 5,000. Brighton is prepared for nearly 3,000 allotment holders. Smaller towns have less spectacular figures, but they represent just as great a concentration of effort. In fact, there is more evidence of allotments awaiting new plotholders than of unsatisfied demand for the land.

I have every hope that Mr. Van Sommes will appreciate that the Ministry is, at least, taking some steps to encourage people to "Grow more Food" and "Dig for Victory," and if your correspondent can suggest means other than those already taken I, for one, shall welcome his advice.

Yours faithfully,
R. W. HADDON,
Chairman, Ministry of Agriculture's Publicity Advisory Committee.

MARKETING VENISON

SIR,—On reading the letter on marketing venison in your edition of February 3rd, I feel bound to write my views. Can the old stalker say where he had sampled venison with the skin left on for days? Perhaps he is one of the lazy ones, who, when he was in harness, never skinned a deer if he came in late at night! Canvas is not only expensive but it cannot be bought, as the Government has all for sandbags. Can old stalker suggest any other way of keeping a carcase clean?

It is not the fault of leaving the skin on that spoils the meat, but entirely the fault of stalkers who either will not or do not know how to grallock a beast thoroughly. I have seen several shamefully grallocked. I feel really sorry for Mr. Frank Wallace in his job; what he has done in short notice has been marvellous; he works under great difficulties, getting no support from several proprietors and every difficulty put in his way by stalkers, who dictate to their masters and, unfortunately, are listened to. Scotland is over-run with hinds owing to this, as stalkers are lazy and hate going out in the winter. For old stalker's information I know of one butcher alone in Glasgow who took 600 carcases and grumbled that he could not get more; those carcases *must* have been in a foul state!

I am afraid I do not believe venison mince was sold in Inverness at 1/2 per pound. Old stalker, it is your war-time job to try and help Mr. Wallace, to put your experience in front of him and thereby help the scheme with fair criticism instead of crabbing it, when you really don't know the facts. Mr. Wallace requires all the support and help he can get to keep deer within bounds, as if deer stray and do damage to crops they will be ordered to be shot without the forest owner being consulted.

Yours faithfully,
Dochfour, AMATEUR STALKER.
Inverness.

SIR,—In connection with two subjects that have been rather to the fore lately, namely, the expense of feeding hounds, and the value of venison.

I have been making a deal for some feeding stuff for hounds, and have had the following rather surprising offer made to me: Boned and rolled venison, "fresh," passed by H.M. Inspectors for human consumption, at £56 per ton.

The dealer suggested that I could keep it in a refrigerator, and use it as required. I have asked him to quote me for "caviare" instead.

Yours faithfully,
Nethercott, TRINITY.
Iddesleigh, N. Devon.

[This is not a joke. We have seen the letter containing the offer.—ED.]

DEER CONTROL METHODS

SIR,—As one whose ancestors were fox-hunters and engaged in the preservation of deer for generations, I know that a form of deer control was found necessary in very ancient times.

The method in use at the Black Mount deer forest of Argyll, at the time of the great Gaelic poet, Duncan Ban Macintyre, and probably later, was by shooting down a certain number of calves annually.

Red hinds leave their calves in forms while they graze at some distance from them, and for a short period after the calving season the hunter in charge was out after deer calves daily with his long flintlock.

The calves are good eating, but that was not the whole worth of the method, which made the dams into yeld ones, with the result that they became fat, and were worth having as venison round about Christmas.

The season for calf shooting is to come, and the system has the merit of being less wasteful than indiscriminate slaughter. One may be sorry for a hind which loses her calf, but every cow has to bear a like misfortune, so why weep about one and not the other?

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, D. MACINTYRE.
Comrie, Perthshire.

OLD SHOOTING STOCKINGS

SIR,—About six weeks ago you were kind enough to publish a letter asking for old shooting stockings for the men of my squadron who are maintaining the Balloon Barrage, and I am writing to thank your readers for their generous response. I have received rather more than ten dozen pairs. If by ransacking their wardrobes your readers could find another hundred pairs, the stockings would be very gratefully received and put into immediate use.

Yours faithfully,
The Wilderness, D. A. J. BUXTON,
Ongar, Essex. Wing Commander.

PROTECTION OF LAPWINGS

SIR,—It is absurd to put the Green Plover on the forbidden list. No bird knows better how to take care of itself. The few any shooter can get by stealthy approach he well deserves, and he certainly will make little impression on the large flocks.

Those offered for sale are, I believe, mostly netted on the Continent.

This bird is protected because it is supposed to be a friend to farmers. But it is, I think, established that they devour as many beneficial insects as detrimental ones.

Yours faithfully,
10, Vernon Square, H. B. FOWLER.
Ryde.

SIR,—By the Protection of Lapwings Act, 1928, the sale of lapwings or their eggs between March 1st and August 31st is prohibited under heavy penalties. In this county (Somerset) the lapwing and its eggs are given full protection by the County Council Order during the whole of the year. I would suggest that for the duration of this war, at any rate, a short Act should be passed giving total protection to the lapwing and its eggs throughout the year, for it is a most useful bird whose food comprises various noxious insects, including the pestiferous wire-worm whose ravages upon farm crops are notorious. If the plea is raised that lapwings might supplement our food rations, I would recall to your readers' recollection Mr. Ralph Hodgson's poem *Stupidity Street*:—

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of Stupidity Street.
I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in Stupidity Street.

If anyone objects that lapwings are not "singing birds sweet" let him go to some windy heath in April and listen to their mating cries. They are worth more than many fourpence-halfpennies.

Yours faithfully,
Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

PLOUGHING v. GRAZING

SIR,—Since the issue of the Ploughing-out Order I have been in the habit of asking my farmer friends if they have been affected by it. The answer has invariably been in the affirmative and, also invariably, they have told me that it would entail the keeping of fewer ewes, beasts, or cows than heretofore.

This being so, I fail to see how the Order will benefit the County. I would have thought that it was more economical to import grain, which packs close into a ship's hold, than bulky carcases.

Yours faithfully,
G. N. HILL, LT.-COLONEL.
North Riding of Yorkshire.

BRITISH FORESTRY

SIR,—There seems to be still an idea that landowners who possess woodlands are now going to reap a golden harvest by means of timber sales. But how many people are there who really know, or have calculated the costs of raising timber, and compared them with present sale prices?

It is doubtful if anyone can calculate the cost of bringing hardwood plantations to such maturity that they become a marketable commodity, because this takes more than one man's lifetime to do, and the cost is prodigious.

But in the case of conifer plantations we can prove something. Having gone in extensively for growing conifers on my own estates in England and Scotland with good results, I will take the following case.

On one area of 100 acres planted 25 years ago the outlay to date has been as follows:—

Costs of cleaning ground, planting, and weeding with odd labour during first five years, approximately £15 per acre or total of £1,500.

Wages of permanent head forester in charge at £2 5s. per week, or £117 per annum for 25 years, £2,925; giving a total outlay of over £4,400 in 25 years.

The sale of small poles from thinnings is negligible as there is no demand for these, and the sales do not cover the cost of cutting and carting. Let us assume that there are now some 30 tons to the acre of marketable trees, or a total of 3,000 tons. (I doubt if even the best areas could produce as much as this at present). All trees are below the 7in. and 8in. quarter girth fixed for larch and Scots firs respectively by the Timber Control at 7d. per cubic foot as the sale price for standing timber of these sizes.

This equals about 17/- per ton, and at this figure the present value of good timber on 100 acres under control prices is £2,550 produced at a cost to the owner of £4,400. Can we call this profiteering; can we blame owners who don't plant trees in future?

I have carefully watched the operations of the Government Forestry Commission for many years on land adjoining my own, and I am prepared to bet that their cost of production is more than double the figures I give, and that after some 20 years the value of their timber to-day per acre is not half what I have quoted.

If we calculate the cost of producing timber to-day, and the interest lost on capital expended over many years, the figures are so staggering that it requires something far better than to-day's controlled prices to encourage home grown timber production if private individuals are to do it.

Yours faithfully,
Hyde, A. E. RADCLYFFE (Major).
Wareham.

GOOD SHELTER FROM SHOWERS OR HEAT UNDER THE "UMBRELLA OAK"
(See letter "Unique Trees")

THE ONE DOG PACK

SIR,—I was walking recently through the fields at the back of Parkgate with Mike, our bull terrier. As we passed a big clay pit, Mike, who had been investigating near the edge, suddenly gave tongue and disappeared over the side of the pit.

I went to investigate the cause of the excitement and was astonished to see him in full cry after a big red fox.

The fox was leading by a couple of lengths, but Mike stuck to his quarry over piles of stones, small ponds covered with ice, and all the impedimenta of the brick works.

At the other side of the pit about 150 yards away, the fox made an attempt to scale the precipitous side, but, finding it impossible, turned and faced the dog still on his heels. The spitting and snarling of the fox and the baying of Mike were clearly heard across the pit.

As I watched the battle I saw Mike suddenly close with the fox and the next moment he had it by the neck, shaking it violently.

I found a more advantageous spot and managed to slide and tumble down to the bottom of the pit and made my way across to the scene of battle.

By this time it was all over and the fox lay covered in clay and fatally bitten through the head and neck. One hind leg was also broken. Mike's only wound was a small scratch, barely discernible, on one cheek.

We took the body to the Paulo Kennels nearby and found it was a dog fox weighing 18½lb.

For the past two months heavy toll had been taken of neighbouring hen-roosts and many people are grateful to our one dog pack.

Yours faithfully,

Neston. W. Y. DUNCAN.

MIKE AND HIS 18½LB. DOG FOX
(See letter "The One Dog Pack")

FERTILISER FOR THE POTATOES
(See letter "Industry Unmechanised")

INDUSTRY UNMECHANISED

SIR,—In your issue of February 3rd a correspondent, who contributed two photographs of seaweed being collected in carts at Penzance, remarked that here was a business which was not yet motorised. It may be worth adding that this is, indeed, one of the very few jobs for which pack-donkeys are still employed in England. At Branscombe, on the East Devon coast, early potatoes are grown on cliffside ledges and slopes which are reached by paths so steep, narrow and tortuous that no wheeled vehicle can come to them. Accordingly it is on the backs of donkeys that seaweed is, every January and February, carried up, as fertiliser for the potato plots.

Unfortunately my snapshot, taken in early February, does not show directly the nature of the path, but the donkey's distended nostrils and the man's opened lips provide evidence, unposed and unfaked. Seaweed is packed in this way in Western Ireland also. In Pembrokeshire I have seen boat loads of seaweed taken up the estuary of the Nevern, a small salmon river. Seaweed is a good fertiliser for many crops, and for potato cultivation it has special value.

Yours faithfully,

Oxford. J. W.

A GIANT SYCAMORE
(See letter "Unique Trees")

UNIQUE TREES

SIR,—Mr. Bertram Unne's letter and beautiful picture, "An Evergreen Oak," on page 144 of your issue dated January 27th, is unusually interesting and prompts me to draw attention to other trees.

Here is a picture of an enormous oak, growing in the fields near a public path between Darlington and High Coniscliffe, which is known as the "umbrella oak" on account of its shape being like the well-known implement; and, like the brolly, is equally as good when it comes to sheltering one from a heavy shower.

The second photograph shows a splendid example of a sycamore tree which is on the York–Thirsk road.

Fastened on to the trunk is a notice board which has the following painted upon it:—

> "Drivers of stage coaches used to point out this sycamore tree to their passengers as being the finest tree growing inside the fences of any high-road between London and Edinburgh."

I have not been able to find out how old this tree is but it has been well looked after and is protected with lead sheeting, and some heavy chains help to support its huge limbs.

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington. J. DENTON ROBINSON.

PHEASANT-CAPERCAILZIE

SIR,—While shooting here about a month ago, I killed a bird which was a cross between a pheasant and a capercailzie. It was an ugly bird, slightly smaller than a capercailzie. Its beak was less hooked than that of a capercailzie and also its legs were not feathered, but bare, like those of a pheasant. The tail feathers of this bird were like those of a pheasant down the middle of each feather, but were of a blackish colour on the outside. Its back was marked like that of a hen pheasant but was grey and black in colour.

Yours faithfully,

Argaty, Doune, Perthshire. O. S. BONSER.

[This particular cross is by no means uncommon in the Tay Valley.—ED.]

A TEST FOR AMATEUR BELLRINGERS
(See letter "Too Big for the Tower")

WHERE ALICE LIVED IN WONDERLAND
(See letter "In Memory of Lewis Carroll")

TOO BIG FOR THE TOWER

SIR,—Perhaps your readers may be interested to see the photograph of a detached bell which is by Loch Shiel, near the monument to Prince Charlie. I have heard of detached belfries, but this is the only example I have seen of this kind. I think this is unusual, and believe it was due to the fact that the bell was presented after the church was built, and the tower was not made to support the bell.

It is amusing to watch visitors try to swing this heavy bell. Very few succeed because they try to ring the bell first time. The proper method is to swing it slowly at first, taking longer pulls until it almost rings itself. Some of your readers may know of other examples?

Yours faithfully,

London, W.9. LESLIE H. GEORGE.

A GOOD SPANISH IBEX

SIR,—You may be interested in the enclosed picture of the only Spanish ibex killed by an Englishman since the civil war. It was shot by a well-known deer-stalker, Wing-Commander James, and it represented something of a British triumph as his predecessor in the Royal Preserve, a German officer of high rank, missed three easy chances. Wing-Commander James took a difficult chance, and killed his beast dead. This first class trophy measures: Length 30½in., girth 9in., tip to tip, 17¾in.

Yours faithfully,

166, Piccadilly. ROWLAND WARD, LTD.

ANOTHER ROMAN ROAD

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the paving on the old Roman road between Melandria, near Glossop, and Anovia, Hope, Derbyshire, which I feel sure will interest your readers.

One of the finest moorland tracks in all the Peak is that between Old Glossop and the summit of the Snake Pass and which is known as Doctor's Gate. This follows the line of the old Roman way and not only provides the wayfarer with wonderful views of the stern grandeur of Bleaklow Head and Kinder Scout, the two mountains of the Peak, but affords an interesting insight into Roman road construction.

The track in question has been attributed to the work of the Frisian Legion stationed at Melandra A.D. 78, but there seems to be no possible doubt that an older British way was utilised in order to provide a foundation for the Roman way.

The accompanying picture was taken near the highest point of the track and shows the Roman paving still remaining on the surface of the vast beds of peat.

Yours faithfully,

Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs. LYNDALE.

WOODPIGEON SHOOTING

SIR,—I read with interest the article in a recent issue of the *Field*, but it does not give all the information as to the best way of tackling the woodpigeon pest.

In this part of the country there are small woods or spinneys averaging 100yds. to 200yds. wide by a quarter to half a mile in length, and these spinneys are generally within about a quarter of a mile of each other.

Many of us have had considerable experience in game shooting, but are not familiar with the most effective manner of dealing with pigeons when they are coming to roost in the evening.

It is not feasible to construct hides, and therefore information as to where to stand, what to do, and also what *not* to do, would be very interesting and instructive.

Generally speaking, there would be anything from six to ten guns available in an evening, and information as to the most effective manner of setting about the destruction of these pigeons would, I feel sure, be appreciated by many guns.

Yours faithfully,

Saville Chambers, 1, Saville Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne. HARRY W. TAYLOR.

A DEER STALKER'S TROPHY
(See letter "A Good Spanish Ibex")

IN MEMORY OF LEWIS CARROLL

SIR,—Monuments to writers seem to be few in England, and the one to Lewis Carroll shown in the picture is of an unusual nature. It records that: "On this very shore during happy rambles with little Alice Liddell Lewis Carroll was inspired to write that literary treasure *Alice in Wonderland* which has charmed children for generations. Unveiled by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, O.M., M.P., Sept. 6th, 1933."

In the background is Gogarth Abbey where Alice Liddell used to live—but this has since been rebuilt. The exit road from the Great Orme is also shown in the photograph and this was a favourite run in pre-ration days from Llandudno and provides some fine views. Probably Lewis Carroll and Alice Liddell also knew these spots well. The monument is an exceptionally beautiful one, with the white rabbit at the top and squirrel and frog on the base.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. MAURA BOLAND.

THE REMAINS OF ROMAN PAVING ON A DERBYSHIRE MOORLAND TRACK
(See letter "Another Roman Road")

CLINK!

SIR,—The interesting article describing old village prisons published recently has prompted me to send the enclosed photograph of the old lock-up door at Stratton, Cornwall, which may amuse your readers.

Someone with a grim sense of humour has affixed the highly descriptive word "clink" in iron studs to this door which once graced the portal of the village gaol.

When the lock-up was demolished a few years ago, the door was thought to be such a curiosity that it was saved and placed in a prominent position in the main street of the village, for all to see and to profit by its unpleasant associations.

Yours faithfully,

34, Bamford Road, Bromley, Kent. H. J. P.

HABIT OF WOODCOCK

SIR,—Some thirty years ago you published a report from me describing the flushing of a woodcock in my small garden on the outskirts of a Lancashire industrial town.

This morning, at 10 o'clock, I had a still more extraordinary experience. Propped up in a sick-bed close to a window, I was amazed when a woodcock alighted within 6ft. of me, and in walking past the window must have come 2ft. nearer. He was only out of sight for a moment before he returned, moving in the opposite direction. Twice he plunged his beak into the ground but apparently without success. The level of the path being but a foot below that of my eye, I had an exceptionally good view of this interesting bird.

Yours faithfully,

Trucklepark, Lustleigh, Devon. GEOFFREY R. MOTT, Major.

SIR,—With reference to E.E.T.S.'s letter concerning the woodcock and its habits in your issue of January 27th, I should like to say that although I myself have never seen a woodcock stick its bill into the ground before taking wing, I know personally several people who have actually seen a woodcock do this.

Surely they cannot all have been optical delusions?

Yours faithfully,

Le Bas, Haileybury College, Herts. T. G. OSMOND.

WOODPIGEONS AND SPARROWS

SIR,—The Minister of Agriculture is quite right to appeal to all classes of shooting men to keep down the woodpigeon, but he should not forget an even worse enemy to an increase in food production, the common sparrow. These birds must consume millions of quarters of wheat and other cereals during the summer, before harvest commences. In this neighbourhood I have seen wheat fields stripped bare of corn for 30 or 40 yards from the hedges. In the aggregate throughout the country the loss of cereals must be enormous. Now is the time to kill the sparrows down, and the Minister should encourage the destruction of these birds in every possible way. Large quantities can be killed if their roosting places are located and they are frequently attacked with "clap nets." In this severe weather the "wonder rat and sparrow trap" will also account for great numbers if properly baited.

During the last few weeks I have shot a good many woodpigeons and have examined the contents of the crop in every case. They were composed almost entirely of hips and haws off the hedges, with a few ivy berries and a few clover leaves. The woodpigeon is, of course, very destructive to all kinds of corn crops when cut or laid by thunderstorms or high wind, but they do nothing like the damage to standing corn which the huge flocks of sparrows do. In my young days when farming was prosperous many agriculturists paid a farthing for each sparrow the village lads brought them, taking off the heads and returning the bodies. Few dishes are more delectable than a sparrow pudding, and with the addition of a few cooking oysters and a little steak it is a great delicacy. The difficulty nowadays is to get anyone to take the trouble to pluck them.

Yours faithfully,

The Wharf, Long Buckby, Rugby. GERALD M. SOAMES.

GEESE AT MARLBOROUGH

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Lutterell Byron's "Snipe during the Cold Spell," we also shot a dunlin in the cold snap of January last year, in mistake for a snipe, at Elect Farm, Marlborough. I have not seen any there this year, but influenza has

A WARNING TO ALL
(See letter "Clink!")

kept me indoors. My friend Mr. Edwards of Barton Farm and his son each got a right and left at white-fronted geese after a stalk, getting up to 35yds. before firing. The date was January 29th and I saw the birds. A remarkable achievement, within a mile of Marlborough College! I had expected them to have recorded the incident with you, but as they do not appear to have done so, I feel that I must!

Yours faithfully,

10, The Green, Marlborough, Wilts. J. H. ELVERSON.

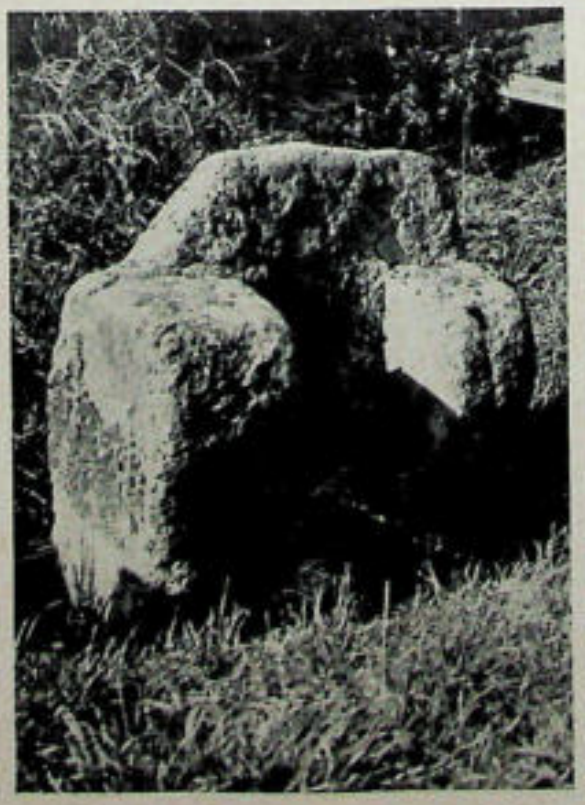
BLACK REDSTART IN HEREFORD

SIR,—I was interested to see a letter in your issue of February 3rd noting that a male black redstart had been seen near Lyndhurst on December 11th.

On January 20th last my husband and I watched for some time a cock of the same species flitting about on the stone work of the south face of Hereford Cathedral.

Yours faithfully,

Shenley Cottage, Bagborough, Taunton, Somerset. M. F. LEIGH.



A SEAT FOR A SEER?
(See letter "Mother Shipton's Seat")

BITTERNS IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

SIR,—In the afternoon of Friday, January 26th, I saw a bittern on some low-lying ground near the Thames at Medmenham. This bird walked past me at a distance of about 20yds. and was easily identified by myself and two other witnesses.

Shortly after I flushed a second bittern from some rushes by the side of a stream about 500yds. from the place where the first bird was seen. The second bird flew about 100yds. and I was able to approach within about 30yds. for further observation.

I have no doubt that two bitterns were seen and not the same bird observed twice.

The birds have not been seen since.

My neighbour, Major Roderick Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, Henley-on-Thames, has written to me as follows:—

"From a note in my father's handwriting, a bittern was shot at Medmenham, Bucks, in 1861 and also one at Fawley Court in January 1864 by L. Rawstorne, Esq."

Major Mackenzie also tells me that his present keeper shot a bittern at Fawley about 15 years ago. He did not know what the bird was but says it was being "mobbed" by other birds.

Yours faithfully,

Danesfield, Medmenham, Marlow, Bucks. A. STANLEY GARTON.

[We have had bitternes reported this winter from Devonshire, Somerset, Hampshire and Warwickshire, and a dead bird sent us from Wiltshire.—ED.]

WATERFOWL ON LONDON RIVER

SIR,—No doubt in an exceptional cold snap the usual haunts of birds perforce are changed.

Recently in the space of half an hour, near high water, the following birds passed my house at Chiswick just below Strand on the Green: the usual swans and mallards, moorhen and common coot, great crested grebe and little grebe or dabchick, a flight of seven tufted duck and one teal (a female), most unusual, perhaps from Kew.

Yours faithfully,

72, Grove Park Rd., Chiswick, W.4. CUTHBERT GRASEMANN.

IMMUNITY FROM RAT BITES

SIR,—In reply to Captain Luck's letter in your issue of January 13th, it might interest him to know that my son was born with a tooth about ¼in. above the gums in the centre and front of his lower jaw.

Great excitement was caused in the nursing home in which he was born, and we were told by the doctors that the tooth would soon drop out. He will be seven years old on May 23rd next, the tooth is still there, no malformation, and an exact match to the others.

We have discovered that he is not immune to mouse bites; experiments with rats will no doubt follow.

From his mother's remarks, made during his babyhood days, I gathered the presence of the tooth was not appreciated.

Viki Baum in her book, *The Nankin Road*, vividly describes the excitement caused amongst Chinese by the birth of a child already possessing a tooth.

Yours faithfully,

Manor Farm House, Sherborne St. John, Basingstoke. IVOR J. J. SYMES.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S SEAT

SIR,—The stone seat shown in my photograph is known as the "Abbots Chair," and is by the roadside on the hill called Hurstingstone Hill, near St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.

It is thought to have been originally the base of a mediæval cross, and one side has been cut away or it may have been worn away by climatic conditions, the square socket for the shaft now having only three sides. It has been suggested that the chair was set up here for the monks as a resting place when on their journey to St. Ives from Ramsey and back. Another story is that Mother Shipton used the chair when uttering her famous prophecies. Hurstingstone Hill was also the site of the gallows and in ancient times dogs were hanged as well as humans.

Yours faithfully,

Merrybent, Low Coniscliffe. COUNTRYWOMAN.

A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS

Inverness and Nairn, Pride of the Highlands

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

SINCE the outbreak of war rumours have constantly trickled through as to how various clubs in different parts of the country are faring, and what their leading members are doing. News of this description is naturally welcome to golfers who are always interested in the welfare and activities of other clubs. The only snag is that these sources of information have frequently proved to be contradictory, and their versions sadly conflicting in content; so much so, that I have ceased to place any reliance upon such oft-repeated reports until the facts can be confirmed and ratified at their source.

The present welfare of other clubs and their members, however, is a topic which is of genuine interest and concern to all golfers. With such thoughts in mind I decided to make a tour of many of our leading clubs and learn for myself how matters stood in this direction. I am not venturing in any way to claim that the survey will be complete. Several clubs that in normal times would automatically be included in such an itinerary have had to be passed over through difficulties of travel, black-out conditions, and, not least, the petrol problem. I trust, therefore, that those thus concerned will appreciate the reason for their omission.

Well, a tour of any description has to commence somewhere, and I began by making a long trek to the far distant north. Like so many people, my previous visits to the Highlands have always been either in the spring or early autumn, so I anticipated with lively interest the prospect of seeing familiar scenes in the icy grip of winter. Nor was I disappointed. It was just the difference between a rustic in picturesque garb and the same man clad in the stern regalia of steel armour. The metamorphosis was complete. More than once I would gladly have exchanged my pen for an artist's brush, for there are scenes which can best be interpreted on canvas, and even then they might not be believed.

Shortly after arriving in the capital of the Highlands, I called upon Major David Ross, whose secretaryship of the Inverness Golf Club covers a period of over forty-two years. During our conversation I learned how the club is weathering the storm of war, although judging by what he told me it has happily been only a gentle breeze so far, and their immediate outlook is none too bad. Naturally, they have been affected in several ways. Some forty members have joined the Services, but up to date only about thirty have had occasion to resign, which out of a membership of some seven hundred calls for no sleepless nights on the part of the committee. The greenkeeping staff has been reduced from six to two, and as J. J. Fraser, the club professional, and his assistant have been called up, the shop is being managed by the professional's wife.

Perhaps the best-known member of the Inverness Club to southern golfers is J. T. Bookless, the Scottish International. I well remember his visit to Hoylake with the Scottish team several seasons ago, when, like Ted Ray, he tenaciously clung to his pipe throughout the series. Northern golfers will no doubt recall the exciting match over the Inverness course in 1924, when Bookless and H. C. Maclachlan, the present captain and fourteen times club champion, defeated George Duncan and Abe Mitchell by 3 and 2 in a four-ball match. Bookless is now a lieutenant in the army, and his wife, who now has business responsibilities, found time to dine at my hotel before going off to canteen duty. Mrs. Bookless told me that when her husband joined his regiment the first person he came across was Gordon Duff, the well-known Moray golfer, and he was only one of many enthusiastic players. Their mess-room must resemble a militant nineteenth.

In the afternoon I went up to the Inverness Club and once more found myself under its spell. Many proud secretaries have shown me what they aver to be the finest panorama to be seen from any clubhouse or course. I have never presumed to question their claim or weaken their faith, discretion counselling the sacrifice of strict truth for the easier path of compromise. But, for sheer beauty in winter conditions, I doubt if you could rival the claims of Inverness to that proud position.

From the vantage-ground of the clubhouse it presents a picture of what everyone imagines the Highlands to be like. The towering peak of the snow-clad Ben Wyvis; the Great Glen of Caledonia with its range of hills separated by Loch Ness, and Ben Nevis in the far distance. There is an indefinable "something" about the grandeur and beauty of these mountains which, like a magnet, draws one back time and again. Golfers owe a great debt of gratitude to Alexander Machardy, for he was the real pioneer of the game in the Highlands, and both Inverness and Dornoch figure in the impressive list of courses which he designed and laid out. While mentioning the Royal Dornoch Golf Club, which I was more than sorry at having to leave out, the

J. T. BOOKLESS, THE WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL, WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE INVERNESS GOLF CLUB

name of their secretary, John Sutherland, comes to mind, for with David Ross their joint period of secretaryship covers some 102 years—a wonderful record.

Before saying farewell to this watch-tower of the Highlands, I was unable to resist paying another visit to one of the strangest battle-fields in the world. In my time I have stood on the scene of many historic battles, and the contrast is striking. Last summer I passed through the plentiful crops that now cover the Ypres Salient; found it difficult to associate Hell Fire Corner with the present cultivated scene; gazed upon the windmill turning quietly in the breeze near Hill 60, and the farming lands round Waterloo, and realised how Nature has hidden the scars of war. Not so with Culloden Moor, for the lonely mounds marking the places where the Highland clans fell for the Stuarts and the last battle fought on British soil seem as permanent and as fresh to-day as that wall of steel we call the Maginot Line.

Leaving this moor of memories I set out for Nairn, which with Dornoch, takes pride of place among the seaside courses of the north. I had harboured a faint hope that Gerald Fairlie, the novelist, might be staying at their delightful house, but, as I expected, the family were in the south. Unfortunately, the Nairn secretary, Ian Mackenzie, was likewise away from home, but their green-convener, George Cook, very kindly came to my assistance by outlining the club's position.

Like Inverness, the knife of economy has been applied to the greenkeeping side, and the staff has been cut from six men to the head-greenkeeper and two assistants. Membership has not been unduly affected by resignations, but from a financial point of view a more serious position lies ahead. Like so many seaside courses, a great part of their incoming revenue is derived from visiting golfers during the summer. For instance, the peak months of July, August and September usually realise anything in the neighbourhood of £1,000 to £1,200. During the last war this figure dropped by 45 per cent., and looking at the future in the light of this experience it can be appreciated that they can scarcely look forward to a good financial year.

The rationing of petrol will undoubtedly affect these far-distant clubs, but, at the same time, I see no reason why the usual influx of golfers from Glasgow and East Lothian should not be expected. After all, the distance is not over-great from such centres, and the train service is quite adequate. From a golfing point of view, Nairn has everything that could be desired. Its delights have been sampled from the King downwards, and for perfection of greens, the highest praise that can be given is to say that they are, if anything, even better than those of their friendly rivals at Dornoch.

I might mention that both Inverness and Nairn have come into line with the customary order as to the subscriptions of those members who are serving with the Forces, by making them honorary members for the duration of the war. In many ways this is an excellent ruling, but, wherever possible, I think members who can afford to do so should contribute voluntarily by maintaining their subscription, for if this war is to be the lengthy affair that some would have us believe, then many clubs will experience difficulty in meeting their financial obligations.

Clubs like Inverness and Nairn are, moreover, doing service in other directions by offering relaxation to officers and men whose duty keeps them in the district. During the last war many Americans were initiated into the mysteries of golf over these courses, and liked the game so much that they returned after the Armistice had been signed.

INVERNESS GOLF CLUB HOUSE

SPRING FLOWERING EVERGREENS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN one garden I know the only lawn is surrounded on three sides by spring flowering evergreens and the effect is good not only in spring but also in summer; the solid surround of green makes for coolness and restfulness. The fourth side is a sloping south bank which has been turned into a rock garden. Even in autumn this plot has character for low growing berberis are planted in groups in the front row of the shrubs and their vivid berries are very conspicuous with the evergreen background.

Amongst the handsomest early flowering evergreens are the pieris. All through winter their foliage is a rich satisfying green, during the bleakest weeks of the year their buds look as though it would take only a few hours of sunshine to make them expand and in early spring they are covered with their lily-of-the-valley-like flowers. The flowers of *P. japonica* droop but those of *P. floribunda* are held firmly upright.

The variegated form of *P. japonica* is one of the most striking variegated evergreens. The loveliest of all pieris is perhaps *P. formosa*, a native of Nepaul. It has toothed leaves and clusters of drooping flowers. This species is hardy only in mild parts.

Pieris belong to the erica tribe and cannot endure chalk. They need a well drained loamy soil enriched with leaf mould and prefer part shade. It is interesting to recall that American species was introduced by John Fraser, the young Scottish linen draper who came to London to make his fortune, but his shop was near the Chelsea Physic Garden and instead he became a plant collector, and crossed the Atlantic at least ten times.

Azara microphylla is one of the daintiest early flowering evergreens. Its exquisitely scented blossoms are produced in February and these are succeeded by orange-red berries.

Berberis are justly amongst the most popular spring flowering evergreens, for they afford colour at two seasons, both in flower and in berry. The earliest to flower is *B. hyemalis* (syn *B. japonica var Bealii*). In very mild parts it is in full flower by January and in most mild parts by February and old specimens 6ft. high are fine indeed, with their huge spring leaves standing out like rays round the central cluster of flowers.

This berberis was introduced by Fortune in 1845. The most commonly grown evergreen berberis are *B. Darwinii* and the stenophylla hybrids. *B. Darwinii* was discovered by Charles Darwin in Chile when he was naturalist in the *Beagle*. A full grown specimen of this, with its spiny glossy foliage and vivid orange yellow flowers, is one of the most striking objects in the spring garden. Unfortunately, it is slow growing, for it takes quite six to eight years to make a bush 8ft. high.

B. pruinosa, one of the Abbe Delavay's introductions, is conspicuous for its whitish stems, and its pale yellow berries also have a thick white bloom. It flowers about the end of April. The very hardy *B. Sargentiana* is the only berberis hardy in the Arnold Arboretum. It is a vigorous grower, with erect stems, growing about 6ft. high and has yellow flowers followed by black fruits.

The prime favourites amongst berberises are the stenophylla hybrids. Formerly, *B. Darwinii* was regarded as one of the indispensable spring flowering gardens but, owing doubtless to the modern demand for quick effect, these smaller growing berberis are now more commonly grown. They make admirable and very effective low hedges. At the autumn shows these berberis, together with the Wilsonae hybrids (the latter are deciduous) arrest every eye with the vivid colouring of their berries.

The commonest of the Mahonia section of berberis, *Mahonia aquifolia*, would be appreciated as a first rate plant if it were difficult to grow, but as it grows like the proverbial weed in almost any soil, and in the bleakest parts of Yorkshire as in the mildest parts, it is usually regarded with indifference. Yet what a fine shrub this is for the very poorest soils, for on such soils its foliage turns the most beautiful shades, from pale claret to purplish red. In rich soil the foliage remains greenish.

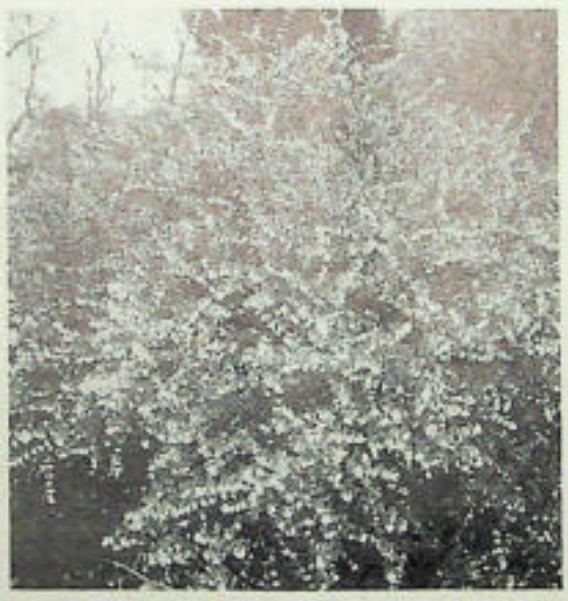
This berberis is commonly grown as ground cover under deciduous trees, but it might be also advantageously used to plant near early flowering shrubs, such as forsythias that are leafless in bloom. Forsythias, with a foreground of *Mahonia aquifolium*, with rich claret coloured foliage, is a wonderful sight in March.

Another name for *Mahonia aquifolium* is the Oregon grape. It was called this when first grown in these islands, and so much appreciated when introduced in 1823 that for many years it sold at £10 apiece, and in the first years of Queen Victoria's reign it cost 5/- apiece. It is usually increased by division, but raised from seed it varies so much that certain varieties have been named. This berberis has also been hybridised with other western American species.

Var latifolia has much broader and handsomer leaves. *Var Murrayana* has shorter leaves, very much more waved round the edge than the type. *Var rotundifolia Herveyi* makes a low tufted plant with broad leaflets. *Mahonia aquifolium* also associates to perfection with laurustinus, the latter with its abundant rich green foliage, reddish-pink tipped buds and panicles of flowers like miniature Victorian bouquets and the claret coloured foliage of the former, "picking up" the reddish pink of the laurustinus flower buds.

There are two early flowering members of the ribes tribes—*R. laurifolium*, one of the late Mr. E. H. Wilson's introductions, and *R. viburnifolium* from Southern California, which needs the shelter of a wall. The latter is attractive not so much for its flowers which, unlike those of most ribes, are borne upright, but for its small berries, which are a most vivid scarlet.

Osmanthus Delavayii is always regarded as amongst the finest spring flowering evergreens, the old favourite *Choisya ternata*, with its sweetly scented blossoms, is always a delight.



"OSMANTHUS DELAVAYII IS ONE OF THE CHOICEST SPRING FLOWERING EVERGREENS"

KITCHEN GARDEN CROP ROTATION

EVEN in small gardens there should be some system of cropping, though many beginners are apt to ignore this. Rotation of crops is based on certain principles which are of the utmost importance. Crops affect the soil in which they are grown just as the soil affects crops. The most familiar example of this is, perhaps, that all members of the leguminous tribe add to the nitrogen content of the soil in which they are planted, for the bacteria on their roots collect nitrogen from the air.

Vegetables do not use all that is stored in the characteristic little nodules, therefore, after beans, peas, etc., are harvested the haulms and roots should be dug in. Again certain crops, notably celery and potatoes, leave the ground in a much better condition than other crops.

Celery needs such deep digging, and the gradual earthing up exposes so much soil to the incalculable benefits of sun and air, that the soil is usually left in perfect condition for the next crop. Potatoes break up soil admirably by their habit of growth, and, as with celery, the soil is exposed when they are earthed up. Further, shallow rooted vegetables leave the lower spits untouched and, therefore, shallow rooted crops should never succeed each other. Different vegetables denude the ground of different foods; therefore the same vegetables cannot be grown on the same site. Root vegetables should not be grown on ground cropped the previous season with root vegetables.

Many people do not realise that vegetables of the same natural order should not be grown on the same ground for two seasons running. For instance beet belongs to the same order as spinach; therefore beet should not succeed spinach. Carrot, parsley, celery and parsnips are all members of the umbelliferæ. Lettuce, chicory, Jerusalem artichokes, globe artichokes, salsify and endive are all compositæ. All the brassica tribe, including turnips and swedes, are the members of the cruciferæ.

It is a common practice to devote a patch in the kitchen garden to wallflowers for picking, but wallflowers belong to the same order and should, therefore, not be grown on ground cropped the previous season with any of the cabbage tribe, mustard and cress or American cress. In large gardens it is customary to practise either the three or four course system of rotation.

Apart from "permanent" crops, such as rhubarb, asparagus, the herb patch, etc., the ground is divided into three parts. The first season plot 1 may be devoted partly to potatoes and partly to celery, and the onion bed; plot 2 to the leguminous crops and brassicas, and plot 3 to root vegetables. The second year brassicas and the leguminous vegetables are planted on plot 1, root vegetables on plot 2 and potatoes and celery on plot 3.

By the four-course system the ground apart from the "permanent" crops is divided into four parts. Plot 1 is put under potatoes, plot 2 the leguminous vegetables, the onion tribe and celery, plot 3 the root vegetables and plot 4 brassicas. As in the three-course system the following season each plot is put under a different crop.

Every gardener knows the importance of catch crops, but experienced gardeners make it a rule never to overdo catch cropping, i.e. never to let catch crops interfere with main crops. Spinach is usually grown between early peas and both spinach and lettuces can be grown on ground to be planted later with greens such as savoys, brussels sprouts, broccoli, kales, etc.

Both French beans and lettuces succeed well on the ridges between celery trenches because the ground, being well drained, is warmer than adjacent soil. Radishes do excellently on the tops of the marrow heaps, for enough heat is generated in the heap to make very early sowings possible, and the radishes are cleared before the marrows are planted.

In small gardens it is decidedly waste of space to grow main crop potatoes, for they are cheap and take a great deal of ground. Consequently, the site should be divided between the leguminous vegetables (succeeded by brassicas) and root vegetables.

The smaller the garden the greater the care necessary to avoid growing tall crops, such as scarlet runners and peas in such positions that they shade other crops. The dwarfer sorts of peas are better in every way, and they do not involve the high sticks that are now so expensive. But so far as flavour is concerned nothing equals the old tall growing sorts. For flavour the *Ne plus ultra* would probably be grown in every garden if it did not grow five to six feet high. Two years ago I was given seed of a nameless pea which had been grown for 70 years in the same garden, and from home-saved seed. Theoretically, it should have depreciated badly but so far from this being the case it was vigorous and the flavour delicious.

On heavy soils it is customary to lime at this season and manure in autumn. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of lime. It improves the texture of both light and heavy soils, it sweetens all soils, it is the best preventive of many diseases, such as club-root, and pests such as wire-worm, and perhaps most important of all, the minute organisms on which soil fertility depends cannot do their work without lime. Lime may be regarded as a key, for it unlocks plant foods. Hydrated lime is best for light soils and quicklime for heavy soils.

Over-liming is a serious blunder. The usual allowance is 4oz. to the square yard, or 8 cwt. to the acre of slaked lime, and double this quantity of hydrated lime or carbonate of lime.

Liming heavy soil with quicklime does an immense amount of good. Put half a bushel at intervals of, roughly, five yards each way. There are two methods of slaking. To do the job quickly pour water gently on each heap until the lumps begin to swell and become very hot. It usually takes about a pint to each heap. When the heaps have crumbled to fine powder spread them. The better way is to cover each heap with about two inches of soil. The lime then slakes gradually and is not turned into a wet mass by rain. Lime should always be in a powdery condition when it is to be spread. E.S.R.

THERE IS PROFIT IN EARLY SALADS

By HILARY WHITE

THE farmer usually complains that the growing of salad crops is not worth the candle, but this is because he sows late, and so has the bulk of his produce to market during the summer when every amateur has his garden full. Salads can pay well, providing they are sown in February, if the right varieties are chosen, and if the land is rich in organic matter.

Everything should be done to ensure quick growth and a high state of fertility. If the land is not in good heart, well-rotted dung should be ploughed in deeply at the rate of 30 tons to the acre, or if this is unobtainable, finely divided wool shoddy with a nitrogen content of 16 per cent. should be used at 1 ton to the acre. In addition, the following mixture of organic fertilisers may be applied at the rate of ½ ton to the acre :—1 part meat and bonemeal, 1 part hoof and horn, 1 part fish guano, and 1 part sulphate of potash. This should be lightly harrowed into the top 6in. of soil, and not only improves the tilth but ensures a regular supply of plant foods.

The three main salads to sow this month are radishes, spring onions, and lettuce. The radish may either be sown by drill or what is more usual, can be broadcast at the rate of 56lb. per acre. To ensure continuity a definite area can be sown first, and then a second sowing made immediately the first sowing is through. When drilling, the drills should be 6in. apart. Two good varieties of radish for early work are Scarlet Turnip and Scarlet Globe.

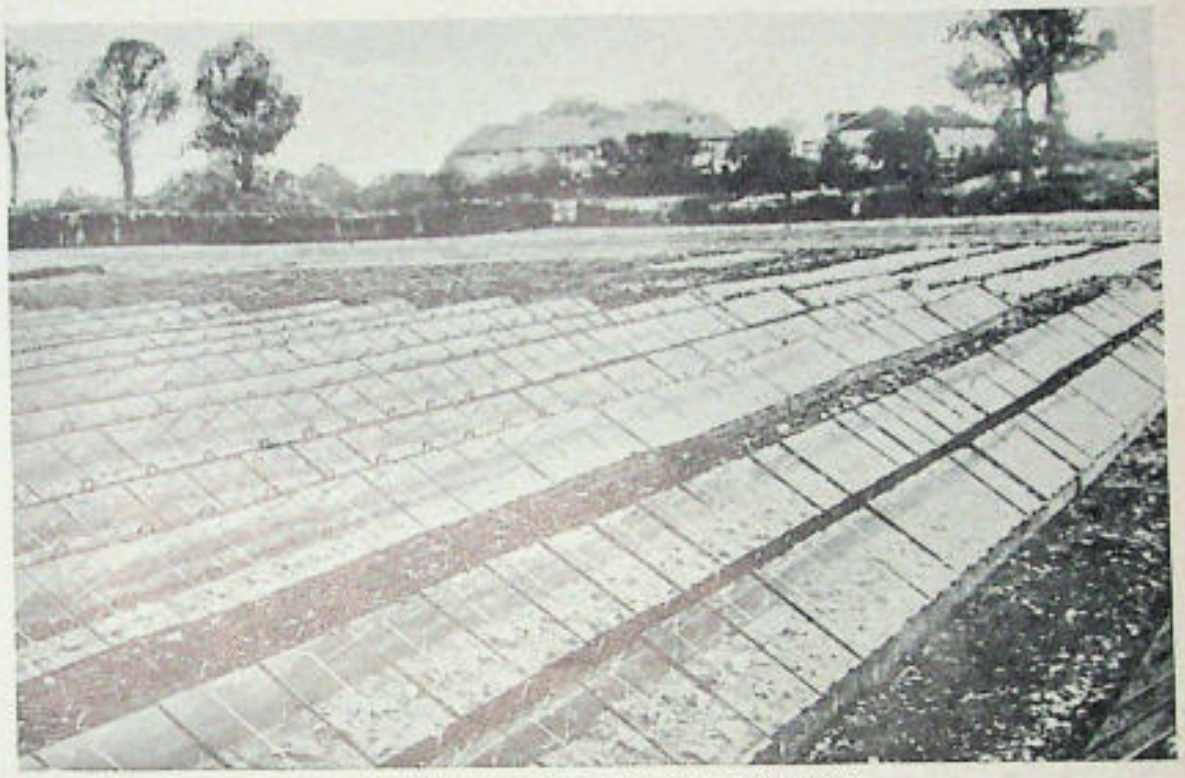
The White Lisbon is the best spring onion. Though the surface soil should be in good tilth the ground below should not be spongy. The seed should be drilled in rows 1ft. apart, at the rate of 40lb. of seed to the acre. Directly the plants are through, horse hoeing or mechanical hoeing are necessary to keep the land clean, together with a certain amount of hand hoeing. When the plants are 3in. or 4in. high, or even taller, a dressing of sulphate of ammonia may be given along the rows at the rate of 1 cwt. per acre. A further dressing is sometimes given a few weeks later; it much depends on how the plants are growing. Directly the soil is got into the right condition the lettuce seed may be drilled in at the rate of 2lb. to 3lb. per acre, the drills being 1ft. apart. A fine tilth is necessary, and so harrowing may be followed by rolling and disc harrowing. When the plants appear they should be singled out to 9in. or 1ft. apart in the rows. In really good soil they will need 1ft. The two best varieties for sowing early are Market Favourite and Borough Wonder.

From thinning time onwards this crop will need to be cultivated regularly, and should the plants seem to dally, Chilean Potash Nitrate may be applied up the rows, at 1 cwt. per acre.

As to the marketing of these salads, radishes should always be pulled when young and tender, only the properly developed roots being included in a bunch. Small, unformed radishes should not be pulled, and the over-large ones should be thrown away. The size of the bunches differs from county to county. In Essex, Kent and Middlesex the bunch contains up to 20; in the North as few as 15 may appear. The tying is done with two-ply fillis just below the bottom leaves. Three dozen bunches are then packed in a bushel box, or two dozen in a lettuce tray. In the West ten dozen go to the half pot.

Salad onion bunching usually takes place in the fields, again the sized bunches depending on the area. In counties as far apart as Lancashire and Devon 14 Lisbons constitute a bunch, but in the Home Counties these may often weigh up to 5lb. The roots are usually placed in tanks to soak and are washed before being sent to market in hampers, flats or bushel boxes.

Lettuces, directly they are hearted, should be cut two or three times a week early in the morning, and are best packed in a non-returnable wooden crate. The National Mark, though, recognises the bushel box, half pot, Cheshire box, sieve, &c.



A FIELD OF CLOSE CONTINUOUS CLOCHES
A useful method of producing early salads for market

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service

THE new "Agriculture (Miscellaneous War Provisions)" Bill deals among other things with the question of advancing goods or services to farmers who require them and have not the cash or credit to obtain them in time to increase this year's output from their farms. The Bill does not empower the County War Agricultural Executive Committees to advance cash. The requisites that may be provided include such things as seeds, fertilisers, implements, feeding stuffs, silos or contractors' services for ploughing, cultivating or harvesting. Payments for agricultural wages or such work as drainage, hedging or ditching are not included.

A farmer wishing to take advantage of this assistance would apply to his C.W.A.E.C. saying what he needed. The committee would satisfy themselves that :—

(1) This was a bona fide application and that the farmer could not obtain his needs on credit or otherwise through other channels;

(2) that the requisites are necessary to enable the farmer to comply with the committee's directions;

(3) that he should be in a position to repay at an approved date.

They would then supply them to the farmer after authorisation from the Ministry if necessary.

The farmer would agree to pay the cost, plus interest, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, within a specified time. As a general rule this would be reasonably soon after the farmer has received the cash for the goods produced. In default of payment, the farmer's agreement would authorise the deduction of the debt from monies due to him from the Government, or, for example, from his milk cheque.

This scheme is intended to be self-supporting and is not intended to replace existing forms of short-term credit. In fact there is every reason to suppose that the system of guaranteed prices and markets now in existence should lead to an expansion of short term credit through the banks. There is no reason why farmers requiring this new service should not apply at once to their county committees.

Labour on the Farm

It is now possible for a farmer who can provide satisfactory training and intends to employ a land girl to train an unskilled volunteer on his own farm for a month. He will receive from the Government a billeting allowance for her board and lodging up to 15/- per week and the Government will pay the girl 10/- per week for this period. After the month is up, the farmer is expected to employ her if she is satisfactory. One of the advantages of this is that she will have four weeks to get into the ways of that particular farm before the farmer need pay her anything. Now is the time for all those contemplating such a course to apply to their Women's Land Army County Committee for a trainee. Many people seem under the impression that there are still hundreds of volunteers waiting for jobs, but such is not the case; in fact, there are not now sufficient trained milkers to meet the demand.

Silage for Beginners

Many farmers will be making silage for the first time during the coming season. They will quite likely have none of the usual equipment used in the ensiling of green crops, and will probably wish to restrict the initial outlay of capital to the minimum that is compatible with the idea of making a palatable silage of good feeding value.

Most of the ordinary silage crops can be conserved, with good results, in pits, trenches and clamps. Among such crops may be mentioned oats and vetches, oats, vetches and beans (and/or peas), meadow grass lucerne, clovers, mixtures of clover and grasses, sugar beet tops, pea haulms (with or without the pods), etc.

Now is the time to start the digging, before the heavy work of spring begins. Better quality silage with less wastage from moulding may be obtained if the pit is lined with concrete, a procedure which, if feasible, also gives permanence to the excavation. The use of molasses during filling is a sure method of greatly improving the quality and palatability of silage made in pits and clamps.

Silage can also be made in stacks, but it would be better to restrict this form of ensiling to the saving of hay crops that are in danger of being spoilt by the weather. In such cases a quick decision to ensile may have to be made and a stack may be begun with very little prior preparation. Ordinarily, however, the beginner has great difficulty in preventing excessive heating in silage stacks, and this may cause a pronounced reduction of feeding value. Further, wastage round the sides of a stack from mould action is liable to be very great.

Finally, there are crops of high protein content and feeding value, such as young leafy grass or an early cut of lucerne, that are particularly valuable in helping to supply both the maintenance and production requirements of dairy cows during winter. A concrete-lined pit might be used for preserving such crops, or, better still, some cheap form of constructional silo, such as a low-built, sectional wooden silo or the now well-known container with walls constructed of steel wire fencing in conjunction with sisal paper. Molasses should always be used to ensure the successful preservation of these valuable crops.

To sum up: Conserve the ordinary silage crops in pits and clamps. Save hay crops threatened with spoiling by rain in the form of stack silage. Reserve any purchased or home-made constructional silo for the preservation of specially-valuable crops such as young grass. In this way, the new-comer to ensilage will be able to ensile cheaply and will, at the same time, help to obviate too big a call on the primary materials, such as wood and steel which are necessary for silo construction, but which may be urgently needed just now for other purposes. Molasses, which should be used whenever possible, will be available in generous quantities.

THE WISDOM THAT WAS THEIRS

Mixed Farms, and Our Forebears

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

THE more one studies the trials and problems that beset modern farmers in these days when few things preserve their normal course, the more one is convinced of the wisdom of our forefathers in the management of their farms. I would not for a moment suggest that they were as well equipped as we are to-day with modern knowledge and science, but they most certainly did believe in feeding much of the produce of their farms on these holdings, and practically every farm was self-supporting in the way of feeding stuffs for their livestock.

The era of cheap imported feeding stuffs, the disastrous prices that cereal crops fetched after the repeal of the Corn Production Act, and the fact that milk alone provided ready cash with which to carry on, and so stimulated farmers to put their arable land down to grass, all these have been factors in bringing British Agriculture down to a lower ebb than ever before. It has taken a European war of gigantic dimensions (and for the second time) to bring home to the authorities that the salvation of British Agriculture would appear to lie in the mixed farm.

I feel sure that, as the result of the ploughing-up campaigns, more and more farmers will realise that home-grown feeding stuffs are the best, and, although it may take some time to get accustomed to compounding rations that must be very unfamiliar, they will discover that not only are they saving money but their farms are in better heart and much more likely to produce paying crops. It is said that immediately the war is over then there will be a rush to purchase cheap imported feeding stuffs, but against this I can foresee other uses for shipping, and that these desired cheap imports will neither be so cheap to acquire, nor will they come into this country in such well-nigh unlimited quantities as we have grown accustomed to.

We shall have to depend upon the plough for our feeding stuffs, not only in the cultivation of arable land but as the medium through which our worn-out and second-rate pastures will be broken up, and re-seeded with better grass mixtures, which will enable us to keep more cattle or sheep to the acre, or be in a position to cut larger ricks of more nourishing hay.

I feel convinced that, whatever type of farm we may possess, we shall be wise to take a leaf from the flock-master's note-book, and grow more fodder crops for our livestock, building them into whatever main rotation we are practising. In this we are luckier than our ancestors, for added to their mangolds, swedes, turnips, cabbage, rape, and tares, we have such excellent crops as kale (marrow stem), sugar beet, and that much neglected, yet most useful crop, lucerne, while undoubtedly we possess more knowledge of how to treat pastures and we have improved types of clovers and grass seeds they never knew.

Then, too, in the matter of manures, we have the advantage, for we have a complete prepared fertilizer for almost every crop, and if mixed farming is again the main form of agriculture, we shall once more see that wonderful and universal fertilizer farm-yard dung being made in quantities. This I believe would be one of the greatest benefits conferred on the land, for hardly anyone will deny that there is *nothing* that will keep land in such good heart, and last so long, than well made farmyard manure, of which all too little has been made in recent years. Judging from my own experience (and during the last twenty years I have travelled practically all over England) the most successful farmers have been those with mixed farms.

One in particular, I have in mind, in Dorset, where a large flock of pedigree Dorset Horn ewes is maintained, two herds of dairy cows, plenty of pigs and poultry, and where bumper crops of wheat, oats, clovers, and roots are grown each year. A clean farm this, in good heart, and yet worked only with horse teams. This is only one farm out of many I have seen, but the successes of the herds and flocks have been built up through keeping the land in good heart. It is only on land that is kept in good heart that the crops necessary to feed a large head of livestock can be grown, and once this has been achieved, and the stock can be maintained, then they dress the land and the cycle of good husbandry is complete.

To get back to modern times again. I keep on hearing complaints with regard to the damage done by rabbits to crops grown on newly ploughed land and no amount of wiring, trapping, shooting, or ferreting seems to lessen the pest as much as could be desired. I have seen, of late, many a farm practically wired-in all round, and in such a manner as to well nigh exclude rabbits. The wire used was 1½in. mesh, 19-gauge, and it was erected 3ft. high in the open, and 3ft. 6in. high in covers, or just outside them. The wire was placed 6in. under ground, and turned outwards towards the rabbits. By turning it outwards the rabbits soon became discouraged from trying to burrow under, and they made no attempt to climb the fence as sometimes they will do. When the wire had been erected round a field, the day after it was completed, the farmer took his gun and his dogs, and made a clean sweep of all the rabbits that might have been wired-in on the crop. It was wonderful to see the difference between the crops on land that had been wired-in, and the poor remnant of crops left on land that was free for rabbits to work their will.

ON A HAMPSHIRE FARM AT MICHELDEVER

CARE OF DRIVES AND PATHS

By REGINALD DAVEY

FROST tends to destroy surfaces, and in the case of drives brings the stones upwards. The thaw reveals a loose surface, which calls for thorough rolling. To leave the drive would cause excessive rutting and potholing. On one estate, where every task seems to receive its full measure of attention, the main drive is rolled every Saturday in the year, and has maintained its smooth surface and camber for many years.

Drives that do not receive this attention, and carry a fair amount of traffic, will sooner or later call for repair. The most economical course of action will depend upon the state of the drive, and upon how it was constructed in the first place. Leaving out the case of rocky soils, where no metalling is necessary, the making of a drive consists of well-defined operations. The surface soil and turf is removed, and the soil below shaped to the desired camber and rolled. If it be a clay, a layer of cinders will be rolled in. These prevent the clay from spewing up through the metal. On a wet soil, a layer of faggots is good practice, and is covered with cinders.

The bottom is then laid. It may be four or six inches thick, and of broken stone or half bricks, well rolled. Sometimes large stones laid by hand are used, but they have the disadvantage of tending to work up through the surface. Upon this is put the final surface. Usually gravel is used, watered and well rolled. This is known as a water-bound surface, and the length of its life depends upon maintaining an adequate camber, and a good enough surface for the rain to run off instead of sinking in.

When potholes appear, they are best dealt with by removing the metal so as to form a cavity with square or undercut sides, and to fill this with new gravel and well roll it. Merely to put gravel in the pothole and roll it will not be a success. Ruts are dealt with in a similar manner; but the stage is soon reached when it is better to scarify the whole surface and re-roll, adding a two-inch layer of surfacing.

When this is considered it is needful to be sure that the bottoming is adequate, for to surface a drive with no bottom is merely a waste of money. If there is no bottom, no surface treatment will succeed, and it is necessary practically to construct a new drive. Generally this does not arise, and then the type of surface to be used, is a matter of importance. Far superior to water-bound gravel is tarmacadam, a specially prepared material consisting of stone of uniform size thoroughly mixed with tar. When laid it is grouted with smaller material and the whole rolled, making a very lasting, though expensive job.

Most of the waterproof qualities of tarmacadam can be obtained by laying the ordinary gravel drive, and then spraying it with hot tar, or some patent cold preparation, covered with granite or gravel chippings of about half-inch gauge. This costs about 7d. per square yard for tar or 5½d. for a cold preparation. The tar is better, but requires dry weather for application.

When a surface has been tar sprayed and gritted, it is not advisable to leave it. The treatment requires repeating twelve months later, when the double seal will last three years of average traffic, or five years of light traffic. If this is not carried out, the second year after application may well see the formation of cracks, and the tarred surface becoming spongy in frosty weather. A heavy rolling after the thaw will help to preserve the surface, but the waterproof qualities of the tar will be of no effect, due to the cracks, and the drive will last no better than if merely of water-bound gravel.

Garden paths carry much less traffic, and what is carried travels much more slowly, so that they last in good condition far longer than a drive. At the same time, there is nothing more unpleasant to walk on than spongy gravel, especially if there is too much clay binder. The waterproofing of the surface by tar spraying is an improvement well worth consideration.

Waterproofing is, of course, of little effect if the land is full of springs, so that ground water reaches the drive material. In this case frost will tend to lift the tar surface, and the life of the drive will be greatly reduced. Soil water can be got rid of by fairly deep ditches on each side of the drive, while the drive itself can be herring boned with two-inch land drain pipes laid five yards apart. The depth of these drains does not require to be very great, unless the soil is sandy, but they should be below the hardcore, or the traffic will damage them.

The important part about a drive is the camber, and the aim is to maintain it. Traffic, using always the crown of the drive, tends to depress it and cause the metal and hardcore to spread into the verge. On a public road this is stopped by the kerb, an expensive luxury foreign to most drives. In a difficult soil, where this spreading occurs to a fair extent, it is worth while using 1¼in. × 9in. pressure creosoted fir boards in the place of kerbs. They are not noticed if set flush with the ground.

HUNTING COMPETITION FOR SERVICE READERS

The questions given below have been set on the following books: Mr. Romford's Hounds, The Badminton Library (Hunting), Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, Thoughts on Hunting by Peter Beckford

The Competition is open only to those readers of THE FIELD of either sex, who are serving with His Majesty's Forces.

Answers should be clearly written in the spaces provided or sent in on a separate sheet of paper (written on one side only).

Name, rank and address must be filled in in block capitals.

Prizes of ten pounds, five pounds and three pounds are offered and two additional prizes of three pounds and two pounds are offered by Lt.-Colonel The McGillycuddy of the Reeks for the best solutions sent in by serving members of the B.E.F. Six consolation prizes of a six-months subscription to THE FIELD are also offered.

Answers must be sent to The Editor, The Field House, 41 Southgate Street, Winchester, to arrive not later than first post on Monday, April 8th, 1940.

1. Who were the "Two Franks"? .. .. *Answer* .....
2. Who gave the advice that "You should not take out your hounds on a very windy day"? *Answer*— .....
3. To whom did Soapey Sponge lose "siven pun ten" and how did he pay it? *Answer*— .....
4. Who was— *Answer*—
   (*a*) Jack Spraggon? .. ..
   (*b*) The Dragon of Wantley? .. ..
   (*c*) Captain Spurrier? .. ..
   (*d*) Mr. Bragg? .. ..
   (*e*) The Benicia Boy? .. ..
   (*f*) "If father would but die"? .. ..
   (*g*) Independent Jimmy? .. ..
5. Why did Facey rake the gravel? .. .. *Answer* .....
6. Where did "the finest run that was ever seen" start from and how did the Earl of Scamperdale see the end of it? *Answer* .....
7. What peculiarities had "Multum in Parvo, Placid Joe, Leotard, and Honest Robin" and who provided them for their riders? *Answer* .....
8. On what occasion and to whom were the following remarks addressed? *Answer*—
   (*a*) "Better than the bacey shop" .. ..
   (*b*) "Ar'll show you the way" .. ..
   (*c*) "Most pernicious woman" .. ..
9. Who were "a most respectable family. If not handsome at all events genteel"? *Answer*— .....
10. Name three of Facey Romford's favourite tunes? .. .. *Answer* .....
11. Who was supposed to have headed more foxes than anybody else? *Answer* .....
12. What did Facey Romford give Sponge for breakfast? .. .. *Answer* .....
13. What is meant by— *Answer*—
   (*a*) Stopping out? .. ..
   (*b*) Feathering? .. ..
   (*c*) Rounding? .. ..
   (*d*) Dressing? .. ..
   (*e*) Drawing? (2 answers) .. ..
   (*f*) All on? .. ..
   (*g*) Putting to? .. ..
14. What did Colonel Chatterbox pay for Leotard? .. .. .. *Answer* .....
15. How should a furze cover be drawn in the evening? .. .. *Answer* .....
16. What is the first essential towards making hounds obedient? .. *Answer* .....
17. Who wore three waistcoats? .. .. *Answer* .....
18. What was Facey Romford wearing when he killed his first fox with the H. Hounds and what did he say when he had him in hand? *Answer* .....
19. Give a short description of— *Answer*
   (*a*) Chowy .. ..
   (*b*) Dirtiest of the Dirtys .. ..
   (*c*) Wideawake .. ..
   (*d*) Sir Roger Fergusson .. ..
20. Who "saw the strange confusion in the Vale below"? .. .. *Answer* .....
21. What did Mr. Stanley Stirling give his guests for dinner and who were they? *Answer* .....

NAME ..... RANK .....

ADDRESS .....

A NEW YEAR'S DAY NIGHTMARE

Recollections of a Harrowing Experience

By W. G. McMINNIES

NEW Year's Day, 1939, brought me an astonishing adventure. Our part of the country lay under a foot of snow rising to drifts six or ten feet high. For three days and nights several hundred cars had been cut off from civilisation on the Cotswolds, 800ft. above sea level.

It had taken me a whole day to dig a virgin track through the snow out of the village and on to a main road. It had to be done because food and fuel were running short and the telephone had broken down. So that at that time the most important things to take about in the car were a shovel, a few old sacks, rubber boots, a torch, and a bottle of cherry brandy.

After the snow came frost, the combination accounting for cars stalling by the hundred on every hill with a gradient of above about one in twenty. As such cuttings as had been made in the drifts only permitted one way traffic it was not uncommon for the ascending driver attempting to avoid sticking through wheel spin by rushing the hill to meet a down-coming motorist in the most critical part; so that getting about that Christmas and New Year time had a very seasonable touch about it.

Our party was not daunted by these difficulties; we had a good car, a 14 h.p. Vauxhall, which with its ample power and even torque had proved itself capable of negotiating drifts and hills where many others had failed. So when we were asked out to a New Year's celebration some forty miles away, we accepted, donned our glad rags and evening frocks, took on board the aforementioned etceteras, and duly fortified with a nip at the cherry brandy, a most useful gift under the circumstances, set forth on our way.

Stopping for petrol a few miles out, the garage man said the undulating road we proposed to take was nothing but a sheet of ice. He doubted whether we should get through and advised us to return home. Despite this warning, however, we proceeded and soon ran on to the ice-bound hills. On the first one, half-way up, our headlights showed a stalled car with dark heaving figures beside it. The car had slewed round and nearly blocked the road.

However, having plenty of way on we approached at speed, attempting to maintain a nice balance between the maximum amount of usable engine power and a minimum of wheel spin. Too much power would produce spin and eventually a full stop. To cut a long story short, we had to slow down to about 15 m.p.h. in order to pass the other car safely and then attempt to pull away without stalling ourselves on an ice-bound gradient of one in ten. How the Vauxhall did it I don't know, but the smoothness of the engine and its power at low speed somehow hauled us to the top.

On the remaining part of our outward run we were unmolested by other cars and negotiated still steeper gradients carefully but successfully. Once off the Wolds and down in the valley we were amazed to discover that all signs of the snow and frost had disappeared and the roads were in their normal winter condition. This enabled us to make up time and keep our dinner and dance engagement.

It must have been nearly three o'clock in the morning when we left again and feeling in good form owing to the lavishness of the entertainment we decided, foolishly, as it proved, to return home by a shorter route than the one we had wisely used on the outward journey, in order to avoid the more exposed part of the hills. It would have been much safer to have returned by the longer route which we knew we could tackle than to attempt the unknown.

All went well for some miles. The thawed lowlands buoyed us up with hope that we should soon be home in warm beds, with fires and hot drinks to welcome us. As we climbed, the snow drifts became deeper and the road more slippery. We came to the junction between our outward and proposed short-cut roads and swung off on to the unknown track. Down into a valley and up the other side we were still going strong. Another long and winding descent needed careful driving lest an ice-bound bend taken too enthusiastically and calling for a sudden application of the brakes repaid carelessness by shooting the car and its contents into the ditch.

And then as we approached the most exposed stretch of all, where the north-easterly blizzard of the past few days had piled drifts higher than the hedges and stone walls, so that it was at times difficult to distinguish the road from the fields, we noticed the first ominous signs of trouble ahead. For it seemed that, whereas there had been other wheel tracks to guide us on the way we had come, now they were becoming fewer and fainter.

Furthermore, where there are wheel tracks it shows that someone had managed to get along, and if one man could force his way through so could another. But where there are no wheel tracks he who pioneers does so at his own risk.

Sure enough a mile or two further on the tracks of other cars had either been swallowed up by the whirling snow or else had never existed. Still buoyed up with visions of home comforts awaiting us and now only a few miles distant—six minutes' drive away in summer time—we started to plough a wobbling course through the snow.

Sometimes it was snow only, sometimes it was ice only and sometimes it was ice and snow. At last we were forced to stop with spinning wheels. The ladies, despite their most unsuitable attire for such winter sports, bravely dismounted, donned their snow boots and started to push. Their efforts succeeded, and having mounted that obstacle we enjoyed an uneventful run for a few hundred yards.

Again wheel-spin brought us to a standstill and again the crew hopped out and pushed. This time the operation took longer, or perhaps it was that the pushing began to pall. But we got going again somehow, only to get badly stuck in a drift a little higher up. This time it was a matter of rocking the car backwards and forwards, the success of the manœuvre depending on the synchromeshing of the pushing effort of the three women, disposed at different parts of the car.

The next mile was a nightmare. We tried digging out, laying our sacking ready for the spinning wheels to grip it when the pushers moved the car a few inches, and finally we attempted to charge the drifts. This last effort was fairly successful but it shook the car to the core and must have put a tremendous strain on the steering gear as the front wheels swung first into this rut and then into that. But we were soon brought to a stop again.

By now it was five o'clock in the morning. What with all the digging, heaving, bumping and slithering the party was completely exhausted. Our dress clothes were ruined, we were sopping wet up to the knees, and with the snow up to the axles and underneath of the car it was impossible in the dark, even with the aid of flash lamps, to see what could be done about digging out or formulating a plan for extracting ourselves.

Obviously, in the circumstances, there was only one thing to be done and that was to wait for daylight. That meant three hours in the car instead of in those nice warm surroundings we had pictured ten miles back. Out came the cherry brandy and off came the bedraggled shoes and stockings. We disposed ourselves as best we could about the car and attempted to go to sleep. If you have ever slept in a car you will know how uncomfortable it is even in the depth of summer on a sultry night.

There we lay, four freezing wet forms waiting for daybreak, while outside a blizzard whisked over the car driving flakes of snow and ice against its frozen window panes.

With the first streaks of dawn, I left the damp and dozing figures in the car and inspected the position. Then with the help of the spade and half-an-hour's hard work I disinterred the car from its snowy grave and was able to get moving once more. In desperation I set the car at drifts which by headlamp light it would have seemed impossible to mount. Plunging wildly, leaping and swaying we charged along, much more like a tank doing its rough country tests than a party of revellers motoring home to bed. But the Vauxhall stuck this inhuman treatment and brought us safely home without the need for calling the crew out again to their action stations. As a matter of fact some of them were actually asleep.

It was amazing how hot baths, hot food and drink and a change of clothes revived our spirits. Within an hour we had forgotten the ardour of the night and were in fact treating the whole thing as a joke. But it was a joke that will become a chestnut and one that none of us will ever forget.

Some people may suggest that we should have worn chains on our tyres and that had we done so we should have reached home without trouble. Probably the modern chains are better than the old ones and we should have been prudent to fit them; but the old-fashioned chains in my opinion were more bother than they were worth. They were a nuisance to fit, and if badly fitted or new, slackened so much as to rattle against the mudguards. Then, if used too long, they broke. That at any rate was my experience some years ago and since then I have preferred to trust the naked Dunlop. And until that New Year's Night I had always got through.

A DAIMLER FIFTEEN 2½-LITRE SPORTS SALOON IN A WINTER SETTING

A popular car owing to its exceptional riding qualities and the low rate of depreciation, combined with economy in running costs

BRIDGE

THE LEAD-DIRECTING DOUBLES

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

BRIDGE authorities have devoted much time, and have spilt much ink, in explaining Forcing Bids, Asking Bids, Cue Bids, and other conventions designed to enable players to bid games and slams with a reasonable degree of safety, but very little attention has been given to a very useful convention designed to defeat adverse game and slam bids. This, perhaps, is not surprising; for the bait held out in the form of big bonuses for slams, has given reason to most modern authorities to concentrate on attacking bids and neglect defensive bids. In the Lead-Directing Doubles, however, we have a very valuable convention, and a powerful weapon of defence against slam bids. It should not be neglected.

The convention was invented by the "Four Aces" (a well-known team of American players) and it is defined by them as: "A business double made to tell partner what suit to lead"; obviously the double can be made only by the player not on lead. The double can be made either against an adverse declaration of "Three No Trumps" or against an adverse slam declaration. The drawback to the convention (and every convention has a drawback) is that it forbids a double when a normal lead is wanted, except in those rare cases when the contract will be defeated irrespective of the opening lead. The convention, then, is more useful against a slam declaration than against a declaration of "Three No Trumps," and although by using the convention you may occasionally lose an opportunity to score an extra 50 or 100 points above the line, you will defeat many otherwise makable games and slams.

The convention is easy to understand (far easier than the much vaunted Asking Bids) and the following rules and examples illustrate how easy it is to operate.

Against an adverse bid of "Three No Trumps," a double by the player not on lead demands:

1. When neither you nor partner have bid, the lead of the first suit bid by declarer's partner.

2. When you have bid, the lead of your suit.

3. When partner has bid, but not you, the lead of partner's suit.

The following example illustrates Rule 1.

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

At love all Z deals and the bidding is:—

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No Bid	Two Clubs	No Bid
Two No Trumps	No Bid	Three No Trumps	Double

B's double asks A to lead a Club. Only by using the convention can B get a Club lead which defeats Z's contract, whereas the lead of a Spade or Diamond (the most likely lead for B to expect if the convention is not used) gives Z the contract. It is true that Z has an escape to "Four Hearts," which B cannot double with safety, but Z may not bid "Four Hearts." In any case B has nothing to lose, since Z makes the contract of "Three No Trumps" if B does not make a Lead-Directing Double, and, moreover, Z may have been intending to bid "Four Hearts" double or no double.

The following example illustrates Rule 2.

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
One Spade	No Bid	Two Diamonds	Two Hearts
Two No Trumps	No Bid	Three No Trumps	Double

B holds:—

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

and the double asks A to lead a Heart, which lead is the one most likely to defeat Z's contract. True, the lead of a Heart is the most likely lead for A to make, even without the double, but A might be holding:—

♠ 8, 4, 2. ♡ 4, 2. ◇ 8, 6. ♣ K, Q, 10, 8, 6, 5

and lead a Club, since Clubs have not been bid and the bidding of Z and Y suggests that they have B's Hearts well guarded.

The following example illustrates Rule 3.

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
One Diamond	One Heart	Two Clubs	No Bid
Two No Trumps	No Bid	Three No Trumps	Double

B holds:—

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

and doubles to ensure that A will lead a Heart, the most likely lead to defeat Z's contract. For, on the bidding, A must hold A, J, x, x, x of Hearts at least, and, without the encouragement of the double, he may be averse to leading from his tenace in Hearts.

Next week I will give the rules (with examples) for making a Lead-Directing Double against an adverse slam bid.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ A, 9, 5, 3, 2 ♡ A, 2 ◇ A, K ♣ none	
♠ 8, 7, 4 ♡ 5 ◇ 4, 3, 2 ♣ Q, 4	Y A B Z	♠ K, Q, 10, 6 ♡ 10, 4, 3 ◇ none ♣ 7, 5
	♠ J ♡ Q, J, 6 ◇ 7, 6, 5 ♣ J, 6	

Hearts are trumps. Z to lead. Z and Y to win all nine tricks.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Z must play the Quadruple Grand Coup. That is to say: Z must get into Y's hand four times and ruff four of Y's winning ♣. Then Z gets into Y's hand for the fifth time. The position is:—

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

and with the lead in Y's hand, B's J ♠ is trapped.

CHESS

EUWE v. KERES

The fifth game of the match. It shows a finely played ending by Keres.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) Not 5. P to K 4 because of 5. . . . P to B 4 followed, if 6. P to Q 5, by 6. . . . P takes P; 7. B P takes P, Kt takes K P. However, the development of the bishop at Kt 5 does not seem to be good. White's best course is, we think, to play Kt to B 3 followed by P to K 3, e.g. 5. Kt to B 3, P to Q 3; 6. P to K 3, Kt to B 3; 7. B to Q 2, P to K 4; 8. P to Q 5 followed by 9. P to Q R 3.

(b) Not Kt to B 5 because then P to K Kt 4 followed by P to Kt 5 wins a pawn.

(c) A good move. If now 9. P takes P, then 9. . . . Kt takes P; 10. Kt to K 2, P to Q 4, or, if, instead, 9. B takes Kt, then 9. . . . Q takes B; 10. P to Q 5, P to K 5, Black in each case having the better game.

(d) Very good. If now (1) 10. B takes P, then 10. . . . R takes B, 11. B takes Kt, Q takes B; 12. P takes Kt (if 12. Q takes R, then 12. . . . B takes Kt, ch); 13. K to Q sq, B takes P; 14. R to Kt sq, Kt to Kt 5), R takes P with advantage to Black; or, if (2) 10. B to K 2, then 10. . . . Kt to K 4; 11. Kt to R 3 (not 11. B takes Kt, Q takes B; 12. Q takes P because of 12. . . . Kt to B 6, ch; 13. Q takes Kt, B takes Kt, ch), P to Q 3 and Black has the better game.

(e) If 12. Q to B 2, then 12. . . . P to K Kt 4; 13. B to Kt 3, Kt to K 5; 14. Kt to K 2, B to K B 4. If, instead, 12. Castles, then 12. . . . Q takes Q; 13. R takes Q, B to K B 4.

(f) Not 18. B takes P because of 18. . . . R to Q 7, ch, since White cannot well continue with 19. K to B 3 because of 19. . . . R takes P, ch; 20. K takes Kt, B to Q 4, ch. If (instead of 18. B takes P) 18. P to B 3, then 18. . . . R to Q 7, ch; 19. K to K sq, Kt takes R; 20. K takes R, Kt takes R; 21. K to K sq, P to Kt 5, threatening P to Kt 6.

(g) Preventing Kt to Q 4 as a reply to P to Kt 5 and so threatening P to Kt 5 followed by R to Q 7, ch.

(h) If 19. R to B 2, then 19. . . . B to Kt 4. If, instead, 19. B takes P, then 19. . . . P to Kt 5 (19. . . . R to Q 2; 20. R to R 5, P to Kt 3; 21. B to K sq appears to us to give Black nothing); 20. B takes R, R takes B (if P takes Kt, ch, then P takes P); 21. Kt to K 5, R to Q 7, ch; 22. K to K sq, R takes Kt P and Black soon gets more than an equivalent in pawns for the exchange sacrificed.

(i) Although it would put the Knight temporarily out of play, 21. Kt to R 4 is better. After 21. . . . Kt takes B; 22. R P takes Kt White would have to try to get R into play at K B 5 by playing P to B 3 and P to K 4.

(j) This is White's best chance of a draw—to bring about an ending with Bishops on opposite colours.

(k) If 24. K to B sq, then 24. . . . P takes P; 25. Kt takes P, R takes Kt P.

(l) Very good. Black now threatens to obtain a distant passed pawn on the King's side, and the pawn at K 4 cannot escape since by moving to K 5 it would cut White's Bishop off from the King's side.

(m) Not R takes R P because of K to Kt 2.

(n) Not 31. P to K 5 because of 31. . . . P to Kt 6; 32. P takes P, P to R 6 and wins.

(o) If K to B 4, then P to R 5 forces a passed pawn on the Queen's side.

(p) After 40. P to Kt 4 there can follow 40. . . . K to Kt 4; 41. K takes P, K takes P; 42. K to Kt 6, K to B 6; 43. K to B 5, K to Kt 7; 44. K to Q 4, P to R 7; 45. B takes P, K takes B and wins since White cannot force an exchange and will soon lose his pawn.

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS

The following game was played in the Premier Tournament of the Christmas Congress at Hastings.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. W. Ritson Morry.	BLACK. A. R. B. Thomas.	WHITE. W. Ritson Morry.	BLACK. A. R. B. Thomas.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	15. B to Q 2	P to Q Kt 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	16. Q R to K sq	Kt to Kt 3 (d)
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	17. Kt to K 5	B to Kt 2
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	18. R to K 3	R to K sq (e)
5. P to K 3	Castles	19. R to Kt 3	Kt to K 5
6. Kt to B 3	P to K R 3	20. B tks. R P (f)	P to Kt 3
7. B to R 4 (a)	B to Kt 5 (b)	21. R to Kt 4	R to Q B sq (g)
8. Q to B 2	P to B 4	22. R takes Kt	R takes R
9. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt, ch	23. Q takes R	Kt to Q 4
10. P takes B	B P takes P	24. Kt to Kt 4	R takes P (h)
11. K P takes P	P takes P	25. B takes Kt	P takes B
12. B tks. B P (c)	Q Kt to Q 2	26. Q takes R, ch	Q takes Q
13. Castles (K R)	Kt to Kt 5	27. Kt to B 6, ch	Resigns.
14. B to R 2	Q Kt to Q 4		

(a) B to R 4 is the usual move.

(b) A bad, time-wasting move. Black should, instead, play P to B 4.

(c) White, with two Bishops and a strong centre, has a good game.

(d) Further loss of time. He should play B to Kt 2.

(e) This weakens the King's Bishop's pawn.

(f) A very good move. If now 20. . . . Kt takes B, then 21. B P takes Kt. P to B 3 (if 21. . . . P takes B, then 22. B to Kt sq and wins. If, instead, 21. . . . R to K 2 or K B sq, then 22. B to Kt sq, P to Kt 3; 23. Kt takes P and wins); 22. Q to Kt 6, Q to K 2; 23. B takes P, ch and wins.

(g) If, instead, Black moves the Knight at his K 5, then B takes P, ch and wins.

(h) If 24. . . . Kt takes P, then 25. Q to K 5 and wins. 24. . . . P to B 4 is, however, better than the text-move. White's reply is 25. Q to K 5, to be followed, if 25. . . . R to K 2 (best), by 26. Kt to K 3.

PROBLEM No. 4055

By C. MANSFIELD.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K B 8, Queen at Q Kt 6, Rooks at Q B 5 and Q R 7, Bishops at Q B 6 and Q 8, Knights at Q Kt 4 and Q B 8, Pawn at K B 7.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K 3, Queen at K R 7, Rooks at Q R 3 and K B 5, Pawns at Q 5, K R 5, Q B 5, Q B 6 and K B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Sunday Times*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4054

1. Q to Kt 4. If 1. . . . K to Q 4, then 2. Q to Kt 7, ch, etc. If 1. . . . K to B 5, then 2. P to Q 5, ch, etc. If 1. . . . K to Q 6, then 2. Q to Kt sq, ch, etc. If 1. . . . P to Q 4, then 2. Q to Q 2, etc. If 1. . . . P to B 5, then 2. Q to Kt 5, etc.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 557

ACROSS.—1, Chained (anag.) (7). 5, To be found in all classes (5). 11, Disorder in Castile (7). 12, Expelled (7). 13, "What boots it at one —— to make defence, And at another to let in the foe?" (Milton) (4). 14, A standard of hardness (5). 15, This will help anyone to get experience (4). 18, Not a lover of company (6). 19, Scanty (7). 22, Nightmare (7). 24, "A fool must now and then be right by ——" (Cowper) (6). 28, "A long, long ——, a —— of youth, and love" (Byron) (4). 29, A bit of a fight (5). 30, The last of the Mohicans (4). 33, "There is a victory in dying well For ——" (Campbell) (7). 34, Needed for craziness (7). 35, Complete (5). 36, Difficult position (7).

DOWN.—2, The dean is the head of this (7). 3, The man said that Eric was mixed up in the riot at Ealing last week (hidden) (4). 4, Recant (anag.) (6). 6, "Things are seldom what they seem; —— —— milk masquerades as cream" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) (4). 7, Reaching a high degree (7). 8, This kind of discourse is apt to become tedious (7). 9, Miracle (anag.) (7). 10, Acknowledge (5). 16 and 17, "Her age upon the date of his birth was —— ——, If she is seventeen and he is five-and-twenty" (*Yolanthe*) (5, 5). 20, Be overcome (7). 21, Stripes (anag.) (7). 23, Ten cans just beginning to be (7). 25, "Do the work that's ——. Though it's dull as whales" (Kingsley) (7). 26, A wooden runner, very loud? (5). 27, Sacrificial opening at chess (6). 31, Is a verger always on this? (4). 32, "So spake the fiend, and with necessity, The tyrant's ——, excused his devilish deeds" (Milton) (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 556
Published February 17th

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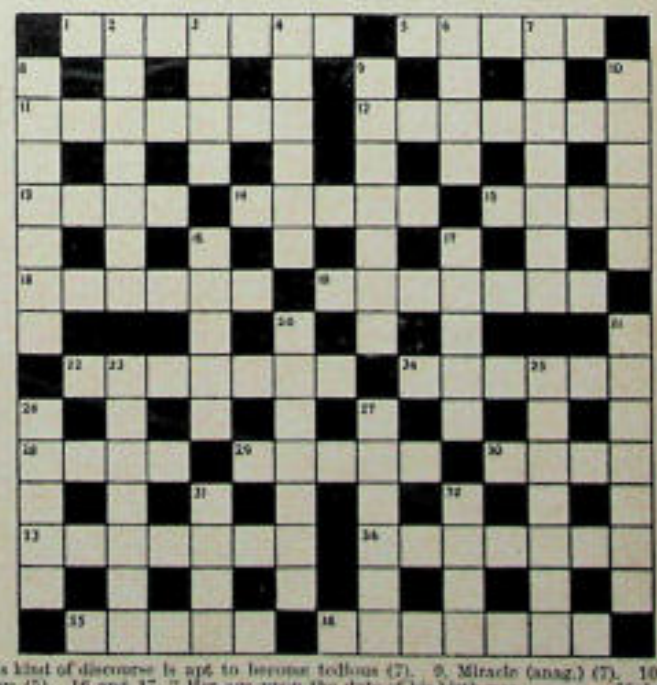

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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

How to Waterproof Flies.—The most usual method for temporary waterproofing is dipping the fly in paraffin and then squeezing it in the corner of a duster. This removes excess paraffin and a few false casts in the air dry the fly. A more permanent result is achieved by soaking the flies in paraffin for some hours and allowing them to dry completely in the air. A better method than either, perhaps, is to dissolve a small quantity of vaseline in a little petrol, dip the flies in it, remove them, and let the petrol evaporate off. This leaves a very thin film of vaseline which will keep the fly waterproofed for a long time. Several tackle makers can now supply what are practically permanently waterproofed flies at about 1*d.* to 2*d.* apiece over the price of untreated flies.—*W., G., Sussex.*

Country House

Recipe for Sloe Wine.—One gallon of water, 4pts. of sloes. Put these in earthenware pan and pour over the water, boiling. Let them stand about ten days, giving a stir or squeeze most days. Strain and add 4lb. of sugar. Leave for a day and stir well, to dissolve the sugar. This will usually "work" without yeast. Put into bottles or jars at the end of a week, slightly cork; when corked tight add some sugar candy or loaf sugar and a few raisins. If kept for three or four years it is just like port.—*A. H., Warwick.*

Kennel

Cure for Worms.—We doubt if any method of feeding dogs will help to rid them of worms, except perhaps giving a little charcoal on the food once a day or feeding to some extent on charcoal biscuits. We have occasionally done this with success. As a rule, a fast of about eighteen hours is desirable before dosing for worms. A dog's digestion works slowly, and the medicine acts more surely on an empty stomach. We think it would be better to give your dog a dose of liquid paraffin early the day before. That is probably better than Epsom salts for the purpose.—*H. W., Co. Clare.*

Naturalist

Do Weasels Turn White in Winter?—The weasel does not ordinarily turn white during the winter in this country. Specimens have occasionally been obtained in the north of Scotland in which nearly the whole of the body was white, but such examples must be regarded as exceptional. In the far north of Europe, however, and in Siberia and Canada, the weasel often turns completely white in winter, except for the tail, which remains reddish-brown. White weasels reported in this country are usually either albinos or stoats.—*H. W., Hereford.*

Cinnamon Variety of Wild Duck.—The specimen received is an uncommon cinnamon variety of the mallard, and, as is usual in cinnamon or buff varieties of birds, this specimen has all the normal darker parts of the wings replaced by pearl-grey, and the normal purple speculum is replaced by dark slate-grey.—*K. N., Cornwall.*

Hunting

What is a "Doctored" Fox?—A "doctored" fox is generally a bag fox which has either been rubbed with aniseed or else "doped" with gin. Both methods have the effect of giving false strength to the scent which is normally given off by a fox, but any huntsman or Master who makes a habit of either of these methods will find that his hounds become wild and riotous, for they find out very quickly that they have been fooled. Both practices are now almost obsolete.—*J. M., Wilts.*

Who can Wear Hunting Caps?—Velvet hunting caps are only worn by the M.F.H., his hunt servants, and with some packs, the hon. secretary. Those who have been Masters are also entitled to wear a velvet cap, but they are not generally worn by anyone else.—*A. G., Monmouth.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Fatty Liver of Fowls.—From three correspondents we have received pullets which have died of fatty liver and excessive adiposity of the internal organs. The condition is due to inadequate exercise combined with excessive food consumption, particularly of fat-forming foods and unbalanced rations. The pullets in each case had been confined to small poultry houses and runs in the garden. In view of the Government's encouragement to householders to keep a pen of layers in their gardens it should be borne in mind that household scraps are a mere subsistence diet for poultry; they do not promote the birds' health or egg-production. Even when made up into a mash with waste bread and offals household scraps are fattening, which is unhealthy for laying pullets. In order to lay well a pullet should be muscularly fit and ever active. To secure this for pullets confined to garden pens a morning feed of about half a handful of grain per bird should be scattered amongst a deep layer of straw chaff, sawdust, pea-moss or shavings, so that the birds have to scratch actively for their food. Also green food as cabbage or brussels sprouts should be suspended from the roof of the pen at such a height that the birds have to jump in order to reach the food. In the evening the household scraps can be mixed with bran, thirds, and ground oats into a crumbly consistency, and about half a handful of this per bird should be put in the food trough. Provide oyster shell grit, fine gravel and cinders in the pen. The danger most amateurs should avoid is overfeeding on sludgy food when their birds cannot have free-range exercise.—*M. T. S., Herts; J. K., London; F. T. H., Birmingham.*

Melanomata of a Rabbit.—We received the body of a wild doe rabbit, which had been shot. There were two tumours growing out from the skin of its back which our correspondent suspected as cancer. The growths were jet black wart-like masses known technically as melanoma; they were not malignant or cancer. Otherwise the carcase was healthy. Melanomatous warts are common on the skin of dogs when they are frequently known as angleberries; they also occur on the skin of farm animals and man.—*C. R. B., Glos.*

Fowl Pox.—Fowl pox or roup was found to be the cause of death of a pullet received from a correspondent, who a week previously had purchased a dozen "hens" at a local market. "During the week three other fowls went ill with cheesy material in the mouth, swollen eyes, and wart-like growths on the face." Fowl pox is an acute germ infection which is readily spread by direct contact from diseased to healthy fowls. There is no specific curative; badly diseased fowls should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned. Lightly pox-ed fowls can be treated by painting the skin lesions of the head and sometimes of the legs with tincture of iodine. The fowl-house should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap; and each day the feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured in boiling water. The litter should be changed daily, the infected litter being burned. Fowl pox is contagious to other species of birds, but not to man. Amateurs knowing little of the judgment of health in poultry should avoid purchasing stock in the open market at bargain prices; they would be wise to procure good healthy stock direct from a reputable poultry farmer, whose stock will have been immunised against fowl pox by vaccination with fowl pox vaccine.—*J. L. M., Essex.*

Shooting

Wire to keep out Foxes.—Ordinary sheep wire netting will keep out foxes, and will allow birds of the size of a partridge to pass in and out.—*G. L., Forfar.*

Spraying Heather Before Burning.—So far as we know, the only suggestion that has ever been made as regards spraying heather in order to facilitate burning is spraying by paraffin. We do not think, however, that this would prove satisfactory, and do not believe it has ever been tried on any large scale. The only experiments we know of have been made in attempts to burn heather affected by the heather beetle, the spraying being done in the autumn when the heather was still green, and before the beetle had gone to ground for the winter.—*M. O., Yorks.*

THE FIELD

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - - 316
TACKLE FOR SEA TROUT - - - - - - - 321
NO TYPICAL GRAND NATIONAL HORSE - - - 322
A VISIT TO THE STORRINGTON BEAGLES - - 324
ANCIENT TRADE AND INN SIGNS - - - - 325
MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING - - 326
PICTURES - - - - - - - - - - 327
THE GUN—MONTH BY MONTH - - - - - 328
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - 329
HUNTING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - 330
WOODLARK AND SKYLARK - - - - - - 331
GREAT CHURCHES OF EAST ANGLIA - - - 332
A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS - 334
"WHEN RAINS HAVE CLOTHED THE TREES WITH ICE" 335
RODENTS AT THE ZOO - - - - - - - 336
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - 336
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 336
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - - 337
PROSPECTS FOR THE WATERLOO CUP - - - 341
NEW BOOKS - - - - - - - - - - 342
VEGETABLE CROPS FOR THE CANNERY - - - 343
BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH - - - - - 343
CIRCUMVENTING THE ROOTS - - - - - - 344
WHAT TO USE FOR WOOD FIRES - - - - - 344
HUNTING COMPETITION FOR SERVICE READERS - 345
CHANGING OUR METHODS - - - - - - - 346
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - 346
AN ARAB REGATTA IN EAST AFRICA - - - 348
THE MECHANICAL PONY OF THE ROAD - - - 350
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - 351
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - 352

SUPER-MEN

TOMMY FARR has been discharged from the Royal Air Force. When the matter was raised in the House of Commons by Mr. Robinson, Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister for Air, said: "This man was found on medical examination to be below the required standard." That statement—incidentally it was made to the accompaniment of loud laughter—is worthy of examination.

Tommy Farr is 26. He has earned some fame as a professional heavyweight boxer. He was champion of England. He has fought most of the leading heavyweights in the world, and just about held his own. Furthermore, he has fought for the heavyweight championship of the world. He lasted the full fifteen rounds and lost only on points to the negro champion, Joe Louis, who, it is generally acknowledged, is one of the greatest champions in history. In other words, Tommy Farr reached the first flight of professional heavyweights. No man can reach the first flight in any weight unless he is just as physically fit as it is humanly possible to be.

Yet Farr, though only 26 and apparently considered as still in the running for another fight with Louis, has been "found on medical examination to be below the required standard" for the Royal Air Force. We are not surprised the House laughed. It is indeed strange: Strange that it was not discovered when Farr joined the R.A.F. And why was he examined a second time? (Sir Kingsley Wood "understands" that he was so examined.) That surely suggests an astonishingly rapid decline on the part of Farr—and Farr is only 26 and in good training.

It is, of course, extraordinarily complimentary to the personnel of the Royal Air Force generally. It would be interesting to know—we shall never know, of course—how many men have, since the war, been found upon a second examination to be below the required standard. Very few, we should imagine, perhaps only Farr. Truly the Royal Air Force must be composed of a race of super-men. It is, indeed, gratifying—and consoling—to know that.

We do not suppose for one moment that Tommy Farr's presence in the Royal Air Force is essential to the winning of this war. From that point of view his discharge is not a matter of national importance. But that is, unfortunately, not the only aspect of the case. Farr has some fame as a boxer. There is a possibility that he may again fight Joe Louis. Would a second examination have been made of any other fit man in the R.A.F., that fit man being quite unknown to the world at large? A great many young men, few of them as physically fit as Farr and many of them by no means as fit, have volunteered for service in the hour of their country's need. They have got to be very unfit indeed to get out once they have got in. For them this astonishing discovery about Farr is of extreme importance. There must be many men in the R.A.F., fit men and keen, who are wondering when the eagle eye of that medical officer will fall upon them, and how soon they will be discharged from this most exacting of services.

We do not know why Farr was discharged. There can, we do know, be no possible doubt about his patriotism. But we do think that the reason given is quite inadequate. Mr. Robinson was right to raise the question, and right to say that he will raise it again. We hope that those Conservative members—there are one or two—who are not frightened to make their own decisions will also take the matter up.

And what of Farr? He is 26. He must soon register and be called up. It will be most interesting to see what he does in the meantime; and if, when his time comes, he is found to be fit enough for service with the Army or the Navy, or if in the interval their standards are miraculously raised.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 352.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

A TANTALISING SITUATION

THE last ten days, in fact the last month, have seen what must have been a unique experience in shooting annals. For pheasants have been legitimate quarry during the whole of February, and ducks and geese have enjoyed the protection of the law over all this period inland and since the 20th of the month in coastal areas as well. For all the varying dates of the wildfowl season in different counties, it can at least be said that never before have pheasants been in season when ducks and geese were generally out of season. What is more, owing to the spell of hard weather which is no longer a hush-hush secret, great numbers of geese and other fowl have been in evidence up and down the country. To the man who does not get the chance of shooting pheasants or who only has a 10/- licence, this, no doubt, has been a tantalising experience. And, of course, the chance of a lifetime to "get in among 'em" always presents itself on such occasions! More than one smallish pond in our southern counties has had its flock of pink feet; greylags have appeared where no greylags have been seen before in living memory; and brents, notoriously sea-keeping fowl, have made long journeys inland. Brent geese, indeed, have been evident in particularly large force. At Pagham, on the South Coast, greater numbers than have ever been known have been reported. Indeed, the South Coast seems to have benefited at the expense of the East Coast.

CANADIAN SERVICES SPORTSMEN

In one way the Canadian service units arriving in this country have the advantage over their predecessors of the last war. The thrills of ice hockey were then hardly known to the British public. Now the numerous ice rinks available here give the visiting Canadians ample opportunities for the enjoyment of their national game. The result has been some very keen and popular matches against some of our league teams. It is not so very many years since Canadian players put the game on a popular footing in this country. Then visiting Canadian club sides carried all before them. With the modern development of the game in England the position has changed and the Canadian service teams are finding opposition worthy of their mettle. So far the Canadian teams have been drawn mainly from individual units. Now arrangements have been made for a match of a more representative character—between a team drawn from all the Canadian units in this country and a combined league team. Apart from their popular appeal, which is considerable, these matches have helped a lot to make the Canadian feel thoroughly at home here, and have brought them into closer contact with people in this country than was the case in the last war. So once again the value of sport in consolidating Imperial unity is exemplified.

JUST SO

The following report appeared in the Press recently. We reproduce without comment for none is needed:—

"A solicitor for David Greig Ltd. stated at East Ham that the firm, who owned 250 shops, had in one week 59,000lb. of bacon left on their hands because it could not be sold to unregistered customers.

"Imposing a nominal fine of 10/- for supplying bacon without coupons, Lt.-Col. E. W. Batt remarked it seemed a more serious thing that bacon should go bad than that the regulations should be broken. That was a matter for the Government."

WHAT SHALL I SEE?

What shall I see when I have left this place,
And my thoughts turn towards Wild Country Lane,
Carter's Lane, or Small Common? I shall see
Two careless schoolboys on one bicycle;
Seven finches in a green, snow-freckled field—
Bullfinches, all of them. (Myself, intent,
Peering through the lovely lattice of the hedge.)
A January celandine that opened
Its petals in the firelight at a farm
Where I talked and rested. Silent elms,
Ethereal against a twilight sky.
Red-limbed pines—scots pines—with heavy heads
To match those solid limbs. And traveller's-joy
Like sluggish smoke along late autumn hedgerows.
And I shall see a glory of spring gorse,
And scolding blackbirds flying low across it.
A pheasant crouched immobile on her eggs
Amongst dead bracken. (Her plumage jewelled with rain.)
A long-tailed tit's nest in a hawthorn bush,
A glow-worm in a lambent nest of grass.

N. L. Bright

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

WHAT admirable reading these days is Henry George's *Progress and Poverty!* Being an extremely old-fashioned type of Socialist, he still remains human and not subjugated by the sinister fetich of the—"Collective man," worthy successor in the procession of man-made monsters of the "Economic Man." How remarkable that he should have seen that our civilisation had begun to crumble and decline sixty years ago when Victorian optimism, confidence and self-enrichment were at their apex! Yet he saw it and compared the England of 1879 with the Rome of Augustus. He said in 1879 that Europe was rushing down a steep place into barbarism and here is Europe in it. He points out how readily a Government of universal suffrage and theoretic equality may pass into despotism, "in the name and with the might of the people."

Suffrage may make it easy for the jobber, the demagogue, to seize the source of power, and great disparity between rich and poor makes the most ideal of democratic forms a shadow. Where great inequality of wealth exists, "the more democratic the Government the worse it will be." "The best gravitate to the bottom, the worst float to the top and the vile will be ousted by the viler." A corrupt oligarchy may exist without affecting national character; a corrupt democracy whose wealth and power are open to the lowest "must finally corrupt the people, and when a people becomes corrupt, there is no resurrection."

This transformation of popular Government into despotism, he says, "is rapidly going on under our eyes," and he prophesies the dictatorships of our time. "Industry everywhere tends to assume a form in which one is master and many serve, and when this is so the one will control the others." So in religion: "What is going on is not a change in the form of religion, but the negation and destruction of the ideas from which religion springs: Christianity is dying at the root and nothing arises to take its place."

"In the great cities are to be found the greatest wealth and the deepest poverty and here the rich corporations and powerful pecuniary interests can pack the places of power with aristocrats in all but the virtues of aristocracy. As corruption becomes chronic, strong unscrupulous men will become the exponents of blind popular desires and passions. The sword will again be mightier than the pen and carnivals of destruction, brute force and wild frenzy will alternate with the lethargy of a declining civilisation." Was not this man also among the prophets?

For Henry George, the foundations of justice and liberty were built on the land and here he was as right as Cobbett. The struggle for wealth and power as a national aim began with the first Tudor enclosures and the progress of the nineteenth century in economic expansion was founded upon the last of the enclosures. Therefore George was right; the land is the measure of all human rights and without land there are none. The machine minder in a factory has the right to vote, but none to order his own existence nor any responsibility for the beginning, end or quality of his work. That he gets only from the land which has been taken from him.

Now George saw in the communal rights of the mediaeval and Saxon peasants—viz., the Village Community—the real ground for his campaign to abolish private property. There he made his great mistake, but only from ignorance. The whole point of the Village Community is that it was an institution of communal rights and private property harmoniously interningled. The "lands" were privately owned, but they were ploughed in common and after harvest they became open to common grazing. They were managed by a field jury chosen by the whole village.

This mutual compromise between two seemingly opposed principles has nothing to do with the academic Utopias, so popular nowadays, but was a solid historical achievement that lasted more than a thousand years. It had its faults—what human system has ever been without them?—but they have been grossly exaggerated in comparison with its intrinsic virtues. Granted everyone of these faults, yet good work, stability, co-operation, creative craftsmanship, variety of life, absence of extreme poverty, self-dependence and a true social communion flourished under it. And if a visitor from Mars saw the land in the fifteenth century and was suddenly transported thence to the twentieth, which would he think the most backward? No *realised* ideal is possible in human affairs, but the ideal in co-operative ownership is the nearest which can even fulfil Henry George's two supreme purposes of liberty and justice.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

ON THE TAVY—"WHERE SEA TROUT RUN, ON OCCASIONS, INTO DOUBLE-FIGURE WEIGHTS"

TACKLE FOR SEA TROUT

THERE seems to be a decided tendency for modern anglers to rush to extremes. Twice in little more than a decade we have had marked manifestations of this phenomena. First, the thread-line. It swept the rivers of the country like a plague; men fished for salmon with tackle that was ridiculously inadequate; lines with breaking strains of 3lb. to 4lb. when new and dry, which meant 1lb. to 2lb. when wet and worn, with the result that half the fish in the pools were swimming around with hooks in their mouths, and many had longer or shorter pieces of line trailing astern.

I know several cases when another angler picked up such a length, found the fish still on, and, playing it lightly and skilfully, landed the prize which someone else had hooked and lost. Then came the inevitable reaction, and the method, pruned of its extremes, has become a most useful one for catching salmon and other fish.

The greased-line was the next manifestation of this tendency. It was hailed as a modern miracle; a sort of cure-all for the ills of the unsuccessful angler, which made the catching of salmon almost as easy as shelling peas, as long as the one vital essential, as laid down by the late Mr. A. H. E. Wood, arch-priest of the cult, that the air must be warmer than the water, obtained. It was tried on all sorts of rivers quite unsuitable for the method, until disillusion came, and then it, too, was revised into an interesting, artistic, and effective method of salmon fishing where conditions are suitable.

The greased-line and the thread-line have had one permanent effect. We all fish with lighter rods and finer gear under almost all conditions than did our fathers, or than we ourselves used up to fifteen years ago. In some cases, I think, we fish too fine; that is finer than is necessary under the circumstances. To do that is simply stupid, because no one likes losing fish, and by fishing too fine we risk losing the best fish. It is, in truth, more than stupid, it is unsporting, because a fish which has been hooked and lost is definitely less likely to take the lure of another angler, at any rate until some considerable time has elapsed.

The sea trout has often been described as the most shy and suspicious species in our rivers. But I wonder if this really is the case to the extent that most people seem to imagine? Shy I should certainly say it is of human beings, far more so than the salmon. Stand in full view of a pool holding both species; the salmon will in most cases not move a foot or show any sign of alarm, but the sea trout at once become obviously uneasy, and soon usually disappear into the deepest part of the pool, or into fast water where they cannot see or be seen. But is the sea trout as a species particularly gut shy? A lengthy experience has proved to my complete satisfaction that it is not.

My usual cast for night fishing is fine undrawn (·010 BWG) although I do at times use as fine as 1X (·009). Sometimes, on nights when the sea trout were taking short, and I kept getting shy plucks, I have changed to a 3X cast, but found that it made not the slightest difference. I always use two flies, the dropper 3½ft. above the tail, and work them by "pulling through," that is coiling the line in the left-hand. Yet the dropper, which is lying close alongside the main cast when this is being done, catches as many as the tail fly, and, for some unknown reason, unless it is that it is nearer the surface, more of the big ones. This, I think, is definite proof that the sea trout is not particularly gut shy.

I have found exactly the same when spinning with thread-line in porter-coloured water by day. My usual trace under such conditions is 4ft. of "Jagut" No. 5, which is ·014 BWG. There are days when—possibly because they are full-fed at the tail end of a flood—the sea trout are taking badly, and one will run or prick half-a-dozen or more for every one hooked. Often I have experimented with a much finer trace, 1X, but it never had the least effect.

Personally, I regard the sea trout as the most difficult fish we have to play in this country. Often it takes with a fierce pull, so different from the quiet laying-on of the average salmon, and the moment it feels the hook it is, usually, either in the air or off on a lightning-like dash.

A man I know who catches a great many sea trout at night does most of his fishing with 3X gut, and this in the Tavy, a river where the sea trout run on occasions into double-figure weights, and where in May and early June, the average may be 3lb. to 4lb. But he is broken time after time, sometimes twice in a night, by heavy or violent fish, usually either at the take or in the first few seconds. This, to my mind, is sheer foolishness, since he would catch just as many, indeed more, because his losses would be negligible, if he used heavier gut.

In a recent issue of the *Fishing Gazette* there was an article on "Loch Fishing" by "C. Trout," the pen name of Major R. A. Chrystal, whose book *Angling Theories and Methods*, deals largely with sea trout. He says: "In South Uist lochs the largest sea trout—if they are in the mood to do so—will rise to flies on 1X gut in absolute flat calm. And not only to the tail fly, which might be observed solely from behind by a 'following' fish, but even the bob fly when this lies close to the cast being drawn slowly under water."

He goes on: "In the same lochs one of the most successful recent anglers, with a number of really large sea trout (up to 7¾lb.) to his credit, got tired of all the catastrophes he had endured with his early ideas as to what constituted sea trout tackle. He was more successful than ever when he used nothing but 7/5 gut (·014) and, being a July fisher only, he had to contend with the freshest and largest sea trout of the season, as well as the fact that in July the lochs are generally lower and clearer than in later months. His tackle made no difference; he just went on catching the best fish, and was able to hold them."

Later on "C. Trout" confirms what I wrote earlier about the thickness of cast or trace having no effect on short rising. He says: "I have never found any proof that short rising had anything to do with heavy tackle . . . on the contrary I have a great deal of proof that this is merely a mood of the fish, generally induced by climatic conditions—the most deadly of which is warm water. Many observations taken year after year on the Grimersta salmon lochs (which are as clear as gin) confirmed this, and once a phase of short rising had started it could not be cured by any such device as using ultra small flies on 1X gut; the change of tackle makes absolutely no difference."

WEST COUNTRY.

AT BEECHER'S BROOK IN 1858

Royal Danieli (No. 6) who finished second, Red Knight in the centre, looking as if he was about to fall, and Rockquillo (No. 13)

NO TYPICAL GRAND NATIONAL HORSE

FOR over 100 years, horses of all shapes, sizes and descriptions have been winning the Grand National. Those of my own time have been of such varied conformation that the term "Grand National type," often applied to a horse seems to me to be bunkum; it is empty and practically valueless. I cannot understand how anyone who has seen Moifaa, Cloister, Jerry M, Troytown, the stallion Battleship, who measured 15 hands 2 inches and such as Thomond II and Easter Hero, to mention two who just failed to win Grand Nationals, can find among the heroes of Liverpool sufficient consistency of conformation and size to present that degree of physical standardisation which is called "type."

It may be said that the word is used in this connection to express an ideal. I am even prepared to admit that there does exist among experienced judges a broad agreement about the desirable make and shape of a steeplechaser, but it cannot be precise, nor do circumstances permit it to solidify, for practical purposes, into concrete "type." I find that when people say of a horse "he looks like winning a 'National' one day," or "what a grand jumper he should make" they are usually referring to a big, overgrown brute. If he is at least 16 hands, deep-girthed, with good legs and shoulders, generally well-balanced and not unduly coarse we may reasonably admire him as a sound, good-looking 'chaser, actual or potential. He will perhaps closely conform to our own ideas of "type" but the chances are that our ideal in the matter is more aesthetical than practical, and that he will frequently prove inferior as a performer to horses whose conformation is variously and strikingly imperfect and devoid of his own good looks.

How can the achievement and maintenance of even a moderately consistent type among steeplechasers be expected in view of their origins? New breeds or varieties of domestic animals or fowl can be created and established, and by selective breeding, in-breeding, the influence of shows and strict adherence to accepted "points," a satisfactory degree of "type" may be fixed after a comparatively few generations. But such specimens are bred with primary regard for their appearance or show "points." With negligible exceptions the riding or race horse is bred for performance.

The General Stud Book was started about 150 years ago and was retrospective in its standards of purity. Considering its roots were very circumscribed and that a few strains have become predominant, such consistency of conformation and size as the modern thoroughbred reveals is not surprising, though it is not difficult in the course of an afternoon's flat-racing to find several horses of sufficient singularity in appearance, even compared with close relatives, to warrant the remark that they are not quite "true to type."

If the tribe which has been strictly thoroughbred for two centuries for a single purpose should reveal eccentricities of conformation, not necessarily related to their racing merit, the physical differences among steeplechasers is easily understood when it is considered that a large proportion of them are not thoroughbred, that the deliberate breeding of steeplechasers, when practised is not by any means scientific, and that nine out of ten thoroughbreds who are put to steeplechasing were either failures on the flat or not deemed worthy of use in that sphere when young.

Generally speaking, it does not pay to try to breed steeplechasers, and though conditions in Ireland give some encouragement to the production and raising of horses intended for this purpose, they are mostly sired by cheap, if not obscure, thoroughbred sires, and come from all sorts of mares. If they do not sell as 'chasers, maybe they'll do as hunters. Some hunters are promoted, via point-to-point racing, to steeplechasing; they are mostly half-breds. Add the misfits from flat-racing, and then, remembering all the brilliant steeplechasers which have come from these different categories, tell me where among the lot am I to find the "Grand National type"?

Size does not seem to have much to do with it. Hyperion though of perfect symmetry, was in the matter of height the smallest Derby winner of my time. He was less than 15.2 but the Grand National has been won several times by horses who when completely matured were not any taller.

The first description of a "National" winner that I can find is of Cure All, who was successful in 1845, and it is said of him that he was "short-legged, compact, strong and rather coarse looking animal." The physique of Pioneer, who won the following year, was regarded contemptuously, and in Blew's History of Steeplechasing the author records that Miss Mowbray, the winner of 1852 had previously been returned to her breeder in disgust by a Manchester man who kept her a week. She was then shown and offered to two of the leading steeplechase riders of the time but both declined her "in no unmeasured terms."

The late Lord Coventry's two winners, the sisters Emblem (1863) and Emblematic (1864), are both described as "weeds," but the former won under 10st. 10lb. while Emblematic carried 11st. 10lb. into third place the year after her victory, though she was long on the leg, had "no quarters," and judged by appearance "would not have fetched £50 at Tattersalls." When she was third in 1865, the race was won by Alcibiade, who as a three-year-old had been claimed out of a selling race.

Only five horses have won the Grand National twice at Aintree, and two of them, Abd-el-Kader (1850 and 1851) and The Lamb (1868 and 1871), measured little above the pony standard of 15 hands. "Little Ab," as the former was called, was under 15.2 and he was bred from a mare who had been one of the leaders in the Shrewsbury Herondelle coach. His victories were certainly gained under light weights; he carried 9st. 12lb. on the first occasion and only 10st. 4lb. on the second. In this respect the achievements of The Lamb were much more meritorious. After winning with 10st. 7lb. on his back in 1868, he made light of 11st. 5lb. three years later, and was fourth in 1872 under 12st. 7lb., though someone who had refused to buy him for £25 as a young horse for a boy to ride hunting, said that this little grey was "not strong enough to carry a man's boots." As a four-year-old he stood only 15 hands and others described him then as weak and weedy. He subsequently grew two inches and those who write of him as he was at the time of his Aintree triumphs say that he was very deep in the back ribs and otherwise well shaped.

The Colonel, another of the five dual "National" winners, was also below the average height. He measured 15.3. He had drooping quarters, good back and shoulders, and clean legs; he was not particularly deep in girth, but had "quite enough bone for any useful purpose."

Those who talk about Grand National "type" would have had difficulty in finding it among the hotch-potch of winners in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, including Pathfinder (1875), who had been regularly hunted by Tom Firr of The Quorn, and by way of contrast, the next hero

was the blue-blooded Regal, a son of Regalia, winner of the Oaks. Regal had been raced successfully on the flat. Then came Austerlitz (1877), one of the few entries to win the "National," The Liberator (1879), high on the leg, Empress (1880), who stood over 16 hands and showed great power, Voluptuary (1884), who had never jumped a country before he won the "National," and Old Joe (1886) a former show jumper, who had also been used in harness.

I recall an occasion when Ted Leader was taking me with others round his horses at Machell Place, Newmarket, and we came to a big, overgrown four-year-old who had never run. Because only of his abnormal size one member of the party remarked that "he looked like winning a 'National' one day," whereupon the trainer, who won the big steeplechase on Sprig, replied that in his opinion mere size was not a desirable quality in a jumper. "You want 'em nimble," he said, "and the bigger the horse the less likely he is to act quickly and to keep his balance in an emergency."

Available personal testimony and selected photographs from Mr. W. A. Rouch's collection can prove completely that the Grand National winners of the last 50 years have not generally conformed any closer to standard physical proportions than did their predecessors. "Type" is still lacking among them.

Of Cloister and Manifesto, the truly "great" 'chasers of the nineties, I cannot write from personal recollection, but Dick Marsh, who trained Cloister at one time, says that he was quite a big horse—not less than 16.3—and though he may have been a trifle long in the back, he was tremendously wide hipped. He had beautiful well-placed shoulders—which are found in all good steeplechasers—and over his quarters he had a boldly defined "jumping bump," a feature which can be observed in some illustrations of Grand National winners. He was in every way "a horse and a half." After running second in 1891 and 1892, he made every yard of the running to win the race of 1893 and incidentally broke three records: he was the first to succeed under 12st. 7lb., he beat the previous best time for the course, and he won by a greater distance—40 lengths—than had any winner up to that time. One of his Great Sefton victories was gained in a similar manner under 13st. 3lb.

There was little similarity in appearance between Manifesto and Cloister except that the former was also above average height. Manifesto was more bloodlike. His Grand National record is unique and may never be equalled. He ran in eight "Nationals," won two, was third three times, fourth once, and only once failed to complete the course.

The elegance of Grudon, the winner of 1901 is partly explained by the fact that he was an entire. No period provides a more striking assortment than this one. Shannon Lass who won the next year was smaller than any "National" winner within memory. Her owner, the late Ambrose Gorham, squire of Telscombe, used part of his winnings over that race to restore the village church.

Drumcree (1903), as even Percy Woodland, who rode him, will admit was as plain as plain can be, and then came Moifaa (1904), perhaps the tallest horse ever to win the race. The victory of this New Zealand-bred gelding was gained for Mr. S. Gollan, and he was bought later on behalf of King Edward VII, who had won a "National" a few years before with Ambush II. When the King's manager, Lord Marcus Beresford, wrote informing Dick Marsh that he was sending the horse to him to train he said "He is the ugliest, lightest devil you ever saw" and Marsh, in his book "Trainer to Two Kings," records that he found him to be "elephantine, quite 17 hands, good limbed though decidedly on the leg. I find it impossible to describe him as other than plain." The trainer was also soon to find that Moifaa was wrong in his wind—an infirmity which seems to develop sooner or later in so many big horses. He was a complete disappointment to King Edward.

The French horse Lutteur III (1909) was the best-looking winner for many years with great length of rein and more quality than most English and Irish steeplechasers reveal. He was also comparatively short in the back. Glenside (1911) had the appearance of a high-class hunter, well up to weight; Coverteoat (1913) was somewhat lengthy and of common appearance, and, according to Percy Woodland, photographs have always made this horse look better than he ever did in the flesh.

Coverteoat's success followed that of Jerry M, one of the four horses to win the Grand National under 12st. 7lb. One often hears the layman say of horse portraits that he "cannot see anything in them because one horse seems so much like the next." If anyone, confessing to this view, has read so far, will he or she compare any photographs of the two and give particular attention to that of Jerry M. who is regarded as one of the best steeplechasers—if not the best—of the last 40 years. The saddle cannot hide the extraordinary dip in his back and some may think that he has a mean, almost ewe-like neck.

Look at Troytown, another popular favourite among modern 'chasers, and observe the remarkable suggestion of power in front of the saddle and the comparative lightness of his flank. As Jack Anthony, who won the Grand National of 1920 on him, has said of Troytown's conformation, "he had it in the right place. An athlete needs chest and shoulder development, but he doesn't want to be big below."

Shaun Spadah (1921) looked a workman and so did Sergeant Murphy (1923) who was 13 years old when he won. In comparing photographs some allowance must be made for the age of the horse when a particular picture was taken, remembering that as a general rule a 'chaser is in his prime between the age of six and ten and that before the end of his racing career he may begin to look "the old man." Golden Miller was seven years old when he won the Grand National of 1934. Later years had made their mark on him before he was retired but I shall always regard him as one of the best looking among the really good steeplechasers of my time.

If a Grand National "type" was effected, then I would wish it to be such as is represented by Golden Miller and Grakle (1931), the latter of whom most closely approximates to my ideal. Grakle, as I remember him on his great day was a perfectly proportioned horse of size and substance, with all the quality of the thoroughbred, to which class he belongs. Double Chance (1925) was bred for flat-racing and was another handsome Grand National winner, presenting, when compared with some of his Liverpool contemporaries, an even greater contrast than did Grakle.

"Handsome is as handsome does" at Liverpool and whilst experienced judges of steeplechasers may say that the dual winner Reynoldstown, and Royal Mail have in their conformation all the desirable points of good racing jumpers, neither horse would please completely in the show ring, nor would these two show sufficient similarity to represent together a "type," though both were sired by My Prince. Last year's winner Workman is a better "topped" horse than either and shows much more quality. Sprig's victory in 1927 was one of the best performances of the last 20 years but to describe him as a "typical" Liverpool horse is surely to demonstrate, by inference, that the very many Grand National winners whose conformation has been markedly different from his own were not typical.

My admiration for him and all the others is none the less on that account, not excepting the very gallant 100 to 1 chance Tipperary Tim, who was neither tip nor type.

YEOMAN.

AT THE LAST FENCE IN 1938

Royal Danieli leading Battleship, who won, with Workman, who finished third, just coming up. Workman won in 1939, when Royal Danieli fell. These three horses are of widely differing types

A VISIT TO THE STORRINGTON BEAGLES

By ROBERT COLVILLE

No one can be quite certain for how long hare hunting—both mounted and on foot—has been practised in Sussex; but it was towards the end of the nineteenth century that the Storrington College founded their pack under the mastership of Mr. L. Luttrell. Until the outbreak of the Boer War the pack showed excellent and consistent sport, and the followers appear from the records to have conducted the incidental arrangements with considerable verve and enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ewan Goff had formed the Woodlands Beagles at Billingshurst, and when the Storrington students left to take up their commissions in the Boer War he took over a number of their hounds and moved the kennels to Storrington. Mr. Goff's pack achieved success both in the field and at Peterborough, but their career was brought to a close in the middle of the last war, when a great number of them were sent to America.

It was in 1927 that Major A. E. Cook formed a pack at Greatham, and next season transferred them to kennels at Newbiggin, near Storrington. With drafts from some of the best kennels Major Cook set about breeding his own pack, and their success at Peterborough and Cooksbridge as well as their excellence in the field is a sufficient tribute for all his skilful work.

The history of these beagles has suffered much from wars, and the present one has not failed to take its toll. It was found necessary to put down a great many hounds, to the intense grief of everyone who knew and hunted with them. One of the whips has joined up, but Tom Bell, who hunts them so well and with such keenness, is still there. Major Cook has been joined as part owner of the pack by Mr. W. S. Whitbourne.

TOM BELL, HUNTSMAN, WITH PLAYFUL AND PASTIME

There are few more icy places on a cold morning than kennels, and when I arrived at Newbiggin the cold had gone far into the earth and the dry frost was being blown about by a most penetrating wind. But the sight of the remainder of this pack was ample recompense. They are a grand set both to look at and when working, and without doubt the foundation of a larger pack is still there. Gallant '36 is a very good road hound, which is an important point as there is, in some parts of the country, a considerable amount of road work. He is by Marksman '29 out of Necklace '29, and his top line goes back to Wolverston Garnet.

Few beagles have a more tender nose than Dalesman '36—who is well known, owing to a remarkable incident, to followers of the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds. He is by Barrington Court Finder '33 out of Nightgown '33, and has tremendous drive. Wolverston Roper '36 is by Storrington Mustard '31 out of their Rapid '32. He is the smallest dog in the pack being 14½in., and is as active as an eel.

Bangle '36 was the best bitch at Cooksbridge, and has the real Skegness head, being by Skegness Boaster '32 out of Cluster '32. Ambush '38 is another bitch out of Cluster, her sire being Wolverston Roper '36. I thought Ecstasy '38 looked as though she could go all day and never feel it. Her sire was Skegness Boaster '32 and her dam was Nicety '33.

Two very good sisters are Fashion and Fancy '38, by Marvel '30 out of Faultless '35, and another admirable family by Mustard '31 out of Barrington Court Nimble '35 is Midnight, Mermaid and Moonshine '38. Moonshine is slightly taller than her sisters, but they all bear the same excellent stamp. Perhaps the best bitch among the first season hounds is Playful, by Nero '32, who will be remembered for her success at Peterborough. Both she and her sister Pastime are doing extremely well in the field.

A good family—their best point is the excellence of their necks and shoulders—is Trueman, Truant and Traveller, by Saracen '35 out of Bangle '36. It is very much to be hoped that it does not become necessary to put down any of these hounds. There are few finer packs in the country.

The district which they hunt lies in West Sussex, and is both varied and beautiful. Some of it is on the Downs and in the Weald and some in the brookland. It is also hunted by three packs of foxhounds—the Crawley and Horsham, the Cowdray and Lord Leconfield's. Building and wired-in places of the most tiresome kind are, of course on the increase in Sussex, but sport is not seriously interfered with and there are few counties anywhere in which the farmers are more sporting. Electrification of the railway has, however, virtually closed part of the best country.

On the day on which I hunted, the meet was at Greatham Common. There had been some slight thaw, but a sudden return of frost had made things as difficult as they well could be. We made cheerful—though unconvincing—remarks about the certainty of the sun's putting everything right soon, but no such thing happened, and towards three o'clock it was indeed obvious that no hare would lie out in such weather.

Yet soon after moving off it became clear that something had been moving in the stubble, and hounds were on to it at once, but without effect. They did, however, put up two hares and hunted them with remarkable enthusiasm and determination; but the complete absence of scent defeated them, and they were fortunate in getting home with undamaged feet.

What effect this war will have on otter-hunting it is yet too early to say. It is, I think, obvious that foxhunting will have to be conducted on different lines, though not necessarily with less enjoyment. What is encouraging is the widening interest which is being taken in beagling. Wherever I have been this season I have been impressed by what one might call the non-professional keenness. If these people, who are at present on the fringe of beagling, could be brought inside there would be little to fear for the future. And they would have to be lovers of hound work, which is the chief thing needed to keep the hunting world in existence.

THE MASTER AND THE PACK

STORRINGTON BEAGLES IN THEIR KENNELS AT NEWBIGGIN, RESIDENCE OF THE MASTER, MAJOR A. E. COOK

ANCIENT TRADE AND INN SIGNS

By L. M. BRAYBROOKE

ST. PETER'S FINGER, LYTCHETT MINSTER

THE study of ancient signs takes us back to the earliest periods of civilisation.

Long before writing had been invented thoughts were communicated by means of rough drawings. Even to-day in the cities of Eastern countries signs of inns and shops are not required, as the trades are each confined to certain streets, or to certain rows in the various bazaars. Walk in the Souks of Tunis, for example, and you will see the Arabs squatting among their goods, drinking endless small cups of heavily sweetened black coffee, and surrounded by brilliantly coloured silk materials. One passes row after row of these, and then on to a strong scent of perfumes of variegated flowers, with no need for a sign, on further to a narrow souk filled with jewellers with their wares, and so on.

The Romans were probably the first to make use of a sign to give names to their streets. At a later period the Roman artificers had their tools as the sign of their houses. Thus, we may conclude that our forefathers adopted the inn and shop signs from the Romans to indicate inns and shops by the wayside, and in towns certain devices would doubtless be adopted to attract the attention of the wayfarer: a cross, an angel or the figure of a saint to attract the Christian pilgrim, the sun and moon for a pagan.

With the growth of civilisation these simple signs gave place to coats of arms and crests over the doors of inns. One reason for this was that, in the Middle Ages, and in the absence of the family, the houses of the nobility were often used as hostelries for travellers and the family crest or arms always hung in front of the house. Naturally, the most striking feature in the arms gave to travellers, who were for the most part ignorant of the mysteries of heraldry, a name to the house. Thus a lion gules or azure became the Red or Blue Lion. Innkeepers soon began to adopt these signs and improve on them, as did the shopkeepers. They exhausted both the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom to find appropriate signs for their wares.

As the number of houses and shops increased, signs became more complicated. While there was only one hatter, or one dairyman, in the village, a hat or goat painted over the door was sufficient, but when there were several of the same trade other devices had to be resorted to.

There was little variety in the different signs as the artist would be the same employed for the whole town, and there could be little imagination to draw from. Since most of the pictorial representations were more or less of the same device, rural tradesmen sought to outvie one another in the colours and the size of their signs, until a law was passed which forbade signs to extend over the King's highway.

It was the practice among booksellers to have a woodcut of their signs for the colophon of their books so that their shops might be known, and thus prevent infringement. The sign was the most valued of possessions and was handed down from father to son as an heirloom, like the coat of arms of the nobility.

Early signs were generally suspended from an iron bar fixed either in the wall of the house or on a post standing in front of it. In both cases the iron work was shaped and ornamented with that taste which characterised the metal work of the Renaissance period. In country towns and villages, where space in the streets permitted, the sign was generally

THE BEAR AND BACULUS AT WARWICK

This is said to be the original of the many signs showing a bear with staff

suspended from a kind of triumphal arch standing out in the road and composed partly of iron and partly of wood. Many were ornamented with carving and colouring and some were real works of art.

The White Hart was the commonest of all signs, and the hart is to be found represented crowned, collared and chained and lying under a tree. The most famous hart sign was used to form an arch spanning the street at Scole in Norfolk. It was erected in 1655 and cost over a thousand guineas. It was taken down in 1795.

At one time inn keepers were compelled by law to have a sign and a certain Florence North, in the year 1393, was "presented" for not putting up a sign. With other trades, however, the hanging up of a sign was optional.

During the Civil War signs sometimes played an important part. At the death of Charles I, for instance, the poet John Taylor, an ardent Royalist, boldly showed his opinion of that set by taking as a sign for his alehouse in Phœnix Alley, Long Acre, the Mourning Crown. But he was soon compelled to take it down.

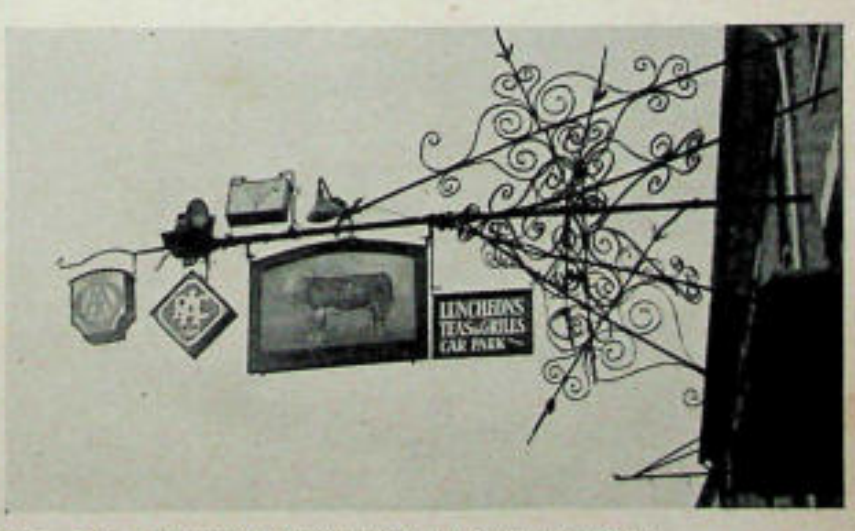
Richard Flecknoe, in his "Oenigmatical Characters 1665," tells us how many of the Puritans were shocked at anything savouring of Popery: "as for the signs, they have pretty well begun their reformation already, changing the sign of the Salutation of our Lady into the Soldier and Citizen, and the Catherine Wheel into the Cat and the Wheel."

A TOBACCONIST'S TRADE SIGN AT MUSSELBURGH, MIDLOTHIAN

After the Great Fire, in 1666, many of the houses that were rebuilt adopted signs carved in stone and mostly painted in gilt. These were let into the front of the house, beneath the windows of the first floor, and took the place of the former wooden signboards projecting on to the streets. In those streets left untouched by the fire, however, the old order of things continued, greatly to the discomfort and inconvenience of the foot passengers. The street being so narrow, and the signs projecting so far out on either side, the unfortunate wayfarer was often deluged with rain falling off the signboards. At length Charles II issued an act forbidding all sign boards to hang across the street. They were to be fixed against the balconies or to some convenient part of the side of the house.

It was in Westminster that the signboards were first taken down and affixed to the front of the houses. The rest of London soon followed this example and in a few months all the parishes were cleared of signboards and signposts. About the same time the streets were paved with Scotch granite which gave rise to the following epigram:—

"The Scottish new pavement well deserves our praise;
To the Scotch we're obliged, too, for mending our ways
But this we can never forgive, for they say
As that they have taken our posts all away."



Left: ONCE A POPULAR SIGN, THE FIVE ALLS AT MARLBOROUGH. *Right:* THE SIGN OF THE BULL, STONY STRATFORD

The sign on the right is an instance of incongruous clashing of the ancient and modern. The effect of the ironwork is spoilt by the miscellaneous collection of A.A. signs, &c.

Nevertheless, a few of the old signs have come down to us and some of these have been immortalised in literature.

The sign of St. Peter's Finger, at Lytchett Minster, Dorset, illustrated top left, is believed to be a corruption of "St. Peter and Vincula," and it is suggested that the old church, which was burned down, bore this title. The only other so named in England is at Dowdley, Wilts.

MODERN METHODS OF SALMON FISHING—IV

By J. HUGHES PARRY

In this the last of the series of articles on modern methods of catching salmon the author discusses worm fishing

IN any discussion on worm fishing for salmon, a curious fact crops up. Doubtless, it was one, if not the very first of all baits to be used for catching salmon in fresh water. Long years ago, before reels were known or even thought of, even before a smooth horn was bound at right angles to the butt of the rod to wind your line on—the forerunner many many years ago of the present expoliating reel—this bait was used doubtless on a hook of sorts, a sinew for trace and a short line tied to a pole, which on hooking a fish was thrown into the river, so allowing the current to play the fish until an opportunity offered to again grab the pole. This method is in common use to-day in some parts of Lapland, and perhaps no strides have been made to a greater extent than in modern worm fishing in difference of rod, reel, line and tackle used. Take for instance a typical expert's worming outfit for salmon to-day—a 12 to 14ft. rod with a wooden handle just tapered off above the hand-hold, no cork handle, very light agate or porcelain rings throughout, a really fine dressed line, as smooth as possible, all combining to make the very slightest twitch, of even a leaf floating down and touching the line, clearly felt. With this outfit our modern expert worm fisherman sallies forth, and woe betide the salmon that in a moment of inquisitiveness once picks up that juicy worm or worms that wriggle so naturally along the bottom and finally comes to rest only a few inches from his head, and nearly always in a manner almost impossible for any self-respecting salmon to ignore.

In almost every case, if a salmon once picks up a worm and is not frightened either by the line or by the pull of the lead on the trace, he will after a certain time swallow that worm right down so far that often it is necessary to make a cut well below his throat to get the hook free.

So the object of the modern worm salmon angler is to eliminate as far as possible any drag at all after the salmon has once touched the worm, until such time has elapsed in which the salmon has safely swallowed it.

Some men use a round bullet to prevent drag. Some prefer a few shot nipped on the trace. Again, some use a three-cornered plummet tied to the cast with a very weak single thread of thin cotton so that it will easily break, and others go as far as to use quite a heavy lead, again built in a pyramid shape with a largish ring upright at the top, even going the length of having a snap almost like that used on collars of greyhounds with a separate string attached, which when pulled by hand released the line from the ring; this, fished with a guard on the end of the trace to prevent the heavy lead slipping down, keeps one's worm on the bottom and absolutely free from any drag at all save and except that used by the finger on the free-running reel when letting line out. Fished from the head of a strong stream and letting your worm trot down in an absolutely natural manner, this tackle is pretty near perfection, but it takes careful manipulation to work properly.

In my opinion the art of worm fishing for salmon requires a greater knowledge of their habits and a greater personal lightness of touch and keener concentration than any other form of salmon fishing at all. The beauty of it is that with a temperature of anything from 57 deg. Fahr. upwards, when practically impossible to catch with anything else, salmon can and are successfully caught on it, provided one has the expert knowledge necessary, and I may add the money to buy the tackle—as being specialised to a certain extent the tackle used for other forms of salmon fishing does not in many ways meet the need.

For instance, a thick line will often frighten a nervous fish, which the special thin dressed line would not do; an undressed line, however thin, does not seem to give one the same sensitive touch, as it does not slip, especially when wet, through the rings or off the reel. Nottingham, Pflueger, Helican or a Felton Crosswind, perhaps are the best in the hands of an expert user, and a free running reel is an absolute necessity for this type of fishing, for when a salmon once picks up a worm, after generally nosing it for a few seconds, he does so very lightly and gently indeed and sometimes, if there is a strong stream, even moving across it, the drag on the line itself will be sufficient to make him drop the worm, in which case, seldom if ever will he pick it up again. But once let him get it safely to where he wants to go, and curiously enough in a long pool there are always three or four favourite places to which a salmon will carry a worm, then, provided he is not frightened, that fish is as good as on the bank; a great achievement in mid-summer with low water and a high temperature, with one's nerves frayed by the nuisance of eels nibbling your bait, although up till June 1st or thereabouts, you can be certain that it is a salmon if you once feel that twitching little sort of pull so peculiar to salmon when first taking interest in the worm.

A keen worm fisherman for salmon takes a great interest in getting his bait in first-class condition. The best way is to get an old wooden pail with a

ON THE MIDDLE REACHES OF THE WELSH DEE

In many of the deep pools of this river fish can be caught in plenty, with little effort on the part of the angler

lid with holes in it, and leave it in a shady place where no rain can get to it. Pick a good supply of clean moss, enough to more than half fill your pail. An early morning walk on your tennis ground, or someone else's, will give you a good supply in most places of big flat-tailed strong worms. Put them in the pail and change the moss every week. On emptying the pail you will find them all at the bottom. Half refill your pail with moss and after picking out any dead or sick worms put them on the top of the moss again. They will scour thoroughly in a couple of weeks or so and become bright and clean. Some men put a teaspoonful of fresh blood or cream, scattering it over the moss before they put the worms in, but I do not think that this is any advantage, and, having tried both, cannot see that the fish think so either.

One big clean worm threaded up your No. 2 hook and two cross-wise, just leaving the barb of your hook buried in the centre of the last one, makes a most fascinating bait and this is fished with the sole object, be the water fast, medium or slow, of letting it dribble slowly down and checking it for an appreciable length of time just above the most likely place for a salmon to be lying, not forgetting that the simple act of pulling your worms up and of throwing them in again will often scare a fish that, otherwise, might have been caught if he had not seen the worms behaving in such a strange and weird manner. It does not pay when fishing a worm to hang on to one place too long, five to ten minutes is quite long enough for a salmon to make up his mind, and your worms must travel along the bottom in a natural manner, just as if connected to no line or hook. In very fast water, supposing there is an eddy behind a rock, it pays to drop your worms there and leave them for a bit and if the water is clear you will sometimes see your worms moving. One may think it is pure imagination, but on a second look you will see the waving shadow of a fish, which having moved a yard or so out of the strong current, has no longer been able to resist the temptation. I am absolutely certain that far far more salmon come and look and possibly take a sniff, even, perhaps, touch your worms in a day's fishing than the ordinary man has any idea of. The reason for this is often doubtless due to the scent left by the human hand, tobacco smell still adhering to your worms, and it always pays thoroughly to rub your hands, before putting on your worms, in some wet gravel or with some river weeds. This may seem almost farcical to some people, but in a clear pool with the new Polaroid glasses, without which no keen modern angler should ever be, one can easily see where salmon are congregated, and if one handles three or four worms and then empties three or four out of your bag without touching them, without exception it is the worm out of the bag that is finally taken and swallowed, although the same fish may go and have a good look and sniff at two or three different worms.

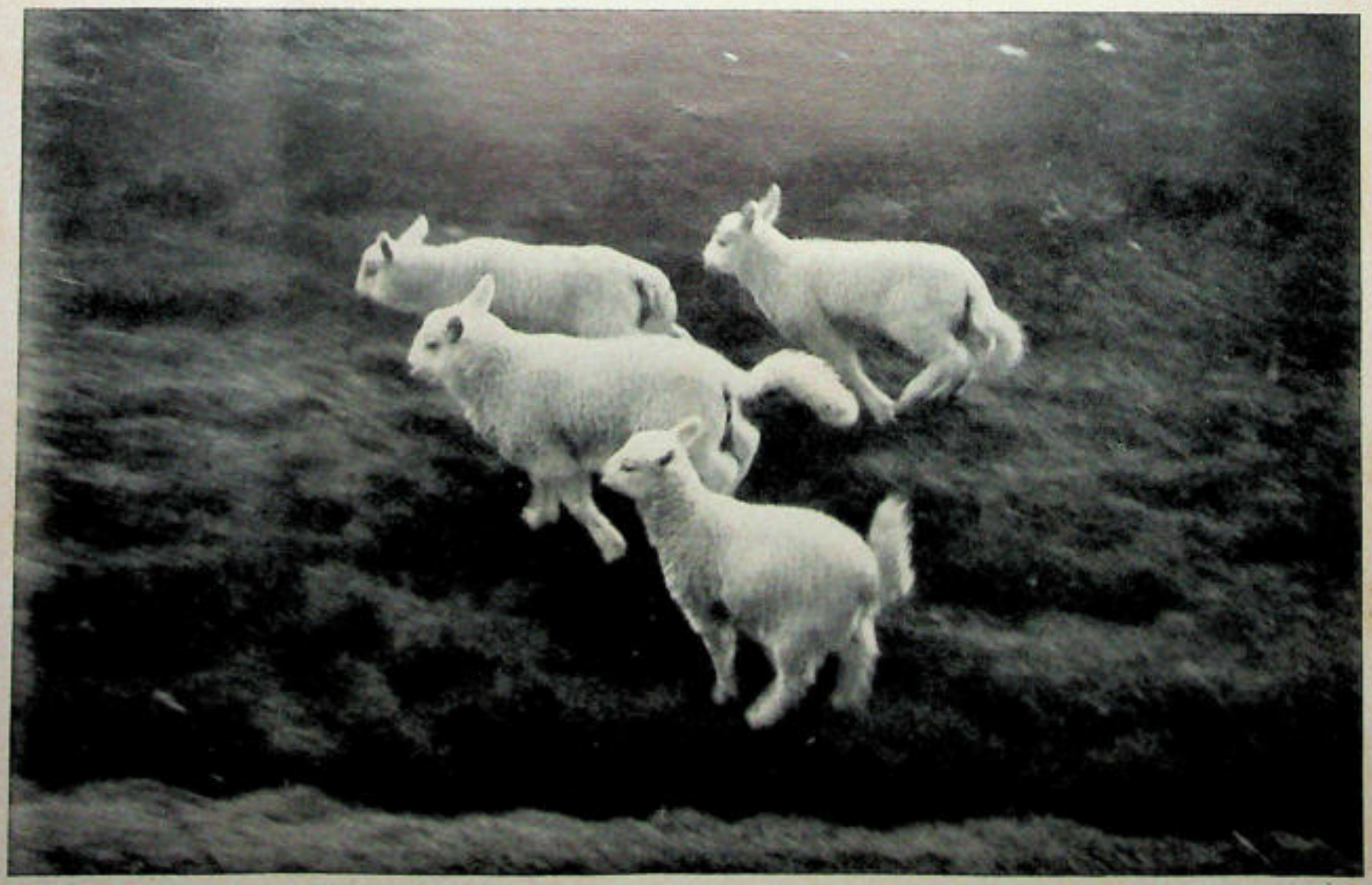
In a good light the new Polaroid glasses give to anyone an opportunity of studying the reactions of salmon to different baits, which was absolutely out of range of even the keenest eyed and most observant watcher before this most wonderful modern invention was brought to its present pitch of perfection.

In worm fishing for salmon, one approaches far more closely to the contemplative serenity of the ordinary, so mis-called, coarse fisherman than to the pomp and vanity of salmon fishing with its attendants and expense which can all well be dispensed with. Alone, like the heron, and taking him as your model, one must creep along. But the final result of killing a salmon on really fine tackle with the water reaching a very high temperature, when a worm is really the only thing in the world a salmon will look at, more than compensates for the looks of scorn and words of derision which will be heaped upon your head by those salmon anglers, who to their own cost and enjoyment, despise fishing with a worm. So rightly named is the worm as "the last chance."

SALMON FISHING ON THE RIVER SPEY, NEAR ORTON, MORAYSHIRE

"the art of worm fishing for salmon requires a greater knowledge of their habits and a greater personal lightness of touch and keener concentration than any other form of salmon fishing"

FEBRUARY CONTRASTS: A MEET OF HOUNDS IN WINTRY WEATHER



BUT THESE LAMBS THINK THAT SPRING IS DEFINITELY HERE

PHEASANT SHOOTING ENDS

The extended season closed yesterday. It is hoped that numbers in the country are now normal

The Gun—Month by Month

RELATIVE SPEEDS OF GAME BIRDS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

TO be tedious is one of the deadly sins, and during the past year I have felt sometimes that I may have overstressed the pleasures of rough shooting. But at least I can plead an honourable excuse. I have never been in a position to analyse the sensations deriving from the acquisition of a shoot de luxe, and the fleeting impressions gathered on the rare occasions when I have been a guest at one scarcely qualify me to write authoritatively on the subject.

Nor have I ever tried to emulate those diarists, who, in meticulous recording of their victims, fish and fowl, together with the types of fly and shot and all the rest of it that did the trick, immortalise their prowess. If I had, I might be a better performer than I am, for, doubtless, details, which bring objectively to mind the reasons for success or failure, are worth noting.

But since boyhood, sport has been to me a means to an end, rather than the end itself. And so, I think, it is to many men. For none can be insensitive to his surroundings, and there is a charm, dissociated from hot corners and big bags, about the solitary corners of these islands. In the hills and bogs one stands not on the order of one's going; there are no critics but the dogs. Which is why, for my part, I prefer the by days to the high days, and the back end shoots to any other in the year.

Though what a difference weather makes to shooting. Why some shooters will persist in carrying on, the while the Heavens literally fall, has always passed my comprehension. For beaters cannot do their work in drenching cover, and pheasants will not rise, however subtle may be your methods of approach. Such as do come out offer miserable shots, but mostly they trust to their legs and break all ways at once, scarcely moving above the lower timber. The most enthusiastic gun gets very little kick out of the proceedings, and the keepers, as well as the beaters, knowing that, however praiseworthy their efforts, results are bound to be disappointing, simply get fed up.

The contrast of my last two days this year exemplified how greatly the flights of all birds is influenced by weather conditions and a difference in temperature. The first was ideal; crisp and dry, with sunshine which in the sheltered spots was almost summerlike, and pheasants flew as pheasants should. I scarcely saw a bad bird all day, although we got but 68—a modest total by modern measure—as it is quite a small shoot on which more than half the cocks come high enough to get away with it.

Then it rained all night and in the morning everything was bedraggled; it was painfully cold, and, to make matters more thoroughly unpleasant, a river fog hung and then shifted, and then hung again, low on the tree-tops, so that one was never quite sure at the start of a beat whether, half-way through it, one would be able to see a high bird, let alone kill him. Pheasants that rose in pretty steady flushes and came high on our first day out, were simply running, stops or no stops, to the covert's edge, and skimming through the mist like barn-door fowls, and everyone was relieved when the "cease fire" sounded before lunch.

Just how far bird flights are influenced by atmospherics is not easy to determine. Doubtless, just as on the human organism, dry crisp weather has a tonic effect on animal creation. Rabbits, as is very well known, bolt better on a sharp frosty day than when it is damp and muggy, and all game birds fly faster and higher, or less straight and steadily than usual, under different atmospheric conditions. For instance, if snipe can ever be said to fly more or less straight—or shall I say less erratically than usual?—it is when the atmosphere is damp and muggy or when there is a tendency to fog.

But it does not necessarily follow that, because weather conditions have a certain well recognised effect on wild life in one part of the country, it will have the same effect in all parts. We have yet a good deal to learn in regard to local differences in habit of the same species, and over-hasty generalisation as to the effects of weather on birds and beasts is as dangerous as estimation of their speeds.

For it is when the grouse skims across the bog with a snipe close on his tail, and the pheasant and partridge top the trees together, that the gunner begins to find out there is more in the manner of a bird's flight and the angles it produces than he imagined. He finds, too, how deceptive are appearances, that the actual speed of a bird cannot be deduced from its wing-beats, and that atmospheric conditions very often give rise to strange illusions.

Should you ask a novice his impression of the relative speed of pheasants, grouse, and partridges, he will in my experience nearly always reverse that order. Probably this is because the smaller the bird the quicker it appears to travel, to the untrained eye. As a fact, the partridge beats the average shooter more often than the grouse simply because of its trick of swerving imperceptibly at the critical moment. For the grouse is a long way the faster of the two, as anyone who has ever watched a pack overhauling a covey of moorland partridges can testify. What is perhaps less generally conceded is that the pheasant is faster than either, and again it is the size of the bird that deceives the eye. Incidentally, how almost invariably does the skilled shooter under-estimate the pace of wild geese simply because their wing beats, rhythmical and slow, fail to convey to the watcher the drive behind the pinions.

No doubt it is pace combined with height that makes them, like most ducks, difficult to bring down. But to my mind the teal is the most puzzling bird that flies, not so much because he is the fastest of all the great duck family, but chiefly because he has a trick of swerving vertically and not horizontally like the partridge. I have always maintained that woodcock are a good deal faster than most people imagine.

Of course, one must admit that in covert the 'cock beats the shooter by appearing where he is least expected, and dipping and twisting through the tree-tops. But how often one hears it said that in the open the 'cock flies "exactly like an owl," the implication being that to miss him often is to proclaim oneself a duffer. All I can say is (with many years' experience of Irish 'cock shooting) that if I had a sovereign for every time I have seen really good shots miss woodcock in the open, I should have the wherewithal to buy a pair of first grade guns. Because, like the snipe, the woodcock is never flying in the same plane for a couple of seconds we do not read his speed aright.

I think it is St. John who describes a flight at a woodcock by one of his trained falcons. He watched both birds out of sight over an Argyllshire loch; then the 'cock turned in his tracks and it was not until he was overland again, having accomplished a distance of some miles, that the falcon was in a position to swoop. So, too, one under-rates the snipe's pace because he is never flying straight, although he differs from the woodcock in that after a hundred yards or so he perceptibly slows up. But even so, he is an extraordinarily fast bird.

I recollect, some years ago, driving a big bog in Ireland, and as a flanking gun, I watched a snipe and a grouse, flushed almost simultaneously between two points. The snipe, of course, was rising all the time, the grouse flew straight, but the latter was very little ahead at the end of a few seconds. And taking into consideration the fact that the snipe was, in his twisting flight, covering lateral as well as horizontal distance, this seems to give a rough indication of his capacity for speed.

I do not know whether any authoritative opinion has ever been expressed as to the relative speeds of game and wildfowl. In my own humble experience I would suggest that a golden plover is the fastest bird that flies, with a teal a good second, while wigeon most certainly rank pretty high up on the list, and blackcock are, I fancy, the fastest of our game birds proper; though I would suggest that any of these birds (teal excepted) are easier brought down than, say, a "back-end" driven partridge, or a woodcock or snipe against a dull background. And, although I will not deny his excessive turn of speed, I think it is his capacity imperceptibly to alter pace as he glides on outstretched wings that makes an old cock pheasant the most difficult of anything to hit when he comes curling on the wind on a January morning.

ALLOTMENTS FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT DETACHMENTS.—Many thousands of men in the isolated anti-aircraft and other detachments now at their war stations throughout the Eastern Command are to dig for victory this spring. Wherever the ground is suitable a section of their camps is being set aside for horticultural purposes. Where no such land is available the local welfare officer has been given the task of finding plots, "borrowing" them where possible near the camps. Seeds will be provided by the welfare organisation which is now at work throughout the Command, and an appeal is made to local farmers, allotment holders and market gardeners to lend tools where they can spare them, and to give a helping hand when difficulties arise.

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON—IV

He comes to grief while out with the Pytchley

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen-picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to an old-time hunting man if he could return to it after a lapse of a hundred years

THE big man in a velvet cap and a dark red coat gave the signal to move off. Outside the Hall gate Silas recognised the little school, which he remembered Squire Hanbury had been building last time he had been there. As he turned his horse on to the main road—wheereh! all his horse's four legs seemed to shoot out in different directions, and his own foot touched the road. What was this? There was not a vestige of frost, but he was skating about as if he were on a rink of black ice. After another terrifying slither, he fetched up on the grass verge of the road. There in front was Scotland Wood and to the left Blue's Covert, which he recalled had been lately planted by the King's Horse Guards, who had been quartered at Northampton to overawe the agrarian unrest. Turning into the field Silas edged forward to be sure of a good start, expecting others to do the same.

"THE GIRL WHO HAD SO HEARTILY DAMNED HIM WAS DABBING IODINE ON THE HORSE'S CUT"

"Will you keep behind me, sir, till hounds are away, please," said the big man in the purple coat, and Silas was horrified to find he was the only man who had broken the line which had spread out behind the Master.

Mr. Mowbray raised his hat and retired in confusion. Heavens above! What a blast of red blasphemy would he have got from the Squire or Sir Bellingham if either had convicted him of a like offence. But to be called "sir" and "please"! Times had indeed changed!

"Say," he confided to the man next him, "if I done that at Melton the Squire wouldn't have been half down my back."

"Oh, the Red Earl," replied Quorn, "put swearing out of fashion here. He showed if the Master always rode in front it was quite unnecessary."

"Oh, my!" was all Silas could say.

Before Mr. Mowbray had recovered his composure a shrill cry from the end of the wood let loose the avalanche of horsemen. The first fence was a bullfinch 18ft. high, through which Silas had been wont to swish with no more hurt than a scratch or two, but this one had uprights as thick as his arm and the first four feet looked as solid as a brick wall. Massive timber filled the only gap visible: for this Silas went and with an ominous crack landed with a scramble in the next field to see hounds streaming away for Tally Ho. Another thorn fence; then over an open road, through another bullfinch fence with a big ditch beyond it; next a low cut-and-laid with a row of posts in front. "Funny no guard rail," thought Silas, "there's certain to be an oxer the other side, I must cram on pace," which he did, but to find nothing but a bare line of posts.

Galloping down hill Silas noticed everyone converging to the corner, leaving the line of the hounds, so concluding the next obstacle was unjumpable he wisely followed suit, and arrived at a hand gate on the far side of a ford. Beside him was a lady for whom he politely pulled back to let her through.

"Damn your soul, can't you get on," from one rider behind.

"Where the hell are you pushing," from another in front.

"Blast, you're putting on to the damn post," from a third.

Too late Mr. Mowbray realised his mistake as he was swept aside and found himself in an eddy of the stream of horseflesh forcing itself through the narrow outlet. At last, crushed and bruised, he managed to get through and voiced his woes to a farmer next whom he found himself.

"Oh, them ladies don't mean what they say. You must forget you're a gentleman if you want to keep your place at a hand gate here."

Mr. Mowbray was shocked to the marrow. He had never heard a lady swear before.

Hounds had run through Tally Ho and as they checked just beyond the covert, Silas expected to see the field among the pack and hear a torrent of abuse; but no, not a sound. An upraised hand and the field lined up like a regiment of cavalry behind the Master.

Freeman soon hit off the line and hounds hunted on slowly, but the field gave him plenty of room and never attempted to pass the Master. Only once he had to call out: "Steady on the left, gentlemen, please."

Over the Naseby-Clipston road close to the Obelisk set up by Edward Fitzgerald the poet to commemorate the battle between King Charles I and Parliament in 1645, hounds started to race again. At one or two fences people queued up at gaps and Silas noticed that occasionally, for no apparent reason, certain fences were avoided, but he was too knowledgeable a hunter to try and cut out the work in a strange country, knowing there are just as good and brave men as oneself in every hunt and as well mounted, and if everyone leaves a fence alone, it's for a very good reason.

In front the landmark Naseby Covert appeared. Silas remembered it being planted. A fence into some plough, the first they had seen since leaving Scotland Wood came next. Silas sailed down at it. It was dotted about with red and white T's boards. He heard a shout behind him which sounded like "War, war," but conscious of his perfect innocence, hounds being a field ahead and the shout conveying no meaning to his mind, he continued his way. The posts in front of the fence were connected by what looked like brown string, too thin even to stop a sheep.

Silas's horse took this string just above his knees. Silas saw a shimmer along the fence and felt his horse's quarters rising. Next he know, he had hit the ground with prodigious force and his horse was on its back, its head to the fence. Both lay motionless, every particle of wind knocked out of them, blood flowing from the horse's chest. Two or three men who had jumped the fence lower down where the T's were half white half red turned back and dismounted to assist the fallen stranger.

"Didn't you see the boards?" asked one.

"Didn't you hear me shout 'ware wire'?" said another.

Silas sat up and looked about him.

"I don't know what a board is except in a snake fence in Virginia, where we call it a log, and the only wire I recollect is what ladies put in their dresses."

"Barbed wire and red boards to warn you, and red and white to mark the jumping place," they explained.

"Never heard of 'em," said Silas. "You're telling me that confounded bit of string brought us down?"

"It did indeed, and you're lucky your horse is not cut to ribbons. He only got a nasty scratch."

"Is that so? Well, that's just too bad. The last fall I had like that was below Skeffington over a double oxer on the far side following young Mr. Green of Rolleston."

The girl who had so heartily damned him was dabbing iodine on the horse's cut. It, and the owner, having recovered their wind, they proceeded through a line of gates to Naseby Covert where hounds were busily hunting.

Soon hounds drove a fox out on the far side, probably a fresh one, for a tired fox can always

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find an impenetrable clump of briars to hide in, if the earth is stopped, and there are always plenty of fresh ones in Major Cayzer's good covert to relieve a weary pilot.

They crossed the road on to the stone pit beyond Broadmore, where many good hunts have ended, over the "river" Avon, here not more than a yard wide, and along the Sulby Hedges whence Okey's Dragoons shot down Prince Rupert's gallant cavaliers. On the Naseby-Welford road the fox was headed by a motor car and turned right-handed towards Welford reservoir and earth in a withy bed but finding this closed he doubled back only to be killed in front of a long grey stone house.

"Surely that is Sulby Hall. Does Mr. George Payne still live there?" enquired Silas, thinking of the handsome boy with more charm and money than ability to exploit the former or keep the latter.

"No, not for ages; it is now let to a countryman of yours, Fred Pearson," replied Lord Quorn.

"Many a happy day I've spent there," said Silas. "We used to hack over from Melton after hunting in the Thursday country, when the days were long. We often changed our hacks at Langton. It took us about two hours to get here from Melton."

"I hope you enjoyed your hunt," said the Master. "I am sorry to hear you had a fall over wire, but it was, I am told, clearly marked."

"It was, surely, but when I was here before they never marked the oxers and I guess they lamed a power of horses, and the double ones nearly always turned the leader over."

"Alas, with all the big estates being broken up the farmers can't afford timber now, and no unprotected hedge will keep in fat bullocks when the gadfly is about; so they have to put up wire in the summer, but we get most of it down in the winter, and what we can't is marked."

"Then you are better off than we were for the oxers were never marked, it was us, not they who came down," said Silas.

"Do you notice much change since you were here last?" asked the man who picked Mr. Mowbray up.

"Why, yes. Your fences are a lot bigger and stronger and the ditches a sight blinder, but there're a power more gates and gaps and say, your horses are fitter. Years ago after a run like this there would have been twenty lying all over the country. You seem to shave them all. I can't see one that isn't. That's real cute."

"And what of the ladies?" asked the leading lovely.

"Say, before I answer that, I guess I'd better see them in ladies' clothes, not in fancy dress, disguised as stable boys. In my day only about three or four hunted with any one pack. They looked like ladies and did not swear; they left that to their menfolk when they had got out of earshot, if anything of that kind was needed."

(To be continued)

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

BLACKMORE VALE.—Hounds put in a bye-day on Monday (February 5th); after meeting at Crackmore Lodge where the day was spent in Sherborne Park and a brace of foxes was accounted for.

From their fixture at Podimore Church next day hounds on reaching Babeary had several foxes on foot, but, in bad scenting conditions, they were only able to hunt slowly by Keinton Mandeville Station and Manor Farm to Naidens, where they were defeated. From Wheathill hounds ran nicely over Foddington Hill to Nightingale Copse, and on, at a slower pace, to Yarcombe, where they lost their fox. Scent was now far from good, and it was only with difficulty that they could hunt a fox found in Steeple Covert to Foddington Hill, and right-handed to Ilchester's Gorse, whence they persevered slowly almost to Manmead before giving up.

After meeting at the Fox, Holwell, hounds found at once in Ranksborough, and ran by Nowhere to Warrys, whence circling left-handed they returned to Nowhere and lost their fox. Woodbridge Withybed provided a stout specimen, and hounds ran fast as if for Bishop's Caundle, before swinging left-handed to Nowhere. Pushing their fox through this covert and Ranksborough they crossed the Lydden, and swinging left-handed re-crossed the river to Short's Wood, where they were stopped after a fast hunt, which was unfortunately only enjoyed by a select few.

Hounds kept their Saturday fixture at Cucklington when finding in the home wood they ran through Clapton Farm and across the main road to Pen Forest. Continuing at a slower pace they hunted on to Cockroad Wood where they were stopped, owing to the intervention of fresh foxes. An outlier found near Cheriton Withybed was pulled down after giving a circular hunt. B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—When hounds met at Hillfield on the edge of the B.V. country the morning was foggy, but luckily it lifted sufficiently not to interfere with sport and hounds moved off on time. Finding their first fox in Westwoods, they ran through Paper Hill, and then crossing the road into Blackmore Vale territory they ran on to Bide's Gorse, swinging back across the road again to Hillfield Farm at a good pace over a very nice line of country. At Hillfield the pilot evidently had had enough, for he went back to his original covert and had the main earth not been properly stopped the hunt would have ended where it began. Luckily, however, the earth-stopper had done his work well, and the pilot was forced to retrace his course running through Bide's, past Three Gates Farm and on to Castle's where hounds finally killed at the end of an excellent 40-minute hunt. While Gosden was breaking his fox up one or two couples which had gone a bit wide got on the line of an outlier, and the rest of the pack hearing the cry, left the worry and joined in with them. In less time than it takes to tell the story we were away again, running hard past Paper Hill, drove on to Cochrane's, bearing left into the B.V. country and going on through Calf Hay Plantation to Spring Copse where they were at fault. Scent seemed to vanish at this point and hounds could never do anything more with the line, though they found at Cochrane's later in the afternoon, and finally ended the day in Sydling Wood where they marked another fox to ground. A first class day's sport. LINCOLN.

DORSET, SOUTH.—When a small field turned out to meet hounds at Came Lodge they were well repaid. Capt. Wellesley-Wesley was absent on military duty, and the junior Joint Master, Miss Isaay, was again in charge. Hounds found in Came Park, and going out the far end of the wood, ran over the open towards Whitcombe, crossing the road and then swinging right-handed to Privitt where they eventually marked their fox to ground. They then went to Came Big Wood, where a fox was soon afoot, and after a few turns round the covert he crossed the road to the Came Down Golf Links. Hounds hunted persistently in the gorses but scent was very catchy and it was 10 minutes before they forced him out of covert. Once outside, however, he crossed the road and tried to beat his pursuers on Ridgeway Hill Down.

Just why scent improved at this point, I cannot understand, but it did, and when the pilot set sail towards Dorchester hounds were fairly close at him and carrying a good head. They crossed the Weymouth Road into Cattistock country, and driving on at a good pace ran through Bayward's and on by Ashton Farm to Hog Hill where they managed to force their quarry so hard that he broke again and only saved his brush by getting to ground in an earth near Martinstown. It was a short hunt, and only lasted 25 minutes from the time we went away from the Golf Club, but we went along at a good clip and the country was a nice bit to cross. A. H. H.

OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW.—Hounds had good sport when they met at Smallfields on February 10th. Finding on Burstow Lodge, they went away for Woodman's, but turned right-handed and ran up through Hathersham Wood to check in covert. Recovering the line they hunted slowly through South Hale, where the pack divided, some going away for Mason's Bridge, while the main body ran a right-handed circle back to the covert, where they lost. After a short hunt from Outwood Common they drew Hornecourt Wood. A fox was viewed away on the south side, and hounds ran well over Church Farm, taking a nice line over Wilmots and Hollesley and marking their fox to ground in a woodyard at Smallfields. He was evicted and killed. Scent improved in the afternoon and the pack hunted straight through Brooklands almost to Lloyd's Gorse. Swinging left-handed short of it they run through Axland Croft, over Tile Barn to Anchor Wood, and turned back into Brooklands. With failing scent they hunted slowly through Hanglog Wood, but were run out of scent near the Gorse after a 45-minute hunt. O. S. B.

WARWICKSHIRE.—On Friday, February 9th, after hounds had killed a brace of foxes in Idlecote Grove, the most strenuous efforts by the Staff, Sir Walter Cowan, and a few other followers, mounted and on foot, failed to hold up a third, who broke, with hounds hard on his brush, pouring out of covert in an irresistible rush, as the fox headed for Honington Clumps. Running the length of this covert, he sank the hill, and crossed the River Stour at Fell Mill Farm. The fox next set his head for Shipston, where he just touched the outskirts of the town near the railway station, and made for Tredington Hill.

Just avoiding Tredington Gorse, he crossed the Fosse Road, and ran on nearly to Wenham's Gorse. Then, swinging right-handed, the fox nearly reached Halford Bridge, but on the high ground above the village, turned left-handed, running over a fine wild bit of country past Blackwell, as though for Ilmington. Turning, however, instead as though to re-make his point, the fox crossed the Fosse Road, and hounds run into him in the open at the Darlingscote level crossing. They had hunted beautifully for 50 minutes, and every hound was up at the finish. The point was about four miles, and the distance actually covered about nine. The going was rideable, and there were no casualties among the 16 or so followers who rode to hounds as they ran.

It was a sad company of hunting and other friends which assembled at Todenham Church, to take part in a service in memory of Lady van Notten Pole, who had died a few days before, after some months of illness. She was a very enthusiastic supporter of hunting, a good rider, and went well to hounds. She will be sadly missed by her friends and neighbours, but by none more than the Todenham tenants and villagers, for she and Sir Percy Pole, belonged to that (alas!) ever-diminishing race of landowners, living in their own home, and among their own people, unto whom personal kindness, generosity and friendship never failed. In everything which concerned the welfare of Todenham and its people she had taken the lead all through her married life there, and all hearts must go out in sympathy to her husband, left to carry on her work alone. PATIENCE.

IRELAND.

TIPPERARY.—A strong south-easterly wind, carrying heavy showers, did not brighten the prospects when the Hunt met at Fethard on February 3rd. The gorse on Kilnocken was too much exposed to the weather and failed to hold, and a fox from Power's Wood found a hole after two fields. Mobarnane Wood was the next draw and hounds hunted twice round it with a great cry before running rather slowly to Coolmoyne. From Tullamaine a fox went away up-wind, but unfortunately took refuge in a shore on Barry's bog, when hounds were running fast. To end the day a fox from Garraun was hunted to Miltown and back to Mr. Tom Quinlan's screen, where heavy rain washed out the line.

A busy day followed the Ballynonty fixture on the 5th. In spite of the warm weather scent was fairly good, and hounds were soon away with a fox from Ballynonty Glen. They ran well towards Killenaule, and then bore left-handed towards Mardyke before marking in the old fort. A second fox from Ballynonty gave a sharp hunt to Mardyke and back again before escaping, and a third from Delaney's found shelter in the old fort. Later from Ballyphilip, hounds ran towards Coalbrook, and then bore right-handed as though for Ballincurry before being beaten short of Ballyphilip covert.

On February 8th the Hunt met at Condon's Cross in weather more suited to a garden-party than a fox-hunt. However, scent was better than might have been expected, and hounds ran well from Watson's Glen nearly to Lawlesstown, then bore right-handed to Summerhill. From here they hunted back through the Glen to Ballingarrane, and over the road as though for Barne Park. The plough-land short of the park brought hounds to their noses, and they were forced to admit defeat when pointing for Lawlesstown. The remainder of the day was disappointing. T. C. V.

A SKYLARK SHOWING DULLER MARKINGS AND LONGER TAIL AS COMPARED WITH THE WOODLARK

WOODLARK AND SKYLARK

Photographed by GUY B. FARRAR

THE woodlark is one of those fastidious birds that selects certain parts of the British Isles, in this case mostly in the south-west, to make its home and rear its young.

Its near relative the skylark is much more catholic in choice of nesting ground, but the richer-marked, shorter-tailed woodlark is only to be found, apart from isolated examples, in southern and western England and in mid and south Wales.

It haunts open country especially where bracken, brambles and low scrub abound, making its rather deep nest in the shelter of a tuft of grass or other herbage. The eggs, usually four in number, are laid from March until July; three broods have been recorded. They are thickly covered with fine reddish brown or olive markings sometimes with a distinct zone at the larger end.

The pair of birds illustrating this article had nested in a meadow in mid Wales, a rather rough pasture in which far too many thistles flourished. Under a clump of these pernicious weeds the young crouched in a cup-shaped depression lined with bent and moss.

After putting up my hide on the previous evening, I spent a whole summer day watching these attractive little larks go about their daily duties.

They did everything together. Both birds searching for food in the same area and not returning to the nest until both had accumulated a full load.

Their method of approach was to come in procession, the hen generally leading, through the long grass, their progress being quite unhurried. After the leading bird had fed the youngsters, he or she waited patiently until the other parent completed the meal, when both flew away together to continue their search for more insects or larvæ.

In colouring and pattern of plumage, the woodlark is much more vivid than the skylark and, in the former species, a buffish eye-stripe meets across the nape. A brown and white mark on the outer wing is another distinguishing feature.

The woodlark appeared to me to be a daintier, slimmer bird with a much shorter tail; its movements recalled those of the tree pipit rather than the skylark.

Apart from the call note, a melodious too-loo-eet, uttered softly on the approach to the nest, they were silent birds, the cock never indulging in that musical outpouring of clear liquid notes which comprise the song of courtship and display.

Like tree pipits, the woodlark walked to and from the nest, never rising in flight from the spot where the young were concealed. Skylarks, on the other hand, seem quite unmindful of this precaution, often rising or alighting from within a few inches of their nest.

The young were fed on insects, larvæ, and, occasionally, a small moth, meal times being at fairly regular intervals of twenty minutes to half-an-hour. From 9 to 11 a.m. and from 3 to 6 p.m. were the busiest periods; the middle of the day saw a noticeable falling off in the quantity of food brought to the nest.

Apart from collectors, mice are, probably, the most destructive enemies of woodlarks' eggs. The pair of birds depicted in these photographs had already lost their first clutch in this manner.

My day spent in watching woodlarks terminated in a thunderstorm. My last remembrance of these charming little birds is a picture of the hen sheltering the nestlings from the torrential rain, while the cock, a rather bedraggled figure, stood disconsolately in the soaking grass near the nest.

THE COCK APPROACHING THE NEST

THE HEN REMOVING DROPPINGS

THE COCK BRINGING FOOD TO THE NEST

GREAT CHURCHES OF EAST ANGLIA

By E. T. LONG

THE ancient churches of England are our most precious legacy from the past, and there is probably no other country in the world more richly endowed in this respect, in spite of the ravages of Reformers, Puritans and the Victorian "restorers." The church is usually the most conspicuous feature of an English village, and in olden times the centre of the community life. Indeed it is not too much to describe the parish church as an epitome of the social history of the land. For this reason alone, it would be deserving of careful study, but the aesthetic appeal is at least equally great, and dull indeed would be the person who was not moved at the spectacle of so much harmonious beauty and historical association.

Not the least of the charms of the mediæval church are the local types so characteristic of the various parts of the county, due to various causes, historical, economic and, above all, geological. There is a vast amount of difference between a fifteenth century church in East Anglia and one in the West Country, though both exhibit the same type of window tracery, arches and mouldings. The difficulties of transport compelled most parishes to make the best of their local materials, which resulted in stimulating resourcefulness and in producing those local peculiarities that add so much to the charm and interest of our ancient churches.

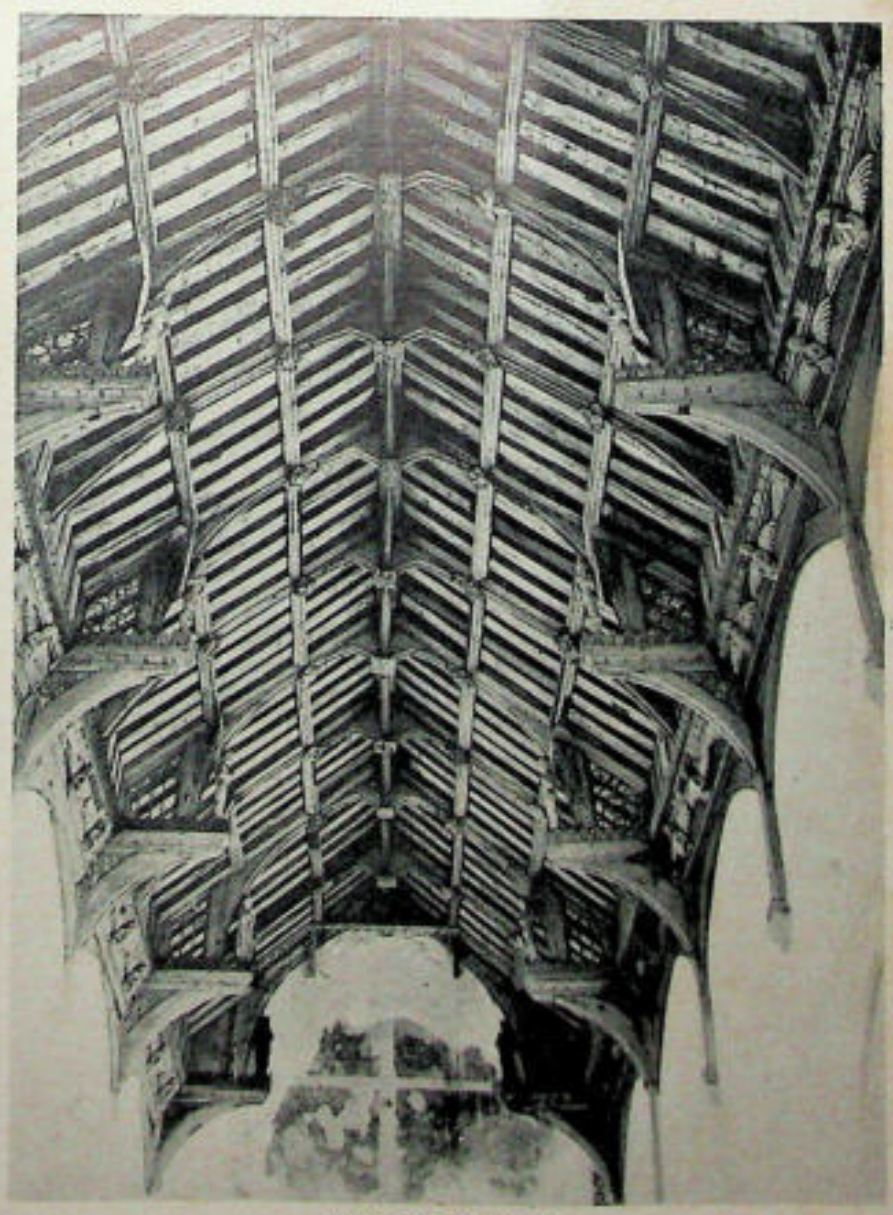
It is generally accepted by those most competent to express an opinion that the churches of Norfolk and Suffolk are unrivalled in this country. Not only are the fabrics often of imposing dimensions and most accomplished design, but the woodwork of the roofs and fittings is of almost breathless magnificence. The reasons for this excellence are due mainly to the social conditions of East Anglia during the latter part of the Middle Ages. Early in the fourteenth century there was an immigration of Flemish weavers, which had most important consequences. It is to the immigrants' activities that we owe, to a great extent, the multitude of large and beautiful churches; for the sheep-farming fed the woollen trade and made the district especially rich. Worstead, Kersey and Lindsey gave their names to well-known fabrics first produced in East Anglia. It is often said that the population was larger in those days; perhaps this may be true, but it was not the population that dictated the size of the church, but motives of gratitude and devotion.

The Black Death in the middle of the fourteenth century decimated the population and temporarily brought all activities to an end. In this dreadful pestilence, nearly 2,000 clergy perished and 800 parishes lost their incumbents. Several of the monasteries were totally emptied and all were greatly depleted. Nevertheless, there was a marvellous and speedy recovery and by the end of the century, East Anglia, at any rate, was as prosperous as ever. During the fifteenth century there was an unparalleled amount of building and reconstruction and it is to this period that the finest churches belong.

Norfolk and Suffolk between them still possess

THE SAXON ROUND TOWER AT HADDISCOE, NORFOLK
The triangular-headed belfry windows are noteworthy

FLUSH WORK AT KERSEY, SUFFOLK
Stone panelled with pieces of smooth flint set in shallow hollows



CAWSTON, NORFOLK
A magnificent example of hammer-beam roof

SALL, NORFOLK

Fifteenth century design with contemporary fittings. This noble church contains a wealth of old woodwork in the stalls, roof, pulpit and font cover, but the screen has been sadly mutilated

UFFORD, SUFFOLK

The finest font cover in England, a glorious structure of delicately carved tabernacle work surmounted by a pelican, and still showing abundant remains of gold and colour

about 1,200 churches of ancient foundation and nearly another 200 have gone to ruin since the Reformation. Moreover, many of those still in use have been considerably reduced in size owing mainly to the inability of the parishioners to keep them in repair; Covehithe, Kessingland and Walberswick on the Suffolk coast are cases in point, and it is by no means uncommon to find indications of a former aisle, or chapel, or the ruins of a tower. Covehithe must have been one of the most splendid of all East Anglian churches judging by the extensive ruins, within which a small thatched building was erected in the latter part of the seventeenth century when the parishioners were no longer able to maintain the glorious fane raised by the munificence and piety of their ancestors.

The Reformation brought church building and embellishment to an end for many a long day and the devastation wrought by the Puritan fanatics during the Civil War followed by two centuries of neglect, was disastrous to the churches of East Anglia. Trade moved away, religious zeal waned and there were neither the means nor the inclination to maintain, except as far as practical needs demanded, these glorious memorials of the ages of faith. Finally, during the second half of the nineteenth century, the Victorian "restorers," under the influence of the Gothic Revival wrought more harm than good by their ill-advised methods of reparation. Still, in spite of Reformers, Puritans and restorers, the churches of East Anglia are even now veritable treasure houses of mediæval art in stone, wood and colour. Space forbids more than a very brief survey of these wonderful old buildings and their contents.

Good building stone is practically non-existent in East Anglia, so the mediæval builders were forced to make use of the local flint with hard chalk and imported stone for the dressings and architectural features. The imported stone came mainly from Barnack, in Northamptonshire, whence it was conveyed as far as possible by water. Characteristic is the use of flint; plain and knapped smooth for many of the towers and walls in the more important examples, or left in the rough and set in the mortar in the less pretentious work. Flint and stone panelling, called flush work, often occurs and is most effective. The stone is panelled with pieces of smooth flint set in shallow hollows, so that inscriptions, monograms, or heraldic shields appear on a ground of dark flint, as at Kersey, Suffolk. The mediæval craftsman knew how to make a virtue out of necessity. Brick occurs in late work and is often very effectively treated.

A very characteristic feature of these old churches are the round towers, of which there are about 130 in Norfolk and over 40 in Suffolk. The prevalence of round towers in this district is explained by the absence of free-stone for the quoins necessary in a rectangular structure. Several of these towers are of pre-Conquest date, of which there is a notable example at Haddiscoe, Norfolk, which exhibits in its triangular-headed belfry windows undoubted evidence of its Saxon origin. The vast majority of these round towers date from before 1200, though most of them were subsequently raised and finished with an embattled parapet, as is the case at Haddiscoe.

One of the particular glories of the East Anglian churches are the magnificent timber roofs, especially those of the hammer-beam type, which often exhibit rows of angels with outspread wings and full-length figures of saints and prophets on the elongated wall posts between the windows. Cawston, Norfolk, affords a good example of a hammer-beam roof with remains of colour decoration at the east end. Some of the roofs are of comparatively low pitch with richly-carved beams of great massiveness. The screens, stalls, pulpits and font covers are often both elaborate and beautiful. Not the least of the attractions of the mediæval woodwork is the lovely silvery-grey colour which the oak has attained in the course of centuries. The noble church of Sall, Norfolk, contains a wealth of old woodwork in the stalls, roofs, pulpit and font cover. At Ufford, Suffolk, we have the finest font cover in England, a glorious structure of delicately carved tabernacle work surmounted by a pelican, and still showing abundant remains of gold and colour.

The screens of East Anglia would require a special monograph to deal adequately with them. Though often sadly mutilated and sometimes deprived by vandalism of the whole of the upper portions, as at Sall, they are still full of interest and beauty. In later mediæval times the chancel screen, above which was placed the great crucifix, commonly called the rood, with the attendant figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, was surmounted by a gallery called the rood loft with an elaborately decorated parapet. The purpose of this gallery is somewhat obscure, but it probably served to give access to the lights that burned continually before the rood and sometimes contained the organ. Only two rood lofts have survived complete in East Anglia, *i.e.*, at Attleborough and Sheringham, both in Norfolk.

The screens were almost invariably decorated in colour and the panels of the base often embellished with paintings of prophets and saints, a feature not usual in other parts of the country except in Devon. Some of these screen paintings exhibit very high artistic merit, notably at Barton Turf and Ranworth, in Norfolk and at Southwold, Suffolk. Two of the figures at Ranworth, St. Michael and St. George, recall contemporary work in Catalonia, but most of the paintings are thoroughly English in character and quite unlike anything on the Continent. Another very interesting feature are the mural paintings, of which there are still a large number in existence, though many are very fragmentary. St. Christopher is the most popular subject, doubtless because it was held that to look on a picture of him would preserve anyone from a sudden and unprepared death on that day. Here again space forbids any further remarks on this most fascinating subject.

And what of the setting for all these lovely old churches? The scenery of East Anglia is often described as flat and monotonous, but, except in the Fen district, this is not strictly true, and even the latter is not without its attractions. As a matter of fact there is great diversity of scenery, especially in Norfolk, which contains within its borders such widely differing types as the Broads in the east, the heathland in the south-west and around Sandringham and the undulating country of the north and centre, with plenty of arable land, as well as woods and plantations. The same applies, though perhaps in a somewhat lesser degree, to Suffolk.

A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS

Elgin, Lossiemouth and the Royal Aberdeen

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

CONTINUING my war-time tour of our leading golf clubs, I left Nairn for Elgin and Lossiemouth. The weather had become milder, although a thin mantle of snow still covered the countryside, but the roads were not nearly so treacherous; for which I was duly thankful. Approaching the Royal Burgh of Forres I was tempted to visit its golf course, remembering it as a particularly pleasing example of the true Highland type, but refrained, as time did not permit.

Instead, I pressed onward along the wide cobbled High Street, and soon arrived in Elgin, where I sought out Arthur Forbes, who is one of the keenest golfers in Moray. We repaired to the restful surroundings of the town's spacious club, where I learned that, so far, the Elgin Golf Club has not been unduly affected by the war. Apart from the fact that several members are in the Forces, everything is running normal, and cuts in expenditure will only be made should the war be of long duration.

DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE ROYAL ABERDEEN'S STUDENT MEMBERS

During my short stay in Elgin I also discovered that the golf club has a particularly interesting history. I happened to be looking through the early records of the Kirk Session of Elgin and came across one of the earliest references to golf in the north of Scotland. I take the liberty to quote the passage concerned and hope that others may translate it quicker than I did:—

> "The nyntein day of Ianuar 1596 compeirit Walter Hay, goldsmith, accusit for playing at the boulis and golff upoun Sondayne in the tym of the sermon and hes actit himselff fra this furthe vnder the paynes of fyve lib nocht to commit the lyik outher afoir or efternone the tym of the preaching."

A few years later, the Kirk Session, like their counterparts in Aberdeen and St. Andrews, experienced further cases of this playing of golf on Sundays: for in their records of October 9th, 1604, I found that "it is appointed and ordained that the actis quhilk wes maid of a lang tyme bygane anent inhibitioun of any pastymes making on the Sabboth be publictlie intimat furth of the pulpit that nane preten ignorance thairof"; and in the same minute—"certaine elderis promeisit amendment quha haid playand at the golf on Sonday last." The name is also recorded in the Burgh Court Book of May, 1652, of a "George Watsone, golfballmaker, burges of Elgin."

It can thus be seen that golf has for several centuries been played by the inhabitants of Elgin; and in the old days the merchants used to wend their way to the links as soon as their day's work was over. The course then lay mid-way between the castle of Spynie and the city, and consisted of "a thousand irregular hillocks of sand, here and there intermingled with whins." At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, these lands were apparently recognised as being valuable possessions, for about 1760 the links became the farm of Linksfield. Golf thereafter ceased to be an Elgin game until revived by the Moray Club in 1889, when it was followed in 1907 by a nine-holes course in Elgin, later replaced by the full eighteen in 1925.

Before leaving for Lossiemouth, I stayed my departure so as to visit the ruins of Elgin Cathedral. It was getting dusk when I arrived. The curator, an old woman, opened the gates, handed over the keys to the tower and left me to the deepening shadows. Although the light was fading, the long climb was rewarded with a fine view of the surrounding district. In the distance I could just see the fairways of the Elgin Golf Club, whilst, immediately below, the River Lossie, swollen by the thaw, twisted and turned like an angry snake. The ruined cathedral silhouetted against the sky, looked like a lonely skeleton of grey stone.

It seemed strange to think that, at a time when the outlying dwelling-places were little more than rude huts and the countryside comparatively uncultivated, this magnificent structure, which compared favourably with the finest in Europe, should have been built on the verge of the Highlands. Truly such ruins do more than anything to impress upon our minds the facts which history records.

The next golf course I visited was that of the Moray Club at Lossiemouth. The view from the clubhouse steps is well-known, and in the morning sun the blue waters of the Firth, with the snow-clad mountain ranges of Ross-shire, Sutherland and Caithness on the far shore, combined to make an unforgettable picture. As a seaside course, Lossiemouth ranks alongside Nairn and Dornoch. The perfection of the greens is almost proverbial and the long-sighted Tom Morris did well to encourage the pioneers to persevere with the laying-out of their six-holes course over that wilderness of shingle and gorse.

As regards the present affairs of the club, the secretary, Nicol Campbell, reported that some thirty members had resigned, several were in the Forces—a number that would, of course, increase as the war proceeds—and that the greenkeeping staff had been reduced by one. Apart from this, affairs were just as in peace-time, and no drastic pruning in expenditure would be made at present. Special arrangements, however, had been adopted by which those of the Services who were on duty in the neighbourhood might enjoy the privilege of membership. I was also interested to learn that Gordon MacBey, the captain of the club, is playing his part in the national effort by being A.R.P. officer for Moray and Nairn. It would, however, be impossible to individualise such war-time efforts, as nearly every member is helping in one way or another.

Before leaving Lossiemouth I caught a glimpse of that somewhat unprepossessing house "The Hillocks," where Ramsay MacDonald used to seek sanctuary when weighed down by the cares of Premiership. As I took the road for Aberdeen I thought how short-lived is public memory, for never once during my stay in the home of his choice did I hear the name of MacDonald mentioned.

Like other clubs in the north, I found that the Royal Aberdeen has been comparatively unaffected by the war. Resignations due to that cause are practically nil, but in any case there would be little difficulty in restoring the membership to the restricted figure of three hundred. From a financial point of view the club was fortunate in that its financial year ended on August 31st, so that the subscriptions came in nicely. The greenkeeping side is also favourable. The club has had rather heavy expenditure in this direction for the past two seasons, so they will now be able to reap the benefits of their labours. There is little danger of the club being called upon to plough-up the course, as the very nature of the land would render it an unprofitable undertaking, but there is a possibility that it may be used for grazing purposes. Like other clubs, Service golfers are being accorded special treatment, receiving membership upon payment of a nominal subscription for a week, month, or longer.

As a golf club Royal Aberdeen has an interesting history, for it ranks as one of the oldest in the world. As regards the playing of golf in Aberdeen, we find the town council register recording as far back as 1398 that "the provost, bailleis and counsel" confirmed "the statute maid againis the playeris in the linkis . . . during the time of the sermones." Whilst in 1642 the town council granted "licence and tollerance to John Dickson to mak gouff balls within this burgh during the council's pleasure and his good carriage and behaviour allenarly, in respect that there is not such ane tradesman in this burgh, and that he has produced ane testificate from the town of Leith, of his bygane gude life and conversation amongst them."

Those early days were remarkable times. There is, however, one modern aspect of the club that should be mentioned. In the past, close attention has always been paid to the young players; and this has been shown by the special terms which are offered to the students of Aberdeen University. This has enabled many young players to obtain all the advantages to be derived from playing over a first-class course, and to-day many famous players can look back upon happy student associations with the club. The best known, perhaps, is Dr. Tweddell, who as a young medical student was extremely popular in the Royal Aberdeen Club, and gave a foretaste of things to come by winning the Cruden Bay Tournament whilst at the university.

"THE RUINED CATHEDRAL LOOKED LIKE A SKELETON OF GREY STONE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY"

"WHEN RAINS HAVE CLOTHED THE TREES WITH ICE"

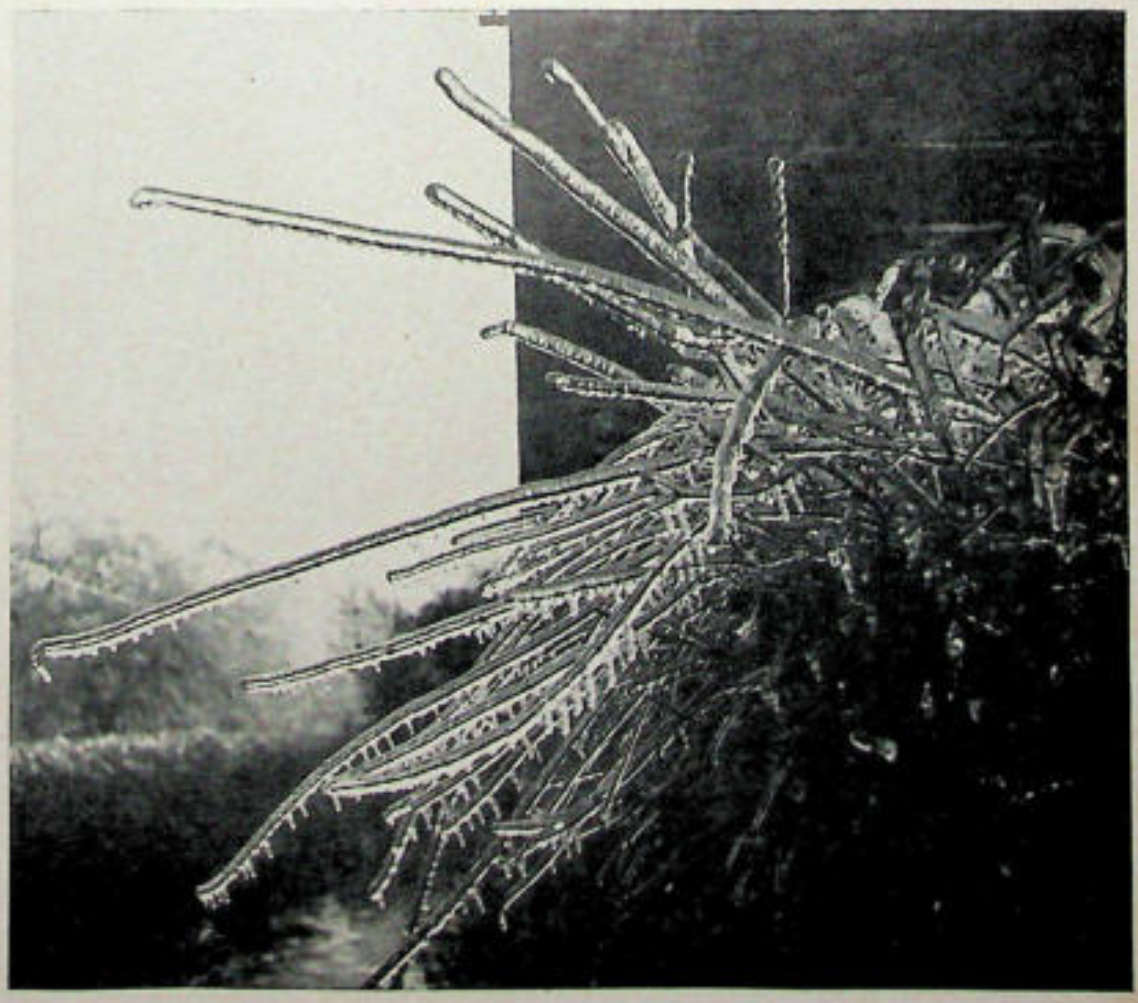
NEEDLES OF SCOTS PINE IN THEIR ICY CASING HAVING THE APPEARANCE OF BLOWN GLASS
(Photo by E. G. Neal)

There have been silver rains in England before, as shown by the quotation above, notably in the winter of 1884–5. But the silver rain that fell a few weeks ago was exceptional, at least from the photographers' point of view

"GLACÉ HIPS": BRANCH OF WILD ROSE SHOWING BULBS OF ICE FORMED AROUND THE HIPS
(Photo by E. G. Neal)

ICE AND SNOW COMBINE TO CREATE AN UNUSUAL CAMOUFLAGE OF THE COMMON COUCH GRASS WHICH HERE RESEMBLES A CACTUS OF WARMER CLIMES. THE LARGE STEM SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH MEASURED 9 INCHES
(Photo by E. G. Neal)

"THE BIRCH, MOST SHY AND LADYLIKE OF TREES" WITH BRANCHES WRAPPED IN ICE A YOUNG SILVER BIRCH RESEMBLES A BRAMBLE
(Photo by Lewis Morgan)



A FANTASY OF NATURE. ICE-BOUND SLENDER BRANCHES OF A FORSYTHIA BUSH RESEMBLE THE TENTACLES OF SOME MARINE MONSTER *(Photo by Lewis Morgan)*

RODENTS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

ONE of the primary objects of the Zoo is the exhibition of a collection of animals which is not only composed of curiosities and rarities or creatures likely to arouse public interest, but one which is as comprehensive as possible in the strict zoological sense. The curatorial staff for years tried to maintain their collection of mammals with the latter end in view, and have succeeded wonderfully with regard to all the orders of mammals save the whales—which are in any case an impracticable proposition—and until lately, the rodents.

A FLYING PHALANGER
The Australian cousin of the flying squirrel of Asia, Africa and America

For many years the staff have been considering how they might increase the variety of rodents exhibited in the Gardens, since these creatures belong to an order which includes as many species as the rest of the mammals put together, and which includes within its ranks animals adapted to almost every mode of life. In recent years a lot of new rodents have been imported from Africa and shown as well as the existing accommodation would permit.

To-day, visitors to the Zoo can see rodents ranging from capybaras to harvest mice, from flying squirrels to jerboas, or from porcupines to hutias. There is, for instance, a very comprehensive collection of mice. Of the British species, the harvest mice last summer made up a tenth of the total mammal population of the Zoo. Three different long-tailed field mice can be seen—De Winton's mouse, with its yellow collar; the common wood mouse of the mainland, and the subspecies from the island of St. Kilda, to the west of the Hebrides.

In the Faroes, north-west of Britain, the common house mouse was introduced more than a couple of centuries ago. Since then it has had time to change its habits, become feral and choose a habitat (it lives among bird cliffs) quite different from its normal one. Two years ago an Oxford expedition brought some of these mice back. They are larger than the common house mouse, have a white patch on the under side, and have been separated as a distinct subspecies. Specimens brought to the Zoo have now been mated to London house mice and several generations have been produced.

Among the most interesting rodents at the Zoo are undoubtedly the porcupines. In the small Mammal House is a breeding stock of the Sumatran and of the African crested species, and specimens of the tree porcupines from South America and of the brush-tailed porcupines from the east are also shown from time to time.

In South America many of the porcupine-like rodents have become adapted for life in rivers or on plains. The capybara, fairly closely related to the guinea pig but one hundred and twenty times as big, is the largest species of rodent in the world. The curious flanges of hard skin on its feet are an indication of the fact that it lives on river banks and swims actively. Several of these fine creatures are on show in the Zoo and are much admired, though the fact that a passer-by was heard to say the other day, "Look at the dormice," shows that their size is not necessarily the first thing which commends them to the onlooker.

Perhaps rodents are at their most fantastic when they hop or fly. They are the only present-day group of mammals besides the kangaroos which have developed forms which hop on their hind legs, and this they have done certainly twice in their evolutionary history. In America, the small nocturnal kangaroo-rat has tiny forefeet used for manipulating food, enormous hindlegs and a long tail enabling it to balance as it hops. And the jerboas of Africa have independently evolved a similar structure. More spectacular than kangaroo-rats or jerboas, however, are the jumping hares of Kenya and the Cape, desert-living creatures nearly the size of an ordinary hare, but with the build of a jerboa or kangaroo. A fine group of these is in the Ostrich House at the moment, and their jumping powers can be gauged by the fact that a barrier six feet high did not prevent one of them from calling on the ostrich next door.

As with progression on hindfeet, progression in the air has been evolved more than once in the order of rodents and it is likely that the flying squirrel of America, the flying squirrel of Asia and the flying squirrel of Africa, have all acquired their parachute-like flaps of skin independently in the course of evolution. The African flying squirrels have never been exhibited in the Zoo, though a place for them was reserved in the plans of the new Rodent House. But an American flying squirrel has lived for many years in the present house and two different species of the Asiatic group are in the collection at the moment. One of these, a great red Kashmir flying squirrel, nearly as large as the largest of the ordinary squirrels, is the pride of the Small Cat House.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

ON Sunday, February 25th, it was Mrs. Smith's turn to be busy and provide the midday meal which her own and Mrs. Brown's family enjoyed together every week. Mrs. Smith had not inherited any particular culinary talent from any of her forbears.

The only gastronomic lesson that she had heard before her marriage to Mr. Smith was the old "Feed the brute" recommendation. Being intelligent, Mrs. Smith soon realised that Mr. Smith was no brute requiring to be fed; he was a very considerate husband, never missing a chance of giving his wife every little pleasure he could think of, and also most appreciative of what she did for him.

On that particular Sunday, here is the fare that Mrs. Smith provided for her guests and her family :—

White lentil soup.
Herrings in jelly.
Hen and bunny pudding.
Whipped syllabub.

White lentil soup.—Wash 1lb. of lentils well in several waters and put them to boil in three quarts of water. When the water boils, add to the pot the following vegetables, washed and cut up small : 4 stalks of celery, 2 large onions, 2 sprigs of parsley. Let the whole boil until all the vegetables are quite tender. Pour the broth through a wire sieve into another saucepan, mash the vegetables through the sieve and return them to the saucepan. Melt a little butter (2oz.) in the first saucepan and work in some 4oz. flour, over a gentle heat; then add a quart of milk very gradually, stirring all the time till it thickens. Let it cook, but not boil. Then add your lentil stock to the milk, stir well, season with pepper and salt to taste, bring to the boil and serve hot.

Herrings in jelly.—Bone, roll, season and bake six fresh herrings. Let them get cold. Simmer for two hours or longer all the fish bones, heads and tails, you can get; season the water with pepper and salt and a *bouquet* of mixed herbs; pour the liquid through a sieve over the herrings, in a bowl or pie dish, and let it set into a savoury jelly overnight.

Hen and bunny pudding.—Steam an elderly boiling hen and cut it up; cut up two young rabbits; mix the pieces of rabbit and hen and use them as you would pieces of steak and kidney in the making of a steak and kidney pudding.

Whipped syllabub.—Mix together in a bowl two pints of fresh cream and one of a dry, white wine; add sugar to taste and a squeeze of lemon juice. Whisk well and serve in glasses.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

IN these days of high taxation the investor is anxious to obtain as high a return as possible on at least a portion of his money. Every effort is naturally made to protect capital. Securities of a doubtful character are, therefore, severely left alone.

The business passing in the stock markets now is of an investment character. British Government securities are being bought in quite substantial lines. Patriotism goes a long way with the British public. That supplies one reason why the Funds are being bought although yields are not more than 3½ per cent. less tax.

Such a return dwindles considerably when tax is deducted. The investor is, therefore, forced to look elsewhere for more income on part of his capital. There is very little room left for investment in industrial debentures or preference shares. Supplies have been cleared from the market.

It should be recognised that there are no new capital issues to-day to augment available supplies of stock. Investors must, therefore, depend upon the securities which existed prior to the outbreak of war.

Here is the principal reason for the recent big revival in the market for industrial equities. It has been proved in recent weeks that industrial organisations are still able to make good profits. They are also able to maintain previous dividends on equities despite material addition in taxation. Several companies indeed have improved on their pre-war dividends.

Many sound industrials were recently standing at prices to show the new buyer yields of well over 6 per cent., less tax. That brought in buyers. For a time attention was directed almost exclusively to the junior stocks of the home railway companies. This section still attracts considerable buying but it now has to meet the competition of industrials.

When the buying stream flowed towards industrials it was soon found that even in this section the supplies were strictly limited. It led to considerable appreciation in market values. For instance, John Brown 10/- ordinary shares have been standing around 31/6. At that price they showed a return of about £8 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. gross on the 17½ per cent. tax free dividend of recent years. It may be argued that under war conditions this famous firm must enjoy considerable prosperity. The price has been lifted to about 33/-.

Guest Keen £1 ordinary have been standing around 26/6 to return about £7 5*s.* per cent. gross, on the 6 per cent. tax free dividend of last year. Here again the company under war conditions must find business extremely brisk.

High yielding investments among equities are by no means confined to iron and steels. For instance, Cable and Wireless ordinary with a price around 53, return about £6 7*s.* per cent. gross on the 4 per cent. dividend for the previous year. Dunlop Rubber £1 units have recently been lifted up in price to about 32/3. They still yield practically £5 15*s.* per cent. on the dividend of 9 per cent. for last year. That is the situation which has led to active dealings in the industrial section.

All dealings on the Stock Exchange are to-day for cash. That eliminates reckless speculation. Those who follow the markets closely are, however, careful to consolidate profits when they are available. Interest is liable to be switched from one section to another very rapidly. High-class investment stocks are of course, held more or less permanently. Even in that market, however, there is a good deal of switching and changing from one stock to another as opportunity permits.

It can be said that the volume of trading is very satisfactory. Most firms find difficulty in coping with the work coming along largely because office staffs have been seriously depleted as men join the Forces. Activity and strength in markets certainly suggests that the British public has complete confidence in the successful outcome of the war.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, are most anxious to continue an allowance of 2/6 a week to an elderly ex-dressmaker aged 65. Her only income is £31 a year from a Beneficent Society. She is a most deserving case and suffers very badly from rheumatism, which often makes it impossible for her to sew. She is living in a cheap room in a Sussex coast town and deprives herself of any comforts or even necessities to pay her board and lodging. Do please help her.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FLESH-FEEDING OF HOUNDS

SIR,—The main problems confronting hunt committees at the present time are, first, the necessity of economy and, secondly, the avoidance of any kind of encroachment on the food supply of the nation. Drastic reductions in the number of hounds and horses, cutting down of the kennel staff, and fewer hunting days per week are an oft-told story. Nevertheless, if hunting is to survive the war, it is almost certain that even these sweeping changes will not suffice. Diminishing subscriptions and rising prices of foodstuffs are bound to create further financial difficulties and the pinch will become even tighter than it is already.

Therefore the time is coming when more steps will have to be taken, and one which suggests itself is a reduction in expenditure on the actual diet of the hounds themselves. Undoubtedly it would be ridiculous to describe modern scientific feeding as unnecessary extravagance but, on the other hand, a good case can be put forward for letting the hound return to his natural food, that is to say, raw flesh.

The mere suggestion of flesh-feeding produces, as a rule, two immediate objections; first, that hounds' blood becomes heated and they are continually scratching; secondly, that the dog-hounds become extremely savage. The second of these may be dismissed at once as quite untrue, and the first is easily overcome. Experience shows that it is not the flesh itself which causes skin disorders but the blood which it contains. Providing that the blood is washed out by means of running water, no skin disorders result. All that is required is a tank with water slowly passing through it, in which the flesh can be placed for about twenty-four hours before feeding. It can then be taken from the tank and given to hounds in large sections. It is quite unnecessary to mince it up, and hounds do not eat too fast if allowed to tear it from the bone. This somewhat crude method saves a great deal of labour and does not result in fights, even though the orderly routine of feeding time is converted into a large-scale "worry"!

Living only a few hundred yards from the kennels of a pack of hounds which have been on a raw diet since early September, I have had good opportunities of studying their condition as well as their performance in the field. The kennel-huntsman is completely satisfied with the new system of feeding and agreed that it was impossible to notice any difference between his own hounds and several couple which were procured from other kennels. He tells me that even heavy bitches have been fed in this way with good results. Hounds look very well in their coats, and the long days which they have been undergoing in the absence of their van prove them to be as hard as nails.

This being the case, it is surely worth considering some of the economies effected by this form of feeding. First, the meal bill is practically eradicated from the accounts. Some huntsmen may like to give their hounds an occasional dose of salts, in which case it is necessary to use meal as a medium. One dose a fortnight seems to be sufficient and I doubt if even this is essential.

Secondly, if meal and cooked flesh are no longer required, it naturally follows that the consumption of coal is enormously reduced. A well-known M.F.H. recently told me that, as far as can be estimated at the moment, the annual consumption of coal will be cut down from 25 to 7 tons, including the coal for the kennel-huntsman's house.

Thirdly, as far as can be judged from local conditions, it should be possible to dispense with one of the kennel staff, thus saving something in the neighbourhood of another £100 a year. The skinning and cutting up of a dead beast may sound an arduous task, but does not occupy the length of time required for the preparation of cooked meal and flesh. A dead horse once skinned and roughly dissected will feed hounds several times, whereas the boiler requires constant attention.

Lastly, there is the question of the price paid for flesh. The value of a dead horse will vary with the price obtainable for the hide, hoof-oil, bones, etc. Although it may become necessary to pay more in the first place for a horse, it should be possible to offset this increased outlay by selling for a higher price the various etceteras.

The continuation of the war may well result in a shortage, if not a complete absence, of hound-meal. Already the ingredients of dog biscuits have been criticised in the House of Commons and already there are indications of a food shortage as regards animals. To quote from a recent article by a well-known sporting writer: "The necessity has arisen to reduce the numbers yet again. When there is no food available for pigs and fowls one must not feed hounds; and, alas, these are good sound hounds, who are to die for no fault whatever except that they eat."

The whole problem is summed up in these few words. So long as hounds can be fed without reducing the food supply of the nation, so long can war-time hunting be justified. Surely therefore the theory of flesh-feeding must appeal to all hunting men and women on patriotic as well as economic grounds. The details of the scheme must vary in different hunting countries, and only those acquainted with local conditions can put it into practice. Some districts may be more suitable than others but, in the very worst, it should be possible to maintain at least a skeleton pack. Within a quarter of a mile of the spot where I am sitting 35 couple of hounds have been on a raw diet for six months, and, as I have said, I defy anyone to notice any deterioration in their condition.

Yours faithfully,

Tipperary. T. C. VIGORS.

EMIGRATED HOUNDS

SIR,—Mr. Robert Colville's letter published in the February 10th number of the *Field*, under the above title, interests me greatly. During the recent World War period 1914–1918 the M.F.H. Association of America of which at that time I had the honour of being President, offered to take over 150 couples of hounds, keep them during the duration of the war, breed them with as much intelligence as possible and return an equal number of their progeny to their original owners after hostilities had ceased; if by so doing we could help out brother sportsmen in England. This offer was made through the Masters of Foxhounds Association (of England) and duly considered. Luckily the necessity of making use of the suggestion did not arise, and the scheme was not put into operation, though the M.F.H. Association of America received a most courteous letter of thanks from the M.F.H. Association of England at the time. Several Masters, however, felt that rather than put down many valuable hounds it would be far better to present to American Masters a number of hounds which might otherwise have been destroyed, and I know that an importation was sent by Mr. J. Crawford Wood, mainly from the Warwickshire, to Mr. J. W. Appleton of Hamilton, Massachusetts, which went into the making of his pack. The late Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., also sent 25 couples to me as a present (I should think in 1916) and they went into the make-up of my pack, the Middlesex (U.S.A.). The progeny of those hounds are hunting foxes in America to-day.

When the present war started last September, I at once wrote to Major Cecil Pelham, the Honorary Secretary of the M.F.H. Association, and advised him that I felt sure that American Masters would be glad to make some sort of similar arrangement at this time, if and when the Association felt it might be helpful, and I have since been advised by Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, the present President of the M.F.H. Association of America, that my countrymen stand ready to help again, should the necessity arise. So far it has not been deemed needful, although I know that a few couples have been sent to the U.S. comparatively recently.

Mr. Colville suggests that I have referred to the matter in a recent book of mine called *The Fox that Walked on the Water*, but I am afraid I don't quite understand to what he referred. If, however, he will tell me just what he wants—I mean, just what records of importations he refers to, I think I may be able to help him, as I had the misfortune to edit the first five volumes of the *English Foxhound Stud of America*, published by the M.F.H. Association of America, and I've got most of those records at my fingers' ends.

As to Harrier importations, I'm a bit out of my depth, but I do know that the entire pack of Mr. Hawkins's Harriers were imported into the Millbrook (N.Y.) country during the earlier part of the present century, and that there were earlier importations as well as later ones. I can, and will gladly, get all the data he requires, if he'll tell me just what he wants.

Yours faithfully,

Skinsford House, A. HENRY HIGGINSON.
Dorchester, Dorset.

HOUNDS FOR THE B.E.F.

SIR,—As we are faced with the unhappy necessity of putting down, or getting rid of, most of our hounds, I thought it possible that there might be some group of Nemrods in the B.E.F. who would like a gift of two couple of English foxhounds, brought over to France by me last summer. Three are unentered, going on two years, and should have hunted as new entry with us last September. The fourth is a third season bitch, brought over mostly for breeding. . . . All are well built hounds and are fit and well, having had a certain amount of exercise and plenty of good food in spite of everything.

I could take them anywhere in North and East France by motor; and I would be grateful if you would publish this letter in the hope that it may fall under the eyes of someone interested in the offer.

Yours faithfully,

Avenue Napoléon, J. M. GRIERSON.
Compiègne (Oise), France.

"THE FIELD" IS WANTED

SIR,—As you are doubtless aware this is the official depot for the collection and distribution of books and literature for the three fighting services.

The demand for periodicals is very great, particularly with the B.E.F. and the small units of the Royal Navy such as minesweepers.

We find that many people who would like to send their copies of your paper to one of Britain's warriors do not know where to despatch them to.

We thus ask if you would be kind enough to print a small notification in your paper to the effect that if your readers wish to send their copies to the Royal Navy, Army, or Royal Air Force, they should be posted to:—

The City of London Territorial Army and Air Force Association,
Finsbury Barracks,
City Road, London, E.C.1.

from whence they will be distributed to the fighting forces.

We recognise that space is limited, but you would be doing our fighting men a service if our suggestion or some modification of it could find a continued place in your paper.

Yours faithfully,

MAJOR A. JACKSON,
Finsbury Barracks, *Secretary.*
City Road, E.C.1.

THE ANGLO-TURKISH RELIEF

SIR,—Two hundred thousand people are homeless, more than 40,000 lie dead and 30,000 are injured as a result of the Turkish earthquake—far more than the total of alleged killed and wounded in the first five months of the present war. Snow, ice and fear of an appalling epidemic threaten the survivors. The need for money, medical supplies, stout boots, warm clothes and building materials is poignant.

Lord Lloyd, President of the Anglo-Turkish Relief Fund, appeals to all British subjects to send what money or goods they can spare. Turkey, our gallant enemy in the last war, our staunch friend in this, needs all the help we can give.

Sir Wyndham Deeds, who is visiting the devastated area on behalf of the Fund, cables that thousands of men, women and children are walking about in the snowy ruins of their flattened villages wearing sacking on their feet. Many have lost their toes through frostbite. These people—mostly shepherds and farm workers—need not only stout boots but warm clothes, and building materials.

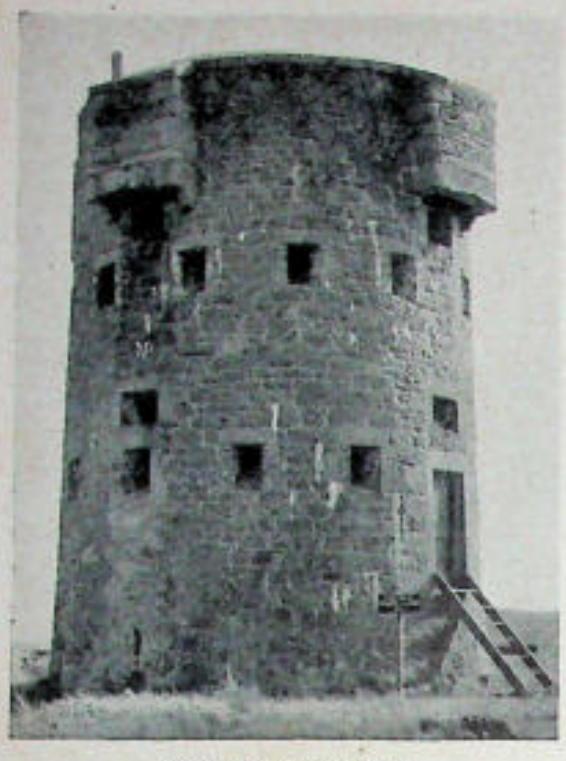
Five hundred villages are totally or partly destroyed. Five or six large towns lie in ruins. It is estimated that 4,000 bodies have yet to be dug out of the debris. An area more than twice the size of Wales is desolate. Cottages and farmhouses are mere piles of wreckage. The towns look like those shell-battered remnants of cities which we remember in Northern France in the last war. Thirty thousand sheep and cattle have been lost—the life-blood of the country.

It seems incredible that anything but heavy gun-fire and the breath of war should have produced such swift and appalling results. And over all lies the snow and ice of the bitterest weather in living memory.

Every British subject who has it in his heart to help our ally in her time of need should send his or her gift to the Anglo-Turkish Relief Fund, c/o St. Thomas's Hospital, London, S.E.1.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. WENTWORTH DAY,
Public Relations Officer.



THE SECOND TOWER
(See letter "Martello Towers")

MARTELLO TOWERS

SIR,—I was interested in a letter from Mr. Mansfield Horn in a recent issue on the Scottish form of Martello Towers. I enclose a picture of the more familiar kind that are to be seen scattered about the island of Jersey. This one, however, known as the Second Tower, near St. Helier, has been converted to some useful purpose, and on my visit was up for sale—complete with ground in the best suburban manner! Whilst not being noted for large windows it certainly does not look jerry-built (except the exterior staircase).

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. S. A. A.

SHRIMPS AND CRAYFISH!

SIR,—Chub are partial to shrimps and to the tail end of a crayfish. Where perch are concerned shrimps rank next in effectiveness to small live fish and worms as baits; and perch will, too, eat crayfish. Thus the authorities; but for the rest, in the main, the reader is left to work out his own salvation.

The shrimp problem is the lesser of the two. A live freshwater shrimp, on float tackle or worked sink-and-draw fashion, is a deadly bait for perch, chub, roach and other fish. Alternatively, sea shrimps may be used as bought from the shop, or they may be skinned; and a live sea shrimp has a reputation as a killing perch bait in brackish waters in Broadland—and elsewhere.

The second problem, crayfish ("the tail end of a crayfish") as bait is largely wrapped in mystery, but Mr. Arthur Ransome, in his altogether delightful "Rod and Line," flashes a torch on the black-out in these words:—

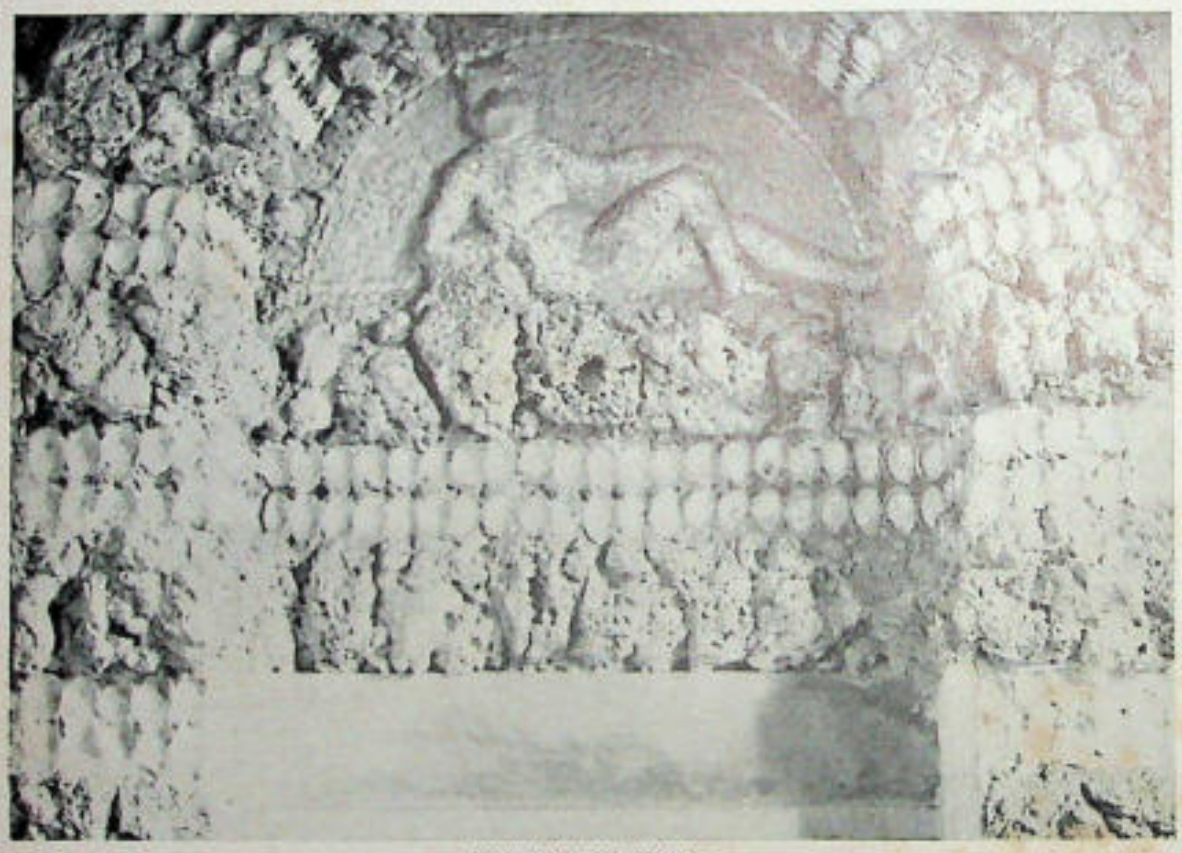
"And then the old chub-hunter began to speak of baits for chub, of which there are no end, and he praised exceedingly the tail of the crayfish, in this way reminding me of Aksakov and of sunlit days on the Moscow river, and of fishing of the kind Aksakov loved. Aksakov is full of praise of the crayfish as a bait for chub and some of his equally rapacious cousins . . . The crayfish should be fresh. When boiled it is not so good, but the small fish leave it alone. The roach will pull a fresh crayfish bait to pieces and so upset the most patient of fishermen. The crayfish, he says, moult or change their skins in June and July. At this time they are in weak health and stay in their holes, whence they can be taken by hand. The newly moulted crayfish is in a thin soft shell, and in this condition even big ones can be swallowed by chub, tench and orfe. 'All kinds of fish,' not excluding pike, 'are incredibly greedy for the moulting crayfish.' The moulting crayfish is used entire except for the claws which, by themselves, 'are a specially tasty bait.'

"The tail is threaded on the hook, which is brought out through the stomach near the hind legs. The hook is then reinserted and the point is brought out between the eyes of the crayfish, which is thus threaded on the cast. This must be done carefully. If at any point you so break the skin of the crayfish that its inside protrudes, 'the greedy and truculent roach will at once begin to nibble at the broken place and will spoil your bait altogether.' There is no need to throw away a broken crayfish. Bits of it can be used and are a good bait for perch."

Thanks, Mr. Ransome!

Yours faithfully,

Hertford, Herts. "FADDIST."



NEPTUNE IN SHELLS
(See letter "A Castle Grotto")

A CASTLE GROTTO

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing part of a little-known grotto which occupies one of the guard rooms in the gateway of Skipton Castle, Yorkshire. Comprising a magnificient array of shells, sea fossils and mother-of-pearl, the grotto represents the seafaring expeditions of a former Lord Clifford, who spent the best part of his life as a buccaneer in the service of Queen Elizabeth. Most of his time was occupied in running after Spanish gold, but he *did* find occasion to indulge his hobby of shell-gathering.

Some of the shells came from the Channel Islands, but others were acquired while Lord Clifford was far from home—in New Zealand, for instance, and the Fiji Islands. Round about 1680 his collection was brought together and cemented into the walls of this chamber, forming a grotto which is of exceptional lustre when the electric light falls on to its scintillating mosaic.

The plan is cleverly carried out, several of the objects being arranged in pictorial form. The accompanying photograph shows a reclining figure of Neptune, made up of small shells and contained in an alcove. Other subjects are an angel's face—suitably decorated with wings, the rising and setting suns, and a small figure occupying the centre of a shrine.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. NORTHCOUNTRYMAN.

DOGS RETRIEVING FISH

SIR,—Instances of dogs retrieving fish cannot be rare, as I saw several dogs perform the feat, the two most notable cases being when a big curly retriever of mine retrieved an absolutely uninjured skate from deep water, and a Labrador bitch when she dived for and brought to the surface and to hand two sea-trout which had been shot from a bridge by rifle bullets.

The skate was seen basking in the sun at a little distance from the shore, and my big curly was shown the object. The skate only struggled when the dog had its "wing" firmly in his jaws, and he held on while it splashed and struggled, finally dragging it ashore.

In the other instance: I was returning from a target practice when the local keeper pointed out two sea-trout in a rapid just under a high bridge over the roadway, and asked if I could kill them with rifle bullets. Having obtained the keeper's leave to try, I knocked out both fish with successive shots, when my Labrador, a splendid diver, who kept her eyes open under water, retrieved each fish from the bottom, in successive dives. The fish had been killed by shock, as neither showed a bullet mark.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie, Perthshire.

SUNDERLAND "BABBIES"

SIR,—In Roker Park, Sunderland, are some relics of the Napoleonic Wars, known as the Sunderland "Babbies." The duty on lead as ore was four pounds per ton, but these lead figures, as works of art, would be duty-free. The statue shown, together with a female figure, also in the park, are all that remain of a group of ten which were brought from Germany by an enterprising ship's captain.

These probably escaped the fate of the others (being melted down for use as bullets) and were used as decorations for garden gate pillars in Broad Street (now Roker Avenue). They were presented to Roker Park a few years ago.

The style of dress denotes them to be of German or Dutch origin. The scythe is the Flemish or Hainault and was introduced into this country about 50 years ago.

J. M.

Northumberland.

GERMAN STATUARY IN ROKER PARK
(See letter "Sunderland 'Babbies'")

THE FOSTER MOTHER

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows Jenny, a pet monkey of South Shields, that has chosen to be foster mother to this kitten. She does her job of nursing in no uncertain fashion. She has "one up," or properly speaking two up on human mothers as she can use both hands and feet as the picture shows. She takes her job very seriously and the kitten does not mind until her foster-mother gets a little too rough in her methods.

JOHN MOSSON.

18, The Crescent,
Tanfield Lea, Tantobie,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

TIGERS KILL AN ELEPHANT

SIR,—The account in your issue of January 27th by Mr. G. L. Vivian of a pair of tigers, accompanied by a cub, killing a large Indian bull elephant is most interesting, and this is so exceptional that there may be a reason which your correspondent was unaware of. Possibly this big elephant was suffering from some disabling sickness, or had been seriously wounded by a bullet; which, of course, would make it a much more easy victim than a healthy animal.

I have read of lions in Africa killing a cow elephant, which is a different matter to a much stronger bull falling to these felines.

It is rather late now to discover whether either of my suggestions is correct, but it would be interesting to know what others think; and perhaps Mr. A. A. Dunbar-Brander would give his opinion of this extraordinary event?

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, DENIS D. LYELL.
Moffat.

NO CHANCE OF SLIPPING
(See letter, "The Foster Mother")

THE WEAVER WEARING A SUIT OF HIS OWN WEAVING
(See letter, "Home Industry")

HOME INDUSTRY

SIR,—I have read that hand-weaving which was introduced to this country hundreds of years ago is making a come-back, and think, therefore, the enclosed photograph of a modern hand loom may be of interest to your readers. It shows an ex-Service man weaving on a portable Thackeray weaver and the suit he has on was woven on this. Incidentally it is a case of almost all points of the compass meeting, as the weaver lives in Cornwall, the loom was made at Elsing in Norfolk and the yarn was spun in Scotland.

Yours faithfully,

161, Strand, W. W. ROUCH.
London, W.C.2.

A CURRANT RECIPE

SIR,—The writer of the article under the above title in your issue of December 23rd has missed one of the most palatable uses of blackcurrants—that of a sweet liqueur, or cordial, as they say in America, on the lines of our familiar cherry brandy.

The simple recipe as supplied me by a Scottish friend in Chicago who gives it the inviting name of "Singing Johnny" is a bottle of Scotch whisky, a cupful of the fresh currants and a cupful of granulated sugar. The currants are put in "as is," i.e., not crushed. Let stand about three months and then drain through a fine textile material. I guarantee that few of your readers will not be the better for it!

I am, sir,

Yours, etc.,
L. MCCORMICK-GOODHART.

4880, Glenbrook Road,
Washington, D.C.

A SWARM'S COMB

SIR,—My daughter recently completed a roll of films which had been partially exposed last August. Among the results was the enclosed picture of a bee colony somewhere in Somerset which you may perhaps like to publish. I am a bee-keeper myself, and I have often seen a swarm make a small piece of comb in the open before moving on to a permanent home in a tree or a hive, but never anything so complete as this.

Yours faithfully,

Huntingfield Rectory, HOWARD DOBSON.
Halesworth,
Suffolk.

DAIRYING AND COUNTRY LIFE

SIR,—The stress of butter rationing brings home to us the enormous change that has taken place in English life during the last half century.

When I was a boy there was hardly a farm in my old Shropshire village where butter was not made. It was a matter for the keenest competition between farmers' wives, farmers' daughters and farm dairymaids which could produce the best butter.

The problems of too much salt to cover a bitter flavour; the turnipy taste, where the cows had too many turnips; the presence of curds and milk in butter not sufficiently washed; the presence or absence of natural or artificial "buttercup" colour were all fascinating subjects. To-day all this interest is gone and the village farmers' wives and daughters have replaced their interest in the craftsmanship of butter making and dairying with the unprofitable discussion of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and their ephemeral successors.

Saddest of all is that no more fresh village made butter is available for village and country town householders. All butter consumed by English people in towns and villages alike is either imported butter—made weeks or months before being eaten—or factory made butter, made in central depots.

One of the finest of the old English training schools for the production of wives who are valuable assets in village workers' homes is now swept away. Those of us who have lived under both conditions will understand why there is an increasing hesitation in the young farmers of England to take a wife who is often an expensive luxury instead of a valuable asset.

I keep cows, but cannot get a dairymaid to make a few pounds of butter per week, and I know no farmer in the Kentish area in which I live whose wife or daughter is proud of being a dairymaid or creative butter maker for her coterie of neighbours.

Yours faithfully,

8, Harley Street, JOSIAH OLDFIELD.
W.1.

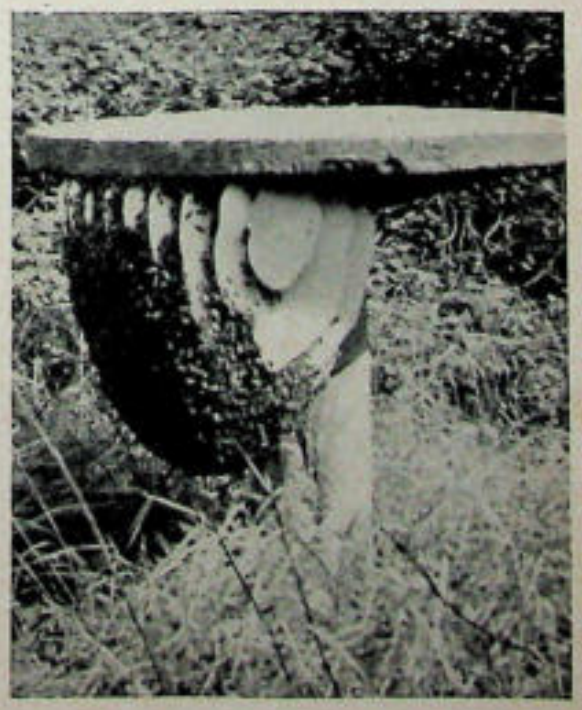
GREY SQUIRREL IN HEREFORDSHIRE

SIR,—It may be of interest to some of your readers, at least in Herefordshire, that I shot a male grey squirrel on January 10th last. It is the only one I have seen in this county, and no one I have asked locally had seen one before. It would be interesting to know where it had travelled from, and the nearest place to here where grey squirrels are common. There was a drey in the tree where I shot it but I have not seen another.

I read a letter in the *Field* recently, "Winter war on grey squirrels," and I would venture a word of warning regarding cutting 12-bore cases. The end of the case goes like a bullet and may bulge a barrel at least. I have seen another method used, *e.g.*, taking the shot from a 12-bore case, cutting a 16-bore cartridge below the grease-proof wad, and inserting it into the 12 case, but I feel both methods are risky in the ordinary 12-bore gun.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK H. BLAKELEY,
Foxholes, Head Keeper.
Hatfield, Leominster.



MORE THAN A TEMPORARY HOME
(See letter, "A Swarm's Comb")

ANCIENT AND MODERN

SIR,—Enclosed is an interesting and amusing photograph of the old and the new side by side. It shows the village pump at Iwerne Minster in Dorset, neatly, artistically and substantially protected from the weather. The near side pillar is

TEMPTING THE LESS ENERGETIC
(See letter "Ancient and Modern")

now made to serve a double purpose, a pipe from the new water supply from the mains being attached to it, with a communal tap at the top.

Yours faithfully,

Newlyn, Croslands Park, Barrow-in-Furness. W. A. CRISLETT.

BELLS WITH A HOUSING PROBLEM

SIR,—It is indeed unusual to find church bells hanging in any other place than in the church tower, although their mellow tones are not impeached wherever they are housed.

One of the most curious instances I have seen is at Ewes, in the Scottish Lowlands, where the single bell is suspended between the forks of a huge tree in the churchyard. The bell is rung by pulling at a chain attached to the trunk of the tree.

Another interesting detached belfry can be seen at Quarley in Hampshire, where the bells are erected in a little shed behind the church. Although the bells almost rest on the ground they are rung in the conventional manner from within the church by an ingenious arrangement of ropes.

Yours faithfully,

71, Southcroft Road, Tooting, S.W.17. L. T. BERRY.

CONNEMARA PONIES

SIR,—In a recent article on children's ponies by "Irish Gorse," I notice that particular mention was made of the famous Connemara breed. I should like to say how much I agree with all that was said. Having ridden and hunted these ponies as a child, I can vouch that they possess more of what is vulgarly known as "guts," than any other two breeds put together. I remember one black pony we had, called "Bantam," who was quite undefeated in crossing one of the biggest double bank countries in Ireland, many of these obstacles being stone-faced half way up. He would jump the ditch and land as high on the bank as possible, scrambling up the rest of the way, and he never fell. The far side of the bank and the far ditch were negotiated in the same way, and I must confess that he was often keener to take on these appalling obstacles than his youthful owners.

Yours faithfully,

Blandford, Dorset. "INTERESTED."

SHEPHERDS' CROOKS

SIR,—I was very interested in the article of January 27th on "Shepherds' Crooks," as I am a Highland sheep farmer myself.

Throughout that large area of Scotland (nine million acres) the wooden crook, "cromac" (in Gaelic), is used by all shepherds, and is almost as indispensable as the dog in catching the wild S.B.F. and Cheviot sheep. The crook must be up to a certain standard, i.e., it must be such that the crook reaches to the owner's shoulder in length. It is composed of hazel wood; the crook part is formed by the shepherd's own knife (during the long winter nights) and is a complete part of the whole stick. That is to say, the crook is carved out of the *under-ground* root of a hazel, and the stick part is from the growing twig. The curving is done by heating. The distance between the stick and the "crook arm" *must* be *exactly* three fingers breadth. Otherwise the cromac is not considered to be a well-made one. The curl on the end is always an "open" one.

The shepherds of this area compete in the summer at local shows for the best made "ornamental" cromac, which are in great demand by tourists and chieftains as walking sticks. There are prize competitions for these. They are usually ornamented by carving and may be in form of a thistle—and hence are not "articles of economic value." But the usual price is £1 1s. for a prize one.

Yours faithfully,

Barcaldine, Argyll. H. STEWART-RANKIN, Bt.

SOME MEMOIRS OF THOMAS TIT, ESQ.

SIR,—A year ago when there was deep snow here I found that there was a very good restaurant on a window ledge.

The lady who lives in the big house, and on whose window ledge was the restaurant, I found provided the most excellent menus, and I could order fat, cocoanuts, marrow bones and other delicacies. I did not say much about it as I did not wish it to become a common "eating house." Then the

AN ARBOREAL BELFRY
(See letter "Bells with a Housing Problem")

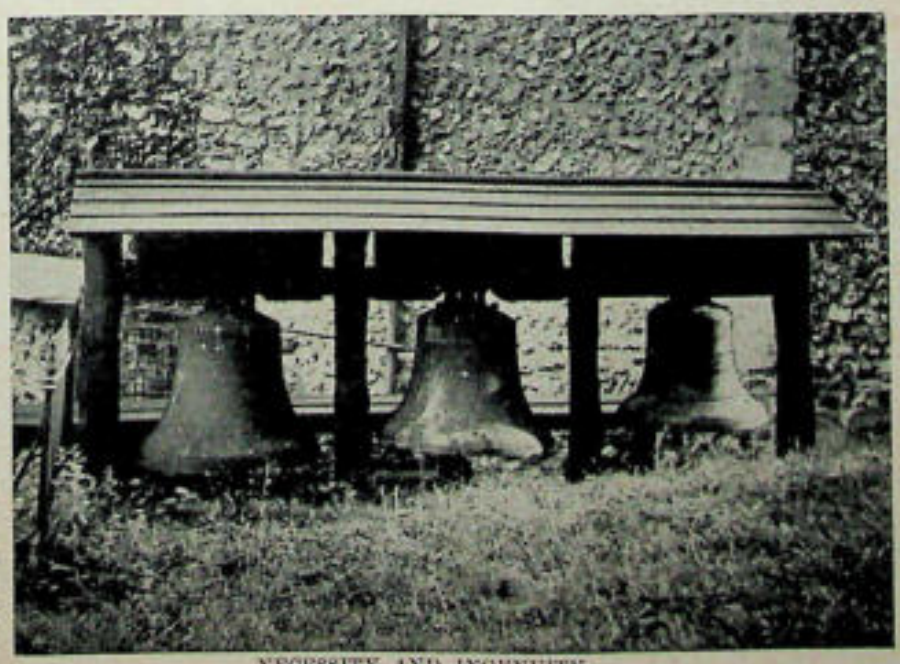
spring came, and I brought my wife, and periodically we came to visit the lady's restaurant. Now that this cold weather has set in I bring my son Tommy Tit, but I make him understand that I must have the first of our morning breakfast and the first drink—a drink is a thing that many forget, but we do appreciate it. We have many other friends here now, but I make it quite clear that I am really "the boss."

There is a great big bully of a starling (we call him Stalin), and there are two robins, one we call "Robin-a-bob-bin," and his son whom he brings "Bilberry Ben." There is a tiny black-cap tit we call "Finny" as he is so brave and drives off Stalin. We also have two blackbirds (we like them) and some chaffinches and two thrushes—one is known as "White-back" because he has feathers of white across his back. Of course, those cheeky sparrows try to interfere, but the lady who keeps this restaurant drives them off as she does "the Stalins." There is a grey squirrel (a nasty "rat" I call him) that has come to live in the tree next to ours, but our restaurant lady says she will soon send him away.

I come into her room and she is quite nice to us and to "Robin-a-bobbin." One day a funny bird came for food, with red legs and a red beak. Our restaurant-keeper said she would ask a Major Portal, who is fond of birds, what it was, and he said he thought it was a Java sparrow. I do not know where Java is—but I am sorry that he only came twice and I think that, owing to being kept in captivity, he must have made his escape and then have fallen into the claws of either hawks or the paws of grey squirrels. I also saw a nut-hatch here—but have only seen him three times—I hope he has not also fallen a prey to those who must have destroyed the Java sparrow. If any of you birds want to know of a good restaurant which is cheap and where the cooking is excellent I advise you to come here. The lady says all birds are welcome and they get a nice bath and food free of charge.

Yours truly,

Horndean, Hants. THOMAS TIT.



NECESSITY AND INGENUITY
(See letter "Bells with a Housing Problem")

BREEDING FROM WILD TROUT

SIR,—I have at various times emphasised the advantages of breeding from absolutely wild river trout for re-stocking rivers, and the passage of time has added to my conviction that the stock obtained from such fish is infinitely superior to that obtained from farm-bred parents, even those which are allowed to go wild in a lake for a year or so, before being used for spawning. Generally speaking, lake fish, whether wild or farm-bred, are less suitable than river fish for re-stocking rivers.

It may be of interest to know that the Surrey Trout Farm, Haslemere, and the Midland Fisheries, Nailsworth, can now supply eyed ova and fry from genuinely wild river fish, which have never seen the inside of a trout farm or any form of artificial food. They can also supply eggs and fry from English wild-bred rainbows, that is to say, from parents which have acclimatised themselves and bred in an English river.

Yours faithfully,

The Piscatorial Society. C. STRATTON GERRISH, Hon. Secretary.

OASIS IN SNOW

SIR,—During times of extreme cold weather when the whole district is all covered with inches of ice and snow, there remains a small piece of land on my farm, about a yard in diameter, absolutely free from ice and snow.

This is situated in a very stony part of an exposed field on a hill-top, approximately 900ft. above sea, on the Cotswolds.

There is no known water within half a mile, and during the summer this spot is always devoid of vegetation through lack of moisture. I shall be grateful to you if someone can give an explanation.

Yours faithfully,

Sevenhampton, Cheltenham. T. HYATT.

[We can't; can any reader?—ED.]

ALBINO TIT

SIR,—For nearly six months there has been an Albino tit in my district—it looks rather like a short-tailed canary flying about—and I think it is either a coal titmouse, or a blue titmouse; both are common here.

Yours faithfully,

Bexley, Kent. L. HUGH NEWMAN.

PROSPECTS FOR THE WATERLOO CUP

By D. H. WATSON-WOOD

THIS year we shall have the unusual experience of seeing the Waterloo Cup run at Altcar in March.

The coursing classic is due for decision over the historic flats at Headquarters on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 6th, 7th and 8th. Apart from being the first great sporting event to be held since the outbreak of hostilities, the meeting will be unique in that the usual programme is to be augmented by the addition of the valuable Home-bred Stakes.

CAPTAIN A. E. BRICE, WHO LIKE HIS FATHER THE LATE MR. R. A. BRICE, HAS ACHIEVED A FINE RECORD AS JUDGE OF WATERLOO CUP MEETINGS

This decision will afford infinite satisfaction to owners and breeders alike. It will entail three full days' coursing and create an unprecedented demand on Altcar hares. Such are the wonderful resources of the country, however, that one can feel sanguine there will be ample game available.

Arthur Brice will judge the meeting for the seventeenth consecutive year. The record of the Brice family in this respect is remarkable. His distinguished father, the late Mr. R. A. Brice, was in the saddle as Waterloo Cup judge for fourteen consecutive years. Such a sequence on the part of father and son is likely to stand for all time.

E. W. Rimmer, who proved such a worthy successor to that past-master of the Slippers' art, gives way this year to Leslie Reynolds, a member of a family who have been honourably connected with the coursing world for so long. That Reynolds should be given another chance in the Slippers' "Sty" is fully justified. He acquitted himself remarkably well in a similar capacity in 1937 and 1938 and I was particularly impressed at the smooth manner in which he got his charges away at Lord Rosebery's home meeting at Mentmore in December.

This year's classic presents an even more difficult problem to solve than ever. Dearth of public form and the quandary in which trainers have found themselves owing to the impossibility of obtaining training gallops, renders the event probably the most open on record. It may well be, therefore, that many unfit dogs will go to slips on the opening day, but the fact that all trainers have been in the same boat will level matters up in this respect. I venture to predict also that, after one day's coursing on the Withins, candidates will have run into form and that trials will be of the usual high standard associated with this most famous of running grounds.

Although the season has been so greatly curtailed there have been indications that several puppies are beyond the average. In such a year as this the triumph of a puppy is a result by no means to be ruled out.

Several of those greyhounds which covered themselves with glory in last year's Waterloo will be conspicuous by their absence next week. I refer more particularly to Mrs. J. A. Dewar's Dutton Rock, Mr. J. A. Dewar's Dutton Demon and Mr. Richard Burbidge's Wood Royal, who ran last year in Sir Woodman Burbidge's nomination.

Dutton Rock would doubtless have been one of the best backed dogs had he gone to slips this year. This dog and his little brother, Demon, ran a gruelling course in the semi-final round last year and it was only under handicap that Dutton Rock was beaten by Delightful Devon in the final. It has fallen to the lot of few kennels to succeed in getting two representatives in the last four, only to taste the bitterness of defeat.

Difficulties in training has resulted in both Dutton Rock and Dutton Demon being sent to stud rather than allow them to take their chance again. Wood Royal, who reached the last eight last year, was to have run in the nomination of his enthusiastic new owner, Mr. Richard Burbidge, but recently strained a muscle badly when galloping in the paddock.

Two puppies, considerably fancied last year, must enter seriously into the argument as second season dogs on this occasion. They are Mr. T. Cronopolos' Chancellor and Capt. G. E. F. Tenison's Theodore. Both were put out in the second round through getting very severe courses.

Previously Chancellor had shown brilliant form, sharing in the division of the Sussex Derby and being beaten under handicap in the final of the Druids Lodge Cup by Lord Sefton's Screen.

The latter, a son of Dee Rock out of Tokay, represents the Lord of the Soil in this year's Cup again and has excellent form to recommend him. Screen won two courses last year in the classic, leading both Joking Heathen and Joyful well, but was then led and beaten by the eventual winner, Delightful Devon, in a short course in which little work was done.

Theodore showed great pace as a puppy and, moreover, displayed remarkable stamina. This son of Major Hugh Peel's 1934 Waterloo Cup winner,

L. REYNOLDS, THE SLIPPER, WITH MELLOW OUTLOOK AND ROTTEN ROW

Bryn Truthful, must prove a danger to the best if he has maintained his pace and gameness, but he has no public form this season.

Two puppies who have made an outstanding name for themselves this season are Major Cuthbert Blundell's The Levite and Mr. L. Lucas' Lapsed Legacy. The former, who is by Dee Rock, the most prominent sire of recent times, out of Bedraggled, on his first outing reached the last four in the North Meols Cup for 32 puppies at Southport in November. Even more convincing was his performance in the South of England United Produce Stakes at Druids Lodge, when he shared in the division of six out of a record acceptance of 95. He was hard run but, should he escape lightly at Altcar, he may go far in the stake.

If this year's Waterloo Cup, however, is to be won by a puppy, then Lapsed Legacy is the one that appeals to me most. By Joker's Resort out of Early Bloom, this youngster fills the eye as being the sort to do well in the Altcar country. He also shared with The Levite in the division of the big stake at Druids Lodge but escaped much more lightly. What is more, he kills his hares, which is a much needed quality in any prospective winner on the Withins.

Lapsed Legacy has an unbeaten record. He shared in the division of the Thanet Derby in November and with luck on his side, an essential factor at Altcar, appears to me to hold an excellent chance of winning for his enthusiastic Hove owner his first Waterloo Cup. Others who must come into the reckoning are Mr. James V. Rank's Just Reason, Mr. J. Edgar Dennis' Dee Flint, Earl of Sefton's Screen, Capt. G. E. F. Tenison's Theodore, and Mr. M. F. Horlock's bitch Milk and Honey, winner of Aldridges Cup at Mentmore in December.

To sum up, however, I fancy this year's classic will be won by Lapsed Legacy or Chancellor.

MR. J. A. DEWAR WATCHING THE GROOMING OF TWO SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES AT LAST YEAR'S MEETING—DUTTON ROCK AND DUTTON DEMON

NEW BOOKS

A PIONEER IN EAST AFRICA

Kenya Chronicles. By LORD CRANWORTH. (Macmillan ; 16 -.)

THIS is a collection of experiences and episodes connected with Kenya by one who knows the colony as well as any living man. They extend over a very considerable period, and thus have much of the merits of history as well as the interest of autobiography.

The story opens with the decade immediately following the arrival of Lord Delamere and the first influx of settlers. That first experiment involved hard struggle, and many bitter failures to counterbalance successes. The lot of the settler was not easy, a fact well brought out in this book and one which we in these days of easy and luxurious travel are too prone to forget. The British Empire did not fall into our laps. It was won by hard work and great courage. Those pretty red patches on the map represent more than land that is now ours, another fact that too many of us are too prone to forget.

Lord Cranworth fought in the East African Campaign, and here is an account of the war in Kenya and German East Africa that can only be described as brilliant. It was not an easy passage. Defeat of the Germans cost us more in blood and money than most of us realise, and victory was indeed hardly earned.

The book closes with some rather careful prophecies of Kenya's future, and some very downright comments on the policy (one that has hitherto found favour in strangely high places) that would have had us hand German East Africa, which we know as Tanganyika, back to the Germans. Personally we found this part of the book, despite its undoubtedly guarded air, as interesting as any.

But for most of our readers the sporting aspect will provide the strongest appeal. Lord Cranworth needs no introduction to any *Field* reader : big game hunter, pioneer, all-round sportsman he writes as one would expect about subjects he knows as well as any living man. There is plenty of excitement given with characteristic understatement, and a never failing flow of interesting material imparted in the most natural of ways.

This book deserves a wide sale. It is one of the very best of its type published in the last 40 years.

* * * *

A Garden goes to War. By STEPHEN CHEVELEY (John Miles ; 2/6.)

Every yard of ground brought under cultivation saves space in the cargo boats brought us by the courage of our seamen, and the problem of to what extent flower beds and lawns should be changed into vegetable plots is one that confronts most garden owners. Mr. Cheveley's experiences will evoke not merely the interest of many who are in like case but his book is also full of practical information. The garden in question is on the chalk hills south of London, and is typical of innumerable hungry plots lacking the fertility essential for growing vegetables. The author wisely follows the policy of making compost heaps, a policy which if the war lasts will, it is to be hoped, become universal. For it is estimated that roughly 13½ million tons of first rate potential manure is annually wasted in dustbins.

Lawns are a moot point. Mr. Cheveley asserts with considerable truth that whereas some folks burble about marvellous old lawns, implying that quality can only come with old age, yet the most remarkable thing is that these lawns have been kept in such good condition despite their age and infirmities. He argues that, just as ploughed-up fields now under arable crops will grow far better herbage when resown to grass, so by digging lawns now, growing vegetables and reseeding to grass after the war we shall have far better lawns in the long run. If the land is well cultivated under vegetables it will be free from weed and the cost of levelling and reseeding is not heavy.

There are certain soils in which growing vegetables is sheer waste of time and money in war-time : these are the very heavy soils and those with so little depth of soil that plants grow a few inches and then stand still.

On watering, Mr. Cheveley offers amateurs sound and practical advice. On shallow soils even a short drought is serious, and every effort should be made to mulch between the rows. On a small scale even strips of paper pegged down act as an effective mulch, preventing evaporation. His advice on manuring, liming and the use of artificial fertilisers is also sound.

An interesting chapter is devoted to "Vegetables for the Family." Carrots and onions deserve special attention for not only do we import these in enormous quantities, but their food value—especially carrots—is high. Where greens are concerned, the important months for which to plan are those of early spring, when green food with their valuable stores of vitamins are at their scarcest. The author also emphasises the importance of avoiding gluts and sowing more for succession. In peace-time we were most of us too apt to be content with one or, at the most, two crops of vegetables, whereas crops such as turnips, carrots, lettuces, &c., should be sown to give a continual supply. Subsequent chapters are devoted to the planning of a kitchen garden, crops varieties and pests, storing vegetables and fruit and a calendar of operations.

* * * *

Food Production in the School Garden. By JACK HARDY and S. FOXMAN. (Allman and Son, Ltd.; 1/9.)

Frankly, as a war-time book, this one is disappointing. It is rather more a shortened effort of the major school gardening book these two authors wrote some time ago. It is, of course, difficult to visualise what the school garden should be in war-time, but in a book of this character I looked for special hints and tips that would be useful to the schoolmaster and his boys in this time of national emergency. There were some, it is true, but sufficient stress is not laid as a whole on this side of the work. Plants are mentioned, like strawberries, for instance, which cannot be considered a valuable war-time crop.

The Latin names are given for vegetables which are hardly necessary to the boy. There is a long chapter on plants which to me was far too technical for a war-time production. It is full of *Bryophytes, Thallophyte, Pteridophytes,* and so on. Another chapter deals with how seeds are formed, while the three chapters on manures give long chemical formulae which seem quite unnecessary to boys in school who are out to produce food. As a shortened text book on school gardening it is to be recommended, but it does not fulfil the hopes of this reviewer anyway.

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The Third and Fourth Generation. By MONTAGUE C. ALLWOOD, F.L.S. (Montague C. Allwood, Wivelsfield Green, Sussex : 15/-). 2 Vols.

Those who love the country will be delighted with these two volumes from Montague C. Allwood's pen. They are, undoubtedly, his ! It is true the author is known more for his wonderful carnations than anything else but he is a born publicist—a man full of charm and a man who has the happy knack of getting the best out of life.

It is difficult to describe the book, or books, but they are the kind that can be kept by the bedside to be picked up at any time. They amuse, they interest, they give salutary advice, they are full of excellent philosophy, the philosophy of a man who has communed with nature and who has learnt its lessons. They are full of truisms also. For instance, "The public is invariably influenced more by the talker than the worker. This is not a very pleasant or flattering reflection, but it is true." Again, "We know, all can know, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, spoke as no other man ever spoke. He declared that sins could be forgiven and that all can live a better and happier life." Yet another, "Robin Hood tried to distribute wealth by robbing the rich to give money to the poor. To-day, a similar system is in vogue but by the legalised mode of rates and taxes."

These books are going to be classics, without a doubt. As Mr. Allwood says in his preface that over a passage of years he has made a practice of jotting down thoughts, many of them coming unsought and these he placed in a dozen different envelopes representing a dozen different periods of his life. Thus his random thoughts range from the worthies of the village in which he was brought up to the Sundays and school of his youth, to the starting of his career, to the gaining of knowledge, to the qualities of success, to his move to London, to wisdom as he has learnt it, and so on. His business axioms should be followed by all. They are good. It has been a pleasure to review these two books. They are a real tonic in these times of war.

* * * *

Nature Parade. By FRANK W. LANE. (Jarrolds ; 15/-.)

This is mainly a collation—admitted as such by the author—of unusual facts in natural history. If you want to know how fast certain animals and birds can go, how long others live, what they feed upon, and so forth, this is the book to tell you. As such it will serve a most useful purpose, for this is just the sort of information that is left out of the nature books. There have, of course, been previous books of this type but none to approach it either in comprehensiveness or in interest, for the author has managed to impart a style and the breath of life to facts. But by far the most attractive feature of an excellently produced book is the illustrative matter. We should doubt if a finer collection of unusual natural history photographs have ever been collected within the covers of one book before. They alone are worth the money.

* * * *

A Sportsman's Fireside Memories. By T. P. BEAVEN (Heath Cranton ; 7/6 net.)

Whilst not entirely composed of sporting stories, this entertaining book by T. P. Beaven, a well-known Wiltshire sportsman who gave us a previous taste of his attractive style in "A Sportsman Looks Back," deals in the main with tales of shooting and fishing. It is not surprising, of course, that we should get the impression that Wiltshire must be God's own county, but we know when we come to read of sporting events in Scotland that Mr. Beaven is fully prepared to be liberal in the bestowal of his praise wherever he considers such praise to be due.

Gifted with a remarkably good memory the author regales us with many an anecdote, with engaging detail, added to which he possesses a keen sense of humour which he is able to communicate to the reader so that the pages produce many a chuckle.

The full page drawings by Algernon Thompson enhance this delightful little book.

* * * *

War and Soldier. By Ashinei Hino (Putnam ; 8/6.)

We have become sickened of "war books." Probably we shall be further surfeited in the near future once the authors get started on news from the present war in Europe. Nevertheless, a real live "war book" has just been published which leaves the reader engrossed and interested, and which he will close with regret : that is unusual when we seek relaxations from the subject of war. The reason is, that this book is written about the present Sino-Japanese war : that conflict has seemed remote compared to the startling events taking place around us in the west.

The author was a member of the Japanese Expeditionary Force to China, he was with the army which landed at Hangchow Bay and marched with that army to Hangchow where he lived in the city with the army of occupation. Again he boarded a troop-ship and landed once more on enemy coast and marched to Canton.

The book takes the form of a diary and letters ; it is divided into four parts comprising four different stages in the author's war career.

Hino has already won fame in his own country as a writer : his style is delightful, fresh and completely natural : his powers of observation are acute and his eye can perceive beauty even when caked in mud.

This story dispels the idea of classing Japanese soldiers as masses of indistinguishable little creatures whose only feeling and expression is one of fierceness. This diary is full of small details which express the nature and personality of not only one man, but many of his comrades.

The loathing and horror of war and the sufferings of men and beasts are frankly given : the army's attitude towards the need of the refugees and civilians in the land they captured, makes humane reading compared to the war news from the west, and no patriot has ever written more forcefully of the passionate love for their flag and homeland. Whatever you may think of the invasion of China by Japan you should certainly read this story ; your prejudices will not be lessened one iota, but you will nevertheless appreciate a great writer and a great man.

* * * *

Riders of the Hills. By V. E. BANNISDALE. Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS. (Eyre & Spottiswoode Ltd. ; 7/6.)

The six chapters of this book are really each in the nature of a short story, though the same characters are to be met with in them all. Miss Bannisdale has written a pleasant study of the incidents in the life of children who are all members of the same pony club ; the children are given all the importance which usually attaches to grown-ups, the scenes are well thought out, but the result is a hotch-potch which would have gained a great deal from better arrangement.

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Contract : Notes for a Novice. By "ECHO." (Mudie and Sons, Ltd. ; 1/6 net.)

The booklet falls roughly into three parts : twenty pages are devoted to Approach Bidding, four pages are devoted to "Club" Conventions, and six pages are devoted to Hints on Play. The main value of such a booklet is that the beginner who masters it thoroughly will find it easier to understand more elaborate text-books.

In a booklet of this nature an author is always faced with the difficulty not of what to include but of what to omit, and, on the whole, "Echo" has overcome the difficulty with success.

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Contract Bridge Bidding Systems in a Nutshelle. By "UNCUT CAVENDISH." (Joiner & Steele ; 1/6 net.)

This booklet (only sixteen small pages) gives a summary of all (well, nearly all) the systems that the ordinary player is likely to meet at the card table, as well as some definitions of the best known conventions.

Of necessity the compiler has had to ignore the finer points and later bids. Only the main points of the systems are given, and the booklet aspires to no more than refreshing the memory on the fundamentals of a system that is not ordinarily played.

* * * *

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Who's Who, 1940, maintains the standard everyone expects from this quite invaluable publication. The short biographies of all the important people in this country are as usual most interesting, while those of the most prominent people in other countries are included as usual. Von Ribbentrop's makes interesting reading when compared with that of his Fuehrer. Neither one would imagine is strictly accurate.

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, 1940, makes a welcome reappearance with its usual mine of information brought up to date and most carefully checked. Short biographies of eminent people, information about hunting, royal warrant holders, and a hundred and one other things makes this an invaluable production.

VEGETABLE CROPS FOR THE CANNERY

By JOHNSON MONRO

FROM the point of view of the disposal of produce, vegetable growing may be separated into three distinct divisions: (*a*) growing for sale in the public markets of the country; (*b*) growing for sale direct to the retailer or consumer; and (*c*) growing for the canning factory.

The market gardener who grows for the public market may limit his crops to the few that he knows will grow well on his land, and will sell well. His aim is to produce at given times large supplies of those things for which the land is best adapted. He will try to specialise, so that having only a few crops they will thus be easier to cultivate and to handle. He can thus concentrate his attention entirely on the work of his holding. The drawbacks of this method are (1) that the produce has to be sent when ready, no matter what the ruling price may be, and (2) that his choice of markets is comparatively limited.

The market gardener who sells direct to shops, hotels, restaurants, and private customers has to produce a wide range of varieties, and must ensure uniform and regular supplies. He cannot restrict his crops to those for which his soil is best suited but he must be prepared to supply most of the vegetables required by the ordinary household. This often calls for considerable skill and resourcefulness.

He also needs additional time and ability to find and secure regular customers, and he cannot therefore devote the whole of his thoughts to production. He finds it necessary to employ managerial skilled labour.

Before going in for this kind of production, moreover, he should prove that his outlet is free of the ruinously low returns that come from a glutted market, and he should, by cutting out the commissioned salesman, be able to obtain prices above those of the wholesale market, or, at any rate, as good as them without the transport, porterage and commission charges.

Growing for the canner is quite a different proposition. A definite contract is signed between the manager of the canning factory and the farmer. The former may supply the seed at cost price, and the latter has to agree to plant and cultivate a certain acreage in accordance with the instructions of the canning factory's field representative. Thus, he has a definite market for his crop before he has grown it, and usually at a guaranteed price.

The farmer, with his broad acres, is probably more favourably placed than the market gardener proper when it comes to massed production for canning. On a large area of land it is possible to grow vegetables cheaply by the efficient use of machinery, and if the cost of production is kept down the price paid by the canner should be found to be remunerative.

There is no reason why the majority of the vegetables required for cans should not be grown as part of the farming rotation. Certain farm roots, for instance, could be omitted, and beetroot, carrots and turnips required by the factory grown instead. Some farmers have found that it pays them to do this, and buy in what roots they require for stock feeding in the winter.

Growing for the canning factory is a matter of commonsense and practical experience, as in any other form of farming. The grower has to decide the best time for sowing the seed, and know, instinctively, when the crop is ready to be harvested. Advice can always be obtained from the factory's field representative.

More peas, perhaps, are canned than any other vegetable and it is now established that the cool moist climate of England is more favourable to the production of this crop than that of America. The seed is usually drilled at the rate of 1½cwt. per acre, the rows being from 18in. to 20in. apart; 20in. is usually the best as this allows for ease of cultivation.

Ordinary varieties of peas do not look well in cans, and the canners, therefore, insist on the farmer growing the varieties they supply, of which Lincoln, Thos. Laxton and Surprise, a comparatively new variety to this country, are the most popular.

It is not difficult to grow beetroot, and this crop is required late in September or early October. The best variety to grow is Detroit Dark Red, the seed being drilled in rows 15in. to 18in. apart. Six pounds of seed should be sufficient per acre, the yield from such a sowing weighing between 12lb. and 15lb. The lighter soils are more suitable for beet culture, as they tend to produce more symmetrical roots than the heavy clays. In this country a root about 2in. in diameter is what is usually required, though some factories who go in for sliced beet do not object to considerably larger roots.

Carrots also like a lighter loam, and are in demand for canning after the peas and beans have been packed away. This means that carrot sowing may have to be delayed until the beginning of June, or even the end of June, the time of sowing depending on the district and the factory's requirements. When sowing, the rows should be as close as 9in. apart, the roots being thinned to 2in. or 3in. apart when 4in. or 5in. high. About 7lb. of seed per acre is ample for this system, and good varieties are Champion Horn, Early Horn, Chantenay and Early Parisian Forcing.

Turnips are not so popular as beet or carrots and are used by the canner in what he calls "vegetable macedoine." The roots are not required until late September, or early October, as a rule, and this makes it possible to grow them as a catch crop.

French beans are also a possibility, but they need more looking after than the crops previously mentioned. The seeds cannot be sown until the ground is warm enough in May: the plants have to be picked over regularly twice a week, and are very sensitive to frost. The variety Stringless Refugee is generally grown, and this usually comes into picking about three months after sowing. Other possible crops are celery, spinach and asparagus.

TOMATOES ARE A POPULAR CANNED VEGETABLE

Readers who intend to try growing vegetables for a cannery this year should contact their local factory right away.

BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

GLADIOLI and Cape Hyacinths are amongst the most important bulbs to be planted this month but, naturally, it is essential to wait for a favourable spell. Nothing is gained by planting them in heavy wet soil, the effect on the bulbs being almost the same as putting them into wet cement. Gladioli are so cheap, and so easy, that they are often carelessly treated, yet with a little attention they are amongst the most decorative late summer flowering bulbs and invaluable for picking.

They are usually arranged in big jars by themselves, and are, I think, most pleasing in mixed colours, but one of the best effects I ever saw was a big deep bowl of the tall *Nepeta grandiflora* gladioli and sweet peas, cut in long sprays with their foliage. The nepeta made a cloud of blue which set off both the gladioli and the sweet pea to perfection. *Nepeta mussini* associates to perfection with the slender early flowering gladioli which are planted in autumn, and I recall a delightful narrow border round a house carpeted with this Nepeta and through this carpet grew the wine coloured *Gladiolus byzantinum*. The picture was as good as it was unusual.

It is very important to plant the late gladioli as early in the season as possible. All bulbous subjects should be encouraged to make strong root growth first. If planting is deferred until April the leaves swiftly thrust themselves up and make first-rate growth, but this at the expense of root growth, and it is by good root growth that first-rate flowers are obtained.

Plants that produce such heavy heads of flowers are naturally greedy feeders, and the ground should be well prepared for them, incorporating well decayed manure. Gladioli are resentful of cold heavy soils, and good drainage is essential. On the other hand light soils need something put in to retain moisture, for when in full growth those bulbs should never suffer for lack of moisture. It is a good plan on light soils to trench 2ft. deep and put in thick turves turned upside-down, or, failing turves, to work in plenty of hop manure, or any humus.

If gladioli are to be planted in a border these preparations are naturally impossible, and, being accommodating, they usually do well, but naturally the best results are only obtained if the ground is first well prepared. It is also important if a uniform display, *i.e.* the spikes in flower simultaneously, is to be achieved, that bulbs must be put in at the same depth. Put in at uneven depths the plants naturally flower unevenly.

It is for this reason, apart from labour saving, that big displays are not planted with a trowel but the soil after trenching is replaced, all except the top 6in. The surface is trodden firm, coarse sand strewn to a depth of ¼in. (unless the soil is naturally very sandy) and the corms spaced out. The large flowered sorts are put 9in. apart and the whole bed is then covered with the top soil.

Planting with a dibber is a fatal policy even on well drained soils, for the soil being rammed, moisture collects, and gladioli, in common with most natives of South Africa, cannot endure stagnant moisture. Ultra-particular folk stake at the time of planting to avoid the root disturbance that may be the result of staking later. All through the growing season gladioli need hoeing, and it is impossible for the late flowering kinds to do themselves justice if associated with a carpeting plant. It is all very well to put the small early flowering kinds under a carpeting plant but it is not right for the large flowered kinds, unless planted on a properly trenched site with plenty of well-decayed manure in the bottom spit. Gladioli in spells of drought need watering—not mere surface watering but enough to reach the furthest and most important roots. On soil that has not been so carefully prepared it is helpful to give a weak dose of liquid manure or, failing this, a surface dressing 3in. deep of soil from the compost heap or decayed manure.

Gladioli abhor cutting winds, and in bleak windswept parts it is worth growing the best in a cold greenhouse. The primulinus hybrids can be grown three in an 8in. pot. The large flowered hybrids should be planted singly in 6in. pots, putting the corms in 3in. deep and using a compost of two parts loam to one part leaf mould or prepared peat and some coarse sand and well decayed manure.

Perfect drainage is essential. After planting, plunge the pots in ashes, either in a cold frame or in some part of the garden sheltered from the worst winds. The pots should not be brought into the cold greenhouse till the flower buds show colour. Under glass, as in the open, the plants need liberal watering, and this should be given whenever the surface soil is dry. Weak manure water can be given when buds can be felt but not after they show colour. To secure very early flowering the corms can be planted in November and the pots kept sunk in ashes in a cold frame till March or April. It is almost useless to attempt forcing gladioli, for they can tolerate only a few degrees.

Galtonias or Cape Hyacinths need just the same treatment as gladioli and it is a pity that nowadays the former are not more commonly grown. They have the merit of being very cheap, and in Victorian times they were prime favourites. Their snowy bells on slender stems 4ft. high associate to perfection with gladioli. Galtonias need early and careful staking, otherwise they grow twisted and crooked. Like gladioli, when lifted to be stored the foliage should never be cut off but left to wither away naturally.

CIRCUMVENTING THE ROOTS

Feeding The Trees Through Their Stems and Leaves

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

IN years to come, no doubt, great recognition will be paid to the wonderful pioneer work of Dr. W. A. Roach, of the East Malling Research Station. The old-fashioned gardener would be shocked at the idea of feeding plants through their leaves and stems, and yet market gardeners do this to-day with their solutionised nutrient artificial rain. Results are achieved in this way that would not be possible with the ordinary soil fertiliser methods.

Dr. Roach, with the assistance of Mr. B. F. G. Levy, has pursued his researches into plant injection with great thoroughness over the past nine years and has had really remarkable results.

Peach trees whose leaves were completely chlorotic and which were not bearing at all satisfactorily have been converted, literally in a night, into trees with beautiful dark green foliage and which have that self-same year borne heavy crops. Similar results have been achieved with plums and with apples, and there is no reason to doubt that this short circuiting of the roots will become, when perfected, a commercial proposition.

There is always a difficulty in getting plants, particularly fruit trees, to take up a definite plant food element from the soil. Pear trees, for instance, growing in chalky soil, often grow poorly, bearing very yellow leaves. The fruit grower decides that iron is needed and, though he goes on applying sulphate of iron in large quantities to the soil, together with nitrogen and potash, the trees do not recover or resume their natural robustness. The difficulty here lies in the excess of calcium produced by the chalk.

The injection method does ensure that the particular substance, suspected to be lacking in the plant, does in fact enter the plant system. In this country one can never rely on rain at any specific time or month. Plant foods may therefore be applied to the soil, but may never get down to the roots. Nitrate of soda given to cabbages in a dry summer may easily be found, some three weeks later, in exactly the same condition in which it was applied, unless artificial rain has been used.

APPLE TREE BEING FED FROM LARGE CAN OF NUTRIENT SOLUTION

Another difficulty that the soil chemist has to face concerns the reaction of one element with the soil particles, so as to release another element altogether which, because it is set free, is absorbed by the roots instead of the one originally applied for the purpose. Thus the last state of the plant may be worse than the first.

Then with fruit trees there is always the problem of delay. The roots go down deeply and it may take a particular chemical two or three years before it reaches them, and there will be all that time-lag before the tree starts to recover. During the delay the grower may get impatient of the treatment and may go on to some other "tack" and thus ruin the eventual chances of success. The injection method does ensure immediate results. It allows the scientist and grower to find out whether their diagnosis is correct within a day or two, as a rule. Then it is perfectly possible to test various nutrient solutions on different branches or parts of the tree, at one and the same time, with the result that the effect of these various "feeds" can be seen and noted on the one subject. It isn't difficult, therefore, at the end of the period to treat the whole tree with the correct nutrient and so bring about the desired result.

To take a simple example, the commonest of all: that of chlorosis. There are trees in an orchard or in a garden that are obviously not growing well, that are cropping poorly, and whose leaves are bright yellow instead of being a dark green. Is the trouble due to iron deficiency, to nitrogen shortage, or to lack of potassium in the soil? By the injection method a typical suffering tree could be selected, two branches treated with a dose of iron "medicine," two with a nitrogen solution, and yet another two, say, with a potassium salt. Another tree could be selected to act as a replica. The actual time taken in the injections would only be, say, ½ hour, and in two or three weeks' time it should be possible to know from which deficiency the tree was suffering, and to carry out the necessary treatment.

Various methods of injection have been worked out. It is possible, for instance, to inject small portions of an individual leaf, by using a small glass capillary tube as a reservoir for the solution, with a small wick of filter paper at one end. The end of the filter paper is then inserted into an incision in the blade of the leaf and the tube is allowed to hang. The solution is thus absorbed and then in three or four days the colour changes in the leaf should be obvious.

Yet a simpler method, perhaps, is what is known as the leaf tip method. In this case one-fifth of the leaf is cut off at right angles to its mid-rib. The cut leaf is then submerged in the solution which should be held in a glass tube wired on temporarily to the stem. It usually takes a week or 10 days before definite results are seen with this method.

The most interesting method is, however, the branch or trunk scheme. In this case a hole is drilled right through—the size varying according to the thickness. A reservoir is then tied up into the tree, a piece of tubing leading from it to a glass tube which enters the hole just made. Strips of elastic made from an old bicycle inner tube can then be strapped tightly round so as to keep the joints watertight. The solution is gradually drawn in from the reservoir and either the whole branch or, in the case of the trunk method, the whole tree starts to recover in two or three days' time.

MILK CARTONS IN POSITION FEEDING YOUNG TREES

WHAT TO USE FOR WOOD FIRES

By REGINALD DAVEY

IT is both pleasant and patriotic to sit with a wood fire blazing in the grate. Wood economises coal, and can be burnt in any type of open stove. In an enclosed stove the draught is too great and combustion accordingly too rapid, calling for frequent stoking. For success it is needful to be sure that the right species of wood is secured.

Most people insist on oak logs, thinking them the best:—

Oaken logs burn steadily
If the wood is old and dry.

This cannot always be ensured, and green oak gives but little flame and needs an admixture of coal. But oak gives out great heat, though lighting is a difficulty, calling for the use of coal.

Next in public estimation is beech:—

Beech wood fires are bright and clear,
If the logs are kept a year.

In truth the wood burns with good flame and much heat. But superior to both is ash:—

But ash new or ash old,
Is fit for a queen with a crown of gold.

Ash green or ash brown,
Is fit for a queen with a golden crown.

Ash wet or ash dry,
A king shall warm his slippers by.

Ash burns merrily, with a bright flickering flame, rather as if it is enjoying itself. It matters not if it be green or seasoned, wet or dry, it always burns readily and gives great heat.

Comparable with ash is old hawthorn root, and equally satisfactory are laurel and laburnum:—

It is by the Irish said,
Hawthorn bakes the sweetest bread.

Chestnut is less satisfactory, and requires storing for a few years to be any use as a fuel. Elm shares this defect, and if too green:—

Elm wood burns like churchyard mould,
E'en the very flames are cold.

Renowned for its fire resisting qualities, one would scarcely class poplar as a fuel, but it will burn, without giving much heat, if kept for a few years until really dry, but:—

Poplar gives a bitter smoke,
Fills your eye and makes you choke.

Of the sweet smelling woods, apple, pear and plum are held in high repute, burning with a nice flame, good heat, and scenting the room. But let no one by mistake put a log of guelder rose on the fire. A most unpleasant stench will result. A strange superstition foretells misfortune to the house where alder is used as a fuel. Alder burns with flame but little heat, though it lights readily and needs little seasoning. Its chief use is for kindling, owing to its easy splitting qualities.

Birch shares with the conifers the reputation as poor fuel:—

Birch and fir logs burn too fast,
Blaze up bright but do not last.

Owing to their resinous properties, conifers make excellent kindling wood, and are especially useful to start a fire with, and for reviving a fire which burns too low. Larch is a fuel to avoid like the plague. It showers sparks in all directions, and even the most efficient spark guard is hard put to it to save the carpet. The largest single source of firewood is the branches and tops of hardwoods. These tops are cut to lengths, 4ft., and stacked in piles 8ft. long and 4ft. high. This amount is a cord, and in some parts the better practice prevails of cutting in 3ft. lengths and stacking in piles 3ft. by 14ft.

Cordwood sells at various prices according to species and ease of removal to hard road. Adjoining a hard road, oak and ash made 12/- per cord immediately before the war. Beech would make 10/- and other species from 6/- to 8/- per cord in the home counties. The firewood merchant carts the cordwood to his yard, cuts it into 9in. logs, and resells at £1 to 25/- per ton if the buyer collects, or 30/- to £2 delivered. A cord saws into about a ton of logs, and when all is paid there is no great margin. Since September prices have advanced, but no general percentage can safely be given.

Prices vary greatly; in the North of England keen competition is felt from sales of pit-prop ends, which depress the price to between 25/- and 30/- per ton delivered, for hardwood logs. The prices quoted are taken from "Marketing Timber" (*Estates Gazette*, 5/-), and the doggerel verses are by Celia Congreve. Finally, the best way to make a log fire blaze is to stand the logs on end with the grain vertical.

HUNTING COMPETITION FOR SERVICE READERS

The questions given below have been set on the following books: Mr. Romford's Hounds, The Badminton Library (Hunting), Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, Thoughts on Hunting by Peter Beckford

The Competition is open only to those readers of THE FIELD of either sex, who are serving with His Majesty's Forces.

Answers should be clearly written in the spaces provided or sent in on a separate sheet of paper (written on one side only).

Name, rank and address must be filled in in block capitals.

Prizes of ten pounds, five pounds and three pounds are offered and two additional prizes of three pounds and two pounds are offered by Lt.-Colonel The McGillycuddy of the Reeks for the best solutions sent in by serving members of the B.E.F. Six consolation prizes of a six-months subscription to THE FIELD are also offered.

Answers must be sent to The Editor, The Field House, 41 Southgate Street, Winchester, to arrive not later than first post on Monday, April 8th, 1940.

1. Who were the "Two Franks"? .. .. *Answer* .....
2. Who gave the advice that "You should not take out your hounds on a very windy day"? *Answer*— .....
3. To whom did Soapey Sponge lose "siven pun ten" and how did he pay it? *Answer*— .....
4. Who was— *Answer*—
   (*a*) Jack Spraggon? .. ..
   (*b*) The Dragon of Wantley? .. ..
   (*c*) Captain Spurrier? .. ..
   (*d*) Mr. Bragg? .. ..
   (*e*) The Benicia Boy? .. ..
   (*f*) "If father would but die"? .. ..
   (*g*) Independent Jimmy? .. ..
5. Why did Facey rake the gravel? .. .. *Answer* .....
6. Where did "the finest run that was ever seen" start from and how did the Earl of Scamperdale see the end of it? *Answer* .....
7. What peculiarities had "Multum in Parvo, Placid Joe, Leotard, and Honest Robin" and who provided them for their riders? *Answer* .....
8. On what occasion and to whom were the following remarks addressed? *Answer*—
   (*a*) "Better than the bacey shop" .. ..
   (*b*) "Ar'll show you the way" .. ..
   (*c*) "Most pernicious woman" .. ..
9. Who were "a most respectable family. If not handsome at all events genteel"? *Answer*— .....
10. Name three of Facey Romford's favourite tunes? .. .. *Answer* .....
11. Who was supposed to have headed more foxes than anybody else? *Answer* .....
12. What did Facey Romford give Sponge for breakfast? .. .. *Answer* .....
13. What is meant by— *Answer*—
    (*a*) Stopping out? .. ..
    (*b*) Feathering? .. ..
    (*c*) Rounding? .. ..
    (*d*) Dressing? .. ..
    (*e*) Drawing? (2 answers) .. ..
    (*f*) All on? .. ..
    (*g*) Putting to? .. ..
14. What did Colonel Chatterbox pay for Leotard? .. .. .. *Answer* .....
15. How should a furze cover be drawn in the evening? .. .. *Answer* .....
16. What is the first essential towards making hounds obedient? .. *Answer* .....
17. Who wore three waistcoats? .. .. *Answer* .....
18. What was Facey Romford wearing when he killed his first fox with the H. Hounds and what did he say when he had him in hand? *Answer* .....
19. Give a short description of— *Answer*
    (*a*) Chowy .. ..
    (*b*) Dirtiest of the Dirtys .. ..
    (*c*) Wideawake .. ..
    (*d*) Sir Roger Fergusson .. ..
20. Who "saw the strange confusion in the Vale below"? .. .. *Answer* .....
21. What did Mr. Stanley Stirling give his guests for dinner and who were they? *Answer* .....

NAME ..... RANK .....

ADDRESS .....

CHANGING OUR METHODS

Little Pleasure in Farming Now

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

NOT only is the face of our countryside steadily being changed by the work of the plough, but our very methods of husbandry good, bad, or indifferent appear to be in the melting pot. Undoubtedly farmers are suffering from the long neglect shown by many previous Governments, and have been asked by the present Government to make far-reaching changes in the middle of a war to repair that neglect.

Knowing farmers intimately, I realise to the full how very willing and anxious they are to play their part in feeding the nation, but I also know that men who have given a life-time to the cultivation of land, and to the breeding of our best types of live-stock find little, if any, pleasure in farming now. They have frequently told me that nearly every post brings them some fresh form to fill in, from one or other of the Government departments, or a notification of something they must not do, or of some necessary adjunct to their business that has been placed under control, and to obtain which they must apply for a permit or a licence.

In far too many cases their land has been commandeered, without any warning, even if it has been sown with one of the essential crops, and, very frequently, this commandeering has resulted in their having to sell off a herd or a flock that has been the work and joy of a life-time. I know it is commonly said, by those who do not know the real joy of farming, that farmers need not grumble if their land is taken, or if they have to dispose of cherished live-stock, because they are amply compensated for it all. In the first place this is not the case; for the Government in this war does not pay any compensation for losses sustained, and even if the most liberal payments were made, nothing can compensate for the loss of the visible results of a life's work of constructive breeding.

What would have happened to the Shorthorns had the work of the great Amos Cruickshank, or Bates or Booth, or the brothers Collinge been cut short, or if the development of Leicester and Southdown sheep as carried out by Bakewell and Ellman had come to an untimely end because their farms had been commandeered? I do not say that, at present, we are threatened with the extinction of our breeds of pedigree stock through the commandeering of land, but I hold that there is a very grave danger to many of them in the system we have adopted regarding our Live-stock Control, and the Rationing Scheme as it now operates.

May I point out, as a case in point, how very hard the producers of the early fat and Easter lambs are hit by the rationing of meat scheme? To produce early fat lamb means a great amount of preparation, both in cropping the land to provide suitable early keep, in the choice of the breed which is to produce the lamb (and this is generally a matter of careful crossing), and in the management of the flock itself.

Although war appeared to be imminent all last year, and, in fact ever since Munich, no guidance was given to flockmasters with regard to the production of early fat lambs—always an expensive undertaking—and so ewes were sent to ram as usual, and lambs have been born, only to find that the cakes and concentrates, usually obtainable to push them ahead in condition, were not there.

Moreover, while in time of peace early fat lambs meet a more or less steady demand, being expensive to produce, they are quite an uneconomic proposition in time of war. Not until peace reigns again shall we see early fat lambs produced, and who can tell whether our financial position will then be such as to warrant their production? It follows, therefore, that if early fat lambs are not wanted, the breeds producing them will not meet much of a demand, and so flockmasters will suffer.

As with sheep, so with pigs. We are told that the early maturing and chubby porker is not required, but rather should attention be fixed upon the pig that is slower to mature, and can be fed, chiefly by methods we have long ago discarded as being uneconomic, until it reaches weights far in excess of those required only a few months ago. Thus, to-day, there would appear to be no premium on breeds of pigs that mature early, but that require hard feeding to attain the weights which at one time rendered them so popular. When a man has devoted a goodly span of his life to breed and to feed such pigs, it comes as a shock to find his life's work scrapped, and here is a very definite reason why the pleasure has now gone out of farming.

Take, too, the production of prime beef cattle, at one time such a fine art of our graziers and feeders. To-day there is little pride in producing the highest class beef, for consumers have now to eat it, if they can obtain it, before it is properly cold. Killed one day, exposed for sale in butchers' shops the next, and cooked and eaten the next; small wonder that customers say it is tough, and prefer the chilled article. Moreover, when a city is accustomed to take 350 fat bullocks a week, and now has to be content with a dozen, is there any encouragement in trying to make a name to supply local requirements? From all I am able to see of the fat stock trade we are just playing off the importers against the home producer, very much to the latter's loss.

Distribution, and lack of knowledge of local conditions and requirements seems to be at the bottom of this chaos, which, each week we are told, improves the working of Meat Control! Each week seems to bring fresh problems to the farmer, and many of them in my humble opinion were quite unnecessary, and could have been avoided if more thought and common sense had been shown before in formulating a plan.

One thing I hope will arise from all the "Forms," "Restrictions," "Inspections," and general interference with our methods of agriculture, and that is, farmers will rise up and say "Never again," for twice in a life-time of this kind of thing is enough for any man, while all will remember that after the last war, and after the praise showered on the farmer for his magnificent work to win the war, he was abandoned to bankruptcy, while everyone battened upon the little he had managed to save. This must not occur again; for farmers are paying a heavy price in the loss of their liberty in the management and cropping of their land, and in their methods of management of their studs, herds, and flocks.

FLOCK OF PEDIGREE BREEDING EWES ON A FARM NEAR OVERTON, HANTS

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service

AN important fact about the Agriculture (Miscellaneous War Provisions) Bill is that it is not the core of the Government's war-time agricultural policy, but clears up a number of matters for which the sanction of Parliament is required.

The main line of agricultural policy is an expansion of arable farming; guaranteed markets; guaranteed prices, and use of available land to the best advantage. Incidental to this programme are such matters as increasing the standard prices for oats and wheat, and providing a standard price for rye; protection of the wheat grower against loss through drastic changes in the wheat price; advances of seeds, implements, fertilisers, etc., to farmers who need them to play their part in ploughing grassland, but have not the ready cash or credit to buy them.

There are other things, such as closing a small gap left open in an extensive drainage programme in which the cost of current work runs into over £7,000,000; and a provision that will safeguard the position of County War Agricultural Committees if they have had to take over land.

Most of these intentions had previously been announced in Parliament and the new Bill merely seeks authority to regularise this collection of details. The broad purpose of the farming campaign needs no fresh legislation. Full powers to prosecute it came in at the outbreak of war, with the Defence Act, and at the same time the Government's prepared plans for ploughing up and guaranteeing markets and prices were put into operation.

More Feed for Farms

Peas grown for a canning factory is one of the crops that have increased considerably in recent years and it is a common practice for the haulm to be returned to the farm. It is a good plan to turn this waste product into ensilage.

There is no need to cut the haulm, for it is well broken at the cannery in the threshing process; and good silage is being made from this material without any use of molasses. But it is most important to tread it carefully and thoroughly in the course of filling. The ordinary portable silos are excellent for this purpose and can be filled direct from the lorry that brings back the haulm to the farm.

The pea harvest is normally spread over three or four weeks in July and in practice it will be helpful to cut one day and then wait four or five days before another cutting, for if this can be done it will leave time for the returned by-product to settle down in the silo before another lot is added. The silage is sweet and fruity and the stock eat it with relish. Its protein equivalent is in the neighbourhood of 4 to 5 per cent., starch equivalent about 15 per cent. It can be fed three days after filling the silo, but it should be fed on the same day that it is taken out.

Damaged Potatoes

Many farms will be left with potatoes partly damaged by recent frosts. These can be quite well used for animal feeding, provided a few simple precautions are taken.

Even clean and sound potatoes are slightly acrid and bitter in taste and have a laxative action that will cause blowing and scouring; but with frosted potatoes it is even more advisable to boil or steam them before use. They must also be washed and fed quite clean, for earth, if eaten, may tend to digestive disturbances.

After thorough washing, therefore, the potatoes should be boiled or steamed for about 45 minutes. Steaming is preferable. They will lose about 10 per cent. of their weight in this process, and another 5 per cent. while cooling. The water used for boiling should not be introduced into animal food. All sprouts must be removed.

The part played by potatoes in the diet is to replace some of the carbohydrate food, such as barley or maize meal. The replacement may be estimated on the basis of 4lb. of potatoes being equivalent to 1lb. of meal. Potatoes have an almost negligible fat content and this makes them a suitable food for baconers.

If you can't eat what you'd like to eat

take ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" first thing every morning

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(National Portrait Gallery)

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GRAND 10 LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
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AN ARAB REGATTA IN EAST AFRICA

Superstition enters into a great sport

By COLONEL B. N. ABBEY, C.B.

LAMU is an old Arab town on the Island of Lamu about 180 miles north of Mombasa. Once known as "the Granary of the East" the fields and orchards, which gave the district that name, are derelict and have reverted to bush. The abolition of slavery meant the loss of prosperity as labour could not be procured to replace the slaves. Lamu is famous from Suez to Zanzibar for the beauty of its women, and its dhows, which are built in the harbour; both are worthy of admiration. It is the most important dhow building port on the east coast. The dhow building trade is practically hereditary but every boy outside that profession hopes to become a sailor after he has served as cook on a dhow for two years. Every year dhows come from the Yemen, Muscat, the Persian Gulf and India, bringing rice, dried fish, scents and tiles. After being overhauled and painted with shark oil, a process that literally reeks to heaven, they sail home with the south-west monsoon behind them, for the prevailing wind has changed during their stay in Lamu port. They take back cocoanuts, grass matting bags and mangrove poles, which are used for building in dry countries. Dhows up to 85 tons are built; small compared with the Arab 200-tonners but essential for the shallow waters of the African creeks.

Two years ago the Queen Mary, the biggest dhow ever built in Lamu, sailed away on her first voyage amidst great rejoicings in pleasant weather. Twelve hours later her crew landed, having saved nothing but their lives. Their ship was at the bottom of the sea. At the inquiry the explanation given to the official concerned and never contradicted, was that she had been attacked about seven o'clock in the evening by a huge sea monster and sunk. The crew claimed to have seen it three times.

Every year the people of Lamu hold a regatta, which is run by an Arab committee helped by one or two Indians. It is considered to be the principal event of the year and takes place on the King's birthday. A few days before that selected for the regatta boats begin to arrive. They are scraped, rubbed over with fish oil, painted and fitted with new sails. The crews are collected and drilled morning, noon and in the evening. The normal pay of a sailor is 15/- a month, but during training and the regatta they are given half-a-crown a day and their food. A crew of a 30ft. boat may run up to as many as ten men. All boats are lateen rigged and for racing carry an especially large sail. I measured the sail of a 20-footer and found it to be 55ft. × 53ft. × 35ft.; it was made of mericano and would last about a year. The owners are poor men and as the largest prize is 30/-, it is clear that they race for the love of the sport and the prestige of owning a winning boat. Daily for days before the regatta matches are sailed, the boats being heavily backed by the people of the quarter or village they represent. During the finishes pandemonium reigns but there are rarely, if ever, any disputes.

Great rivalry exists between the Bajun and Arab sailors. The former are a tribe whose history is much confused owing to the lack of any sort of written record. Certainly they left the Yemen and Muscat about 1,000 years ago and travelled down the African coast. Until three years ago they built a dhow without any nails in its construction; they were called "mptes" and were similar to the "prahs" of the Malays. It is believed that a shipwrecked crew from Malay taught the Bajuns the art of building these weird craft. Their sails were square and made of dhoom palm matting; thatched huts were built on the decks and charms against the many devils and evil spirits that are said to live in the mangrove swamps hung from bowsprits. The Bajuns cannot resist racing, whether poling, paddling, rowing or sailing. If two Bajuns are going in the same direction they will contrive to race, with the usual noisy triumph of the winner. They are fearless sailors and take every sort of risk when racing.

The course, which is never altered, is horseshoe shaped and takes in a small island. Boats sail a mile-and-a-half with the wind, then a two mile beat against the tide and finish with three miles before the wind and with the tide. There are five races; one apiece for 20 and 30-footers, then a race each for dinghies and flat-bottomed boats, and a race for boys' boats. These diminutive boats carry one small boy or two very small ones. Generally they are built from a sheet of 6ft. galvanised iron and equipped with a float and line in case they sink. They are sailed with great skill and go out to sea as far as half-a-mile.

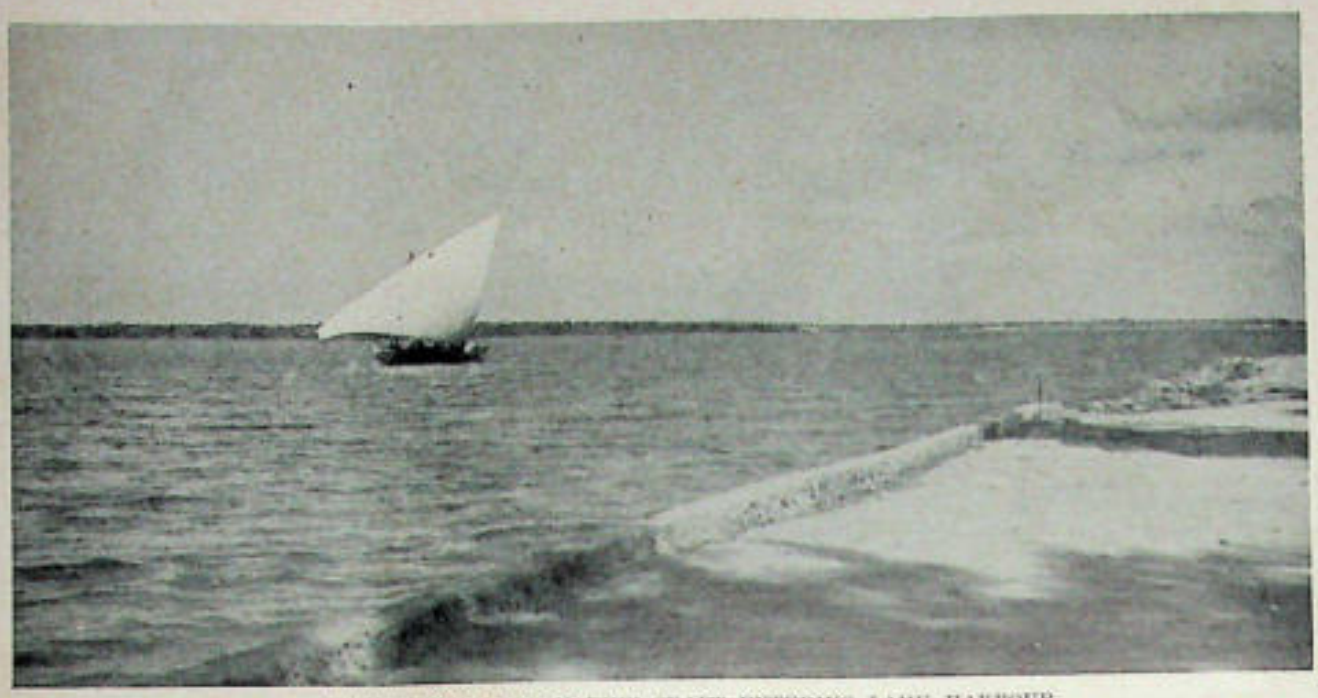
On regatta day during the races every boat carries two canes, two drums, a horn and a hooter made of bamboo. At the start of a race the

MANGROVE POLES READY FOR EXPORT

DHOW BUILDING

This is the prevailing trade of Lamu and to which it owes its importance as a port.

BAJUN GIRLS ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR BEAUTY



A LANTEEN-RIGGED NATIVE CRAFT ENTERING LAMU HARBOUR

boats are drawn up in line near the shore and kept in position by a rope held by partisans. At the "gun" the sails are set by pulling a line which rips the grass binding which holds the sail furled and fast to the cross-spar. Immediately the boats have started two of the crew begin to beat the sea with canes and continue to do so except when actually handling the sail. From the stern of a boat that gets a lead one of the crew offers prayers and throws medicine over the stern to prevent other competitors passing. This superstition is on a par with the Indian practice of paying a magician to bewitch the goals before a football or hockey match.

The Lamu quay is packed with excited spectators most of whom are interested supporters of one or other of the competing boats. The roofs of Government and private houses and offices are crowded with women all wearing the black purdah dress of the coast. The monsoon is blowing, there is no lack of wind and the races are sailed at a great pace, giving the crews a very wet passage. As the boats near the line those in or near the lead redouble their flogging of the water, the drums thunder, the horns blow and the hooters are in full blast. The captains indulge in a wild dance. The scene on shore is extraordinary. The usually staid Arabs and Bajuns yell, shout, dance and appeal to God to give their boat victory. The winning crew and those placed dance madly for many minutes after crossing the line. In one boat danced the captain of a Government vessel in full uniform, prancing and dancing. He had won 2/– by backing a boat that came from his village.

This year the boys' race was won by inches and one boat sank but was retrieved by means of its float and line.

Walking the greasy pole and tug-of-war follow and as dusk everyone adjourns until eight o'clock. At that hour the five town bands appear, each playing its own special tune and trying to drown the music of the others as they march and countermarch along the quay. Each band has its own name so that they are parading about, followed by bitter partisans.

At midnight the crowd melts away and goes home through the palm gardens, praying that they will reach their houses without encountering any of the numerous devils, milhoi and evil spirits that every inhabitant of the coast knows exist everywhere and are every ready to do mischief. Next day boats and spectators sail away and gloom and apathy descends on Lamu for another 12 months.

AN UNUSUAL TYPE

Curious old building seen near the entrance to Lamu Harbour.

A.R.P.

STIRRUP PUMP

fitted with 30 ft. HOSE and DUAL NOZZLE for

HOUSEHOLDERS' USE AGAINST INCENDIARY BOMBS

TELEGRAMS: "MARTSMITH, SUTTON COLDFIELD"

TELEPHONE: SUTTON COLDFIELD 2243/4

Also with STIRRUP shaped malleable handle, HOME OFFICE pattern.

James Southerton & Son, Martineau & Smith

Martsmith Works, SUTTON COLDFIELD, BIRMINGHAM

Economy in the War-time Flower Garden

Vegetables will claim a large portion of the War-time Garden, but Flowers must not be entirely neglected—the important problem is economy, the solution is "Annuals".

Half-hardy Annuals should be sown now under glass (or in the open ground in May). Hardy Annuals where they are to flower in late March and April.

Half-hardy Flowers for present sowing include Salvia, Dahlia, Lobelia, Verbena and Nemesia, following with Phlox Drummondii, Zinnia, Aster, Stock, etc.

Particulars of all these beautiful Flowers will be found in
SUTTON'S GARDEN SEED CATALOGUE
FREE ON REQUEST

Read "HARDY ANNUALS IN THE GARDEN" a most valuable book. 1/6 post free.

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SUTTON'S SEEDS

THE MECHANICAL PONY OF THE ROAD

Test of an Autocycle: Comparisons with a Small Car

By W. G. McMINNIES

IT is twenty years since I straddled a bicycle or motor cycle. That interval has seen a revolution in traffic and roads which in some ways has made the motor cyclists' lot a much pleasanter one than it was after the last war. Surfaces are smoother, less slippery and dusty. Tram lines and cobbles, two prime causes of skidding in the old days, are being rooted up and steep gradients and abrupt turns eased or eliminated.

Motor cycles, too, have improved with the times. They are much more stable and silent. Their engines are better balanced and there is less vibration. And from the point of view of economy in private transport, they represent the cheapest form of all, bar the bicycle. The autocycle, or power assisted bicycle, is the missing link between the bicycles propelled by pedal and by petrol.

The machine I tried recently, a Scott Cye-Auto lent me by the local agents, A. Williams & Co., of Cheltenham, costs less than £20, does 140 miles to the gallon and is so light that I could easily lift it bodily, as for instance, when carrying it up a flight of garden steps. It has a diamond frame like a pedal cycle and its one horse-power two-stroke engine is attached to the bottom bracket, which also houses the pedals. An alternative model, with an open frame, might appeal more to women who wished to ride in skirts. But in either case, the saddle is set low enough to allow a man or woman of normal height to touch the ground with the feet when seated. This feature, common to all

AN ALVIS 12/70 SALOON IN A WOODLAND GLADE

motor cycles, naturally establishes a feeling of confidence and safety.

Five minutes' explanation of the controls sufficed to send me on my journey. To facilitate wheeling the machine about, one can disconnect the engine unit from the final driving chain by moving, or, in my case, kicking, the pedal crank from one side, which disengages a dog clutch. By kicking the crank across from the other side, the dogs re-engage and the engine unit is again connected up to the driving chain. The handlebar controls consist of the throttle, front and rear brakes, a lever which first disengages the clutch and, when pulled back further, applies a transmission brake, and, lastly the engine compression release. There is also a strangler on the carburetter which is closed for starting from cold and released soon afterwards.

The easiest way of starting, I found, was to see that the pedal crank was in gear and then push the machine briskly, with the compression release lever raised, and the throttle lever about one quarter open. The engine should then start upon the compression control lever being released and the machine will be driven at a few miles an hour, depending on the amount of throttle given. One can then either choose a running mount or else pull up the clutch control and take the saddle with the machine stationary. I preferred the former method. With the latter, it may be necessary to assist the get away with a few digs at the pedals, while letting in the clutch and opening the throttle lever at the same time. It may also happen that, in attempting a start with a cold and stiff engine, the back wheel may skid when the compression control is released. In this case it may be better to put one's weight on the saddle and back wheel, and make a start by pedalling off.

Some autocycles are better designed for pedalling than others. I found the Scott machine excellent in this respect. Not only is the riding position as regards the disposition of hands, feet and saddle most comfortable, but the plan is such that pedalling can be indulged in in a perfectly natural manner. And as it was a bitterly cold day when I tried the machine I was glad to warm myself up at intervals by this means.

Starting from the centre of the town, I governed speed entirely on the throttle, using the right thumb and forefinger, while gripping the handlebar with the rest of the hand. I found that I could trickle along at about five m.p.h. and regulate my speed so that I need not stop at traffic lights. For suburban pottering, the best speed was rather faster than a pedal cyclist but slower than a motor bus. Once in the open country, however, the machine would purr along at 25 m.p.h. or more, the speed being mostly dependent on the surface of the road and wind. And here let me say that the combination of spring forks and rubber handle grips eliminated practically all minor road vibrations.

One of my first impressions, when compared with driving a small car, was that I could see so much better. My angle of view was 180° instead of 90°. My eye level was at least a foot higher than when sitting in a car. I had time, too, to greet friends I met on the road, raise my hat and exchange a word about the weather. It all seemed so much more intimate than when buzzing along in a box of steel and glass.

One of the principal things I wanted to find out was how the hill-climbing abilities of this tiny machine would compare with those of an ordinary 8 h.p. saloon, fitted with a three-speed gear. For this reason I chose a route including well-known hills, some of which would have brought the car down to bottom gear. That was perhaps an unfair test, for these gentle little runabouts are intended to be used principally for short, local and levelish journeys. They only have one speed, second gear being represented by various degrees of pedalling assistance and bottom gear by pushing.

Well, the first hill was a two-miles climb, the middle portion of which has a gradient of 1 in 12, and will bring the car down to second. The autocycle, with its 12½ stone load, bravely ascended the preliminary gradient. Arrived at the steeper pitch I had to pedal, not very hard or long, which in the case of one who has not pedalled for 20 years would have been impossible. Once over the pitch, the engine picked up its revolutions and completed the rest of the drag in fine style. Now, just to show what a difference weight makes to a low-powered machine I asked my wife, who knows nothing of autocycles, to come out and try the same hill. She weighs some eight stone, and so, starting from a standstill just below the steep pitch, sailed straight away to the summit with no more than a dozen digs at the pedals.

The next test was more severe; a mile climb, against a strong east wind, becoming ever steeper until the last 200 yards, where the gradient was 1 in 9 or 10. This hill might bring an 8 h.p. saloon down to bottom gear under similar circumstances. It certainly brought me down to my bottom gear and I completed the climb by pushing the machine, having first ensured that the bottom crank was in neutral. As the machine was so light and easily handled this pushing process could be performed in stages without undue exhaustion.

A third test confirmed the previous ones. With a rider of my weight the ascent of hills that called for second speed on the car needed pedal assistance on the autocycle. First speed hills would have to be surmounted by pushing. There is, of course, still another method of climbing which, while appealing to the young and active, will not be appreciated by men and women devoid of these attributes; and that is, to run beside the flagging machine and, by relieving it of its human load, allow it to pull itself up any too steep gradient.

So much then for hill-climbing. Now one of the special advantages of so small and handy a vehicle as this is the ability to follow tracks and pass through gateways and along paths too narrow for any car to penetrate. The autocycle is in this respect, a sort of

SUPPLEMENTARY ILLUMINATED BOX TYPE SIGNPOST ON LONDON—CHELTENHAM ROAD NEAR WITNEY

mechanical pony of the road. The same qualities are noted when it comes to parking or garaging. It can then be propped up anywhere at the roadside, against a gate or stile or left in a passage or in any odd corner of the garage. From there it can be wheeled out very nearly as easily as a pedal cycle.

I did not ride the machine during the black-out. I should have liked to have done so in order to test the Lucas lighting system, supplied from a miniature dynamo which is engaged with the rear tyre when necessary. For parking purposes, a tiny dry battery concealed in the headlamp supplies the head and tail lamps.

The petrol tank is carried behind the saddle and holds sufficient fuel for 100 miles. The fuel is mixed with a small proportion of lubricating oil, which is metered in at each fill-up. This system of lubrication, known as "petroil," is standard practice on most two-strokes. Behind the saddle is a luggage grid large enough to carry a fair-sized attaché case wherein a woman could carry a spare dress, shoes and stockings.

The design of the unit is different from that of most engines fitted to autocycles. For, in this case, the crankshaft lies in line with, instead of athwart, the frame, and a worm gear is used to connect an extension of this shaft with the cross shaft in the bottom bracket. In front of the crankcase is a flywheel magneto, while behind the case is a very efficient silencer. Incidentally, at speeds of 17–20 m.p.h., the exhaust is almost inaudible. When the throttle is opened beyond half-way its burble can be heard, but it is not a sound that is at all displeasing either to the rider or the public.

Another good point about this two-stroke engine is that it practically never "four-strokes," or misses fire "every other one," as do some engines of this type. Instead, it pulls evenly and willingly at all openings of the throttle and evinces no tendency to misbehave by occasionally banging in the silencer. In short, it behaves like a perfect little gentleman.

Altogether, I suppose I covered between 30 and 40 miles on this Scott Cye-Auto. The bitter cold and the east wind did not improve matters, and detracted from the pleasure of the trip, but even that journey showed me the pleasure that might be had, under warmer and sunnier conditions, in pottering about the lanes and enjoying the country far from the crowd. My wife, sharing these views, is now looking forward to trying the open frame model, after which, unless I am very careful, I feel sure she will start propaganda for such a convenient and economical little machine to be added to the family stable. "It will be so handy for shopping, you know."

BRIDGE

THE LEAD-DIRECTING DOUBLES

(continued)

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

THIS week I continue, and conclude, my explanation of the Lead-Directing Doubles.

Against an adverse slam bid, a double by the player not on lead demands :—

1. When the declarer's partner has bid a suit(s), other than the final trump suit, the lead of the first suit bid by declarer's partner.

2. When declarer's partner has bid no side suit(s), but declarer has, the lead of the first side suit bid by declarer.

3. When neither declarer's partner nor declarer have bid a side suit, but your side has, the lead of one of the unbid suits. In this case, and in this case only, the leader has to judge which suit it is best to lead.

The following example illustrates Rule 1 :—

	♠ K, 8, 6, 3 ♡ 9 ◇ A, K, J, 8, 7, 2 ♣ J, 5	
♠ A, J, 9 ♡ 8, 5 ◇ Q, 10, 9, 6, 3 ♣ 10, 9, 4	Y A B Z	♠ Q, 10, 7, 5, 4, 2 ♡ A, 7, 4 ◇ none ♣ 7, 6, 3, 2
	♠ none ♡ K, Q, J, 10, 6, 3, 2 ◇ 5, 4 ♣ A, K, Q, 8	

At love all Z deals, and the bidding is :—

Z	A	Y	B
Two Hearts	No Bid	Four Diamonds	No Bid
Six Hearts	No Bid	No Bid	Double

B's double asks A to lead a Diamond, the only lead that will ensure the defeat of Z's contract.

The following example illustrates Rule 2 :—

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
One Heart	No Bid	Three Hearts	No Bid
Three Spades	No Bid	Four Hearts	No Bid
Six Hearts	No Bid	No Bid	Double

B holds :—

♠ none. ♡ 7, 5, 4, 2. ◇ A, 8, 6, 4, 3. ♣ 9, 7, 6, 4

and doubles to ask A for the lead of a Spade, the only lead likely to defeat Z's contract.

The following example illustrates Rule 3 :—

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
One Heart	No Bid	Three Hearts	Three Spades
Six Hearts	No Bid	No Bid	Double

B holds :—

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

and doubles because, on the bidding, the lead of a Spade can do no good and B wants A to lead a Diamond or a Club.

I recommend readers to give this convention a trial, even if they confine its use only against slam bids. Against adverse bids of "Three No Trumps" the convention must be used with discretion, since it warns the opponents of their danger and gives them an opportunity to escape to a safer contract. But against slam bids the convention is of inestimable value; for the big bonuses offered for slams tempt many players to bid a slam when the distribution does not warrant it, and sometimes even when the necessary high cards are missing; they gamble on getting a favourable opening lead. This point is illustrated in my example to Rule 3, where Z has clearly bid the slam gambling on receiving a Spade lead and hoping that the Aces of Diamonds and Clubs will be divided and that, therefore, he will be able to establish a long minor suit before A and B discover that they hold two Aces.

It is a pity to lose any opportunity to defeat the opponents, and there is much satisfaction to be got out of depriving the opponents of a big bonus. Nevertheless, the Lead-Directing Doubles are strictly conventional and partner must lead in accordance with the convention. If, therefore, the bidding proceeds :—

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
One Spade	No Bid	Three Clubs	No Bid
Three Spades	No Bid	Six Spades	

B, holding :—

♠ Q, J, 10. ♡ A, 10, 6, 3. ◇ 8, 7, 2. ♣ 6, 4, 3

should not double, although he is almost certain to defeat Z's contract. The double demands the lead of a Club, and this lead might give Z the contract. B, therefore, must sacrifice the extra 50 or 100 points that the double would produce, and hope that A will be inspired to lead a Heart.

Finally, it must be pointed out that, as the Lead-Directing Doubles are not generally known, players who intend to use them must inform the opponents of this fact (and, if necessary, explain how they operate) before the start of a rubber.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ Q, 6 ♡ K, 6 ◇ none ♣ J, 8, 4	
♠ J ♡ Q, 10, 9 ◇ none ♣ K, 9, 5	Y A B Z	♠ K, 8, 7 ♡ J, 8 ◇ none ♣ 10, 6
	♠ A, 9, 5 ♡ 5 ◇ A ♣ Q, 7	

Diamonds are trumps. Z to lead, and Z and Y to make six tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

VARIATION I.

Z leads J♣. If A plays Q♣, Y ruffs with A♡. Y leads 2♡, and Z wins. Z wins two best ♡ and Y discards A◇ and K◇. Z wins 7◇ and 6◇. Z leads 5◇, and B is squeezed; for if B discards 7♣ Z's 6♣ is established, and if B discards a ♠ Y's two ♠ are established.

VARIATION II.

Z leads J♣. If A plays 4♣, Y discards 2♠. Z leads 6♣, and Y ruffs with A♡. Y leads 2♡, and play continues as in Variation I.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN LONDON

A game from the third round.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. M. Blum.	WHITE. P. S. Milner-Barry.	BLACK. M. Blum.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	16. P to K 5	Kt to Q 2
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	17. P to K B 4	P to Q Kt 3 (e)
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	18. P to K 5 (f)	P to Q Kt 4
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K Bg3	19. B to Q 4	B to Kt sq
5. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 3	20. P to Q Kt 4†	R to K sq
6. B to K 2	P to Q R 3	21. R to R 3 (g)	P to B 3
7. P to Q R 4	Kt to B 3	22. R to B 3	R to Kt 2
8. B to K 3	Q to B 2	23. B to Q 3	P to B 4
9. Kt to Kt 3	Kt to Q R 4 (a)	24. K to B sq	K to B sq
10. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	25. P to Kt 4	P to Kt 3
11. Castles	B to K 2	26. R to K Kt sq (h)	R to K Kt sq
12. Q to Q 2	Castles	27. Q to B 3	P takes P (i)
13. Kt to Q 5	Q to Q sq (b)	28. R takes P	Q to K sq (j)
14. Kt tks. B, ch	Q takes Kt	29. B tks. K Kt P	Resigns (k)
15. P to K B 5 (c)	P to Q 4 (d)		

(a) Not good (see move 12). He should, instead, play B to K 2, to be followed by Castles, B to Q 2 and Q R to B sq.

(b) Not Q takes Q because of Kt takes B, ch.

(c) White now threatens to play P to Q B 4 and then build up an attack against the backward Queen's pawn in the open file.

(d) This does not turn out well but there appears to be nothing better.

(e) Not Kt to B 4 because of Q to Kt 4.

(f) A good move. It practically forces P to Q Kt 4 after which Black cannot play Kt to B 4 because then Q to Kt 4 would win a piece.

(g) Having blocked the Queen's side, White now starts a King's side attack.

(h) Good enough; but there is immediate winning combination as follows: 26. P takes P, Kt P takes P; 27. B takes B P, P takes B; 28. P to K 6, ch, Kt to B 3; 29. R to R 6, R to B sq; 30. Q to B 3, K to Kt 2; 31. R to Kt sq, ch, K takes R; 32. B takes Kt (threatening Q to R 3, mate), Q to K sq; 33. B to Kt 7, ch and mate in two more moves.

(i) If 27. . . . Q to K sq, then 28. P takes P, Kt P takes P; 29. B takes B P, R takes R, ch; 30. B takes R, P takes B; 31. P to K 6, ch, K to Kt sq; 32. R to Kt 3, ch and wins.

(j) If 28. . . . K to Kt 2, then 29. P to B 5, P takes P; 30. B takes B P, threatening B takes Kt followed by P to K 6, ch.

(k) If 29. . . . R takes R, then 30. R takes R, Q takes R; 31. Q takes R, ch and wins for, if 31. . . . Q to Kt sq, then 32. Q takes R or, if 31. . . . K to Kt 2, then 32. R to Kt 3 (not 32. Q takes B because of 32. . . . Q to K 5, ch).

The following game was played in the seventh round.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. W. Ritson Morry.	BLACK. P. S. Milner-Barry.	WHITE. W. Ritson Morry.	BLACK. P. S. Milner-Barry.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	19. R to R 2	B to Q 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	20. R to B sq	R to R sq
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	21. P to Kt 3	B P takes P
4. P to Q R 3 (a)	B takes Kt, ch	22. P takes P	P takes P
5. P takes B	Castles	23. R takes R	R takes R
6. Q to B 2	P to Q 3	24. P to B 4 (f)	P to Kt 7
7. P to K 4	P to K 4	25. R to Q sq	Kt to B 6
8. B to Q 3	P to B 4	26. P takes P	Q to K 4
9. P to Q 5	Q Kt to Q 2	27. Q to K 3 (g)	P to Kt 8, =Q
10. Kt to K 2	R to K sq	28. Kt takes Q	Q takes P, ch
11. P to B 3	Kt to R 4	29. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 6, ch
12. B to K 3	Q to B 5	30. K to B sq	Q takes R P, ch
13. Q to Q 2	P to K R 3	31. K to Kt sq	R to R 7
14. Kt to Kt 3 (b)	Kt to B 5	32. Kt to K 2	Q to Kt 6, ch
15. B takes Kt (c)	P takes B	33. K to B sq	B to R 5
16. Kt to K 2	Kt to K 4	34. R to B sq	Kt to K 4
17. Castles (Q R) (d)	P to K Kt 4 (e)	35. K to Q 2	Q to Kt 7, ch
18. P to K R 4	K to Kt 2	36. K to K sq	Q to Kt 5, ch
		Resigns (h)	

(a) Sämisch's variation, at one time very popular. Nowadays Q to B 2 is considered to be better.

(b) Not good, since it allows Kt to B 5. Castles (Q R), threatening P to Kt 4, is better.

(c) This also is not good. It gives Black a strong square at his K 4 for his Knight and opens lines for his Queen and Rook.

(d) Not 17. Kt takes P because then 17. . . . Q takes Kt; 18. Q takes Q, Kt takes B, ch wins a piece. The text-move, however, turns out very badly.

(e) Black has a good game.

(f) Not Kt takes P because then Q to B 5, threatening either Q takes Kt or Kt takes B, ch, wins a piece.

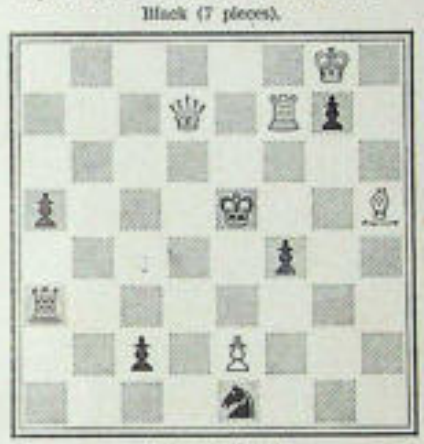
(g) If Q to B 2, then R to R 8.

(h) If Q to Q 2, then Kt takes B, mate. A fine game by Milner-Barry and a very good example of his attacking style of play.

PROBLEM No. 4056

By H. OTT and DR. P. DIKENMANN.*

Black (7 pieces).



White (5 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4055

1. Kt to Q 3, Any move; 2. Q, R, B, Kt or P (dec. Kt) mates.

BOYS' CONGRESS AT HASTINGS

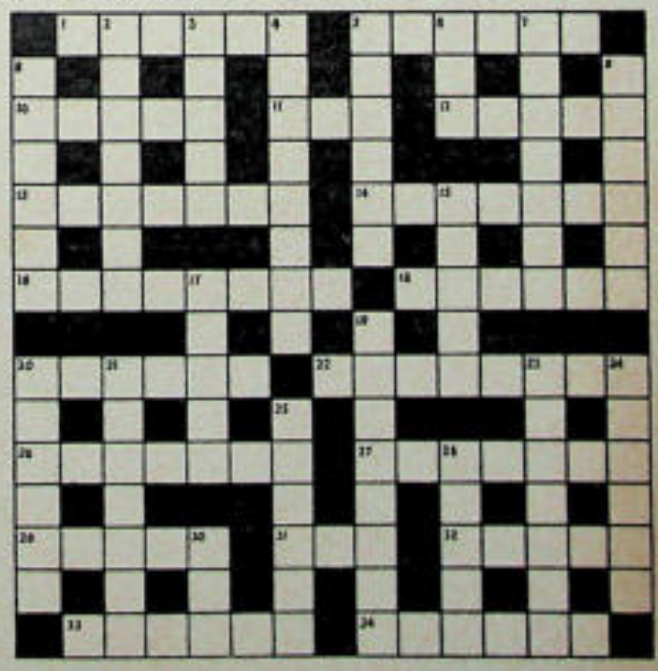
The 20th annual boys' congress of the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club will be held there from April 1st to April 6th. The programme will include a British Boys' Championship Competition and an Open Tournament. Competitors must be British subjects and under 18 years of age on May 1st, 1940. Entries should be sent to Mr. A. A. Rider at the Chess Club, 7, Carlisle Parade, Hastings, and should reach him not later than the first post on March 18.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 558

ACROSS.—1, He had an object all sublime (6). 5, "Though '——' it? I may occasionally say, I never saw a big, big D" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) (6). 10, Is this bird cowed? (5). 11, Did you see a tall man near Ernest's home, Tom? (hidden) (3). 12, She came to stay on the stage (5). 13, Expelled (7). 14, The lessons are read from this (7). 16, Having a midday meal (8). 18, The editor must have been upset when he did this (6). 20, Pulsations (6). 22, He was old, mirthful, a pipe-smoker, a drinker and fond of music (4, 4). 26, A target (anag.) (7). 27, The time for you to do this puzzle (7). 29, Most machinery has to be this (5). 31, A large cask (3). 32, With a certain article in front this would mean consented (5). 33, "When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no ——,' And proved it, 'twas no —— what he said" (Byron) (6). 34, The messenger managed to make it clear that we should turn west at Esher (hidden) (9).

DOWN.—2, Ralph Rackstraw might have been of this nationality (7). 3, "See how the Fates their gifts ——; A is happy, B is not" (*The Mikado*) (5). 4, Carried to excess (8). 5, "While the —— rages loud and long" (Campbell) (6). 6, What I expected has come to pass (hidden) (3). 7, Here the clue is obvious (7). 8, Equals (anag.) (6). 9, Ann is in bed (6). 15, A hundred on the heather (5). 17, Occupy in this (5). 19, Confusion of Noel when surrounded by vice (8). 20, This reigned in France in 1793 and 1794 (6). 21, Disorder in Algeria (7). 23, Wealthy (7). 24, Removes errors (6). 25, Chaff (6). 28, Got in on top (5). 30, The messenger explained that the new general had other plans for an advance (hidden) (3).



SOLUTION TO No. 557

Published February 24th

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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport of 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 for Post-mortem Examination.—These two fish, which you report were some of those found dead in your stream, had the gills simply smothered in fine silt. The gills and mouth did not show any signs of disease, and the whole appearance of the fish suggests that they have encountered a sudden cloud of mud from the bottom of the river. This mud probably consisted largely of decaying vegetable matter, which extracts oxygen from the water and has increased the choking effect of the mud. Orfe, which were not killed, are more resistant to oxygen deficiency than trout. Some sudden rush of water has probably poured into the river.—*J. H., Northumberland.*

Cards

Piquet.—The rule is that if either player scores 30 points before play starts, and if all his declarations are good, he is entitled to add 60 points for *Repique.*—*P. V. M., Sherborne.*

Country House

Recipe for Dandelion Wine.—One gallon of water, 3 or 4pts. of dandelions, 3lb. sugar, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, a little bruised ginger. Pick the dandelion heads on a nice fine day. Put in basket or bag so that air can get in and keep for four or five days till quite wilted. Then put in to muslin bag and bring to the boil in the water and simmer gently 15 minutes. Take out the bag and drain. Now add sugar, oranges and lemon rind and juice and ginger. Keep over the fire till sugar is dissolved. Put in earthenware pan till cold. Then put in jars or bottles with a little yeast and let it "work" for a few days. Then cork it up, putting in a little loaf sugar or sugar candy and a few raisins. This is ready to drink in six or seven months.—*A. H., Warwick.*

Lime from Gas Plant.—The calcium carbide residue from acetylene gas plant used for house lighting contains a high proportion of lime. Sulphur compounds will also be present as impurities, and it is desirable before using this residue on the land to allow it to become weathered, so that any harmful properties are destroyed.—*A. W., Berks.*

Farm

Cod Liver Oil for Poultry.—Medicinal cod liver oil is no more valuable than veterinary cod liver oil. Indeed, the latter is generally more effective as well as being cheaper. The process of refining medicinal cod liver oil may affect the vitamin content, and it is this factor which is valuable. Plough brand of cod liver oil is equally suitable for calves and poultry.—*P. D., Rutland.*

Garden

Coconnut Fibre for Bulbs.—Certainly your fibre will be fit to use again if you dry it and keep it until next year. You will, however, find it somewhat difficult to separate the fibre from the roots of the bulbs.—*G. K., Warwick.*

Getting rid of Blackberry Bushes.—You will probably find that the only method of getting rid of blackberry bushes is grubbing them, first cutting large patches and burning the brambles, and then grubbing out the roots, so far as is possible.—*A. C., Carnarvon.*

Kennel

Books on Spaniels.—The standard work on all varieties of spaniels is *The Sporting Spaniel* by C. A. Phillips and R. Claude Cane, price 5/10 post free. This, however, only deals with the history and type and is not concerned with questions of feeding, &c. *The Popular Cocker Spaniel* by H. S. Lloyd, price 5/4 post free, deals with feeding, management and all such questions. The treatment of one variety is much the same as that for all. Both can be had from *Our Dogs* Publishing Co., Oxford Road Station Approach, Manchester.—*G. L., Brecon.*

Worm Deterrent.—Syrup of iodide of iron is more of a worm deterrent than a worm expellent, and its effects are never spectacular, and it may be given in any way which is most convenient, either mixed with the food or as a drench. A dog of the size mentioned could probably take twenty drops twice a day without upsetting his digestion, or even thirty drops for a short period. His actions suggest a shortage of minerals, so it would be well to include one of the commercial mineral mixtures specially prepared for dogs in his diet.—*A. M., Teignmouth.*

Naturalist

Feathers from a Sparrowhawk's Kill.—The feathers enclosed for identification, collected from the site of a sparrowhawk's kill, are those of a snipe, not a usual victim. We should be interested to see the list that you have kept of kills made by one pair of sparrowhawks.—*P. I., Birmingham.*

Wading Bird Identified.—The small wading bird, grey above and white below, sent to us for identification, was a dunlin, as you at first supposed. The bill is a very variable feature in dunlin, being much longer, thicker and more curved in some specimens than in others.—*H. N., Newcastle.*

Post-mortem Examination

Avian Tuberculosis.—A hen pheasant which had been picked up in a moribund condition in a field was found to be an advanced case of tuberculosis. The same disease was also found in hens from two other correspondents. This contagious germ disease is spreadable to all species of domesticated and wild birds, also to pigs, cattle, and horses, by means of the ground and food becoming contaminated with the germ-containing droppings of tuberculous birds. On the ground the germs are capable of remaining alive for some 12 to 24 months, and during this period they will infect another bird or susceptible animal. Thus whenever poultry or game are picked up in an advanced state of emaciation their bodies should be sent for diagnosis by an expert. If tuberculosis is diagnosed among poultry or aviary birds the remainder of the stock should be tested by a veterinary surgeon with avian tuberculin. All reactors to the test should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned: there is no known curative.

The litter from the house and pen should be burned, and the interior of the house with all its fittings 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.—*W. W., Stranraer; K. S., Bucks; N. H., Warwick.*

Shooting

Amount of Foresight.—The amount of foresight to be seen in the V of the backsight varies with the type of rifle. Rifles of British make, for instance, fitted with bead foresights and broad open V backsights for sporting work are usually regulated to shoot accurately when the tip of the bead appears at the bottom of the V. In American rifles, on the other hand, it is necessary to take sufficient foresight to fill the V. The thing is to get to know your rifle and make allowances for extra range by taking a fuller sight.—*D. G. J., London.*

Stable

Lameness in Pony.—From your account of the pony's lameness it appears that structural changes have and are still taking place in the foot, and it would be kinder to have the subject destroyed rather than allow it to remain alive as a permanent cripple.—*C. M., Berwick.*

Turf

Origin of the Rowley Mile.—The distance known as the Rowley Mile at Newmarket is run during the three spring and three autumn meetings, called respectively the Craven, the First Spring, the Second Spring, the First October, the Second October and the concluding Houghton meeting. The Rowley Mile is called after Charles II who was very fond of racing at Newmarket, was himself a good judge of the sport, and frequently rode his own horses in these races. He was nicknamed "Old Rowley" by his courtiers after a celebrated stallion of that day.—*P. V., Faversham.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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(Signed)_____

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*Delete the periods that do not apply.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - 357
HUNTING TO RIDE OR RIDING TO HUNT - - 361
EARLY SPRING SALMON IN IRELAND - - - 362
CHELTENHAM RUNNERS—THE JOCKEY CLUB AND WAR-TIME RACING - - - - - - 364
AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO THE ENGLISH TURF - 365
GIFT HORSES - - - - - - - - - 366
SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - - 367
HUNTING DURING THE WAR - - - - - 368
THE UNOFFICIAL BOAT RACE - - - - - 369
WINTER DUCK SHOOTING - - - - - - 370
CANDLES, CANDLESTICKS AND SNUFFERS - - 371
PRESERVING SCOTLAND'S SCENERY AND ANCIENT BUILDINGS - - - - - - - - 372
ANGELA, MY DALMATIAN GUN DOG - - - 375
ZOO ANIMALS AT LIBERTY - - - - - 376
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - 377
A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS - 381
EARLY SPRING BORDER FLOWERS - - - - 382
POLYANTHA ROSES SAVE TIME AND LABOUR - 382
HEDGES CAN BE A BLESSING OR A CURSE - - 383
SELLING LAND OR HOUSES - - - - - 383
CLOCHE CULTIVATION - - - - - - 384
REAPING AND MOWING AND MAKING A DITCH - 386
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - 386
A COMPETITION FOR "FIELD" READERS - - 388
THREE PIONEERS OF THE TRACK - - - - 389
BY CAR THROUGH ICELAND - - - - - 390
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - 391
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - 392

FAUNA PRESERVATION

IN a war costing six millions a day the very considerable grant recently made to the Colonial Development Fund seems only a drop in the ocean. Nevertheless, it is a drop that may make green the grass of many parched places. There is a grain of truth in the stream of intemperate vituperation which Haw-Haw pours out against our Colonial administration, and it cannot be gainsaid that many of our overseas possessions remain remarkably backward. The Colonial Development Fund has always been wisely administered, and this new and large accretion of revenue in the hands of a forceful Minister like the present Secretary of State may serve to take some of the sting out of criticisms.

It is to be hoped that some small part of this sum may be spent in Fauna Preservation. The two chief difficulties that Game Wardens have to face are apathy on the part of some (though by no means all) officials in the checking of unrestricted killing by natives and lack of cash. The beginning of the war forecast a gloomy future for game departments, but letters recently received seem to suggest that they are better than was expected in at least two African colonies. In neither Uganda nor in Tanganyika has the game department been reduced in size and they are functioning more or less normally. In the latter country the National Park in the Serengeti area is being pushed ahead, though its exact boundaries are not being fixed for the present. This is probably a wise provision.

The chief reason why game is disappearing in Africa is native hunting. Individual species among the rarer animals can be, and often are, preserved. But the great mass of wild life is being senselessly slaughtered. In certain settled areas this cannot be prevented. In others it could and should be. How? There is only one method, and that is by the creation of an adequately-staffed game department, backed by the necessary legal powers to see that the law is administered. Critics of African Administration as regards game have no quarrel with the greater part of the existing game laws, or of the Arms Act. But they point out that they are not enforced. This is a fact that is clear to almost anybody who has ever made a cross-country journey of two hundred miles in any part of Africa where the natives can get hold of firearms. The only antidote is a game department under adequate European supervision.

But even this in itself is not enough. The last word in African administration must always be with the district officials. It is usually a fact that where the district officers interest themselves in game preservation the rot is temporarily stopped. Without their co-operation no grant from a development fund can ever be more than a palliative.

Such financial aid is needed in particular in the countries which have no game departments in action: Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, the West Coast Dependencies, including Nigeria. Money spent in this way represents a permanent investment. For though a broken bridge may be repaired, or a burned hospital rebuilt, the fauna of a country once lost is lost for ever. And bitter indeed will be the outcry of succeeding generations when they realise the wealth of natural life of which our indifference has deprived them.

FARMING FOREVER

FARMERS will have read with close attention Mr. Chamberlain's speech to the Chairmen of the County War Agricultural Committees. His assurance that after this war farming is not to be allowed to decline is welcomed, but the affectionate terms he used with regard to our agricultural industry contrast oddly with the attitude of his Government towards farming and farmers up to the time that war appeared inevitable. Indeed, no Government since the last war has had any use for agriculture, and we can only hope that in the flush of peace following victory the land and its great service will not be forgotten once again. Agricultural prosperity in this country depends only upon the ability of the farmer to sell his goods at a fair price. To enable him to do that, foreign agricultural imports must be drastically reduced. The alternatives are continual subsidies or another agricultural depression. But Mr. Chamberlain, of course, knows all that better than we do—and no doubt before he made his speech he discussed the matter with the Board of Trade.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 392.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

ORNITHOLOGY'S LOSS

It was with very great regret that we heard of the death of the Rev. F. C. R. Jourdain, on February 27th, at the age of 74. He had been in ill health for some time, but the end came as a great shock to his many friends. His death dealt a very severe blow to British ornithology, and indeed to ornithology throughout the world. His main interest was in oology, in which branch of the science he was absolutely pre-eminent; but his knowledge of birds generally was encyclopædic, and his eagerness as fresh and unimpaired at the close of his life as in his schooldays. Outspoken in his comment and blunt in his condemnation of those things and those statements which he, in his vast knowledge, knew to be wrong, he was always most generous in the help he would accord beginners, and always ready to put his experience and wisdom at the service of any who required help on any branch of ornithology. His death has left a gap which will not, we fear, be filled adequately for many years to come.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY PROSPECTS

The resumption of international rugby matches is in the spirit of the efforts that are being made in all branches of sport to adjust normal activities to abnormal conditions. It will also be another instrument in aiding the Red Cross Fund, to which sporting functions have already contributed a very substantial sum. There is plenty of talent available to make such matches of international interest. And if England and Wales can meet, why not Scotland? Ireland would be welcome, too, though transport difficulties may be too great. What matters that the games may not be quite up to standard in skill? They should prove a valuable stimulus to players, clubs and the general public, as well as benefiting one of the most deserving of causes.

MARCH IN THE GAME PRESERVES

After the last war one of the most apparent of its legacies was a large increase in the enemies of game. Keepers, by the very nature of their calling, make excellent soldiers. They are hardened to the rigours of outdoor life and are usually sound in wind and limb. Thus it is the exception for one of military age to be passed unfit, and as a consequence the staffs of shooting estates are rapidly depleted. A single middle-aged man may be left to do his best with several thousand acres and, of course, finds that he has an impossible task. Birds and beasts of predatory habits soon increase out of all proportion to what is a healthy balance, and as an inevitable result, game suffers. As a matter of fact, we were, in some cases, still in the "wash" of the 1914–18 war in this respect when the present war started! So with an initial excess of such ubiquitous robbers as carrion crows, rats and stoats, the business of preserving a stock of game will be far from easy. It behoves all of us, then, who can be on the spot to lend a hand to those keepers who are trying to "hold the fort" against hopeless odds. This month the coverts are still bare, breeding has not begun, and food is hard to come by. Trapping to some "tasty" bait should therefore prove most deadly, and a gun may be put to better use than later on, when a leafy screen covers the movements of unwelcome marauders.

ADVANCE POST

This is the place where the otter swims,
Tea-brown water that bubbles and brims
Heavenly cool
To the edge of the pool,
Fresh as the drip from a naiad's limbs.

This is the place where the wild duck breeds,
Safe on an island among the reeds,
Choice little spot,
With forget-me-not,
Ragged robin and emerald weeds.

. . . This is the Sector where early and late
I watch and telephone, listen and wait,
Down in the muck
That the otter and duck
Remain in an England inviolate.

MARY HOLDEN.

CARD NICKNAMES

EVERY person who plays cards knows that the Nine of Diamonds is nicknamed "The Curse of Scotland"; but no one knows why, or how, the nickname originated. Explanations are as varied as political complexions; no less than nine explanations are known to me (and there may be more) and not one of them is completely authoritative.

The most usual explanation is that "Butcher" Cumberland, on the eve of the Battle of Culloden, wrote across the card the order that no quarter was to be given on the morrow. This explanation appears in several encyclopaedias; yet of all the many explanations it is the most impossible, for the Battle of Culloden was fought in 1746, and in Houston's *Memoirs* (1715–47) we read that: "Lord Justice Clerk Ormiston became universally hated in Scotland, where they called him the Curse of Scotland; and when the ladies were at cards playing the Nine of Diamonds (commonly called the Curse of Scotland) they called it the Justice Clerk."

We may reject, as being too far-fetched, the explanation that in the game of Cornette, introduced into Scotland by the ill-starred Queen Mary, the Nine of Diamonds is the chief card, and the card received the nickname because Cornette was the ruin of a large number of families. Also Grose's explanation, given in his *Classical Dictionary*. He writes: "Diamonds, it is said, imply royalty, being ornaments to the imperial crown, and every ninth King of Scotland has been observed, for many ages, to be a tyrant and a curse to that country." This explanation might carry more weight if Grose had given the names of the kings.

There is only the slightest authority to support the explanation that the nickname originated because the arms of Colonel Parker, who governed Scotland with great cruelty after the execution of Charles I, were lozenges arranged like a Nine of Diamonds. For the same reason we may rule out the explanation that James IV drew up the dispositions for the Battle of Flodden on the back of the card, and that the order for the Massacre of Glencoe was written on a Nine of Diamonds.

At first sight the most plausible explanation is that the word "curse" is a corruption of "cross," and the pips are so arranged as to form a St. Andrew's Cross. This explanation, however, loses much of its force since there is no evidence to show that the St. Andrew's Cross has ever been regarded as a curse in Scotland, and, in any case, any of the other three Nines in the pack would serve equally well. A possible explanation is that in the once popular game of Pope Joan the Nine of Diamonds is called "The Pope," as the bane of Scottish reformers. This explanation, however, cannot bear the weight that some have placed upon it, and it is more probable that the nickname originated from the nine lozenges that formed the arms of the Earl of Stair who was loathed in Scotland, not only for his connection with the Massacre of Glencoe, but also for the part that he played in bringing about the Union with England in 1707.

As well as the Nine of Diamonds, many other cards have nicknames. The Ace of Spades is known as "Mossy Face," in Scotland as "The Grey Hen," and in Teviotdale as "Flowerie." The Four of Clubs (supposed to be an unlucky card) is nicknamed "The Devil's Four-poster," also "Wibling's Witch"; in Teviotdale it is known as "Wummilton's Mutch." In the Midlands the Queen of Clubs is known as "Queen Bess," and the Four of Spades as "Ned Stokes."

In Ireland the Queen of Hearts is known as "Sally," and the Ace of Diamonds as "The Earl of Cork." In Kilkenny the Six of Hearts is known as "Grace's Card," because, at the Revolution in 1688, one of the family of Grace, of Courtstown, equipped at his own expense a regiment of foot and a troop of horse in the service of King James, and when William of Orange promised him high honours if he would join the new party, he replied by sending the message: "I despise your offer," scribbled on a Six of Hearts.

Finally there is a group of nicknames which are used only at particular games. At Ombre, which was introduced into England by Katherine of Braganza in 1662 and superseded Primero as the popular card game, the Ace of Spades is known as "Spadille" and the Ace of Clubs as "Basto." At Cassino the Ten of Diamonds is known as "Great Cass," and the Two of Spades as "Little Cass." At Spinado the Ace of Diamonds is known as "Spin." At Loo the Knave of Clubs is known as "Pam."

GEORGE F. HERVEY.

(The Editor regrets that owing to illness Mr. H. J. Massingham is at present unable to contribute his Countryman's Journal. We hope he will shortly be able to resume this feature.)

HUNTING TO RIDE OR RIDING TO HUNT?

By CECILIA KNOWLES

DOES the average follower of hounds come out to have the best ride that he can, measuring the worth of his day by the number of fences that he has jumped, or does he ride out with the fixed intention, controlled by a genuine interest in them, of seeing as much of the hound-work as he can? This is a question that many a thinking follower of hounds must frequently ask himself.

Few people like to be accused of hunting to ride; most of them like to think that they know a great deal about hunting lore. But the fact remains that those who hunt with their eyes on hounds for the object of watching how the pack will work out the line, rather than for the necessity of seeing how much room they must allow the wretched things or risk being abused by the Master, are in most hunts very much in the minority. It is probably easier to watch hounds and learn the run of a fox in a woodland country than in the Shires, for, as a rule, there is time in the former to practise the knowledge of woodcraft and pit it against the wiliness of the fox.

It is intensely satisfying to observe on a far hillside cattle with heads down at something moving towards them, or to see sheep running in a distant field, and to know that "yonder he goes" just where one's judgment had decided he might be going. In an open country the pace is, of course, so fast that to be able to live with hounds in Leicestershire near enough to see which hound is cutting out the work, which most reliable at a check or, much more, to be able to mark the line of the fox, is practically impossible for an ordinary member of the field. That is unless he has a horse with an exceptional turn of speed and infallible jumping powers.

The average follower is too taken up with riding the line without mishap to have much time to spare for an eye for the hounds, even were they in his view, which is perhaps not often and then only as a flying mass of tan and black and white. It is then excusable, though possibly unfortunate, that the preponderance of riders in open countries tends to make them boast like the happy sportsman —or was it sportswoman?—who remarked at the end of a day's hunting: "I had a *marvellous* time! I was third all day!"

There are, of course, notable exceptions, and to them great praise is due; for hunting to ride is a much more enthralling pursuit in a fly country than in one where riders must frequently creep and crawl. Even in a heavily wooded country, however, one does not often find a great number of people who take a really intelligent interest in the science of hunting. Too many are apt to gallop madly after the man in front, without looking to right or left, and when their pilot stops, himself perhaps at a loss which way to go, they blame him "for leading them wrong." This is probably quite the worst evidence of the herd instinct and blind inability to think for themselves that people can show.

It is amazing that really intelligent men and women become quite childish out hunting and bring absolutely no thought to bear on a sport, which, at the best of times, requires a good deal of concentration. This applies more particularly to an enclosed country, where a follower cannot always go where hounds run and must decide rapidly which is the best way to take to get round to them.

Masters of Hounds might do a great deal more than they do to rectify this by encouraging their followers to come frequently to the kennels to walk out with hounds and look at them in the yards. By this means they will get to know individual hounds and to look for them out hunting. It is an incentive to watch a pack work when one has reached the stage of recognising a hound in the field as well as in the yard.

Walking a puppy is even more of an inducement to learn about hunting, and might be regarded more in this light by M.F.H.s than it is at present. The care of a puppy, particularly when the huntsman or kennelman can be summoned by telephone in case of an emergency, is nothing like such a risky responsibility as it is frequently made out to be.

Pony clubs, more especially in hunts where the Master takes an affectionate interest in the younger generation, have made great strides in teaching children to like hunting for its own sake, not for the honour and glory of the number of obstacles cleared in the course of the day. To children, anyway, must be allowed a good deal of licence for enthusiasm and love of speed and the spirit of competition. It is, too often, their elders who have had years of hunting, who come out with the intention of going as far and fast as they can, with little reference to hounds, or even fox. One cannot then expect an enthusiastic younger generation to ride quietly and with judgment.

Many modern hunting people are, of course, mounted on hired horses and, coming from a distance, perhaps have no stake in the country at all. It is not easy for them to take an interest in the work of hounds or even feel a flicker of sympathy for the hunt secretary. They do not know that he has to deal later with an irate Farmer Giles for damage done to stock by gates left open. But, with encouragement and judicious enlistment of their sympathy, even these people can be made helpful members of a field and not purely "passengers."

There is much to interest anyone in the breeding of hounds, or even hunt administration and the business of settling claims for poultry and damage. If all these things were made more public among the members of a hunting community they would tend to make people take a useful interest in their own hunt and so in hunting generally. To encourage a man's thought and sympathy is the most certain way to ensure his devotion, and in these days of anti-blood sport threats it is surely more than ever necessary to stimulate an intelligent outlook upon the science of hunting if that sport is to last any length of time.

BELOW THE WEIR ON THE RIVER CORRIB, GALWAY CITY

EARLY SPRING SALMON IN IRELAND

THERE is a certain resemblance between wild-fowling and spring fishing. Each calls for a Job-like patience and a Spartan indifference to bodily discomfort. For those deep depressions that we used to hear so much about are quite as likely to empty salmon pools as game preserves. So neither flight shooters in the cold, grey dawn nor would-be enticers of early springers get, as a rule, their just deserts. What in sober truth they do more often get are streaming colds. For never is the weather more incalculable than at this time of year. And weather is a factor which at long last makes or mars most sporting ventures.

Yet it is not the only one. Environment counts for a good deal. And this is especially true of salmon fishing, though here I will admit that the choice of a locality depends very largely on the length of the angler's purse. Salmon are never particularly cheap, nor, where they are most expensive, always easy come by. Yet sometimes men, more affluent than logical, increase their handicap. Without local knowledge or investigation of a river's history, they rent a costly beat for the very months in which, by all the laws of average, there will be little doing. It may not be in us to command success, but at least we can reduce the risk of failure by careful selection of our sporting playgrounds.

My point is this. As everybody knows, there are many first-class rivers in this country. But that is not to say that the best beat on the best of them will always be consistent. For the yield of a river depends upon the period during which it absorbs its biggest runs of fish, while that of a beat depends more on its situation. For, obviously, without sufficient water to enable them to run, salmon must stay put where they are. And so it may well happen that, while on the most expensive river in the best month of the year anglers are making whoopee in the lower pools, their brethren higher up are left lamenting. Against such conditions, of course, no angler can insure. But rather different considerations apply to early fishing, and as a rough guide to its possibilities they may be worth analysis.

First and foremost, a study of the map of Ireland will reveal that the earlier rivers are those which out-flow north and eastwards, while conversely those of the western coast are late. There are a very few notable exceptions, but, broadly speaking, this is the rule. It might even be suggested that Lough Swilly is the point of division between the early spring and early summer fisheries. Thence travelling east and south, you come in succession to the Lennan and the Bush, the Boyne and Liffey, the Slaney, Suir and Nore, and the Blackwater and Lee, all of which open between January and March, and have given of their best by May.

But if you travel counterclockwise you find that all the rivers of Western Donegal, from the Clady to the Erne, as well as those of Mayo and Sligo, Galway and Connemara, are at their zenith in late spring and summer. Many do not open until April; most of them fish best in June, although from this category one must exclude some of the more important Kerry fisheries. The Laune and Flesk, the Waterville and Caragh are instances of early rivers.

The factors influencing salmon migration, the variations in size of fish in different rivers, and the mystery of their return after their sea sojourns to their native streams, are all points of direct connection with early and late fishing; but they form too wide a field of exploration for me to cover with

SNAW BEG ON THE BALLYNAHINCH RIVER, CONNEMARA

THE OLD SALMON LEAP ON THE LIFFEY, NEAR LUCAN, CO. DUBLIN

any brevity. Much more to the point is the fact that salmon movement into fresh water is governed primarily by the temperature. And therein, I think, lies a simple explanation of the seasonal variations between east and west.

Salmon dislike intense cold, and their blood temperature is always about one degree higher than that of the waters they frequent. On the other hand, abnormal warmth, where, for example, a sluggish open river is exposed to hot sunshine, is injurious to their condition, and sometimes proves fatal. The accumulated experience of expert investigation over many years shows that the vast majority of fish are killed in waters of temperatures between 44 and 48 degrees.

Now turn once more to the map. Tracing those easterly rivers aforementioned you will find that they are all lengthy and for the most part slow to sluggish. Their angles of descent through gently undulating country are very gradual, and their estuaries very broad. The climate of their catchment area is generally temperate, but the Irish Sea, into which they run, is cold. The winter temperature of these rivers is, in ordinary seasons, probably a good deal higher than that of the sea, and consequently the salmon ascend them early in the year.

In the west the reverse is the case. First the Atlantic seaboard is under the influence of the Gulf Stream, while the rivers falling into it have diametrically opposite characteristics to those on the East Coast. With the exception of the Shannon and the Moy they are all shortish streams. Some famous salmon waters, like the Dawros and Ballynahinch rivers, are only a few miles long, and they all fall very steeply from their fountain heads in the hills. Being for the most part narrow, by comparison with eastern rivers, and rock-bound, a certain height of water is the essential condition to salmon getting into their upper pools.

And now look at their sources. Within a few miles of the sea there are in succession the Donegal highlands, the Lackagh and Ox Mountains, the Nephin group in Mayo, and the Twelve Bens and Maam range in Connemara. The Slieve Bearnagh, Slieve Mish, the Kerry groups, and the Caha range complete the list.

In winter and spring, even late spring sometimes, while the valleys are warm enough, snow is lying on these mountains, and every partial melting brings down torrents of ice-cold water rushing through narrow channels to the Atlantic. As has been suggested, the ocean tempered by the Gulf Stream is certainly much warmer than the fresh water, and so the salmon prefer remaining in the estuaries until the snow water has run off and the milder weather of May and June raises the river temperature.

To be brief, all I have attempted to suggest in this article is that, while early fishing must always be a gamble, it need not be a forlorn hope if some common sense is brought to the selection of a river. Personally, I do not think that the average angler, save in exceptional circumstances which attend most of us somewhere and somewhen, but not usually more than once or twice in a lifetime, does much good before mid-March. But here I am alluding to the average river also, because I only write out of the fullness (or paucity) of my own experience. I have never had the good fortune to fish the Bush, the Ramelton pools on the Lennan, or the Careysville or Lismore beats on the Blackwater.

There is plenty of private water on all the famous rivers, from the Boyne to the Suir, where, could one get busy in February, one would doubtless be able to record red letter days. But that we cannot afford oysters and champagne is no reason for denying ourselves a modest chop and bitter, and actually I have had some very pleasant experiences on lesser rivers. There are, moreover, several points in favour of early fishing. It is usually a good deal cheaper than later on, and there is always any amount of elbow room. Which not only means that in hotel fishing one has not to wait for beats in order of priority, but also that one has a longer stretch of water on which to ring the changes.

GREY MONKEY.

CARAGH LAKE, CO. KERRY, WHERE FINE SPORT MAY BE HAD IN REALLY BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

CHELTENHAM RUNNERS—THE JOCKEY CLUB AND WAR-TIME RACING

IT is regrettable that the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham next week has been cut from the usual three days to two, for apart from Liverpool this is the most important fixture of the jumping season. Maybe this shortening was unavoidable, but the reason is not clear.

However, the racing there will be good. Airgead Sios will make another attempt in the race for the Gold Cup on Thursday, to demonstrate that he is a champion. The distance has been reduced to three miles and though that may be in his favour, he never inspires me with confidence, in this class.

Rightun, another dashing chaser, usually runs on right-handed courses. He will be turning here to the left. Of Miss Paget's entries, Roman Hackle may be best, as both Kilstar and Le Cygne are being trained for the Grand National. Last year's winner, Brendan's Cottage, has not run for nearly a year and I am more interested in Beeby's other entry, Lord Bicester's Red Prince. Holygoblin is exceptionally good as a five-year old and though horses of his age seldom succeed in this race, I shall not be surprised if he does so.

Chief contestants for the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup on Wednesday will be much the same as last year, when Solford and Bahuddin, who were leading, fell at the last jump, and African Sister won. Each is a probable runner and African Sister may show that her previous success was not a fluke.

Anyone interested in racing, who can refer to the annual editions of the Racing Calendar for the years 1914–18, should read the published reports of the general meetings of the Jockey Club held, during that period, to consider matters of importance in connection with war-time racing. I have found them of exceptional interest, and the comparisons they afford with the present policy of the Jockey Club and prevailing conditions are very enlightening.

Soon after the last war started, the stewards, Captain Greer, Lord Wolverton and Lord Jersey—none of whom is now living—called a special meeting of the Club—and in so doing issued to members a circular explaining why they had thought it necessary to maintain racing where possible, and stating in considerable detail the extensive employment given by the sport and the industry of horse-breeding. The circular also referred to opinions received by the stewards from trainers, and to a meeting which they had held with the clerks of courses. It was published, together with a report of Captain Greer's speech and much of the ensuing discussion at the meeting. It was most informative to the racing public, and good, honest propaganda.

Similarly, on September 14th last, a special meeting of the Jockey Club was held to discuss the situation created by the latest war. All that was reported of these proceedings relative to this matter was Lord Harewood's statement that no racing would be possible before October 16th at the earliest, and the decision of the meeting to cancel the remaining fixtures for the year. Further meetings were held in November and December, but there is not a single word in the official reports about the negotiations or policy of the stewards in connection with war-time racing.

On at least one occasion during the last war the stewards' regard for public interest led them to order the publication of the weekly sheet calendar days earlier than usual, to give without delay a verbatim report of an important discussion. The public was able then to read of the difficulties and anxieties of the stewards, and to follow their conduct and views. The late Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby, Lord Crewe, and the late Lord Durham were among those who gave the stewards, and racing generally, the great benefit of their opinions and constructive criticism at these meetings.

If the existing criticism of the Jockey Club's war-time policy is in any respect unfair and mistaken the stewards cannot complain. The intense secrecy which they have maintained during six months of grave uncertainty reveals an astonishing lack of imagination which is most reactionary and quite inexcusable. Whatever may be said in favour of the autocracy of the Jockey Club in the past, its traditional methods are failing lamentably to meet the needs of the present situation.

The only indication which the stewards have condescended to give of their policy was contained in a brief announcement in the sheet calendar on November 9th, when they stated they would "do their best to maintain as much of the fixture list as is practical, and should the necessity arise, to substitute fresh fixtures at places where racing is permissible."

Since then the great number of people who are dependant on racing for their living, the many hundreds of owners who are keeping horses in training and all who are associated with the breeding industry have had to be content with that promise and with such fixtures as have been announced for this year's racing. Not the slightest indication has been given officially of the details of the situation as presented to the stewards from time to time, the considerations involved, nor of the difficulties which they have encountered. They do not appear to have thought it necessary to obtain the views or suggestions of such representative bodies as the Racecourse Association and the different federations of trainers. The Thoroughbred Breeders' Association did meet to consider the situation a few weeks after the war started, but the president, Lord Rosebery, himself an active member of the Jockey Club, pointedly remarked at the very beginning that it was not part of the functions of the association to "ginger-up" the ruling body.

A crisis exists in racing, deeply affecting a considerable section of the community and a national industry of some importance.

YEOMAN.

AIRGEAD SIOS *is in the field for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, and* AFRICAN SISTER *(right) will endeavour to repeat last year's victory in the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup*

OF MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S GOLD CUP ENTRIES ROMAN HACKLE MAY BE THE BEST

AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO THE ENGLISH TURF

THE champion horse in the United States last year was the three-year-old Challedon. He ran 15 races during that period, won nine of them and was unplaced only once. In two seasons he has been successful 21 times and earned $252,235 in prize money.

I have just received a copy of *American Race Horses* 1939 ($3.50), an annual review by John Hervey published in handsome form by the Sagamore Press, New York. The author, conforming to the general view, makes Challedon his "horse of the year" and describes him as "a colt that embodies, in a truly magnificent way, all that we through the centuries have come to consider the incarnation of the word 'thoroughbred'." The superlative merit of Challedon and particularly the authoritative opinion I have just quoted will be regarded with particular pleasure and interest in this country, as his sire Challenger II was bred at the National Stud and imported into the United States from England. Laura Gal, the colt's dam, is by the imported Sir Gallahad III (bred in France) out of Laura Dianti, by Wrack, twice winner of the Newbury Spring Cup and the champion hurdler before the late Lord Rosebery sold him to the United States.

It is only in the tail female line that Challedon's pedigree does not trace back quickly to British roots, though that soon introduces the Musket horse Trenton, allied to another of Challedon's several strips of St. Simon. Eventually the tail female is traced also to English origin—the mare Eltham Lass, which was imported about 80 years ago, being its founder in America. Trenton was brought from New Zealand by the late William Allison to stand at the Cobham Stud, in Surrey. Allison, as the Special Commissioner of *The Sportsman* used to advocate his faith in certain lines of blood to provocative excess, and not without self-interest, but from what I, as a much younger man, can remember of his propaganda and fetishism, it seems that his ideas about the value of Musket blood are being thoroughly substantiated.

CHALLEDON, SON OF CHALLENGER II AND LAURA GAL, ONE OF THE GREATEST THOROUGHBREDS EVER SEEN IN AMERICA

Its principal male line in this country comes from his son Carbine, through Spearmint, Spion Kop and Felstead. It has suffered periods of unpopularity, but Felstead is the sire of Rockfel, while Spearmint was the grand-sire of Bois Roussel, a reflection which brings me back to Challedon, whose maternal grand-sire Sir Gallahad III is half-brother to Bois Roussel, both being sons of the Spearmint mare Plucky Liège. Challedon therefore has two lines of Musket, one through Trenton and the other from Carbine.

Here is a short pedigree of Challedon :—

Sire : Challenger II	Swynford ..	John o'Gaunt.	Canterbury Pilgrim.
	Sword Play ..	Great Sport.	Flash of Steel.
Dam : Laura Gal ..	Sir Gallahad III	Teddy.	Plucky Liège.
	Laura Dianti ..	Wrack.	Lady Errant.

The late Lord Dewar bought Challenger II as a yearling for 5,000 guineas at the Newmarket July sales of 1928. Challenger was bred by the National Stud. Lord Dewar sent him to Fred Darling to train at Beckhampton. He won both his races as a two-year-old, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket. He was placed third in the Free Handicap, only 2lb. below the top-weight Diolite. Lord Dewar who had endeavoured unsuccessfully for the greater part of his life to buy or breed a potential Derby winner thought that he would at last achieve his ambition with Challenger, but, before the colt could begin his three-year-old career Lord Dewar died and the colt's engagements were rendered void. It was the alteration to this rule which enabled Cameronian, bred by Lord Dewar, to run for and win the Derby of 1931 for Mr. John Arthur Dewar.

In *American Race Horses*, Mr. C. J. FitzGerald relates that he was commissioned in 1929 by Messrs. William L. Brann and Robert S. Castle to buy for them a three-year-old in Europe "whose individuality and blood lines would warrant his place at the head of the stud they expected to establish in Maryland." Challenger II was in the market because of his lost engagements, and in considering this horse Mr. FitzGerald was of the opinion that the blood of Swynford would be most helpful to American families with their predilection for speed. Mr. Dewar, representing the State, asked £15,000 for the colt but eventually accepted £10,000, the limit of Mr. FitzGerald's commission.

Before he was shipped, Challenger accidentally injured a hock, and the consequence was that his purchasers could not fulfil their intention to race him for a while after his arrival in the United States. Up to two years ago, John Hervey tells us, Challenger II occupied an obscure position as a stallion in the United States. Few public mares were sent to him, so that as the result of his first four years at stud, his total produce was only 50 foals. A large proportion of these were bred by his owner, Mr. Brann, and raced by him. Due chiefly to the achievements of Challedon, Challenger II was the leading sire last year and he now commands a fee of 1,000 dollars.

Among the seven two-year-olds which the author considers worthy of inclusion in *American Race Horses* 1939, is the gelding Victory Morn, by Challenger II out of Bright Luna, by the imported Bright Knight out of the American-bred Kiluna. Bright Knight (Gay Crusader—Sunny Jane) was bred by Lord Astor, for whom he won good races and over £6,000 in England.

Another English-bred stallion, Cohort, is responsible for one of the best two-year-olds and a high-class three-year-old filly of last year's racing in the United States. Like Challenger II his stud career began on a lowly plane. Cohort is by the 1919 Derby winner Grand Parade (great-grandson of the famous American sire Hanover) out of Tetrabbazia, by the Tetrarch. Cohort was sold as a yearling by the Hamilton Stud to Alfred Sadler for 300 guineas in 1926 and was trained by Sam Darling to win two races as a three-year-old for Mr. H. Pulitzer, who races both in America and England. Later Tetrabbazia produced Singapore, by Gainsborough, and for this colt Lord Glanely gave 12,500 guineas, and won the St. Leger of 1930 with him.

Mr. Pulitzer sent Cohort to the United States and, as the colt did not stand training, he was sent to a Kentucky stud. There were winners among his first two-year-olds to run in 1933 but, when he was put up for sale in the August of that year, there was little interest in him and he was bought for 900 dollars by Mr. Horace N. Davis, at whose stud

CHALLENGER II, LEADING SIRE OF THE AMERICAN TURF FOR 1939 AND SIRE OF CHALLEDON, WAS IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

the horse had been standing. Cohort's fee is now 1,000 dollars!

Of the nine leading handicap horses in the United States last year two were sired by Sir Gallahad III, one by his brother Bull Dog, and another by Sickle, exported by Lord Derby. Sickle, by Phalaris out of Selene, is half-brother to Hyperion. Included also in his category are the imported horses Isolater and Kayak II. Isolater is by Blandford out of Priscilla Carter, an American-bred mare who was sent by Mr. William Woodward, Chairman of the New York Jockey Club, to his stud in Ireland. Priscilla Carter's first foal was the well-remembered Alcazar, a good winner for Mr. Woodward in England. Isolater was not raced here, but made his début in the United States as a three-year-old. Kayak II, winner of the world's richest race, the Santa Anita Handicap, was bred in the Argentine, by Congreve (by Copyright, son of Tracery) out of Mosquita by Your Majesty out of La Mouche by Cyllene. The eight great-grandparents of Kayak II were all British.

Mr. John Hay Whitney writes a foreword to this book and in it reminds those of us who are concerned about the care of the world's best thoroughbred stock during this war that "breeding is the corner-stone of racing, that the race is more important than the bet, and that a good horse deserves a good owner and a sympathetic public." "America," says Mr. Whitney, "has become the custodian of many sacred traditions while the world is at war. Racing is surely not the least important object of our trust at a time when it may be difficult if not impossible to carry on the sport in other countries."

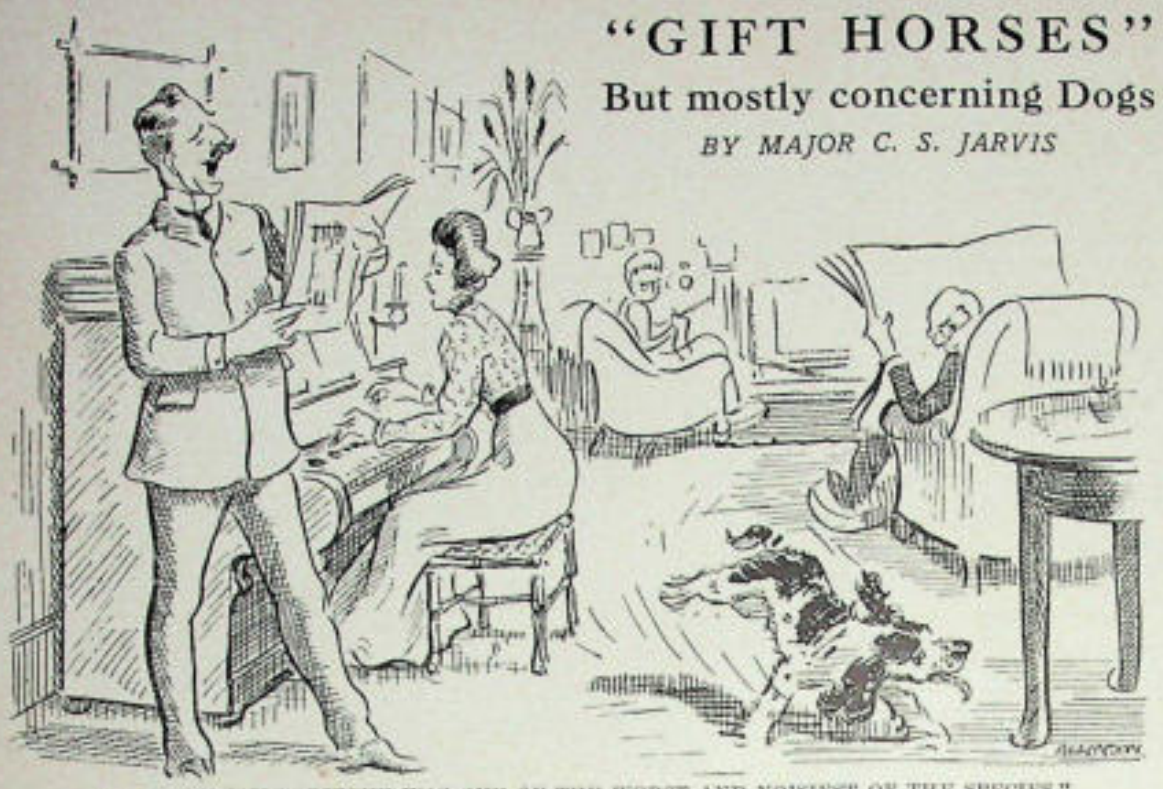
There is not a "close" season for flat-racing in the United States; it runs the whole year through. Over 2,100 racing days are arranged per annum, over 16,200 races are run and about 15 million dollars (roughly £3,000,000) distributed in prize money. In England, Scotland and Ireland, during the last full season of 1938, the number of flat-races was 2,418 and the total prize money £801,430. The average number of runners per race under Jockey Club rules is considerably higher than those for America, and Mr. Hervey remarks that there are now so many "stake" events that a sufficient number of horses of high class, in all departments, cannot be provided to make fields of adequate size and quality for these races. "Stakes" in America are the equivalent of our more valuable weight-for-age sweepstakes. There are single days in the height of the season when about 15 and 20 stake races are decided simultaneously in various parts of the United States and Canada.

YEOMAN.

"GIFT HORSES"

But mostly concerning Dogs

BY MAJOR C. S. JARVIS



"OUR FAMILY BARITONE WAS ONE OF THE WORST AND NOISIEST OF THE SPECIES"

I AM a great believer in proverbs, because whatever their origin they contain the germ of truth, and sometimes very stark and unpleasant truth. The only one that worries me is, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth," because I am not certain if the maker of the remark was being cynical, or merely uttering a principle of good manners; for it is a recognised thing in the best circles not to turn a present over to see if it is part worn nor look inside for the price ticket. Saint Jerome was the author, and I do not know enough about this gentleman to decide what was actually in his mind when he said it. As he was a saint we must hope he was not being cynical. Rabelais on the other hand had no such standard to live up to, and he had evidently been stung at some time or another, for according to him: "De cheval donné toujours regardoit en la guelle."

Actually, of course, the first thing to do with a gift horse is to look in its mouth most carefully, and having done this one should run over his hocks and his hoofs and everything that is his, and then send for the vet. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse is a real dud, or at the best it is some old veteran whose owner hates to put him down, and cannot afford his keep, but hopes that you can.

This little article, however, is not so much about gift horses as about dogs. My only excuse is that good titles are hard to come by, and if I do not call it "Gift Horses" I shall have to use "White Elephants," which is even farther from the mark. As a matter of fact, I have had only one gift horse in my life. He was an old polo pony from the 17th Lancers called James, and when I accepted him he was very old and had not a leg to stand on. There was, however, no question of deception over James, as I knew all about him. I understood that he was past all useful work, but, as his owner was leaving Egypt, it meant that either James would have to be put down or run the risk of falling ultimately into native hands. So I took him on because he was such a perfect gentleman and he had just enough left in him for a child to learn to ride.

In reality James's legs were not quite as bad as he thought they were. He was inclined to fuss. He used to worry himself, saying: "Dear, dear, my legs are worse than ever to-day; I know I'm coming down." But if he happened to get excited over the Saluki's hunting a fox, he forgot all about them for the time being, and went as hard and surely as anyone.

Then the necessity for old James as a child's mount ceased and he became a real pensioner. All that happened to him after this was two good meals a day, a nice bite of bersim hay, and some gentle exercise in the morning with the syce as a led horse. He was supposed to be fifteen when I first had him, and the years ticked past rapidly and unnoticed as they do in the East, until he must have been twenty-five. He was still in wonderful condition with a far better appetite than I have ever had, and he still took gentle exercise. Then one day a family of children came to stay, and the large party arranged to go riding every evening. There were not quite enough horses to go round, and to avoid disappointing a charming little person of eleven, who was quite a horse-woman, I raked out old James, warning her to expect a tumble in the sand.

I shall never forget the evening when James, saddled and bridled, was brought round with the other horses for the first time after eight long years of retirement. I have never seen a horse, or in fact anyone, so delighted and so proud. Here he was, after a long boring period of superannuation and relegation to the shelf, once again found fitted to take his place as an entity in the world, a horse to ride. I do not know if he Christian Scienced his legs or what he did to them: whether with his great spirit he was born afresh, but he went with the party and they went hard. He was going to show these young squirts—these five-year-old Arabs—that he was as good as anyone, and was, moreover, British. For two months, until the party broke up, he went out regularly for the evening's stiff eight-mile hack, and he never turned a hair.

At last the time came when I was due to retire, but James outlasted me, and was still alive and fit though he must have been in the region of thirty. Luckily I was spared the ordeal of putting him down, for my successor kindly took him over with all the other responsibilities of the post, and if old James is alive to-day, which is unlikely, he is having a very comfortable old age; and if he has passed on one can say with truth that he had a very good life and never suffered from an empty stomach.

James, as I have said, was my only gift horse, but I have had many gift dogs, as when one is stationed in Egypt one feels the responsibility of providing a home for the pets of those who leave the country, and who, for a variety of reasons, cannot arrange for the quarantine at home. Dogs acquired in this fashion do not come in the category of "gift horses," because a real "gift horse" dog has some major disability or criminal failing of which one knows nothing when the offer is made.

There was, for instance, the retriever I was asked to accept not long ago, but which I refused, for with advancing years my faith in human nature is becoming warped and shaken. He was a marvellous dog in every way with heaps of good qualities and only one bad one; and this his new owner only discovered when he had to pay a bill of £60 for worried sheep. Then not long ago a determined attempt was made to force a Cairn pup on me—a pup of the highest lineage and a prospective prize-winner—but I refused this suspiciously kind offer to learn afterwards that the dog was an idiot, entirely without understanding, and was stone deaf.

In my youth, however, before my sweet sunny nature became sour and cynical through contact with the world, I accepted every dog that was offered me. In those days I believed confidently that kind friends wanted to give me dogs from sheer goodness of heart and generosity. It never occurred to me for one moment that my gullibility was merely depriving the vet of his fee for the use of the lethal chamber. So I took them gladly, and then discovered to my cost how difficult it is for one mug to find another.

The first gift dog I remember was the Antimacassar, so called because she was useless, old-fashioned and always on a chair. There was nothing much wrong with the Antimacassar, except that she had never grown up and remained a blundering pup for the whole time I had her. When she entered a room she knocked down everything within range of her tail, and when left alone always chewed up some article. Sometimes it was a shoe, sometimes a hat, and sometimes a carpet, but it was invariably something of value.

She remains in my memory because of one sterling good deed she performed which no one else could have done. In those days we suffered from a blaring baritone in the family. Such a state of affairs would not be tolerated for an instant to-day, and besides we have the wireless; but years ago people used to sing! There were female sopranos, the mezzo of the species, tenors of doubtful sex, and very male baritones. The baritones were the worst because they were the commonest and the noisiest. The songs they sang were "The Bandolero," "The Postillion" and other roaring, rollicking ditties pitched in a major key. Our family baritone was one of the worst and noisiest of the species, and his voice was exceedingly painful. It affected us all, but the Antimacassar seemed to suffer more than anyone, as whenever the baritone reached a high note she rushed round the room with one ear on the floor.

The baritone kept his songs in the box where all the other music was stored; the soprano's "In Old Madrid," the mezzo's "O Promise Me," and the tenor's "Drink to me only," and one day we came into the room to find the contents littered over the floor. Every piece of music had been pulled out, and some of it torn to tiny shreds. When the ruin was examined and sorted out it was found that no damage at all had been done to the songs of the soprano, the mezzo, or the tenor, but everyone of the baritone's ditties had been torn to minute fragments and chewed to pulp. The baritone took the hint, and so far as I remember never sang again, and I shall always look back on the Antimacassar as a dog who appeared to be a fool, but who was in reality of outstanding intelligence and good taste.

Then followed other gift dogs with various failings and disabilities, until I come to Major. Major was the most wonderful-looking Laverack setter I have ever seen, for his body and head were perfect, and with his feathered tail and legs he was a fitting subject for the frontispiece of the *Field* or a leading gunsmith's Christmas calendar. To appear at a shoot with Major on a lead was to obtain a social standing and eminence far above that to which one was normally entitled.

Major was given to me by an old friend—or to be more exact, a Militia friend. That is to say we were brother officers in a Militia regiment, and therefore met for a month every year. I think the idea at the back of his mind was I would have forgotten all about it by next year's training. I remembered later that he did say something about Major being uncertain with snipe, which was the reason why he had to part with him. As a matter of fact I do not think he was more uncertain with snipe than anything else—the cause lay deeper than that.

I had Major for the whole of a season, and at the end found that I had very few shooting friends left. The trouble was they did not understand him; it seemed to them that he was a very bad unbroken setter with no nose, but when I saw him ranging and ranging and galloping unceasingly, going bang through coveys of grouse or partridges, flushing snipe and woodcock, and hares, and rabbits without checking his stride I had a feeling, amounting to a certainty, that Major was looking for something. It was not grouse certainly, nor any game bird that flew, nor was it any legitimate fur, but that he sought for something was unquestionable. What it was I have no idea; it might have been the Great Bustard, an ostrich, or even the Dodo, but whatever it was he never found it. On two occasions I saw him hesitate in his long stride and make a half set before he discovered his mistake, and the cause was, once a vociferous hen that had strayed far from the farm to lay an egg, and the other time it was a new-born lamb. After a short pause he gave himself a shake of disgust and continued his ceaseless galloping hunt for the "Unknown Thing."

I found a splendid home for him. I gave him to a sweet old lady with the same expression on her kindly face as Major's. She lived on Putney Common and they suited each other admirably, for they both liked a warm fireside, soft rugs and buttered muffins. On Putney Common, too, Major found a large stretch of country over which to roam and continue his quest. It had nice velvet turf, and on its wide-spreading acres he was just as likely to find that which he was seeking eternally as on some Scottish moor or Norfolk stubble, but I have a suspicion that he went to his grave without finding it.

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON—V

He Dines at the Craven Lodge Club

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen-picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to an old-time hunting man if he could return to it after a lapse of a hundred years

SOME time after the meet at Kelmarsh, Mr. Mowbray was invited to dine at Craven Lodge Club.

Since his unique experience was now well known, there was a large and distinguished company to meet him.

Mr. Mowbray discovered he still had an evening red coat and black tight-fitting overalls with a broad braid down the legs to conceal the three buttons at his ankle above his gold buckled pumps. He wore a tie which went twice round his neck ending in a large bow above his frilled shirt with three large diamond studs.

"HE NOTICED THE REST OF THE COMPANY WORE LOOSE TROUSERS AND PLAIN STARCHED SHIRTS, SMALL BOW TIES AND OXFORD SHOES"

He was worried at the late hour, 8.30 p.m. Why, in the old days by that hour they had usually almost finished eating, but of course not drinking.

On entering the room he noticed the rest of the company wore loose trousers and plain starched shirts, small bow ties and Oxford shoes. One or two of the younger men wore soft shirts like himself but without frills.

He was offered a cocktail.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Cocktails*, why they come from your country."

"Never heard of them, I'm afraid."

"That's strange," said Captain H. "Where was you ris?"

"If you mean, sir," said Mr. Mowbray stiffly, "where was I born, I was born in Maryland where gentlemen do not talk nigger language."

"Of course, of course," said the Duke. "Don't mind H, poor sap, he thinks he's a wit. They are drinks, gin, whisky or brandy mixed with vermouth, etc. But have a glass of sherry."

"Immediately before dinner," replied Silas, "I don't usually, but I thank your grace."

Mr. Mowbray was formally introduced to the company, most of whom he had not met except in the hunting field so only knew them by their Christian names.

"One change I note," he remarked to his host, Lord B, "is this Christian name fashion. I have known a man twenty years and never called him anything but his surname and usually prefixed by Mr. or Lord. Such a familiarity to a lady would have earned a slap in the face from her and a bullet from her husband."

"Heavens be thanked," said Lord S, "times have changed, or we'd all have faces like Dempsey and be as full of lead as a cartridge."

"Do you see any other changes round about here? All the old families you used to know have, of course, vanished," said Lord B.

"Are you sure they really have?" replied Silas. "I still see a Duke of Rutland at Belvoir, an Earl of Lonsdale at Barleythorp and an Earl of Sefton in control of the field, names well-known a hundred years ago."

"They say the Melton field changes every ten years," said Lord L. "I've been here a longer time than anyone except perhaps Tommy and Cissy Burns-Hartopp."

"Still, my lord, when I look round the company and think of those I used to meet, a great many of the names are the same."

"Not a dozen, I'll bet you," said Sir K.

"I wager you ten dollars I name twenty," said Silas. "It's before dinner, so I presume bets stand."

"Stand?" said Lord S.

"Why yes. It was a rule at the Old Club that no bet stood after the port had circulated the second time, unless confirmed in the morning, and then only if both sides were so willing."

"Well, I'm on," replied Sir K.

"Lord Ancaster, Baird, Burnaby, de Trafford, Lord Fortescue, Lord Milton, Hames, Drummond, Lord Exeter, Fane, Lord Lonsdale, Lowther, Foljambe, Hartopp, Heycock, Paget, Reynardson, Whichcote, Pochin, Manners, Sherrard, Wyndham, the Prince of Wales."

"Stop, stop. You win," said Sir K, producing a couple of notes.

"What a memory you've got," exclaimed the Duke. "But did the Regent hunt up here?"

"I remember him once staying with Sir Gilbert Heathcote," replied Silas, "and also at Gopsall. If I remember right he had had a day out in the Forest with a pack of harriers. He was very fond of hare hunting. Are they still going?"

"Mrs. Paget still keeps on old Otho's beagles, and there's a pack of bassets on the Harborough side, but harriers do too much damage these days; damn fools will school their bad horses with them and you can't expect farmers to stand for that in these hard times."

"Did you say Paget? Why that was the name of the gentleman who kept those harriers on the Forest for the amusement of his friends and neighbours."

"Anything to do with you P?" asked Sir J.

"Der know, believe G. yapped some rot about 'im," replied Mr. P.

Dinner being announced at that moment the party went in.

Silas found himself between the Duke of —— and Lord B.

His first shock was to find champagne being handed round almost with the soup, nor was he offered any alternative, though he noticed one or two men asked for a whisky, a drink no gentleman ever had on his table, anyway except in the form of hot punch.

He had been used to Madeira with the soup, hock with the fish, claret with the mutton, champagne with the entree, Burgundy with the goose, sweet liqueurs with the sorbet, etc.

Mr. Mowbray glanced at the menu. He was not a great eater and always left out a course or two at a grand dinner.

"Surely the steward has made some mistake," he whispered to the Duke. "This can't be the dinner."

"Why, what's wrong with it?" said the Duke.

"Why, oysters, one soup, one fish, a bird, a joint, and one savoury. Is that really all we are going to get at a grand dinner of twenty-four covers?"

"Good God! What more do you expect?"

"Is it then no longer usual to have two soups, two fishes, a couple of entree, as well as poultry and a game course before the sorbet and the final joint? Are sweets no longer served? There was generally a choice of three or four, as well as a cream ice, and always cheese, fish and vegetable savouries, but we never had any course before the soup."

"Good God!" gasped the young man sitting opposite. "You have to be a bit of a hog to go through this lot without a refusal." To the waiter, "Yes, barley water please, daren't touch champagne before hunting."

"That would make about sixteen courses," said Sir J. "You couldn't have eaten all of 'em?"

"Indeed we did, and a glass of different wine with each, and a bottle a head at least of black strap Port, none of your tawny port wine, to top up with."

The barley water drinker turned a delicate shade of green and relapsed into a gloomy silence.

"You're quite right, sir," said someone at the other side of the table. "When the Emperor was at B. we always had twenty-three courses, or was it twenty-seven?"

* Cocktails if not invented during the Civil War, 1861, were little known before that date.

"HE HAD HAD A DAY OUT IN THE FOREST WITH A PACK OF HARRIERS"

"Thirty-two," said Lord A. dryly, "one for every day in the month and one for luck. No, sir, those great dinners have been diminishing ever since I can remember, and the war quite finished them."

Within the space of three-quarters of an hour the table was cleared of the lace mats. Silas thought them very superior to the long strips or huge table-cloths, the removal of which so often proved fatal to some lady's head-dress.

Silas had drunk very little of the champagne, since none of the company had asked him to "take wine"; besides he wished to have a clear head for his elaborate impromptu speech, beginning "Until his grace mentioned my name, I had no idea I should receive so signal an honour as to be toasted by such a company."

During dinner he had been horrified by Sir K. lighting a cigarette before the savoury and had expected a stinging reproof from Lord B. but his lordship had only followed suit.

As soon as the table was cleared, the port was handed round. Silas refused it, preferring to wait for the claret, but no claret, or sherry either, made its appearance, and Silas was afraid he would be caught shy when the toast drinking began, and was glad when the port came round the second time.

Lord B. still remained seated. No one rose to propose the loyal toasts, Fox-hunting, Farming, the Army, the Navy, the Master, the Dog Pack, the Bitch Pack, and not least "Our distinguished visitor."

Silas sat silent, every moment feeling more uncertain of his well turned impromptus.

Coffee, brandy and cigars made their appearance. Men began to move their chairs. Several brought theirs up to where he was sitting, one or two sauntered off murmuring something about bridge.

Mr. Mowbray wondered if he had done anything wrong and confided in Lord G. asking if he should have started the ball a'rolling by proposing his host's health.

"Good God! No," replied Lord G. "Relics of barbarism, not done since George Washington discovered America in the Mayflower!"

"Then you are sure I should not have thanked Lord B.?"

"My dear fellow, if you had, the butler would have put you away painlessly with the humane-killer and buried you in the garden amongst the asses who were funny at breakfast."

Silas, rather under-fed and very under-wined, followed his host into the comfortable club lounge.

So this was why men were so thin and inarticulate.

No food, no wine, no speeches. *Eheu fugaces!*

(To be continued)

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

COTSWOLD.—Hounds met at the kennels on February 9th and gave us one of the best runs of the season. The first draw was Foxcote Gorse and a real good fox was viewed away in a moment—running down to the village and up to the Grove with hounds close on his back.

A brace of foxes were in front before touching Withington Hill, and it was interesting to notice the one fox sitting up like a hare, taking the keenest interest in the proceedings as hounds were working out the line of the other fox. Only at the advent of several of the field did he move off.

Hounds hunted exceptionally well through the wilds of the Colesborne country, and taking a left turn they streamed away over the Gulf to Withington Wood.

Running the whole length of this large domain, with a tremendous cry which fairly echoed across the valley, the pack went over the road just to the top of Chedworth Wood, where they overtook their quarry. Thus ended a real good hunt with a four-mile point over a rough country.

C.

CROOME.—On February 10th the meet was at Stonehall Common, where the very small field which turned out was well rewarded. The first fox of the day was hunted from Kempsey Common to ground behind The Nash. He was bolted and killed, and hounds proceeded to Pirton Pool. Once he had landed in safety on the far bank, Pavitt clapped hounds on to the line and they ran by Park Farm, over Kempsey Common, and thence by a circuitous route to Hatfield and Napleton back on to the Common once more. It was certainly "werry bad riding," but there was some galloping and jumping.

The fox had run from the Common towards the back of Kempsey village where the hunt came to an end after exactly one hour, and hounds were taken to Pirton Gorse. From there they ran a fox to ground in that well-known drain under the road at Pirton and accounted for him later.

The final hunt of the day was from Lickmore. Hounds disturbed a brace, and went away close behind one, which led through the Arboretum to Croome Church and over the Deer Park to Salt Baths. They came to a check there, but were able to work out the line slowly to The Standings where it failed altogether. And so home, with the music of hounds still sounding in our ears.

D. M. M.

WEST LODGE BEAGLES.—From Ganwick Corner on February 10th these hounds put up a brace of hares, which went away together from Monken Mead, the pack hunting them well by Rectory Farm and on to Hadley Church before swinging round and dropping down to Dead Man's Bottom. Both hares clapped by the Waggon Road and one got up in the midst of the pack, but escaped, and the brace again ran over to Hadley, always keeping within 50 yards of each other.

Having entered some smallholdings, where an exciting period ensued, the brace again went away, pointing for Wrotham until entering a spinney where they doubled back and ultimately evaded hounds near Long Hill after 2 hours 20 minutes.

On the 14th from Holwell Court Farm, a big hare got up near Cole Green and ran across the valley to the station, but, having squatted on the brow, she let hounds flash over her before recrossing the valley. Being headed near Cole Green, she went right-handed to Birch Green before crossing the lane into Panshanger where hounds were stopped by the river after a capital 50 minutes.

The next hare, from Birch Green, took them at speed to the Cowper Arms, where she slipped them, scent failing completely, for when a further brace got up, hounds could not hunt a yard.

At Botany Bay on the 17th, after finding by the brook below East Lodge, hounds hunted well to Rectory Farm before checking. There were several hares afoot here, but, after fresh finding their original pilot near the farm, they ran very fast in a big right-handed circuit by East Lodge and over the brook to the Viaduct, being run out of scent near Chase Farm after hunting for 1¾ hours.

Another hare from East Lodge crossed the brook to the Links at Crews Hill where hounds were stopped.

DRIFTER.

IRELAND

THE SCARTEEN.—On February 9th we met at Dromkeen Station. Eyon bog was blank, but a fox was found at Brittas Castle on the banks of the Mulkear River. Running over the Limerick–Limerick Junction railway he recrossed it again, almost immediately facing for Knockeyon covert, but, leaving it and Boher on the left, he wheeled right-handed over the Boher-Brittas road, and, still favouring the right, he reached the Mulkear River near Abbington and got to ground on the banks of the river at Drumleigh. This was a good hunt of about 40 minutes and over grand country without a strand of wire. Knockeyon was our next draw, where we found at once, and, getting away quickly, hounds began to run well in the direction of Boher, but unfortunately our fox turned sharp right-handed and was marked to ground under the railway bridge at Boher Station. On the way to Clashbane, our next draw, hounds marked a fox to ground near Knockeyon. We found immediately in Clashbane and hounds ran fast in a circle to Dromkeen House, where he took refuge in a shore.

On February 12th we met at Derk. There were a leash of foxes in the home covert, one of which unfortunately was chopped. Getting away on another, hounds ran past the house and on to Barna; leaving it on their right they continued through Woodville, where there were a brace of fresh foxes on foot. The main body of the pack stuck to their hunted fox, put him through the demesne and on to Newtown Ellard. Not delaying here, they ran over the hill of Rahard and across the valley into Cullen covert. Here, I think, we changed foxes, and hounds, leaving the top of the covert, ran right-handed around Cullen village and over the Limerick Junction road, then, turning sharp right by Longstone Hill, they ran out of scent facing for Newtown Ellard. Cross covert was blank, but Mr. Grace had his usual sure find for us at Castle Lloyd; but, as scent had almost completely failed, we had to leave.

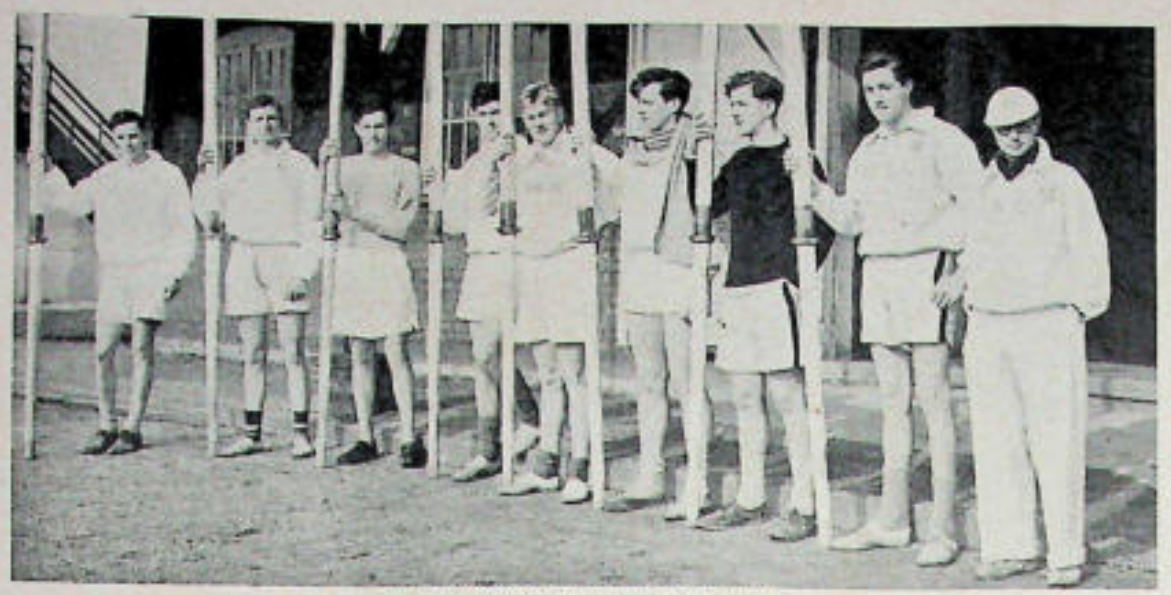
TIPPERARY.—On February 10th the meet was at Cloneen, and hounds quickly had a fox away from Burke's Firs. The weather was cold and scent good so that the pack fairly raced over the strongly fenced country to Ballinard Wood. Straight through the wood they ran, away for Bannixtown and then right-handed for Bennet's Hill. Another right incline took them to Rackeney and thence, with the field scattered to the winds, they raced across Knockelly and up the hill to Spike. Just short of the covert the fox turned again and, although hard pressed, made good his escape on the road at Curraghdehen after setting a truly wicked pace for 35 minutes. Spike provided the next; but he escaped after a fast burst to Peppardstown and hounds were taken to Coolmore. They opened immediately and were soon running their hardest, with the house on their left, to the Killenaule road where they checked. Mrs. Masters cast them down the road and they hit off the line in the bog beyond. With those fast bitches, Gallic and Bashful, racing for the lead, and the fox only a field ahead, the pack streamed away to Carrigeen Castle and Delaney's Furze. With never a check they ran on across the big enclosures beyond and, scaling the hill, marked their fox to ground in a shore under Mr. Guiroy's avenue at Peppardstown after 20 minutes at steeplechasing pace.

A bright cold day greeted us at New Inn on February 12th, and hounds quickly had a fox on the move in Marlhill Bog. There was a serving scent and the pack ran well to Rockwell back-gate where, turning left, they crossed the Bansha road and made for Hymenstown. Thence they circled over grand country towards Masterstown and Kelly's bog before throwing up on the cold scenting ploughs behind Marlhill. Ned Foley's timely halloa on the Cashel road gave Mrs. Masters the cue and the pace increased as they ran down to Hally's bog and right-handed towards Ballygerald. The fox was evidently tiring as, after running towards New Inn, he suddenly changed his mind and turned back for Marlhill. Here he gained time, as hounds checked on the main road and then could only hunt slowly through Marlhill and towards Kelly's before running out of scent, after a very enjoyable hunt of one hour and twenty minutes over some of the best of the country. The remainder of the day was rather disappointing as scent deteriorated and, apart from a quick burst from Dogstown to Rockwell, very little could be done.

WATERFORD.—After it had rained all night and early morning, the weather cleared up in time for the meet at Faha Chapel on Wednesday, February 7th. Carrigrea was the first draw from which a fox was soon away, going across the Faha-Stradbally and into Drumloan, where he got to ground and was evicted and killed. The next draw was Garranturtin Bog, where hounds soon found and ran over Garranturtin Hill and to ground near Grouse Lodge. This was a fast gallop of 15 minutes. Hounds then went to the Master's covert, Seafield Gorse, which is always a sure find, and it was not long before a brace of foxes were on foot. Hounds went away across the Brainan road; keeping to the right of the kennels, they raced across the New Line into Mr. Gray's farm, where they swung right-handed and back across the New Line, and hounds rolled over their fox under Seafield after 25 minutes over a nice line of country. As there was a second fox in Seafield Gorse, hounds drew it again and went away, leaving Mr. Patsy Power's house on their right, across the Ballylaneen road, over Currans Rock and into Carrig Castle; they then ran parallel to the Mahon River towards Bonmahon, but turned back into Carrig Castle, where hounds killed their fox, and so ended a very busy day's hunting.

T. C. V.

(Several accounts received have had to be held over but will be published in next week's issue.)



THE WINNING CAMBRIDGE CREW

E. P. Hawthorne (Third Trinity), K. L. Lea-Wilson (Clare), J. E. G. Wardrop (Jesus), A. W. Laurie (Selwyn), G. E. W. Holley (Lady Margaret), W. M. Turnbull (Clare), W. G. Billington (Trinity Hall), C. B. Sanford (Trinity Hall), stroke, A. Champion (Selwyn), coxswain

THE UNOFFICIAL BOAT RACE

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

LAST Saturday one of the biggest crowds I have ever seen at Henley gathered along the banks of the reach, crowded the bridge, and occupied every conceivable nook and vantage point to see the first war-time Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Indeed, one would scarcely have believed that we were at war when looking at the vast number of people that had assembled in the brilliant afternoon sunshine.

The stream which was running strongly, was ruffled by a stiff breeze, blowing as it seemed, almost directly up the course, although it came definitely off the Berkshire shore—not the best sort of conditions for rowing, but one might well imagine that the Thames, deprived of its usual scene of excitement at Putney, was doing its utmost to reproduce its Tideway manners at Henley instead! Cambridge had fitted small wash boards to their boat, for when Oxford won the toss and wisely chose the Berks side, the Light Blues were faced with a prospect of some rather tricky water in mid-stream.

Neither crew wore the familiar "Blues" of Oxford and Cambridge, for the short time available for practice, and the restricted course available, hardly reproduced full Boat Race conditions. A large proportion of the men, particularly in the Oxford boat, were freshmen—indeed there were only two old "Blues" in both crews put together. They were Sanford who stroked Cambridge to victory last year, and who was occupying the same place now, and Huse, last year's Oxford bow, who this year, in a very light crew, came in at 5 a few days before the race.

The stake boats had been moored over towards the Bucks shore about 270yds. below the normal Regatta start, and the finish was fixed about 60yds. above the Regatta finish—the course being identical with that for the Olympic Regatta of 1908. So strong was the wind that it was several minutes before Cambridge, who had been blown up against the reeds on the Bucks shore, could get clear. In spite of this the Rev. S. E. Swann, who acted as Umpire from the B.B.C. launch "Magician," got the crews off to a good start.

I thought Oxford rowed slightly the higher rate, though both crews struck about 20 in the first half-minute. Oxford gained a few feet, but then Cambridge lengthened out and, while dropping the stroke slightly going up the island, began to draw away. It was most noticeable at this point that Sanford's tactics in lengthening out early had given his crew the steadiness that they needed so much in the strong following wind, while Oxford were apparently still rather hurried.

At the top of the island where Oxford had to come out from the shelter again, I heard Champion call for "10." It was a brilliant move, and clearly won the race, for Sanford thereupon whipped up the Cambridge rate of striking at once and drew right ahead leaving Fanning, who had scarcely settled down, a difficult problem. Should he spurt too, or ignore this Cambridge challenge? He gallantly chose to sprint after Cambridge, but his crew had been taken completely out of their stride, and had lost the initiative.

The Light Blues continued to gain. I noticed Wardrop and Turnbull rowing well, and Billington was backing up Sanford's effort finely. Foot by foot they increased their lead, with Oxford fighting all the time, but I thought that Fanning was not letting his crew sit back long enough at the finish, though Tyser was clearly holding it out well. He and Huse were outstanding at this crucial point in the race.

At the Barrier, reached in 3 min. 15 sec., there was a length of daylight between the crews and Cambridge were still gaining. Sanford dropped the rate of striking down to 28, and still gained, though at one moment coming up to Fawley, I thought Fanning might pull Oxford through, for in a well-timed spurt some of the Cambridge lead was reduced. But it was all of no avail. Cambridge were over three lengths ahead at Fawley boathouse, and seemed almost to disappear away in the brilliant glare of the sunshine as it was reflected from the water.

The race was over. The leaders got a rousing cheer as they rowed past the banks packed with spectators—while Oxford got what seemed an even bigger shout for their gallant effort. I counted some 11 strokes rowed by the Dark Blues after the winners had eased, and Mr. C. W. Kent, who as usual acted as Judge at the finish, gave the verdict as 5 lengths. The winners' time was 9 min. 28 sec.

It was clearly Sanford's race, and his crew, which was almost half a stone per man heavier than Oxford, never looked like being beaten. Although neither crew could be described as in the Boat Race class, the standard they revealed under most trying conditions of wind and water was, in view of the short period of training, remarkably high. What is more, and, at this time, equally important—the Boat Race tradition has been well maintained, and one could not help wishing that most of those who rowed last Saturday should have a chance to show what they can do between Putney and Mortlake.

When the first Boat Race ever rowed was held at Henley in 1829, Oxford won; but I think even the crowds which, we are told, raised a shout "that rose among the hills" could hardly have been more numerous or more enthusiastic than those who saw the second Boat Race rowed at Henley and Cambridge avenge a defeat of just over a century ago, in a most convincing way.

The crews were as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE.—E. P. Hawthorne (Westminster and Third Trinity), 10st. 2lb.; K. L. Lea-Wilson (Monkton Combe and Clare), 11st. 11lb.; J. E. G. Wardrop (Shrewsbury and Jesus), 12st. 10lb.; A. W. Laurie (Monkton Combe and Selwyn), 12st. 11lb.; G. E. W. Holley (S. Africa and Lady Margaret), 13st.; W. M. Turnbull (Geelong and Clare), 13st. 3lb.; W. G. Billington (Loretto and Trinity Hall), 12st. 11lb.; C. B. Sanford (Eton and Trinity Hall), stroke, 12st; A. Champion Northampton and Selwyn), cox, 8st. 4lb.

OXFORD DURING THEIR EARLY OUTINGS AT HENLEY

OXFORD.—J. E. Tickler (Radley and New College), 11st 3lb.; J. C. B. Deakin (Beaumont and Hertford), 10st. 6lb.; C. E. L. Thomson (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), 12st. 2lb.; E. de V. Bolton (Radley and Trinity), 11st. 10lb.; G. Huse (Latymer Upper and Oriel), 12st. 10lb.; R. D. Hill (Radley and New College), 12st. 12lb.; A. Tyser (Eton and Trinity), 12st. 10lb.; P. L. Fanning (Radley and Queen's), stroke, 10st. 3lb.; H. D. Hicks (Mount Allison University, Canada, and Exeter), cox, 9st. 4lb.

EPISODE, 1940.

As I limped up the barrack road
(Poor ghost of long-lost martial gait),
There passed a pleasant episode,
On whose brief charm I meditate.

A cyclist, battle-dressed and bland,
All gallantry from cap to clips,
Saluted me with smart left hand,
A fine cigar between his lips.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

WINTER DUCK SHOOTING

By J. C. M. NICHOLS

CAMOUFLAGE WHEN THE MARSHES ARE SNOW COVERED

ALTHOUGH duck shooting in its various forms may be enjoyed the season through, it may still be termed "par excellence" a winter sport, and comes as a seasonable diversion when the game shooting is drawing to a close. Duck shooting in line and rhyme has been largely associated with old-fashioned winters—frost and snow—the poet's "glad hard weather" that brings the ducks and geese from the bitter north-east; and so it is commonly accepted that hard frost, etc., is a *sine qua non* for successful fowling. In actual practice this is far from being the case, and all will depend on the situation and lay-out of a given shooting ground.

Thus, wherever the natural attraction for wildfowl consists in open fresh water, the weather conditions which bring sport to the coastwise gunner will mean the very reverse to the owner of an inland duck shoot; for as soon as his water is completely laid with ice, good-bye to the ducks until the thaw comes again.

First to quit are the teal and pochard; mallard and wigeon are more reluctant to leave and will hang about a favourite broad as long as there is any water left unfrozen, but presently they too will be off to the coast. Though not in every respect desirable neighbours, a few swans are useful birds to have on your water during a frost, as by swimming to and fro they will keep pools and wakes open for a considerable time. I have known mallard (but no other sort of duck) to return regularly in some numbers to a favourite decoy when absolutely frozen up, to take their daytime siesta sitting on the ice and sunning themselves; but this is perhaps an exceptional case.

Of course, occasional sport can be found by following the banks of some swift-running stream, unaffected by the frost, for it is here that you may chance to find any birds that have not left for salt water. During the prevalence of open winter weather, ducks of all species (if we except sheld-ducks and some of the divers) make very little show during the daytime either on the coastal saltings or in harbour, so that anyone unacquainted with their habits might suppose there was not a duck in the district. The hours of daylight are spent by them in resting quietly at sea or it may be inland on some favourite lake or broad, and not until nightfall with the evening flight will their numbers be apparent. But with the advent of real hard weather the sporting prospects of the humble shore gunner are very much bettered.

Not only will the local stock of wildfowl be doubly reinforced by frozen-out refugees from inland and "foreign fowl" from overseas, but, being "gentled" by the cold (as the Sussex gunners would term it) and pressed for food, ducks of all species will now be found to show up much more in the daytime. This is especially noticeable on the first day or two of a real cold snap, particularly if accompanied by any considerable fall of snow.

It is remarkable what unexpected opportunities of sport may be brought about by a sudden snow squall; possibly (as has been my luck to experience on several well-remembered occasions) a regular flight of ducks or geese at mid-day, and clean against all the "rules of the game." During a heavy storm birds seem half lost or unable to determine which is the "better hole" to make for, a great opportunity this for the gunner, who should be out betimes, clad in his warmest fowling-kit and prepared (if need be) to spend the whole day in ambush on the saltings.

During a snowstorm, etc., one should be ready for a possible shot from the most unlikely quarter imaginable. In such weather I have met a wigeon drake flying up the main street (at Wells), and on a similar day in November of 1919 a little party of grey geese, in Minster Road, Hampstead, which were barely clearing the chimney pots. I need hardly add that on the latter occasion I was gunless. Of course, a blinding snowstorm, though helping to confuse the birds, can also be a considerable handicap to the gunner; when ducks and geese appear suddenly like ghosts amid the driving snowflakes, and ghost-like, vanish again, almost before the gun can be lifted to them.

A white cap or hood and an overall coat of the same colour will be found very helpful in the way of camouflage when the marshes are snow covered. Your coat must be roomy enough to wear over your very thickest outfit without cramping the arms, and, for the same reason, a gun which is stocked at least an inch shorter than your "usual," and which is not too heavy for a quick lift, is to be preferred, especially if shooting is done from a sitting position in pit or hide. I myself am sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer leather "sea"-boots to any sort of rubber contraptions, but this is a matter for individual preference.

The first of a thaw, after long-protracted frost and snow, is also a good time for the shore shooter to be out and busy; when ducks and geese (especially the latter) will be anxiously questing the greenest and softest spots of their feeding grounds.

The winter of 1938-39 will be remembered by most duck shooters for some remarkable sport, particularly during the first of a severe cold snap, which came a few days before Christmas. Ducks of all sorts were abundant on the east and south-east coast, and brent geese also. Wigeon were in countless thousands, and with them quite a fair sprinkling of pintail. I have never seen more wigeon in the air at once than one afternoon in January, 1939.

It was towards the end of the month and I had taken a Sunday walk across the Pulborough marshes towards Wigginholt, just for the pleasure of seeing the ducks. For miles the marshes were flooded, but only to a depth of a few inches, making a perfect stronghold for the wigeon. I will not attempt to estimate their numbers; but when the main body rose the sky was dark with them.

We made several attempts to get on terms with them at flight, etc., but with little success. One very promising day was completely spoilt for legitimate flight shooters by a miscreant in a motor boat, who was "chug-chugging" about up and down the river channel as if he expected to catch ducks by the tail.

Of all our native ducks the wigeon is my favourite. Mallard are fine sporting birds, they "fill the eye" well on flight, and hit the ground with a satisfying thump when the aim has been straight; but for sheer beauty, speed of flight and all that appeals to a sportsman, give me the wigeon. Incidentally, I have found them almost invariably good table birds, be the weather soft or hard. Mallard are good enough when feeding inland; but when driven to feed on the shore, by stress of hard weather, they will eat any rubbish that they can pick up, and soon become lean and rank; as bad and "fishy" as any ducks can be.

Mallard when once they are locally settled in their habits and have got a good lead on a certain flight-line, are tolerably dependable, and their movements can be foretold with some confidence—but it is not so with the wigeon. Wigeon-flighting under the moon is of all fowling the most uncertain. On some nights their feeding grounds will be thronged with birds; on others, under exactly similar conditions of light and tide, etc., not a feather to be seen or even heard. To give an example of the paramount importance of being in the right spot at the right time, I can instance a capital day's bag which was made on Christmas Eve of 1938 by a young sportsman of my acquaintance.

The locality was a small south country harbour which, as the shooting is entirely free, is apt to be badly over-shot if and when there is any prospect of making a bag.

The weather was bitter enough to dishearten all but the keenest of wild-fowlers; blowing hard from the north-east, and snowing practically all day. However, my friend, who had proceeded by boat to a point on the harbour channel which was well favoured by the ducks, and where owing to conditions of tide, etc., he was practically marooned and unhampered by the proximity of other gunners, was well rewarded for his enterprise; his bag for the day was 22 ducks, all of them (if I remember right) being wigeon, except two, which were pintail.

Two days afterwards I was out on the same ground. The day was clear and fine, but the frost still held like iron.

It was a scene that might have gladdened "Hawker" himself. The whole country under a deep mantle of snow, and great flocks of wildfowl riding at sea or flying restlessly along shore just out of harbour. But alas for our hopes of sport; the good news that plenty of fowl were "in" had evidently been spread abroad, and every point of vantage along the sea wall was occupied by one or more guns, some of them blazing away indiscriminately at gulls and what not, others patrolling the shore like patient sentries or as if they expected to walk into birds in the open!

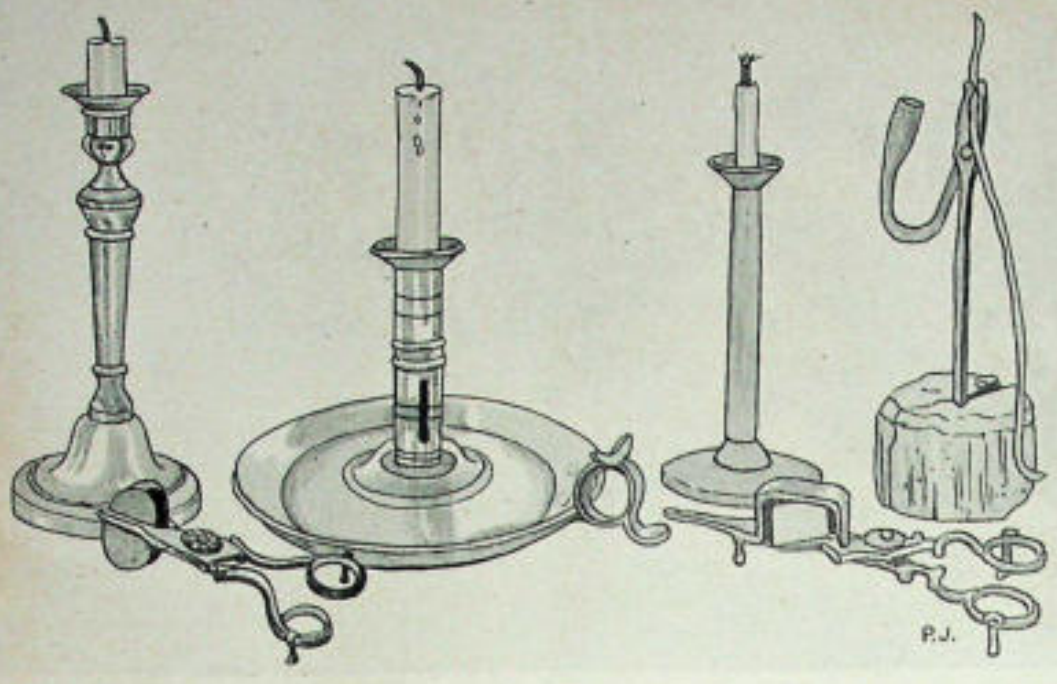
Of the thousands of ducks to be seen in the offing few indeed ventured to fly up-harbour that day, which was hardly surprising in view of the army waiting to welcome them. For myself I did not fire a single cartridge all day; but such is wild-fowling luck.

Talking of pintail, it is not a little remarkable how very much more plentiful these handsome ducks have become in this country during the last ten or fifteen years.

Previous to 1924 a pintail was, to the east or south coast gunner, a rare prize indeed; nowadays the pintail is well known both in Norfolk and Sussex, and, I believe, on all our coasts, and has on occasions figured remarkably in a day's bag.

I have before me a letter from the owner of a well-known duck shoot on the Norfolk coast, relating to a good day's shooting during the same cold spell I have already quoted. The writer states that the first eight ducks which fell to his own gun that morning were all of them pintail. I know of nothing to account for the great comparative increase in this species of duck, but the fact is undeniable, and much the same may be remarked about the shoveler, which seems recently to have become much commoner, not only as an autumn and winter migrant, but as a nesting-bird also.

I have always considered the shoveler somewhat of a "summer fowl," for the most part leaving this country in early autumn, to winter (possibly) in France or Spain. But odd birds are certainly to be obtained in mid-winter. Quite the finest shoveler I have ever handled, a drake in perfect plumage, was shot by my brother Charles on the Arun a few days before Christmas, 1938, and I have several older records of birds shot in January and February. For various reasons I have not had a single day at ducks this present season, nor have I any up-to-date information concerning the doings of others more fortunate, but I imagine that the recent severe frosts must have brought plenty of fowl on to some parts of our coast.



CANDLES, CANDLESTICKS AND SNUFFERS

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. L. JULYAN

PERHAPS the greatest advance in any domestic art is that made through the centuries in the lighting of the home, and just now the benefits of good illumination have been brought very forcibly home to us. In Saxon times the housewife was content with the flame that would come from using any sort of wick stuck in a lump of fat. For convenience this was stuck on a pointed piece of wood called a candel-stick. The name was later applied to any type of holder for a candle. When branched to hold more than one light it was called a beam or tree, and in old inventories there is often references to beams and trees with candlesticks.

The Normans made use as far as possible of the hours of daylight. They supped early and retired and made little use of artificial light in the house. We are apt to look on the Curfew bell as a Norman imposition on the conquered people, but it was more in the nature of a wise precaution in the days of wooden houses. William Rufus would not allow the use of candles in his Royal palace, and when Henry I sanctioned them it was considered such a noteworthy event that William of Malmesbury thought it worth while placing it in his historical records. Necessity is generally the mother of invention, and the fashion of later hours led to much progress in candle-making. In the thirteenth century wicks were made from reeds and bulrushes, and it was a long time before thread and cotton wicks came into use. Candles were generally home-made, but a tallow-chandler is mentioned as early as the reign of Edward I, and at that time candles were sold at twopence a pound. But in the great houses a room called the Chaundry was set apart, and a Chaundeler took charge of the candlesticks, such lamps as there were, the prickets and snuffers, and to him fell the task of making or procuring adequate supplies of candles.

In medieval times squires and yeomen held torches in the halls to light the company at supper time. These were generally made by steeping pieces of rope in tallow, pitch, oil, and resin. Obviously this was an inconvenient system and later the tables were more generally adorned with candelabra. Some of these were elaborate and gave scope for the silversmith's best work, while in the mansions of the rich they were sometimes of pure gold. In the eighteenth century candles were the most usual means of artificial light, but up to about 100 years ago cottages used home-made rush-lights. These continued in use in isolated districts until comparatively recent times, and only a few days ago a lady described to me the rushlight making in a Welsh farmhouse in Victorian days. In summer the women and children collected the rushes. Then they peeled away the rind from the pith leaving a thin strip of rind to give stability. The peeled rushes were dipped in molten grease—mutton fat being most commonly used because it dried harder and also it was not so useful as other household fats for cooking. William Cobbett gives a full description in his "Cottage Economy."

Whatever fat was used for the rushlights it seems beeswax improved it, and bees were esteemed as much for the wax as the honey. A good rush-light would burn for an hour, and gave a good clear light. In this way a poor family could get 20 hours' satisfactory light at the cost of a penny, and, as they went to bed early, lighting expenses were low. Holders for rushlights varied in form. Early ones consisted of an upright piece of iron with jaws and spiked into a wooden block. The rush was held in the jaws and it was generally the task of a child to keep an eye on it and move it up as required. The movable jaw ended in a knob, scroll or socket—the latter type being designed to substitute rush candles or the early form of tallow candles for the rushlight when desired. Rush candles were dipped many times in the fat and were thus much thicker than the rush dips. Later fibre and cotton wicks were substituted for the rushes, but the candles were still made by dipping.

Rush dips and tallow candles were kept in round sheet iron or tin boxes to protect from mice. Later on candles were made in moulds generally constructed to hold six, and this was an essential part of kitchen equipment until home-made candles went out of fashion. There was for some years a candle tax of a halfpenny a pound for tallow and fourpence a pound for wax, but a family could compound for a shilling a year per head. In 1721 the tax was doubled, but in 1831 an enlightened Parliament repealed it.

After the jaw and socket holders came a great variety of types of candlesticks, some of simple construction and some very elaborate. The early ones were of iron. Then came pewter followed by brass and Sheffield plate. Some candlesticks were intended for carrying about the house and some were fixtures or stood on the floor. Very long telescopic forms were in use for lace-making and other home occupations needing good light.

Snuffers were a necessary accompaniment of the earlier candles. Some of these were of iron and of simple design. Later more elaborate brass ones came into favour and for special occasions silver-plated ones of artistic form were used. These stood on trays when not in use. It was the task of the children, the lower servants, or the wayfarer enjoying hospitality to keep the candles snuffed. Because of the unpleasant odour of a smouldering candle when blown out and of the inconvenience of extinguishing with the fingers, special extinguishers were introduced, and these were of varied designs.

At last a plaited wick with a special strand on one side caused the burning end to curl over and to be consumed, and thus snuffing was obviated. This achievement told a long and interesting story from the fragments of candles in the British Museum supposed to have been made in the first century. Rushlights and candles were for centuries lighted by a burning brand from the fire or by the flint and steel. These articles were later combined with a tinder box, and in time the tinder boxes had a candleholder on the lid so that once the light was obtained it could be taken round the house to light up. Then came matches made by dipping thin bits of wood in brimstone, and finally our present-day safety matches.

Most of these things have now gone the way of the old grease pans, dipping boats and candle boxes. But candlesticks remain, and the modern candle is a standby when our electric systems occasionally go wrong. During the black-out of these latter months the candle has almost come into its own again and many attractive candlesticks which have for years been consigned to the attics or regarded as antiques and displayed prominently elsewhere have again been commissioned. But the extinguishers and snuffers, the tinder box, and the rushlight holders are bygones—but relics of human achievement and advance closely associated with domestic arts and domestic life, and as such they are worthy of the prominence now being given them among the interesting collections of other days.

The plate shows some articles in the writer's possession. On the right there is a rushlight holder, with an additional socket for the thicker rush dips. This is mounted in a piece of fir tree. It came from the old Hostel of God Begot at Winchester, and was said to be very old, though the addition of the socket for the dip is supposed to date only from the beginning of the eighteenth century. The candlestick next to it holds the tallow candle which followed the dip. It is made of thin sheet iron and came from Ashbourne. It probably dates back about a century. Then comes the ordinary house candlestick of Victorian times with the modern candle. It is provided with a handle for convenience in carrying it about the house and a wide saucer-like base to catch any drops of grease. On the left there is the usual mantelpiece candlestick such as became an ornament in every cottage after lamps took the place of candles. This specimen is old as is shown by the good quality of the metal.

In front, on the left, there is a pair of iron extinguishers used to obviate the unpleasant odour from the smouldering tallow candle if merely blown out. On the right there is a pair of old iron snuffers for the rushlights and tallow candles. These have a tray which has not been included. Among my collection there are others of various shapes and some of elaborate design and plated.

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THE ENTRANCE TO TAILOR'S HALL, EDINBURGH

The Tailor's Hall Building was erected in the seventeenth century by The Tailor's Incorporation of Edinburgh. Much restoration work has been done in Culross and the Palace dates from 1597

Will F. Taylor

ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE PALACE, CULROSS

PRESERVING SCOTLAND'S SCENERY AND ANCIENT BUILDINGS

Eight Years' Work of the National Trust for Scotland

By SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

IN the early part of the present century the people of Britain displayed a lukewarm and almost indifferent attitude to all attempts made towards the preservation of the countryside. Even the fact that the far-sighted outlook of a few enthusiasts in 1895 resulted in the formation of the National Trust failed to make any great impression upon the general populace, without whose co-operation any attempt at countryside preservation must be limited in progress. Consequently, although properties were acquired and much useful spade-work achieved, public interest in the Trust's work had not been aroused to an extent large enough to make it a real power in the land.

It was not until the years following the great holocaust of 1914–1918 that attention was drawn to the paramount need of countryside preservation. Then all the forces of "development," which had laid in abeyance for four years, were let loose with relentless vigour. The coming of better transport facilities made it possible for people to live in the country and work in the towns, and both towns and cities began to thrust gigantic tentacles over the countryside.

But townsmen do not become countrymen within the space of a few years. The majority of them had no knowledge of the traditional architecture of the countryside and this led to the construction of housing estates and isolated houses of colourful materials which soon scarred the fair face of Britain. Only when a great deal had been irrevocably lost was the widespread destruction checked and belated town and country planning schemes brought into operation. As Mr. S. P. B. Mais has pointed out in one of his books: "If enough people decide to live on the Downs, there are no Downs left to live on. We are too apt to forget the truth of the adage: 'Corruptio optimi pessima.' Lilies that fester do indeed smell far worse than weeds and a built-over Downland is far uglier than an ordinary suburb."

The popularising of walking and cycling and the advent of facilities for cheaper and better motoring led to the townsman appreciating the beauty of the country. More and more people got to know of the work of such bodies as the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the National Trust. Talks on the need for careful and planned preservation of the English scene were broadcast; the newspapers championed the new cause, and societies and individuals subscribed generously to the funds of the two bodies mentioned. The most heartening feature of this present decade, so far as the lover of the English countryside is concerned, has been the rise of the National Trust to the position of being one of the largest land and property owners in the Kingdom.

So far in this preamble I have been mainly concerned with the English scene. What of Scotland? Much the same story of countryside spoliation could be told. Granted, the finest scenery in Scotland is far away from the towns and has been saved from the activities of the speculative builder, but south of the Grampians industrial and commercial development had left its mark.

Inspired by the splendid work of the National Trust in conserving beauty spots south of the border, a band of enthusiasts formed the idea of commencing a similar body to operate in Scotland and in 1931 the National Trust for Scotland was established for the purpose of promoting "the permanent preservation, for the benefit of the Nation, of land and buildings in Scotland (the expression 'land' being held throughout these presents to include lochs and rivers) of natural beauty or historic interest; and as regards such land, to preserve (so far as practicable) its natural aspects and features and animal and plant life."

At first, the National Trust for Scotland was just an ordinary non-profit-earning public company, but as soon as it had established a record of substantial achievement and a representative membership, it applied for Parliamentary approval and in 1935 it received powers to hold property in perpetuity on behalf of the Nation.

It will thus be seen that, like the English Trust, this Scottish organisation is a National body, but it must not be thought that, as in the case with H.M. Office of Works and other public departments, it receives any financial aid from the State. On the contrary it is entirely dependent on voluntary support in order to carry on its good work in the protection of Scottish scenery and traditional architecture.

Although only eight years old, the National Trust for Scotland has a splendid record of achievement and is the owner of some 40 properties in different parts of the land. These comprise ancient monuments, historic buildings, castles and battlefields, mountains and open spaces, the latter including some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery in the country.

One of the most arresting properties is at the foot of Glencoe where the acquisition of some 2,500 acres of land, including the site of the massacre, not

PRINCE CHARLIE'S MONUMENT BY LOCH SHIEL MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE CLANSMEN GATHERED FOR UPRISING OF 1745

BUACHAILLE ETIVE AT THE ENTRANCE TO GLENCOE, SCENE OF TREACHERY AND MASSACRE

J. Dixon Scott

only frustrated a projected building scheme but also ensured that the whole glen should be vouchsafed from exploitation for all time.

Links with Bonnie Prince Charlie are to be found in many parts of the country and, appropriately enough, some of the places associated with the ill-fated Prince have come into the possession of the Scottish Trust. Among them is the monument at Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel, beside the far-famed Road to the Isles, which marks the spot where, on August 19th, 1745, Prince Charlie and his clansmen unfurled their standard and began the ill-advised rebellion.

Set into the wall of the monument are three large metal tablets, inscribed in Latin, Gaelic and English, which tell how the column was erected by Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale to commemorate "the generous zeal, the undaunted bravery and the inviolable fidelity of his ancestors and the rest of those who fought and bled in that arduous and unfortunate enterprise." Another property is at Culloden, where on April 16th, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland and his army fell upon the broken forces and gained a victory which put the rebellion to an end. Here an area of 1¼ acres near the graves of the Clans belongs to the Trust and included in this possession is Leanach Cottage, said to have been used as headquarters by Prince Charlie himself during the battle which put an end to his hopes and ambitions.

northern fortification is nothing like so striking in appearance as the Northumbrian one, being composed of turf instead of stone.

The Trust has been successful in acquiring some very fine sections of the wall in the vicinity of Falkirk. One part is situated just to the west of the town; a second consists of a portion of the fort of Rough Castle which lay on the wall about a mile farther west, and the third is a good stretch of the actual wall beyond Bonnybridge.

Some time ago there was a great deal of talk of trans-shipping the late Sir James Barrie's birthplace at Kirriemuir, Angus, to the United States, but fortunately Mr. D. Elliott Alves stepped in and purchased the property which he handed over to the National Trust for Scotland. Behind the two-storied house is the wash-house believed to be the original of "Wendy's House." This property is now being equipped as a Barrie Museum.

In Kirkoswald is Souter Johnnie's Cottage, the home of Robert Burns's "Souter Johnnie" which contains many relics and associations with Scotland's national poet, and in Cromarty the Trust has acquired the seventeenth century cottage in which Hugh Miller, the geologist, was born. Miller's own description of this property is interesting. "I was born in the long, low house," he records, "It has been built, I have every reason to believe, with Spanish gold. It was a humble erection, three rooms

Edinburgh, of course, is rich in specimens of the old type of Scottish architecture and has afforded the Trust with plenty of scope for its activities. A block of buildings known as Gladstone's Land, in Lawnmarket, has been acquired and while repair work was in progress some interesting seventeenth-century painted ceilings and mural decorations were discovered. Naturally, these have now been preserved. The discovery of columns in a part of the building known as the Arcade led to further investigations being made and it was found that these originally formed part of a covered way on that side of the Lawnmarket. These have been restored and are of special interest on account of their being the only remaining fragments of the arcading which was a common feature of portions of the Royal Mile in ancient times.

On the south side of the Cowgate the picturesque Tailors' Hall Buildings, erected early in the seventeenth century by the Tailors' Incorporation of Edinburgh, have also been acquired, and Stenhouse Mansion was gifted to the Trust by the Greyhound Racing Association in 1937. Over the main doorway of this fine old place, whose steep pitched roofs and crow-stepped gables make it a particularly picturesque building, are carved the arms and initials of Patrick Ellis, merchant of Edinburgh, and the date 1623, while on the lintel is the inscription "Blisit be God for All Gifts." Inside are some moulded plaster ceilings of the period of Charles II.

J. Dixon Scott

Will F. Taylor

A CORNER OF THE OLD PALACE AT CULROSS AND THE GRAVES OF THE CLANS ON CULLODEN FIELD

In the Solway Firth, several small islands have been acquired. These include the Murray Isles, which lie off a beautiful section of the coast, near Gatehouse of Fleet, and Rough Island, which is some 18 acres in extent and lies at the entrance to Rough Firth opposite the small fishing village of Rockcliffe. This last-mentioned island, which can be approached from the mainland at low tide, is now maintained as a bird sanctuary.

Quite a number of the Trust's possessions are of antiquarian interest. Balmerino Abbey, for instance, is a thirteenth-century Cistercian monastery and a considerable amount of excavation and restoration work has taken place here. In the grounds is an old Spanish chestnut tree reputed to be some seven hundred years old and one of the oldest specimens of its kind in the country. It is being preserved under the supervision of tree experts of the Royal Botanical Society.

Historical references to the wall built by the Emperor Antonius Pius in A.D. 142, which stretched for 37 miles between the estuaries of the Forth and Clyde are strangely lacking. A late Latin author wrote that the Emperor Antonius Pius "subdued the Britons through Lollius Urbicus, Governor of the Island, and, after having driven back the barbarians, built a second wall which was made of turf." The first wall referred to was obviously that of Hadrian, between the Tyne and Solway, which was constructed some 20 years before and formed the frontier between the lands governed by the Romans and those of the wild tribes of Caledonia. This

in length, but with the windows of the second storey half-buried in the eaves. It was left by old John Feddes, one of the last of the buccaneers." The house now contains a number of geological specimens and other relics of Hugh Miller.

The Trust has always been keen on preserving specimens of the ancient burgh architecture of the country, the last remains of which are nowadays being ruthlessly swept away. Acting in co-operation with H.M. Office of Works and the Department of Health, it has made a survey of the old houses in the cities and smaller burghs throughout Scotland and over one hundred places have been surveyed. A schedule is being prepared which gives details of their historic and architectural value, and it is hoped that this will stimulate interest and prevent many of them from being swept out of existence.

Culross, in Fife, is the most perfect example of an old Scottish burgh and a great deal of it has recently been taken over and restored by the Trust. Chief interest is centred in the Palace, dated 1597, with its gay dormers and painted woodwork, and the quaint little tower known as the Study.

The oldest house in Kirkcaldy, usually spoken of as the "Sailor's Walk," is a recent acquisition and here it is interesting to note that the local branch of Toc H have agreed to act as custodians in return for being allowed the use of one of the rooms. In Linlithgow the Trust has been able to obtain possession of a group of seventeenth-century houses in the High Street which are the finest remaining examples of their kind.

In acquiring property of this kind, the Trust does not merely endeavour to preserve the ancient buildings as show places, but seeks to bring them back usefully into the daily life of the community. At Gladstone's Land suitable tenants are being found for the flats at the rear and the shop and front storeys have been let to an antique dealer who plans to furnish them as period rooms on permanent exhibition. Tailors' Hall Buildings are being internally reconstructed for use as an adjunct of the Printing Department of Heriot-Watt College, a use which is particularly appropriate on account of the nearness of the place to that of the first printing establishment in Edinburgh.

Whenever the question of National Parks arises it may be recollected that Scotland led the way when the fine country of forest, mountain and lake in Argyll was thrown open to the public. That work was concerned with the Forestry Commission, King George's Jubilee Trust, and the Carnegie Trust among other bodies, and it provided for all lovers of out-of-door life a wonderland of marvellous scenery to explore, and for the youth of the country hostels and camping grounds from which expeditions can be made among peaks of unrivalled grandeur.

It is obvious that the outbreak of war will cause the activities of the National Trust for Scotland to be curtailed seriously for the subscription list has never reached formidable figures and the upkeep of the various properties during a time when voluntary financial assistance must necessarily be limited will mean that its resources will be taxed to the utmost.

ANGELA, MY DALMATIAN GUN DOG

By W. V. CURTIS

ALL HER OWN WORK: ANGELA COMBINES THE DUTIES OF SETTER AND SPANIEL

SOME time ago there appeared in the columns of the *Field* correspondence relating to the Dalmatian, the gist of which was, if I remember rightly, that the purpose for which it was generally used in this country had died out, and that the breed was to-day purely ornamental, a fact to be deplored. I do not recollect that anyone had considered the Dalmatian's possibilities as a gun dog; at the time I felt that any observations from me upon the subject would be a little premature. I have since gained further experience, however, and record it herewith for any who may be interested in the further development of the breed.

Physically, the Dalmatian is ideally equipped; he is extremely good looking, a big point in his favour, as at the present time good looking dogs are in vogue. In size he varies tremendously; a big dog is larger and stronger than the biggest of Labradors, while a small bitch may be no larger than a good sized terrier. The prospective owner, therefore, has a wide range to choose from and can indulge his fancy in the matter of size. The coat is well suited to the requirements of a working dog; it is short but very thick and hard, it will withstand cold and wet and offers a good resistance to briars and thorns. A short haired dog is nowadays often distinctly advantageous, as anyone will testify who has had to clean his car after it has carried a couple of tired wet spaniels for some distance.

I have now shot over a little Dalmatian bitch for the past three seasons, and I am convinced that the breed has possibilities. Angela had never seen a gun until she was two years old; now, at the age of five, she is one of its most ardent worshippers. Like all, or nearly all, gun dogs she has her faults, and for these I must crave forbearance, remembering the fact that she was never trained for shooting in her extreme youth, and that I am not a professional handler, and all her training has been given to her by me at weekends and on an occasional holiday. Her most serious fault is undoubtedly the fact that she will not retrieve. She will follow and catch a wounded bird, and hold it till someone comes along to deal with it, but she never makes any attempt to bring it to hand. This applies to land retrieving only, as, strangely enough, she retrieves from water perfectly. Only a few weeks ago she brought in a pinioned wigeon from deep water nearly 300 yards out. I am myself in no doubt that had I been able to start her education earlier she would have retrieved as well as any dog.

Her second main fault is one that is common to all breeds. I therefore pass it by without comment. It is running in, and I myself am largely to blame for this. Her third and last failing is her unfortunate colour. When one is waiting for pigeons or duck a white dog is apt to put one at a distinct disadvantage. This has been overcome, however, to a great extent, as she will sit quietly out of sight in any cover there may be available (a hundred yards away if necessary) or, if there be none, under an old coat.

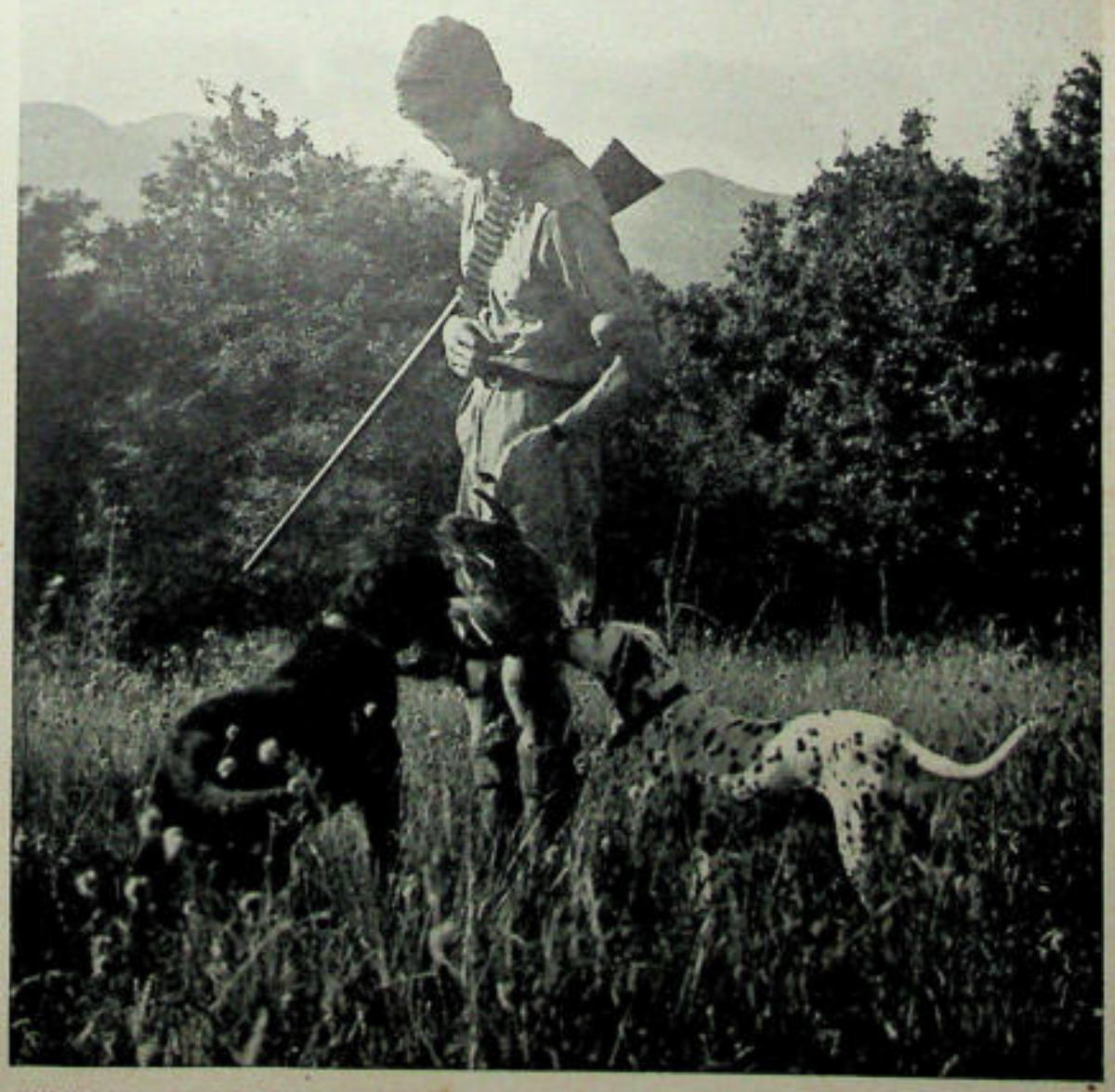
As to her good points. Firstly, she is without exception the most tractable dog I have ever had the good fortune to know. She is supremely obedient, will obey hand signals at almost any distance, will sit, and remain seated when signalled to do so, and will walk quietly to heel whenever required. I will add that I find her no nuisance when stalking summer rabbits with a .410, and, as every shooting man knows, a dog is not as a rule the most helpful of companions on these occasions. As a worker she seems to combine the qualities of setter and spaniel. She is quiet and does not range wide, unless told to do so, and for this reason is invaluable for snipe and other game that lies in the open and sits tight; particularly as she usually points her game for a few moments before flushing it. Although normally of a timid disposition, she has no fears for the natural obstacles generally met with in a day's rough shooting, such as thorns, brambles, and cold water, and will face any of these without flinching.

As regards the finding of runners, this is perhaps the most difficult branch of a dog's work on which to give a definite opinion. All my shooting is of the rough variety, and, whenever there is a runner, there are usually one or more dogs present to assist in picking him up, and when the bird is finally gathered it is quite impossible to say which of them played the major part in his capture.

Whenever Angela has had to tackle a runner single handed, she has proved quite capable and has not lost any up to date. The last one she had was quite a puzzler. It was an old cock pheasant just pinioned, which she followed for fifty yards or more, and then indicated that it had run through some cleft palings, over which she had to be lifted. By the time this was done, the bird had several minutes start, but she picked him up in a matter of about 400 yards. As the place in which this occurred is a perfect jungle of brambles and other thick growth, and is, incidentally, overrun with rabbits, it seems, therefore, that she is capable of following a line.

Angela is no paragon and I do not say that I would rather shoot over her than a good Labrador, but I will say most emphatically that I would rather do so than over most of the Labradors to be seen in the field; it is her very quiet and unobtrusive method of working which appeals to me most.

I have tried to make the foregoing remarks as unbiased as possible, and to give a true account of the merits and failings of this particular animal, in the hope that anyone reading this who is interested in the Dalmatian may consider it worth while making further experiments. Not until we have seen a working Dalmatian, bred of good working parents, shall we really be able to judge whether the breed is likely to be of any real use to the shooting man.



DURING HER FIRST SEASON AS A GUN DOG ANGELA DISPLAYS INTEREST IN A BRACE OF GROUSE AND MALLARD

ALBINO SHORT-TAILED WALLABY

ZOO ANIMALS AT LIBERTY

By JAMES FISHER

AT Whipsnade and Regent's Park there are many animals which cannot be taken on the strength. In the Zoological Society's Park Zoo in Bedfordshire live many wild animals which are attracted by the extra food, comfort and protection which Whipsnade provides. Not all the ducks on the ponds by Sir Peter's Way belong to the Zoo—many have dropped in to pay a call on their captive relatives, and have stayed ever since.

At Regent's Park wild ducks often visit the Three Island pond, moorhens have brought off broods there; all over the gardens woodpigeons, almost finger-tame, feed and breed—even nesting in the box-trees in tubs that decorate the restaurant. And on the wire roof of the Southern Aviary wild herons often perch, as they visit the herons inside. Every winter some of the hordes of black-headed gulls that visit the Lower Thames make their way to the Great Aviary, where they hold raucous conversations with the Siberian black-headed gulls (a different sub species) that are housed within.

Sometimes the Zoological Society deliberately sets animals free, hoping that they will establish themselves in the grounds. At Whipsnade such a practice is normal; mammals like wallabies, patagonian cavies and muntjac can wander where they will, and many sorts of pheasants, and the Quaker parakeets can fly where they like—but seldom choose to leave the grounds.

Nowadays the Zoo is extremely careful about releasing animals, since it is warned by the fate of the grey squirrel, and remembers that it was partly responsible for its introduction and consequent spread in the London area. Nevertheless, several kinds of animals have been liberated during the last few years at Regent's Park and Whipsnade.

On the Three Island pond, on two or three occasions, African weaver-birds have been freed, with the hope that they would breed in the bushes there; again, the birds have remained for a few weeks, but then disappeared, and it is doubtful whether the experiment is worth repeating.

At Whipsnade, however, releases have been more successful. There is now a flourishing colony of the fat dormouse (*glis glis*) which extends from the Downs as far as Tring; an official of the Zoo, who has a cottage at Whipsnade, has been often awakened by these handsome little creatures playing noisily on his verandah—reminding him, he tells me, of nights in the trenches on the Western Front, when the noisy scuttling and leaping of fat dormice perturbed and astonished the troops, until they found out the cause of the disturbance—for the fat dormouse is a very different creature from the modest and retiring common dormouse.

Besides the fat dormouse, numerous red squirrels have been released at Whipsnade, and the population of these beautiful creatures is now very high. The grey squirrel does not yet seem to have extended its range into the park—it would meet with a warm reception from the keepers if it did. Even if it does eventually colonise Whipsnade, it is not certain that the red squirrel will disappear, since the work of A. D. Middleton has shown that there is, as yet, no *proper* evidence that the grey squirrel drives out the red, nor, indeed, that the one affects the other at all.

Even in the best regulated Zoos, animals occasionally escape. Nothing serious of this sort has ever happened on the estates of the Zoological Society. An adventurous orang-utan once got out at Regent's Park and built himself a fine nest in the top of a tree before he was caught; foxes occasionally give the staff a bit of a hunt when they jump the high wire-netting of their enclosure (how they do this nobody seems to know); a bird of paradise once caused the Bird House staff a lot of anxiety, when it flew through a tiny hole in its cage which had been made to take the lens of a cinema camera; a kite once got out of the Birds of Prey Aviaries and was last seen over the mouth of the Thames; a white-headed sea-eagle named Portuguese Jack escaped, was at liberty (and one of the sights of London) for a fortnight, and was eventually trapped by one of the Regent's Park staff and brought back.

Perhaps the most important escape was a mass one. At Whipsnade the prairie dogs dug down for about 5ft. and along for 40 or 50, and escaped from their enclosure. Luckily they were all rounded up.

The most enterprising escape of all was that of a black variety of the blotched genet, at Regent's Park. It arrived just before the New Year of 1937, and in March of that year was transferred from the Sanatorium to the Small Cat House. From the first it was a "difficult" animal, and one day in June it dodged past its keeper's arm, as he was cleaning the cage, and escaped. Shortly afterwards, fish began to disappear from the aquarium, but this soon stopped, and the genet was forgotten until May 30th, 1938, when it was caught in a sparrow trap behind the Curator's House. In October 1938, it escaped again, in much the same way, and was again given up for lost. But on November 11th, 1939, it was accidentally killed at Romford, in Essex.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

ON Sunday, March 3rd, Mrs. Brown thought that she might take a leaf out of Mrs. Smith's book and serve a dish of cold herrings to begin with, but to dress up the fish in a little more elaborate and colourful manner. So the Smith boys, when the time came for their weekly French lesson, at Mrs. Brown's table, had to read aloud the following menu:—

Salade de harengs polonaise.
Omelette aux fines herbes.
Ragoût de canard aux navets.
Salsifis gratinés.
Flan aux Pommes.

Salade de harengs polonaise.—Scale and clean four fresh herrings. Cut off their heads. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes with a little butter. Let them get cold; then remove skin and bones and divide the flesh into small pieces of equal size. Mix the fish in a salad bowl with cold boiled rice, either left over from the day before or boiled for the purpose. Add on top some finely cut pieces of fresh tomatoes and very finely chopped chives. Mix in a bowl two spoonfuls of olive oil and one of wine-vinegar; add pepper and salt and a little mustard. Mix thoroughly well and then pour all over the fish-cum-rice salad.

Omelette aux fines herbes.—Mrs. Brown's omelettes are always a joy, and yet there is no secret about them; eggs, well beaten with a chef's wire whip or a rotary beater, just long enough to blend thoroughly yolks and whites, but not too long. Mrs. Brown always says that the pan makes all the difference and that it is impossible to make a perfect omelette if the omelette pan is used for anything else. It may be simply a cast-iron pan, or a copper one, or an enamelled iron one, or even a nickel one, but not an aluminium pan. And when it has been used, the omelette pan must never be washed: rub it over with some tissue paper first and a clean rag after, but a dry rag.

In the making of a "fines herbes" omelette finely chopped tarragon, chervil and chives are added to the beaten eggs; also salt and a very little pepper. The pan is put on a good heat and a piece of butter in it; as soon as the butter shows any disposition to begin smoking, pour the beaten eggs slowly into the pan.

It is important that the heat of the fire be very great at first so that the outside of the omelette sets quickly. Then reduce the heat considerably, and, holding the handle of the pan in the left hand, tilt it slightly, and use a broad, smooth palette knife to lift the outer crust around the edges of the pan, so that the liquid egg mixture may run out all round. When only a little liquid egg remains in the centre, remove the pan and shake one half of the omelette gently on to a hot dish and fold the other over it.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

PUBLIC interest in stock markets keeps switching from one section to another. Not so long ago British Funds and home railway stocks were all the rage. Most other sections were at that time left to their own devices.

Activity then developed in home industrials. It is well known that a large portion of the sterling, running into several millions of pounds, which the Treasury is paying in exchange for requisitioned dollar securities, is being reinvested in the industrial sections.

While this buying is in progress, speculators will doubtless follow the market very closely. Up to now speculators have operated in industrials to some profitable purpose. It is noticeable that up to now the buying movement has been almost entirely in dividend paying securities. In fact investors have been purchasing income. Speculators have followed suit.

Railway stocks have had quite a long run of popularity. Interest is likely to die down now that dividends for 1939 have been announced. The railway section is now more or less on an investment basis. Investors are attracted to the stocks by the interest return likely to be secured under the terms of the Government railway guarantee. Speculators will doubtless look elsewhere for fresh fields to conquer. A good deal of speculation is going on in markets, although all transactions on the Stock Exchange are now on a cash basis.

No single section can maintain its popularity indefinitely. Industrials which have followed so closely will probably be hoisted to prices which prove unattractive to new buyers. Now that money is circulating freely in the country some other avenue of Stock Exchange activity will doubtless be selected. The problem is which particular sections will receive attention. Those first in the field invariably take the cream. Several sections offer possibilities. There is, for instance, the rubber share market. The price of rubber has been standing over 1/- a lb. for some while.

Increased dividends from rubber producers are probable. For the present, however, rubber shares are left severely alone. Those prepared to take moderate risks and to exercise some degree of patience will probably find profit in rubber shares. Cheviot Rubber 2/- units, standing around 3/9, and Cicely Rubber Estates 2/- units, with a price around 3/- each, can be quite useful. Both companies are paying regular dividends, though the distributions naturally vary according to conditions within the industry.

There are also definite possibilities in connection with textile shares. There is undoubted activity in the trade. Manufacturers are working at full pressure. Customers find difficulty in securing adequate supplies of materials. In this section some of the Lancashire textile preference shares which have been without dividends for some years appear as most attractive. They have been standing at rubbish prices. Some recovery in values has already been seen, but further improvement should materialise as dividend payment prospects improve.

Calico Printers 5 per cent. cumulative preference, standing around 14/-, have definite possibilities. Dividends are in arrears since the end of 1935. Bradford Dyers 5 per cent. preference also stand around 14/-. In this case dividend arrears date back to the end of 1932. Fine Cotton Spinners 5 per cent. preference, now about 16/- each with dividends in arrears since April, 1931, should also be worth speculative attention. It is, of course, possible that in some instances capital reorganisation will be embarked upon before dividends are resumed.

Preference shareholders should, however, be well treated in any reorganisation plan, particularly as the trade is now definitely recovering. These securities have no attraction to those who must secure regular income. On the other hand, as war-time investments, they possess distinct possibilities.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR plead most earnestly for a very courageous woman of 40. She has been bed-ridden for many years owing to an accident when a housemaid, twenty years ago. Spinal trouble developed and she has only a disablement benefit of 6/- weekly, which she gives to a sister and brother-in-law who look after her most devotedly. Their total income is 50/- a week, and they have two children. We have given Miss P. a little extra each week for some time, and we want to continue this help so that she can have more comfort without feeling she is robbing the rest of the household of necessities.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HUNTS AND THE R.A.B.I.

SIR,—I am sure all the Institution's friends will be delighted to know that my appeal to the hunting world at the beginning of last year met with a truly magnificent response. The sum received from this source during 1939 was £2,459, showing an increase of £578 on similar receipts during 1938, and creating a noteworthy record in the Institution's history.

As a member of the Council I desire to express our deep indebtedness to all who have so generously responded to my appeal, and to assure them of our sincere and grateful thanks.

In the present emergency it would be unbecoming to grudge the help extended to those organisations which are doing so much to promote the welfare of the fighting forces and to alleviate the suffering of countless victims of aggression. At the same time one must not overlook the fact that the work of such bodies as the R.A.B.I. has to go on, and is indeed more than ever urgently required.

Is it, therefore, too much to hope that those who have been in the habit of contributing to Caps and other collections for the benefit of the R.A.B.I. will remember, if circumstances prevent the continuance of these collections, to send their contributions direct to the Institution addressed as below?

With the assurance of such help, I am confident that the Council will still be able to record with pride the uninterrupted efforts of the hunting world to support the farmers who, before misfortune overtook them, rendered such invaluable assistance in the pursuit of our sport.

Yours faithfully,

Vincent House, BEAUFORT.
Vincent Square, S.W.1.

EMIGRATED HOUNDS

SIR,—I am afraid I did not make my meaning clear when I wrote to you on the subject of emigrated hounds. I was not, as Mr. Higginson suggests, thinking of records alone, but of curious and interesting things which have happened to these hounds in their new country. I have not got Mr. Higginson's book here, but if my memory serves me he told a highly interesting tale about the fortunes which attended South Shropshire Dutiful '01 in America.

Yours faithfully,

Windsor. ROBERT COLVILLE.

WAR-TIME SALMON POACHING

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Macintyre's remarks in your issue of February 10th regarding my having said that the poacher-angler of his article discarded his rod in order to use a large treble and sinker, I can only assert that it is not possible to use "a large treble and heavy sinker" from a rod and line without serious damage to the rod. The force required to drive a large treble into a salmon is great, and, having driven it in, the fish is instantly and ignominiously hauled splashing and struggling to the bank without further ado—a performance that no rod in this world would stand up to. The treble and sinker are attached to a roll of cord and the whole lightning performance is done by hand.

I am sending to the *Field* for the Editor's inspection, and perhaps comment, a large treble and sinker complete with its broken cord. This was actually taken from a salmon's side by Mr. T. M. Guthrie of this county when fishing one of the pools below my house. I am afraid that a large treble and heavy sinker is a common enough exhibit nowadays in the law courts of certain Scottish districts.

One can, of course, snigger a salmon with a rod and gut cast, using a prawn tackle or something similar, and no doubt also with a small round bend treble. But such mild yet illicit methods do not appeal to the smash and grab tactics of the present day poacher.

Yours faithfully,

East Kintrockat, A. G. CHALMERS.
Brechin.

THE NEED OF CATS

SIR,—I do not know what the ancient Egyptians did but am afraid Mr. G. Percy Ashmore will find that cats *will not* keep rats away. I have tried it, and our village is full of cats; they are allowed to breed just as fast as they like, still the place is alive with rats. The only thing is trapping, and I can keep my place free that way without cats. Poison also is good, but I dislike the stuff about the place.

I read a letter or article some time back from someone explaining the matter of the hen chaffinch going away in the winter. It might interest your correspondent that mine are still with me although we are having a real winter! I live on the edge of the moor. Is this unusual? I can see five of them at the moment having a bath, although it is freezing hard.

Yours faithfully,

Lockton, "BLACK GNAT."
Pickering, Yorks.

PHEASANT SHOOTING

SIR,—I think Mr. H. A. Brocklebank is unduly apprehensive as regards the last temporary measure.

In 1917 the season was extended to March 1st of that year, and no hand feeding was allowed until after the war. In 1918 the opening day for pheasants was September 1st. In 1919 matters reverted to normal and I do not think any beats suffered irreparable damage.

Yours faithfully,

"Ashley," SIDNEY S. POWNCEBY.
Station Road, Welwyn, Herts.

FIRING A CUT CARTRIDGE

SIR,—I should like, through the medium of the *Field*, to make enquiries as to the practice and safety of discharging a split or cut cartridge from the average 12 bore shot gun. I saw a friend using a cartridge in the following way, and the cartridge mentioned was a 12 bore maximum, 1¼oz. shot. The cartridge was cut clean in half, the cut being through the felt wad which separates the powder from the shot. It was then inserted in the chamber of the cylinder barrel in the usual way, and my friend taking aim at 100yds. distance shattered a very strong panel door which was erected for the event.

The gun in question was made by Hughes, of Birmingham, weighed 7¾lb., and was proved for 1¼oz. shot. What seemingly happened was that the explosion sent the half-cartridge case containing the shot intact, until it made contact with the door, then exploding in the form of a shrapnel.

I was astonished at what I imagine was a very dangerous procedure, and I would like to know if any of the shooting experts of the *Field* ever heard of such an experiment and if they would advise the practice of same. I was told that it was frequently practised in Scotland for deer shooting; personally, I can't get the idea of how a cartridge case, being very much larger in diameter, could leave the barrel of the gun.

Yours faithfully,

"Waterville," PATRICK J. MACFADDEN.
30, Conyngham Road, Dublin, Eire.

[There is nothing new in this practice and it is quite true that keepers and others in Scotland at times kill deer, &c., in this way when they are beyond the killing range of a loose charge of shot. But it is definitely an unsafe procedure and cannot in any way be recommended. What happens is that the front half of the cartridge containing the shot is driven intact up the barrel, the case part acting as a concentrator and holding the charge together. Since the extreme diameter of the case is larger than that of the bore, excessive pressure is set up which might easily cause a burst in an old gun. The fact that accidents do not come to light speaks volumes for the margin of safety in the average weapon. Reference to the matter will be made under Gunroom Topics in a further issue.—ED.]

MUSHROOMS AS FOOD

SIR,—In the *Field* of February 3rd, page 188, occurs this astounding statement—"the mushroom, curiously enough, is *never* regarded as a food."

With all respect to a gentleman with so many letters after his name as your contributor, Mr. Shewell-Cooper, I must remark with the late Bert Harper, "Wall, I say, Stranger, where *have* you been?" Certainly not in southern Ireland where the mushroom is never regarded as anything but food—and very good food at that. Last year was, in these parts, a season of most extraordinary mushroom fertility.

Mushrooms could be bought in sackfuls (I write advisedly) at extremely small cost—for food.

We had them at "breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea"—for food.

We simply revelled in them—for food. Penultimately they became a drag on the market—for food. Finally, through long familiarity, we revolted against them—as food. And, strange as it may appear, we never used them for any other purpose but—food.

Yours faithfully,

Clifden Guest-House, T. G. STUDDERT.
Corofin, Co. Clare.

SALMON SEASON, 1940

SIR,—It will be interesting to see whether the severe winter early in the year has any effect upon the run of salmon in our rivers this season.

In the winter of 1929 arctic weather prevailed in the North Sea and as a result the English, Dutch, German and Danish fishermen reported finding numbers of dead fish in their nets.

Porpoises in the Baltic apparently found it impossible to come up to breathe and an immense number of them died. One fisherman alone trawled fourteen bodies in one day.

There was early in 1930 such a scarcity of fish in the North Sea that the Yarmouth and Lowestoft fleets went trawling in the Bristol Channel and Irish Sea.

In the month of March, 1930, there were practically no salmon in any of the Devonshire rivers. The nets in the Teign caught four during the month and the nets in the Dart caught only three.

Whether this shortage of salmon may be ascribed to cause and effect or whether it was only coincidence remains to be seen.

Yours faithfully,

Saffron Close, HAROLD G. MICHELMORE.
Chudleigh,
Newton Abbot, South Devon.

A TRAPPED BUZZARD

SIR,—An article in the *Leighton Buzzard Observer* of January 9th has been brought to the notice of this Society in which it is stated that a buzzard has been trapped in the Leighton Buzzard district and killed. The common buzzard is protected by the Bird Protection Acts and the County Council Order throughout the year in Bedfordshire, and, therefore, an illegal act was committed. Though it is not stated what type of trap was employed, the probability is that a steel gin was used in an open space; this is also an offence against the law, and the hideous cruelty involved by the use of these instruments of torture is deplored by all true sportsmen and nature-lovers.

Is it too much to ask the owners of land to show respect for the law by giving definite orders to their gamekeepers to cease using such traps, and by refraining from shooting birds which not only do no harm to game, but which are legally protected?

As a matter of ornithological interest, it is quite probable that the buzzard in question was one of those which were released in Surrey by certain naturalists anxious to introduce this bird as a breeding species in that county.

Yours faithfully,

R. PRESTON DONALDSON,
Secretary,
82, Victoria Street, The Royal Society for the
London, S.W.1. Protection of Birds.

[We have received an assurance from the landowner in question that the trap used was not an illegal one and that he has given instructions that no illegal traps are to be used on his land, and no more hawks or other rare birds are to be killed.—ED.]

OLD SHOOTING STOCKINGS

SIR,—I feel sure many of your readers have discarded shooting stockings, which are often worn in the feet, but sound in the leg! These can be unravelled and the wool washed and re-knitted. There is great difficulty in procuring knitting wool and it is very expensive. We have many willing knitters in our villages if the wool is provided, who gladly knit children's warm garments.

May I beg, through your paper, any of your readers who have unwanted knitted stockings to send them to me? I will willingly pay the postage if the sender will enclose their address.

Lately, we have been working for the "Finland Fund," which greatly welcomes warm garments as socks, scarves, mittens, knickers, etc., for their thousands of homeless children.

Yours faithfully,

J. S. JOHNSTON.

Hafod Fach,
Dolgelley,
Merioneth.

[Shooting stockings in fair repair or otherwise (as will be seen from the above letter) are of value. Wing-Commander D. A. J. Buxton, of the Wilderness, Ongar, Essex, has been appealing for old shooting stockings for men of the Balloon Barrage Squadron.—ED.]

CROWS AND RABBITS

SIR,—Just in case Mr. J. T. Gracie (*vide Field* of November 25th) has not applied to any keeper or rabbit catcher—both numerous in his and, at one time, my own lovely country—for the answer to his query, I write, tardily and from far afield, to say that the rabbits were put out of action by stoats and, later, found by the corbies.

The weasels, cats and birds of prey all know that vital nerve centre where neck and skull meet, and paralyse, without always killing, their victims by a bite at that spot—unlike the dogs (including wolves and coyotes) and the foxes, who just grab and worry anyhow.

Breaking-up methods are also characteristic and unmistakable.

The stoat eats down into the shoulder a little as described and sometimes drags his kill and hides it in a casual sort of way in a tuft of grass or bush. The cat chews off the head, eating the ears, and proceeds downwards, pulling back the skin as he goes. In the case of a small rabbit the whole skin will be left inside out with everything eaten up except the stomach and large intestine. If unfinished the kill is covered with scraped-up grass.

Corbies will kill baby rabbits now and then, but in quite a long experience I never knew them bother full-grown live ones, even if sickly. The crow tribe first peck out the eyes, pass on to the rear end, and finally peck and mess up the carcase anyhow.

Incidentally, the stoat provides a lot of rabbit meat for other vermin, all of which, winged or ground, come hungrily to a rabbit's squeal, and there is a very efficient little gadget, known as a "squealer," in use up the North Tyne, and probably elsewhere, for calling up vermin within shot. It is made from a wheel of a tin engine or similar toy and you put it between lips and teeth and blow through the central hole. With a little practice a perfect imitation of a rabbit's squealing can be produced.

Yours faithfully,

Ta-ta Creek, JOHN SOWERBY.
E. Kootenay, B.C.

BIRDS AT COCONUTS

SIR,—For years past I have been in the habit of hanging up coconuts during the winter months, ostensibly for the benefit of the tits, but this year they appear to be more attractive to every other variety of bird than any food supplied, in the shape of hot potato skins, rice pudding, bread, scraps of meat and fat, oatmeal, and anything else that I can manage to collect.

I have two coconuts hanging from a tree stump, one of which appears, by general consent, to be given over to the tits of different species, whilst the other one is the haunt all day long of blackbirds, male and female, robins, sparrows, chaffinches and the ubiquitous starlings. Even the rooks sit waiting and watching in a near-by tree, and if by chance a piece of nut falls to the ground it is speedily retrieved and carried off.

Alas! No thrushes ever appear amongst the visitors, and from notes made last summer in this neighbourhood as to their scarcity, I sadly fear it is all too true, and one wonders why!

Yours faithfully,

Sharow, M. F. REYNARD.
Ripon, Yorks.

COMPLETE WITH CLOUD EFFECTS
(*See letter "Air-Minded"*)

SYNTHETIC GUT CASTS

SIR,—In Captain Hughes Parry's interesting article on salmon fishing in your issue of February 10th, when recommending the new synthetic gut casts, he states that they are sold under various names such as "Riverstayn," "Nylon," etc. This is apt to be misleading, since nylon is the name of the substance from which these casts are made up. It is true that some dealers sell them under this name, whilst others give them a distinguishing designation of their own; such as "Monoflow," "Milflex," etc.

"Riverstayn" is a certain maker's registered name for his *silkworm* gut casts, but, as far as I know, it has never been applied to casts made of *synthetic* gut.

Yours faithfully,

Redditch. A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS.

A GIANT TIT

SIR,—Amongst the usual four varieties of tits (great, blue, coal and marsh) which visit our coconuts is a veritable "Carnera" of a great tit. He is so much larger than the rest that he overshadows them almost as much as they overshadow the blue variety. In addition to his size he is much more brightly coloured and clear-cut in his markings. I presume he is merely an unusually large specimen of the breed, but I have never seen anything so remarkably outstanding before.

Yours faithfully,

Little Barts, L. C. CHAWNER.
New Milton, Hampshire.

A SECTION OF THE DYKE BUILT BY OFFA, KING OF MERCIA.
(*See letter "An Ancient Line"*)

AN ANCIENT LINE

SIR,—To-day we have the Maginot, Siegfried, Mannerheim and Carol lines. My photograph, which will be of interest I hope, shows a well preserved section of the line constructed, round about a thousand years ago, by Offa, King of Mercia, known as Offas dyke, which ran 140 miles from the mouth of the Wye to the Dee. My photograph taken at Llanfair Waterdine, south-west Shropshire, gives some indication of how impressive the dyke still is, running over the uplands, where it has been untouched by cultivation.

Yours faithfully,

BASIL E. AIDNEY.
Hartshill,
Stoke-on-Trent.

AIR-MINDED

SIR,—Among novel signs I think that of a road house near Cheltenham may claim a place. It recalls the days when balloons used to set off from Hurlingham. It seems that none has been enterprising enough to set up an aeroplane as a sign.

Yours faithfully,

Yorks. D. J.

BULL TERRIERS

SIR,—As a keen owner of bull terriers I was interested in Mrs. C. S. Stacey's excellent article of February 3rd, though I disagree with her when she claims that the bull terrier is no longer a fighter. Moreover, I should be sorry if this were so. Let us have dogs about us that can fight when the need arises.

By this I do not mean that the bull terrier should be encouraged to attack all and sundry. Mine, in fact, ignore all dogs and only fight each other, and that rarely, but if they never showed fight I should lose my faith in the breed.

Your contributor will be interested to hear that one of my bull terrier bitches, though very deaf, is my gun dog; and very good and keen she is, though somewhat hard of mouth. She is very good indeed in water.

Yours faithfully,

Iona Cottage, S. BARCLAY CARR.
Balbeggie,
Perth.

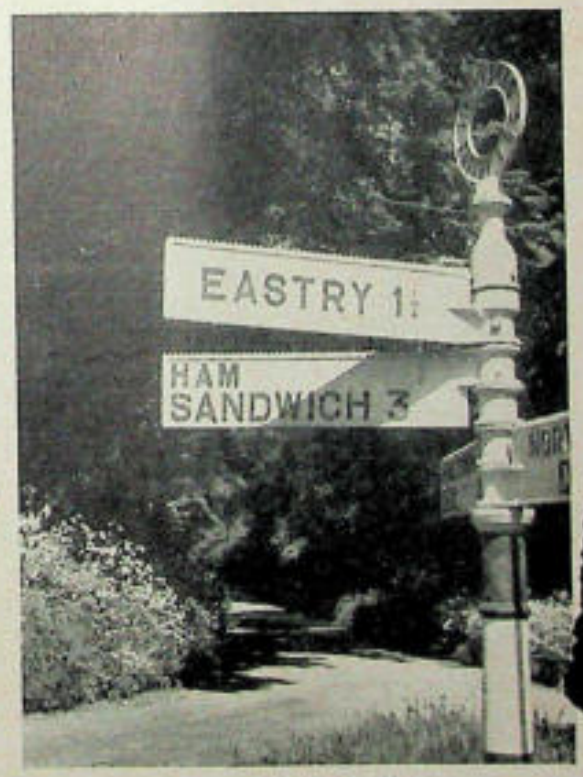
THE SIGN OF A MEAL

SIR,—I liked the photograph of the strange sign of Mr. J. A. Carpenter's on page 264 of issue dated February 17th.

My photograph, taken in Kent, is so unusual that I feel sure it will interest your readers, and although the ham is some distance from the sandwich, it is nevertheless, a remarkable coincidence, and readily suggests "the sign of a good meal."

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, J. DENTON ROBINSON.
Langholm Crescent, Darlington.



CLOSE ASSOCIATIONS
(*See letter "The Sign of a Meal"*)

RABBITS, PURSE-NETS AND FERRETS

SIR,—I read with much interest the article on "Rabbits, Purse-nets and Ferrets," and noticed the useful purpose mentioned as being served by a "bender"; it can be even more useful in skilful and practised hands, for by so twisting the stick when it comes into contact with the rabbit in the hole that it can take a hold in the rabbit's flick, it is often possible to drag out a dead or wounded rabbit, past which the ferret may not be able to pass, thus saving much time and labour that might have had to be expended on digging—a task which becomes almost impossible when the ground is frozen hard.

Yours faithfully,

Old Farm, J. E. SOMMER.
Westwood,
Weald, Kent.

ROBBERY IN MID-AIR

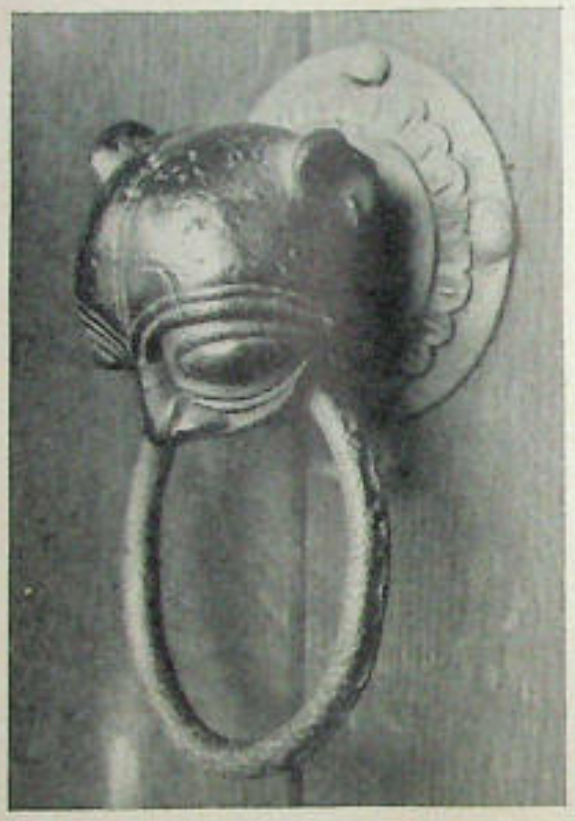
SIR,—A few days ago I came across a copy of the *Field* of September 23rd, 1939, which I had not seen before, and read Mr. Spencer Tryon's letter under the above heading. I had a somewhat similar experience myself last year, when duck-shooting near Jhansi in India.

I was watching a single teal coming towards me over the jhil, when a kite, which had been wheeling high above me, dived down and caught the teal in its flight. It was close enough for me to hear the unfortunate little bird squawking and to see its frantic struggles. The kite carried it for about 100yds., when the teal managed to free itself, and fluttered down on to the water. Thinking it must be badly injured, I went towards it with the idea of finishing it off with a shot, but on my approach it got up and flew away, apparently none the worse.

Later, a pair of teal came over me fairly high and I shot one which fell apparently dead. Before it hit the water, the kite suddenly appeared again from nowhere and, with a roar of its wings, swooped and caught my teal in mid-air, and made off with it before I had time to re-load.

Yours faithfully,

The Hilltop, Ledbury, Herefordshire. MARGERY E. SHIPLEY.



TWELFTH CENTURY CRAFT
(See letter "A Bronze Closing Ring")

A BRONZE CLOSING RING

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to add the enclosed photograph to the interesting series you have been publishing in these pages. It shows a late twelfth century bronze knocker, or more correctly, closing ring, on a door of a small Herefordshire church. The parish of Dormington contains fewer than 100 people. As it is on a modern door, it must have been preserved through at least one change of position. It is in the form of a beast's head, with large eyes; the scutcheon plate is about 4in. in diameter and the drop ring is of iron. I do not think there can be many finer rings in remote country places.

Yours faithfully,

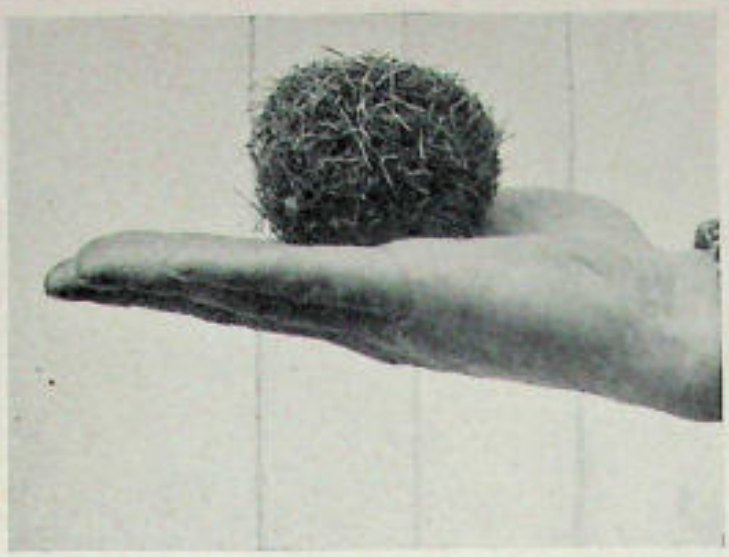
Hereford. M. W.

A CREED OF BIRD WATCHING

SIR,—I was much interested in the article under the above heading in the *Field* for February 10th, and I am in agreement with much that Mr. Perry writes, although I cannot concur with his eulogy of the late Edmond Selous. Frankly his writings always wearied me with so much unnecessary detail.

If he has not already read it, may I draw Mr. Perry's attention to *A Book of British Waders*? Here he will find in this most enjoyable little book both "accurate observation and aesthetic appreciation of birds and their background."

There is, in my opinion, too much critical and systematic work, to the detriment of more important matters, in many of the books on birds to-day, and to divorce "beauty from scientific accuracy" is regrettable.



FORMED BY THE ACTION OF ICE
(See letter "A Pine Ball")

The late J. G. Millais combined both, and I have always considered he was one of the greatest field naturalists we have ever had. Unfortunately, his books are beyond the means of most bird and mammal lovers. The late T. A. Coward and Anthony Collett, whose delightful *Book of Inland British Birds*, is now alas out of print, are two other writers who combined accuracy of observation with aesthetic appreciation. To observe and record for oneself a single fact in the life-history of a bird has more satisfaction than any knowledge gained through books.

Too much attention has been devoted to an endeavour to create new sub-species, and the contemptuous rejection of a bird on the "British list" as being obviously an escape from captivity is not always sound, as further observation and recording has subsequently proved.

Though perhaps these remarks are irrelevant to the above heading, is it for instance consistent to admit the Carolina crake and reject the purple martin? The late Richard Lydekker was scornful about admitting the former bird to a place on the British list, but, since his day, five examples at least have been recorded as genuine vagrants to the British Isles.

I see no reason why an appreciation of beauty of birds in their background should be divorced from scientific accuracy.

Yours faithfully,

Horsham, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

A PINE BALL

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of pine needles, which are rolled together by the ice in the river during the winter and are supposed to be very rare. This one was found on the river Spey.

Yours faithfully,

"Whinhurst," Vyner Road South, Bidston, Birkenhead. G. E. BANNER.

LITTLE AUK

SIR,—Having seen the letter in your issue of February 3rd, about these birds on Merseyside, it may interest your readers to hear that a number of these birds landed here during the recent gales. As your correspondent states, they were alive but exhausted, and we tried (unsuccessfully) to keep two of them alive. Neither survived more than 24 hours.

Yours faithfully,

Geanies, Fearn, Ross-shire. KENNETH MURRAY.

[Mr. Eric Hardy watched one of the survivors diving and timed the dives from 25 to 36 seconds under water—ED.]

BITTERN IN SOMERSET

SIR,—I feel it may be of interest to you to know that while motoring with a friend not far from the Devon border during the recent hard weather, we flushed a bittern from a ditch in the road not three yards from the car. Have you any record of a bittern having been seen in this part of the country before?

Yours faithfully,

Chipley Park, near Taunton, Somerset. W. C. A. SANFORD.

[The bittern has been recorded from Somerset several times. We have this year received one dead bittern from the Somerset-Wiltshire border.—ED.]

THE BLACK AND TANS

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph which may interest many of your readers. It shows the famous Scarteen pack, the Black and Tans, of pure-bred Kerry beagles which have been identified with the Ryan family for now approaching two hundred years. The Master, Mr. John J. Ryan, is seen with his two daughters who are his first and second whippers-in.

Yours faithfully,

Clonmel. M. A. KEATING.

A FAMOUS IRISH FAMILY PACK
(See letter "The Black and Tans")

A RINGED WOODCOCK

SIR,—Those of your readers who take an interest in bird-ringing may like to know that on May 21st, 1937, my keeper ringed a woodcock here, and the bird was shot in exactly the same place on January 22nd, last. The bird was therefore about two years and eight months old. I often see woodcock here in summer, and there is little doubt quite a number of them nest here regularly.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran, Scotland. MONTROSE.

TAMENESS OF GEESE

SIR,—Unfortunately your heading gave the wrong twist to my letter which your editorial postscript acknowledges. It was not cold that drove the geese in question to tameness. Indeed, since the cold spell started, I have not been in the direction where I saw them.

My point was that this large flock of almost friendly Canada geese had become tame by the use of a sanctuary. I had passed them for two or three winters, thinking they were domesticated birds, but my inquiries revealed that they were wild, but knew that, in the particular water meadows in question, they were in no danger of molestation. Each year until the present, their numbers had grown, and they had become such a nuisance to the tenant farmer that he was forced to kill twelve or fifteen so as to frighten the others sufficiently to reduce their numbers at any rate.

Yours faithfully,

Westminster. SIDNEY ROGERSON.

WIDDECOMBE FAIR

SIR,—Surely no one ever imagined that the party, numbering as I reckon, seven, rode the grey mare. They went to Widdecombe in a trap. The spokesman of the story had a conveyance, but no horse, and he borrowed the mare to pull it.

Yours faithfully,

Mottisfont Abbey, Romsey, Hampshire. C. RUSSELL.

WILDFOWL IN FRANCE

SIR,—As a very keen wildfowler I was much disturbed when war broke out, at the prospect of having to forego my annual wild-goose chase in Scotland. Any hopes which were left of managing to get a few days fowling on the coast were dashed by my somewhat rapid departure overseas.

I was continually told out here in France, that wild geese are almost unknown. Occasionally, the local farmers told me, they passed over at a great height.

During my first two months out here I twice saw skeins flying at a great height and of course I became absurdly excited about it and my fellow officers thought me quite mad.

Imagine my surprise when a friend of mine came into our Mess three days ago and told me that 20 geese were feeding only half-a-mile away by the side of a main road! I was out in less than a minute with my glasses and spotted them, 20 greylags, about a hundred yards from the main road. I went straight to the nearest ironmonger and bought the largest shot he had—these proved to be only No. 4's. I loaded two ordinary rabbiting cartridges and got out the old hammer 12-bore which I had borrowed some weeks previously.

We drove them twice on that day and on each occasion they went just wide of me—they never flew more than a mile away and always low. I have never seen geese do this before. The next day also we had several unsuccessful drives—it was a bitterly cold day with a biting north wind and scurries of snow and sleet. I went out that night after them, but failed to find them and returned to bed soaked to the skin and disappointed. The following morning I found that they were all collected round a haystack where they had spent the night out of the furious blast of the wind.

The second drive we had was more successful, but nevertheless finished up with one of the biggest disappointments I have ever had. They came straight for me—30 yards up—curling round into the wind and sending shivers of excitement down my spine. Not until they were right up to me did I stand up from behind the pile of manure which was my butt. The leading goose staggered to my first barrel and appeared to fall. My second produced that loud rattle so familiar to wildfowlers, on the next astern. With a roar of wings the remainder gained 50 feet in height in two seconds.

The two birds I had hit separated out from the rest and, losing height headed straight for the main road half-a-mile away. They appeared to fall practically on the road. When we arrived there, we found nothing—but we put up the remainder of the flock who had circled round and settled by their wounded comrades. We then noticed that instead of 20 there were only 18 of them. We looked everywhere with no result.

Disconsolate we walked back to the car and having arrived there we decided to drive about 300 yards ahead of where we had been searching before. Here, in a ditch full of snow, right by the side of the main road we found the answer. Blood on the snow everywhere. Goose footprints everywhere—worse still, human footprints everywhere.

Our geese must have carried on further than we thought and collapsed practically on the main road. The first person passing by could not have failed to see them. We distinctly found the place where at least one goose had breathed its last.

It was a terrible disappointment.

This morning I went out to look for them. I had hardly gone half-a-mile when 10 geese hurtled over my head—I had no gun with me—only 25 yards up. They never looked like circling or stopping. I followed them until they were a tiny black thread in the sky, heading south-east. Why only 10? I don't think anybody will ever know the answer.

Yours truly,

B.E.F. EAST WIND.

AT THE RIPE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO
(See letter "A Veteran of 1917")

A VETERAN OF 1917

SIR,—This photograph is of a farm cat born in 1917 who only ended her days last year. She was a good 22 years old when her end was decreed, owing to her owner's removal. As will be seen, she was by no means senile.

Yours faithfully,

Hereford. M. W.

HABITS OF WOODCOCK

SIR,—As I am the "friend" mentioned in Major J. W. Seigne's article in your issue of the 10th inst. on the habits of woodcock, may I trespass on your space for a few words to verify his statement.

While walking with Major Seigne in a wood one evening in June, 1936, we saw a woodcock rise from beside the path. She—I am presuming it was the mother bird—rose within a few feet of me and I saw that she was carrying a young woodcock between her downstretched legs. I would say that the young bird was held entirely between the thighs of the old bird, and the lower part of the legs appeared to dangle. She flew a short distance into the heavy bracken.

Up to then I had, as Major Seigne says, "always been a confirmed sceptic of the whole business." Indeed, I am afraid, if he had described me as an "unbeliever," he would have been entirely justified. Had I not been near enough to obtain a clear and distinct view of the chick, I might still be that "confirmed sceptic."

Yours faithfully,

The Square, Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny. H. L. LATTA.

A HINT FOR MOTORISTS

SIR,—During the recent cold spell I found a method of overcoming the accumulation of frost on the windscreen, which down here was so bad that many people had to give up trying to go out in their cars. My plan is to fill an ordinary hot water bottle and rub it over the outside of the screen before starting, the ice melts off almost at once and then the wiper can be started; after, to keep it clear one only has to press the bottle against the screen from inside for about 30 seconds every ten minutes or so and no ice forms at all. I found this much better than all the glycerine dodges and things one buys, and moreover it worked though the bottle was only warm after motoring for some time.

I have got over the difficulty of obtaining electric batteries for torches very effectively by making a box with a switch and bulb in which I put a spare wireless accumulator. I find an accumulator outlasts any battery by a very long time, even though I do not bother to switch it off, and use it as a reading lamp in bed. The acid will not leak out of the new kind unless it is left upside down for some time. Only the lowest voltage bulb can be used, but all the same the light is very good, I think this is specially useful for people who can charge their own accumulators, as it can be put on by day to charge and used at night and need never run down.

Yours faithfully,

Higher Holditch, South Chard. C. ST. B. SHIELDS.

FREAK CHRYSANTHEMUMS

SIR,—Referring to Mr. R. Lucas's pink chrysanthemum plant that is also bearing one flower of a bronze colour, the freak may be due to a virus introduced by greenfly. This insect carries a virus from a cabbage to a blood-red wallflower, with the result that the latter becomes of a yellow and red striped colour. Mauve stocks can be changed to white in the same way. And I have been thinking that the blue-black aphis may be the cause of variegated foliage; for instance, the yellow appearing with green in the leaves of many shrubs of the common euonymus japonicus.

Yours faithfully,

15, Bristol Road, Brighton, 7. CAMERON SHORE.

THE GREAT BLACK WOODPECKER

SIR,—I was very interested in the letter about the great black woodpecker (*Dryocopus martius*) in your issue of January 27th. This bird is quite common in Scandinavia and Finland, and I have seen it on many occasions in the pine forests round my home in Southern Finland. You may be interested to know that I mentioned the black woodpecker in a feature programme on Finland which was broadcast to schools on January 26th, and included a story about how the woodpecker came by his red crest. Mr. T. A. Coward, in his book on "The Birds of the British Isles," mentions the black woodpecker and points out that it might easily cross the North Sea, from Scandinavia. Perhaps the bird which your correspondent saw is one of those who have found Scandinavia unsafe at the moment!

Yours faithfully,

"Chestnut House," Cold Blow, Bexley, Kent. MOIRA A. SAVONIUS.

CONTINENTAL "BOWLS" GAMES

SIR,—An illustrated letter in a recent issue is interesting and leads me to write a few notes on the corresponding Italian game of "bocce." This game is played on a ground of hard smooth soil, bounded on all sides by wooden boards about 10in. high. The Jack—"pallino"—is thrown up the alley and the same player plays his wood to get near the Jack. Shots may be made direct or by contact on to the boards. The angle of the "ball" after hitting the boards is about ¼ or ½ of the angle of the passage of the ball to the boards. This is where the skill comes in. Often a ball nearest the Jack may be well guarded by two or three other balls from a direct hit but it can still be removed by a well judged angle shot—or else the Jack may be hit and removed to another shot. In the Italian game the side which has the winning shot does not play again until the opposing side has made a better shot, so that the leading player should be someone who can lay his wood dead or within a foot of the Jack. Skilled Italian players can throw their woods so skilfully that a ball can be hit "full toss," thus removing their opponents' ball.

Balls are thrown as in the French "boule," thus imparting a check or back spin on the wood so that it does not travel far after contact with the opponents' ball, sometimes standing as the "shot" after removing the previous winner. In villages here one sees games of bocce played on any level road, but usually they are as I have described above and of course are near to, or are a part of, the local café property. In the local tennis club here a disused hard tennis court has been turned into three bocce alleys and the English members are very keen on the game, though they are not so good at it as the average Italian player.

Yours faithfully,

Hotel Miverita, Alassio, Italy. C. L. FAUNTHORPE.

A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS

Veteran Champion Issues a Challenge to Henry Cotton

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

BEFORE taking my leave of Aberdeen, I decided to visit the Cruden Bay course, some 30 miles distant, which I rank as one of the finest natural links in Scotland. On the way the coastal scenery reminded me several times of parts of Cornwall, and the illusion was complete when I came upon the little fishing village nestling by the mouth of the river.

The view from the long headland called Harklaw was magnificent. The ruins of Slain's Castle, once the seat of the Earls of Errol, looked gaunt against the skyline, whilst the panorama extended from the Buchan Ness lighthouse to the Bay of Aberdeen. This impressive sweep goes beyond the headland the Bullers of Buchan, a remarkable natural cauldron

TWO VETERAN CHAMPIONS

Willie Auchterlonie (left) Open Champion of 1893 and present professional to the R. & A. with his brother Laurence, a one-time American Open Champion

into which the sea swirls through the pierced wall of the cliff. Behind the bay stretches that inspiring expanse of natural golfing country, the home of the Cruden Bay course, with its gently undulating turf and bent-clad dunes.

The name of this club is familiar to many golfers through the Cruden Bay Tournament, which is a leading amateur golfing event in the Scottish fixture list. The roll of past winners provides ample evidence of its importance. For instance, in 1911 the winner was Bruce Pearce, of Australian and Tasmanian golfing fame; the following year the name appears of J. A. W. Prentice, the Edinburgh golfer, who was first Amateur Champion of South Africa; and there are many others of repute, such as Bobby Andrew, H. C. Ellis, J. T. Bookless, J. A. Robertson Durham, Dr. Tweddell, G. C. Manford and J. I. Cruickshank, three times Amateur Champion of the Argentine; whilst Gordon Lockhart and Harold Hilton figure among the list of defeated finalists.

Circumstances, however, have made it imperative that this event should be cancelled for the duration of the war, which, however, does not mean that the course will be allowed to deteriorate. I was assured that it will continue to be maintained in its usual first-class condition. In fact, apart from the ruling out of this event, the Club has hardly been affected by the War. The Council has been re-elected for the duration, and the Captain will continue to be Tom Simpson, the golf-course architect.

With the snow dispersed, I found the course in excellent fettle. It is exceedingly difficult to decide which hole I like the best. The fourth, which is a one-shotter to an armchair green set into the sand-hills, is very pleasing to the eye. The river, to the left, with the quaint fishing houses on the other bank connected to the links by a wooden bridge, adds a picturesque note. I was interested to learn that this hole and the short eleventh were both constructed from models of Plasticine by John McAndrew, who was professional at the club for many years. But when each hole possesses some characteristic feature it seems a thousand pities to have to dissect and analyse reactions to discover logical reasons for one's delight. I shall, therefore, content myself by looking back upon an indivisible round of pleasant golf, instead of 18 fragments varying in appeal.

Leaving this remote corner, I made my way southwards, reluctantly passing Stonehaven and Montrose, and eventually arrived at Carnoustie, where I sought out my friend, Torrington Bell, who is one of the most promising of Scottish painters as well as an able golfer. From him I learned a great deal of what is happening in the golfing circles of Angus. Most of the younger players are in the Forces, and from the Dalhousie Club, James and Dugald Wright are both in the Army with the rank of lieutenant, and they will be joined shortly by their third brother, Alan. Another prominent member is David Bruce, who, as a captain, has been in France for some considerable time.

The majority of the Dalhousie Club members, however, are middle-aged men, consequently the gaps are not so numerous; but, although they are not on active service, most of them are quietly helping in some way or other, either in A.R.P. duties or other activities. The committee has decided to continue with the usual monthly bogey competition, but so far no decision has been reached as regards the coming season. But even if all their fixtures are cancelled it is extremely unlikely that the game will suffer, for my visit showed greater activity on the course than I had encountered since war began. The fairways were almost crowded, and there was a distinct sense of enthusiasm in the air.

Before leaving Carnoustie, I should like to mention the name of Alexander Cant, who had the honorary life membership of the Caledonian Club conferred upon him a few days ago. He has been a member of this club for 50 years, and it is the second Carnoustie golf club to confer this honour upon him to mark his contributions to the game. The present system of golf handicapping owes its origin to Cant. Apparently in his younger days he was dissatisfied with the varying forms of handicapping then in use. He worked out his own system, and, although avoiding the use of the word "scratch," he made it the basis of all handicaps. The Carnoustie Club gave the system a trial, and it proved so satisfactory that other clubs came into line, until it eventually became adopted generally.

From Carnoustie I set out for that lovely old University town of St. Andrews, with its glorious stretch of golfing ground, so sacred to the hearts of golfers.

Like a sensible golfer, my stay here was to be of several days' duration, so I shall not attempt to outline this week the golfing news of St. Andrews. Instead, I intend to make a digression, but one that has a definite purpose. As most golfers know by now, the recently postponed guttie-match between the Taylor-Braid and Cotton-Compston partnerships has once more been arranged, and I was glad to hear that "Sandy" Herd is also to appear in a similar match. Both games should prove interesting and entertaining, particularly to the younger generation, but lately I have found that the older players are not so enthusiastic.

They point out that as a match it will prove nothing. The age factor will be too great a handicap for the older players, even allowing the fact that they will have the undoubted advantage of playing with the more responsive present-day ball as against the temperamental guttie of their opponents. No doubt this may prove to be the case. But it must also be remembered that this match is not regarded in such a serious vein by the players concerned. Their main object is the fund to which the proceeds are to be devoted.

Among those who declared that as a match it would prove nothing was Willie Auchterlonie, the veteran professional to the Royal and Ancient. His comments were most interesting, and during our chat I remarked that it was a pity that Cotton could not play with clubs as were used during the guttie period, only such a suggestion was hardly practicable, as few of these clubs would be equal to the strain that would be imposed upon them.

Auchterlonie then put forward a fascinating proposal, which I now issue in the form of a challenge from this Open Champion of 1893 to Henry Cotton, namely, that an 18-holes match be arranged, if possible, on the Old Course, Auchterlonie playing with his own clubs and the present-day ball, and Cotton using the guttie and clubs such as were in use some 60 years ago.

The difficulty of obtaining clubs capable of withstanding the strain will be overcome through the offer of Auchterlonie to make a set specially for the occasion, which could be auctioned after the match for the Red Cross cause. Such a match would prove a great attraction in St. Andrews, where a ready response would be forthcoming from the crowds. Moreover, it would be vastly interesting to see how our recognised greatest golfer would fare with the old-fashioned clubs. The bag would doubtless consist of eight clubs—driver, long spoon, middle spoon, short spoon, cleek, iron, lofting iron, and wooden putter.

I might also mention that Auchterlonie is still playing sound golf for his age, and would be able to give a good account of himself over a course every inch of which he knows. Regarding the date, July would perhaps be the best month, but it all depends how it could be worked into Cotton's already lengthy fixture list. In many ways I hope that Cotton will see his way to accept this offer, as, apart from the interest it will create, it should result in a contribution to the Red Cross worthy of the home of golf.

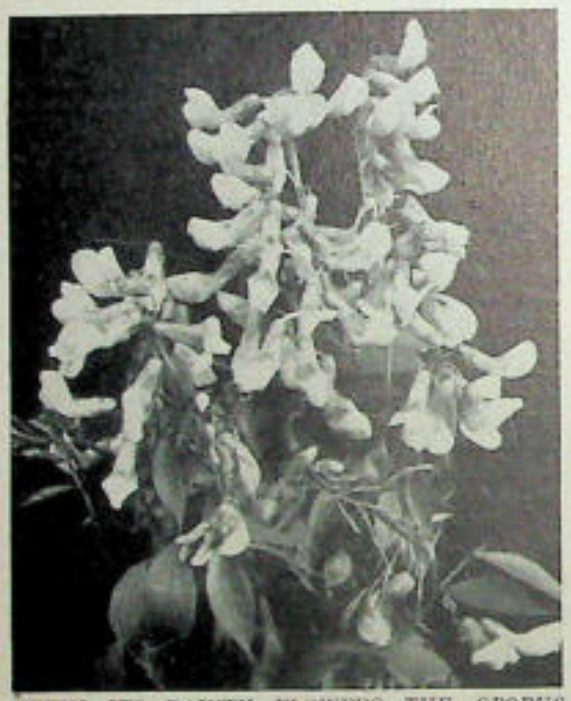
DALHOUSIE GOLF CLUB HOUSE

SOME EARLY SPRING BORDER FLOWERS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

HERBACEOUS flowers are not abundant in early spring and few of them are showy. The doronicums are an exception in this respect, especially *d. plantagineum excelsum*, which with its big golden flowers and 3ft. stems is striking in big clumps. Doronicums frequently make a poor show but this is nearly always due to leaving the clumps undisturbed from year to year. The way these flowers are grown at Kew is an object lesson. They are grown singly, each plant a few inches from its neighbour, with the result that a big bed of them arrests every eye. Neglected clumps six to eight inches across produce small and much shorter-stemmed flowers.

The doronicums are natives of various parts of Europe and grow like weeds in almost any soil and position in this country. They are amongst the few tallish spring flowering herbaceous plants that flourish in shade, though to secure early flowering it is naturally essential to plant them in full sun. There is a comparatively new hybrid of *d. plantagineum*, called bunch of gold, which flowers decidedly later than *d. plantagineum* and bears canary-yellow flowers in profusion on slender stems well over 2ft. high. *D. clusii* and *d. columnæ* are more suitable for the rock garden for they grow less than a foot high. Doronicums are nearly always increased by division and, to secure good flowers the following season, the lifting and dividing should be done as soon as the flowers are over. They can also be raised from seed sown in spring.



"WITH ITS DAINTY FLOWERS THE *OROBUS VERNUS* IS A CHARMING PLANT TO ASSOCIATE WITH WALLFLOWER AND TULIP"

The orobus tribe have been attracting more attention lately and last season I noticed that *O. montanus aurantiacus* was largely exhibited at the spring shows. *O. vernus* (bitter vetch or wood peasling) is now a rare wild plant in this country and deserves a place in the spring border, for, though its flowering period is brief, it is so very attractive. It makes a dwarf bushy growth about 15in. high and the vivid pale emerald of its foliage sets off the blue red-veined flowers to perfection.

As the flowers fade they turn pinkish, consequently from a little distance the plants appear to be smothered with both blue and pink flowers. The roots are tuberous and poor folk used to roast them like chestnuts. *O. montanus aurantiacus*, a native of the Caucasus, has rich orange flowers and *O. luteus*, a native of Southern Europe, has yellow flowers. All the orobus tribe can easily be increased by division or they can be raised from seed sown in spring. They certainly deserve to become more popular, for they associate delightfully with wallflowers and narcissi.

Pulmonarias are also amongst the most delightful spring flowers. *P. rubra* with its brick-red flowers is striking, but I like best *P. officinale* which in my childhood was grown in almost every cottage garden. Cottagers had various pretty names for it, amongst them being Cowslips of Jerusalem, "Soldiers and Sailors" and "Joseph and Mary." The two last named refer to the characteristic appearance of both blue and pink flowers on the same plant, for, like orobus vernus, the flowers turn colour as they fade.

Incidentally, *P. officinale* usually figures in the nurseryman's catalogues as *P. saccharata*. *P. angustifolia azurea* is perhaps the pick of the lungworts. All the species can be increased by division of the roots in autumn or they can be raised from seed sown in spring. *P. rubra*, however, has to be increased by division.

The double daisies are now so handsome that they are first rate for the front row of the border and their long flowering period makes them invaluable. The most attractive are the red and pink kinds, and in buying seed it is best to buy these colours separately. Mixed packets usually produce too large a proportion of white flowers. These daisies are best treated as biennials, for they deteriorate rapidly.

If the plants are to be kept for the following season, they should be lifted, divided, and replanted in moist soil if possible, and in any case part shade, until autumn. If left in full sun and especially in poor soil they revert to type so rapidly that they are not worth keeping for the next season. The "hen and chicken" daisy is one of the pretty old-fashioned flowers that has almost disappeared from modern gardens. All I have came from various Irish gardens. This daisy produces flowers, each surrounded by minute flowers, like planets round a tiny sun. This treasure needs a rich moist soil. In poorish soil it reverts to type and the "chickens" disappear.

In mild parts the poppy anemones are amongst the loveliest spring flowers. All the garden varieties are hybrids of *A. coronaria*, the poppy anemone of Southern Europe. The cheapest method of raising a large stock of these is to sow the seed as soon as it is ripe, and, if possible, where the plants are to flower. Seed should be sown on a bed in part shade and covered merely by raking over the site. The seedlings should not be disturbed until the leaves have died down the following season.

Poppy anemones like a good loamy soil but it must have perfect drainage. Roots are put in 2in. deep and about 4in. apart. In most parts it is advisable to cover the bed with bracken during winter.

To my thinking the most attractive of the early flowering anemones are the hepaticas. They are not commonly grown nowadays. Yet what a joy it is on a bleak spring day to find their sky blue or pink flowers almost hidden under the abundant foliage. Once planted hepaticas should never be moved and they like a rich well drained soil and part shade. The crowns should never be put below the soil. *H. angulosa* does best on a chalk soil.

POLYANTHA ROSES SAVE TIME AND LABOUR

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THE more formal beds, that have in the past been devoted to bedding out schemes, may easily be furnished with what could be termed "permanent bedders." Perhaps the best of this group is the dwarf polyantha rose which takes little looking after and yet which continues to flower from beginning of summer until the autumn frosts appear.

The dwarf polyanthas seldom grow more than 18 inches in height, and so are specially useful for massing. The ordinary hybrid polyanthas grow to similar heights as ordinary bush roses and can be placed in the centre of beds. Both will keep the beds blazing with colour for months on end, and will improve from year to year.

There is still time to plant polyanthas and the bushes should be ordered right away. The most popular variety is probably Gloria Mundi, the brilliant orange-scarlet. The small flowers are double and are borne in compact sprays. A bed of this variety is more attractive than one of the brightest geraniums. It only has one fault: the flowers are apt to fade somewhat during a hot summer.

Rufus, another scarlet, has not got this fault and is a good grower, with large trusses of bloom. Paul Crampel is similar in colour to the geranium that bears its name and it keeps its colour, too, both in sun and rain. Superba is yet another bright crimson, an exceedingly brilliant variety, the flowerets are double and the trusses exceptionally fine.

For those who prefer pinks there are Ellen Poulsen, which is slightly fragrant, Coral Cluster, which has, perhaps, the largest and fullest truss of any polyantha, and Cameo, of a salmony shade, one of the prettiest little polyanthas grown.

There are yellows, like Sunshine, whose buds are stained bronzy red; Diana, an orange yellow shaded with carmine, which is best described as a semi-single, and Golden Salmon, which is very much admired with its orange shadings. Others that can be recommended are Sheelagh Baird, an attractive pink shaded with yellow at the base, a very dwarf grower indeed, and Gwyneth which is best described as a miniature Christine, the sunflower yellow with beautifully formed flowers.

As the bushes will be there for a large number of years it is worth while preparing the soil well and bastard trenching is advisable. Burying in the bottom of the trench well-rotted animal manure (or vegetable refuse) at the rate of one good barrow-load to 10 square yards. Into the top six or seven inches should be forked bone meal at 3oz. to the square yard, superphosphate at 3oz. to the square yard, sulphate of potash at 2oz. to the square yard, and sulphate of ammonia at 1oz. to the square yard. Dung or well-rotted vegetable refuse can then be applied as a top dressing early in the summer to act as a mulch.

When planting, the soil should be packed tightly around the roots. It is necessary, therefore, to tread while the soil is being put into the hole so as to ensure firmness. The majority of beginners always plant too loosely, and this is the reason their polyanthas do not succeed as they should.

It can be taken as a maxim that the soil can never be too solid around the roots, nor too loose on the surface. Therefore, hoeing is necessary throughout spring and summer, so as to produce a dust mulch.

Dwarf polyanthas should be cut down to three prominent eyes after planting, and in subsequent years the pruning is less severe. Weak shoots should be cut down to the base, and so should shoots which tend to overcrowd the centres.

POLYANTHA ROSES KEEP BEDS BLAZING WITH COLOUR FOR MONTHS ON END

HEDGES CAN BE A BLESSING OR A CURSE

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S. F.R.S.A.

HEDGING is one of the first operations to suffer from the effects of a war—lack of labour and perhaps high labour costs. In peace-time when a farmer or smallholder is doing well he does look after his hedges, but as soon as things begin to go wrong the hedges are left to themselves, and the whole farm suffers in consequence. All over the country there are neglected hedges to be seen. In some cases they are so bad that barbed wire has to be used, and once the barbed wire habit creeps in, it "puts paid" to the regular trimming of the hedges all round. If there is one matter over which anyone can see eye to eye with all hunting people, it is in their great hatred of barbed wire!

Fruit growers and market gardeners often say they have no time for hedge cutting. The answer is that there is always time to do what is felt to be necessary. Hedge trimming must become a regular operation on the farm, like ploughing, mowing and sowing, and should never be neglected in a war. The hedge that is not trimmed regularly has bare gaps along its bottom and soon becomes useless for keeping animals in or out. The whole object of cutting is to keep the bottom growth of the hedge thick. Therefore the first aim in cutting should be to allow the light to penetrate right to the roots.

A good hedge cutter will aim at keeping his hedges wide at the base and narrow to the top—wedge-shaped, in fact. One good cutting should be carried out in the autumn or even early in the spring, and another between hay time and harvesting. Where there are thin places at the base of a hedge, layering should be carried out. But in order that this job can be done properly, the sides of the hedge should be trimmed closely for a couple of seasons to encourage plenty of upward growing wood. It is best to layer between November and April, though if the wood is very old and tough it may be left until late in the spring when the rising sap prevents the wood from being too brittle.

Layering consists of choosing the most upright growing stems, cutting partially through at the base with a clean upward stroke and bending them down diagonally to an angle of, say, 35 degrees. Stakes are then put along the hedge at intervals of 2ft. and wattling is carried out between the stakes. The layered shoots should be bound to the stakes by means of willow or hazel rods, and when the job is over the stakes should be cut off level with the top of the hedge. Some believe in using "live" stakes and, in order to encourage growth of young shoots lower down, they partially cut through the stakes at their bases. In any case, the after treatment consists of regular trimming and by this method a hedge will easily last for 40 years before it needs renewing.

Too many growers layer a hedge and then leave it alone. The whole point of layering is to start the hedge off in the way it should go. Therefore, after layering, regular cutting is necessary if an effective hedge that will last is to be formed. Perhaps the worst thing that can be done to a hedge is to cut it down to within 3ft. of the ground and then just trim the top every year. In some counties this is called "breasting"; in others "buck heading." Anyway, the result is a tufty top, and a hollow base, and this is exactly what the farmer should try and prevent.

In some cases, where a hedge is very old, the plants will be too large for layering, the stems being so thick and brittle that they cannot be bent over as they should, even after cutting. Here the best method is to cut the whole hedge down to the ground and then allow strong young shoots to grow. Two or three years later these will be found quite suitable for layering, and will produce an impregnable barrier as a result. Unfortunately, it is some years before there is any good hedge, and so barbed wire has to be used meanwhile.

Regular cutting and occasional layering are not the only operations needed. The hedge bottom should be cleaned regularly and weeds removed. Apart from the help to the hedges themselves, a great deal of good is done in controlling pests in this way, for hedge bottoms are great breeding grounds for insects, particularly of flea beetles. Most of the weeds on cultivated land also come as the result of dirty hedge bottoms. In very bad cases it is often worth while grubbing up part of a hedge and replanting it with suitable young plants. The soil should be given a good digging, all the old roots being removed. At the same time, bone meal may be applied at 4 or 5oz. to the square yard and wood ashes at ½lb. to the square yard. (Where sulphate of potash is obtainable, 2oz. per square yard may be used instead).

The hedging plants should be put in in a double row, zig-zag fashion, so as to ensure a thick hedge in the minimum amount of time. Thorn quicks need 18in. either way—though they are often planted as close as 1ft. apart. After planting, the young hedge should be given a good mulching with farmyard manure, and the necessary protection from stock damage with posts or barbed wire. It may be necessary to wire the road side also. The young hedge needs such attention even more than the old one. Here hoeing should be done regularly, and maybe it will be possible to give the young plants a mulching of dung every May or early June so as to help them along.

Hedges can be a blessing or a curse. Kept in good condition they will prevent trespass, will keep your own stock in and your neighbour's out, and will give protection from winds and gales; but left alone, they might just as well be grubbed out and replaced with wire.

THE HEDGE IN THE BACKGROUND CLEARLY NEEDS A DEAL OF ATTENTION

SELLING LAND OR HOUSES

By REGINALD DAVEY

WHEN the sale of a house or of land is contemplated, the first thought is the price that should be expected, and the second is to whom the sale should be entrusted. Firms of house agents are legion, both locally and in London. Is not a London firm more likely to effect a sale than a country firm? Or is the country connection more important? Should I secure more widespread publicity by sending particulars to all the agents in the directory? These and other questions come readily to the mind.

On the issue of London versus country firms, a definite reply cannot be given. The London firms have many more enquiries, but then they have many more properties for sale, and it is odds against a particular house being sent to any special enquiry. There may well be on the books 150 or 200 houses answering the description, and obviously they cannot all be sent. The country firm deals with fewer houses, but has fewer enquiries. If a buyer selects that particular district, an enquiry will certainly secure a copy of the particulars.

Fortunately the decision does not have to be made, for a London firm will co-operate happily with a country firm, and share the commission. To secure this, one-and-a-quarter times the standard commission is payable, but it is well worth it. To instruct every firm in the locality, with the idea of securing wider publicity, is a fallacy. Each will know that at any moment the property may be sold through the agency of a competitor, and no one will be willing to take any special trouble. In the case of the two firms acting in conjunction, each knows that when the house is sold he will secure a share of the commission, and the sooner the better will be the order of the day.

As to publicity, this can be secured only through advertising. The landowner should be willing to advertise, if he desires to sell, and he cannot really expect a house agent to share any part of the cost. A firm will sometimes be willing to do so in exchange for a sole selling agency. A notice board erected where it can be seen by people in passing cars has brought about many sales, and is but little inferior to the newspapers. It is the old problem again, of national versus local advertising.

One of the questions that the owner will ask the house agent is the price he ought to demand. We all do it, and all house agents are ready with their reply. It may be that the owner has his mind made up, and merely seeks confirmation; or he may genuinely need guidance. In both cases the question is fraught with danger. The house agent is under no responsibility for what he says, and obviously the lower the price is fixed the more readily can a sale be brought about.

If the owner needs guidance, he should instruct a valuer, who may also be a house agent, and pay the proper fee for a valuation. There are reputable firms who will make a proper valuation, and merge the fee in the commission in the event of a sale resulting through their instrumentality. There are also firms of less satisfactory description, who are to be avoided at all costs. If the owner deals with firms who are members of one of the recognised societies, he will be protected against shady practice.

The importance of having a valuation was well shown in a recent law case. A market gardener wished to sell some land. He called in a well-known and reputable firm of house agents. He said to them words to the effect of "I want to sell this land. Will you find a purchaser? What do you think I ought to get for it? I had in mind £1,750." The house agent agreed that that did not seem an unreasonable price to ask, and eventually a sale was arranged at £1,600. Then the vendor found that the value was really £5,000, the purchaser having, as it turned out, resold for £3,400. Feeling that he had been misled, he sued the agents for negligence. The action failed, the judge making clear the distinction between the expression of opinion of a house agent, which carries no responsibility, and the valuation of a licensed valuer, which does.

In the latter case an action for negligence is possible, if this can be proved. It is negligent to be incompetent, as well as to take too little pains. To sell a house does not call for much skill or training; but to make an accurate estimate of its value requires years of schooling, and constant practice.

"METEOR" PEA AND "TOM THUMB" LETTUCE UNDER A LARGE BARN CLOCHE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN THE FIRST WEEK OF MAY 1939

CLOCHE CULTIVATION

Procuring Early Crops to replace imports

SINCE the war cloche cultivation has come into its own in this country. At first there was a great deal of loose thinking about growing more vegetables, and amateurs and professionals alike were urged to dig and sow land which had previously been devoted to flowers or recreation. On reflection, it was seen that this must lead to a glut, for only a very small proportion of our main-crop vegetables was formerly imported from abroad; and, although it may be possible to persuade the general public to eat more vegetables instead of bread and meat and imported foodstuffs, people are conservative and the percentage of increased consumption will be small. A large proportion of our early vegetables, however, came from the Continent, and these imports will have to be stopped.

The only way to grow early crops in this cold climate is by using glass, and there has been a big stimulus to increase the glasshouse acreage. Unfortunately, there is an acute shortage of timber, which is the material of which glasshouses and frames are constructed. Hence the popularity of the continuous cloche, which contains no timber, needs no artificial heat and is made entirely of materials manufactured in this country.

The continuous cloche made its first appearance nearly thirty years ago. Although it was inspired by the French bell-jar, the invention is entirely British, and was first used in Lancashire, where there always seems to be so little sunshine. But the sun does shine even in Liverpool in the winter, and the inventor determined to produce a "Cloche" in which there would be no shadows, and which would trap every ray of sunlight which penetrated the clouds. The continuous cloche, in its simplest form, consists of two sheets of glass held together by wires to form a rigid, tent-shaped structure, portable and easily erected and dismantled. A rather more elaborate model consists of four sheets of glass arranged barn-shaped. The principle in each case is the same, the cloches being arranged end to end in continuous rows over crops of vegetables, fruit and flowers.

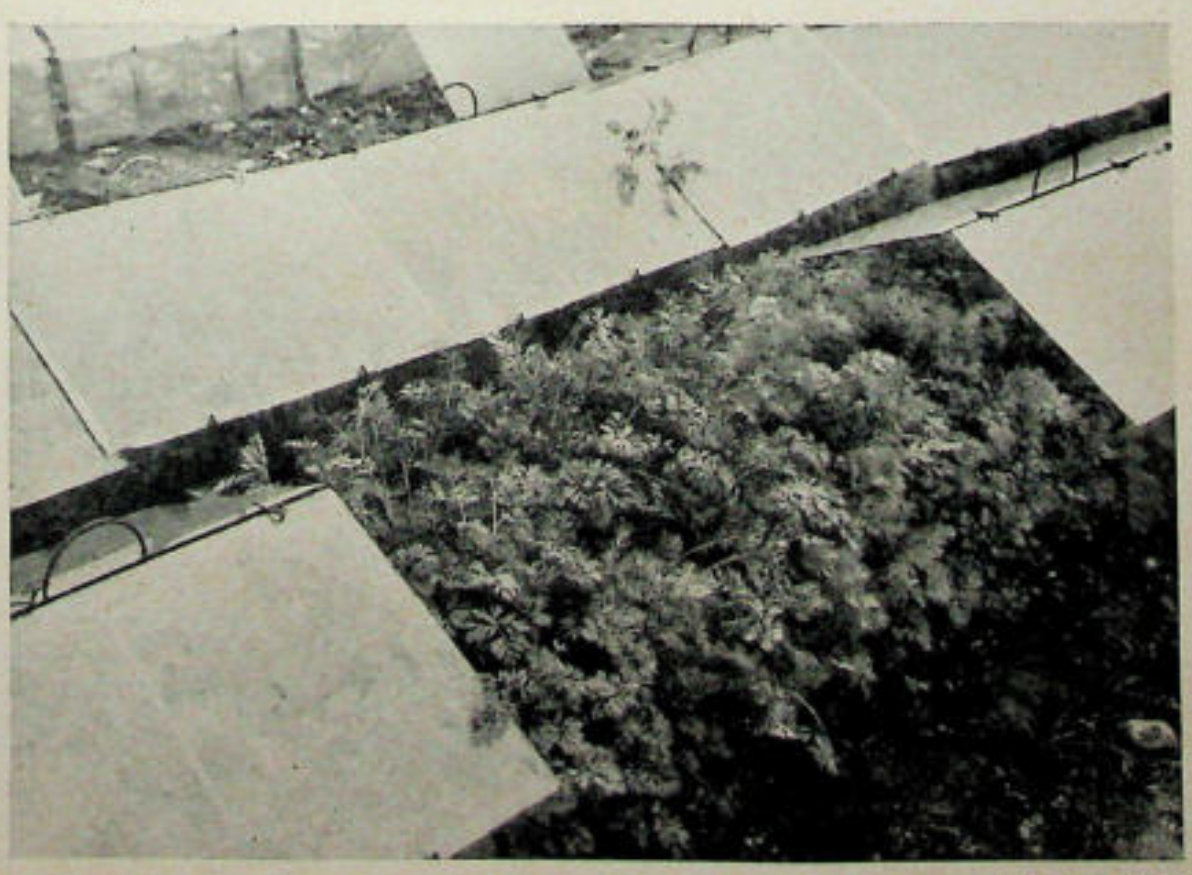
Continuous cloches give more protection against frost than unheated greenhouses, frames or Dutch lights, because they are made entirely of glass, and the sun's rays strike every part of the ground which is covered, and warm it up. At night, the warm ground radiates heat back into the air, and it is kept inside the cloche by the glass, which is a non-conductor. No other transparent substance is as effective a non-conductor as glass, which is so many times thicker than cellophane and other materials which have been tried. In the case of a greenhouse or frame, there is a considerable proportion of the area covered which never receives any sunshine at all in winter, because the sun is so low that the wooden sides of the frame cast long shadows.

Natural ventilation is provided by a narrow crack which runs along the top of the cloche between the two panes of glass. In hot weather the cloches can be spaced with a gap of about an inch between them, and the ends of the rows, which are closed in cold weather, can be left open. No watering is required except when it is also necessary for unprotected crops, since plants under cloches receive their full share of the rain, which runs down the sides of the cloches, straight to the roots of the plants. As a result, the soil never gets caked, but retains its tilth so that air can reach the roots.

The most important crop grown under cloches, both by the professional grower and by the amateur, is the lettuce. There are two main seasons for cloche lettuce growing: winter lettuce is sown in late August, and spring lettuce is sown in January. These crops are as a rule sown direct where they are to mature. Winter lettuce requires a light, well-drained soil, and the plants, which should be thinned to about eight inches apart, are covered with cloches about the end of September and are ready to cut from mid-November until the end of the year. Spring lettuce is sown in January, the ground being covered with cloches for three or four days before sowing to warm it up. After sowing, the cloches are replaced at once and kept on until the lettuce is ready to cut early in April.

An intermediate sowing is sometimes made in mid-September, and in a normal year this will give lettuces in January and February. But a prolonged frost of more than 12 or 15 degrees, like that experienced this year, is fatal to lettuce which is nearly full grown, even under cloches, and a later sowing at the end of October is a better proposition. Seedling lettuce under cloches will survive any frost, and can be planted out in permanent quarters in late January, still under cloches, and will be ready to cut late in March. Most amateurs like to make a succession of sowings in March and April under cloches, as

STRAWBERRIES UNDER A LARGE TENT CLOCHE
Note the friable soil inside and the caked surface outside



"EARLY NANTES" CARROT SOWN UNDER LOW BARN CLOCHES ON FEBRUARY 6TH, 1939 AND READY FOR PULLING ON MAY 5TH, 1939

TOMATOES RIPENING UNDER LOW BARN CLOCHES IN CUMBERLAND
Note the straw in which they are laid down after watering

growth is so rapid that a particularly crisp and tender salad is obtained, and losses from late frosts and heavy rains are eliminated.

The smallest size of tent cloche is suitable for growing a dwarf lettuce, but for a full-size lettuce like "All the Year Round," which does particularly well under cloches, a larger size of tent, or the low barn pattern is required. The latter model is wide enough to take two rows of lettuce, with a row of carrots, onions or peas down the centre.

Commercially, strawberries are next in importance. Most growers cloche a proportion of their crop every year, usually second-year plants. This brings them in the cash they so badly need to help to pay for the picking of their main crop some three weeks or a month later. The very earliest berries are obtained from first-year plants, and the amateur who wants a really long strawberry season should cover at least one row with cloches. The crop will, of course, not be as heavy as from second-year plants, but it will be several days earlier. May 16th to 20th is an average date to begin picking cloche-grown strawberries in Hampshire, although they have been picked as early as April 30th, in a good year, in a Surrey garden. The plants are, as a rule, covered with large tent cloches from mid-March, though covering from January onwards, so as to keep the roots warm, produces rather earlier crops.

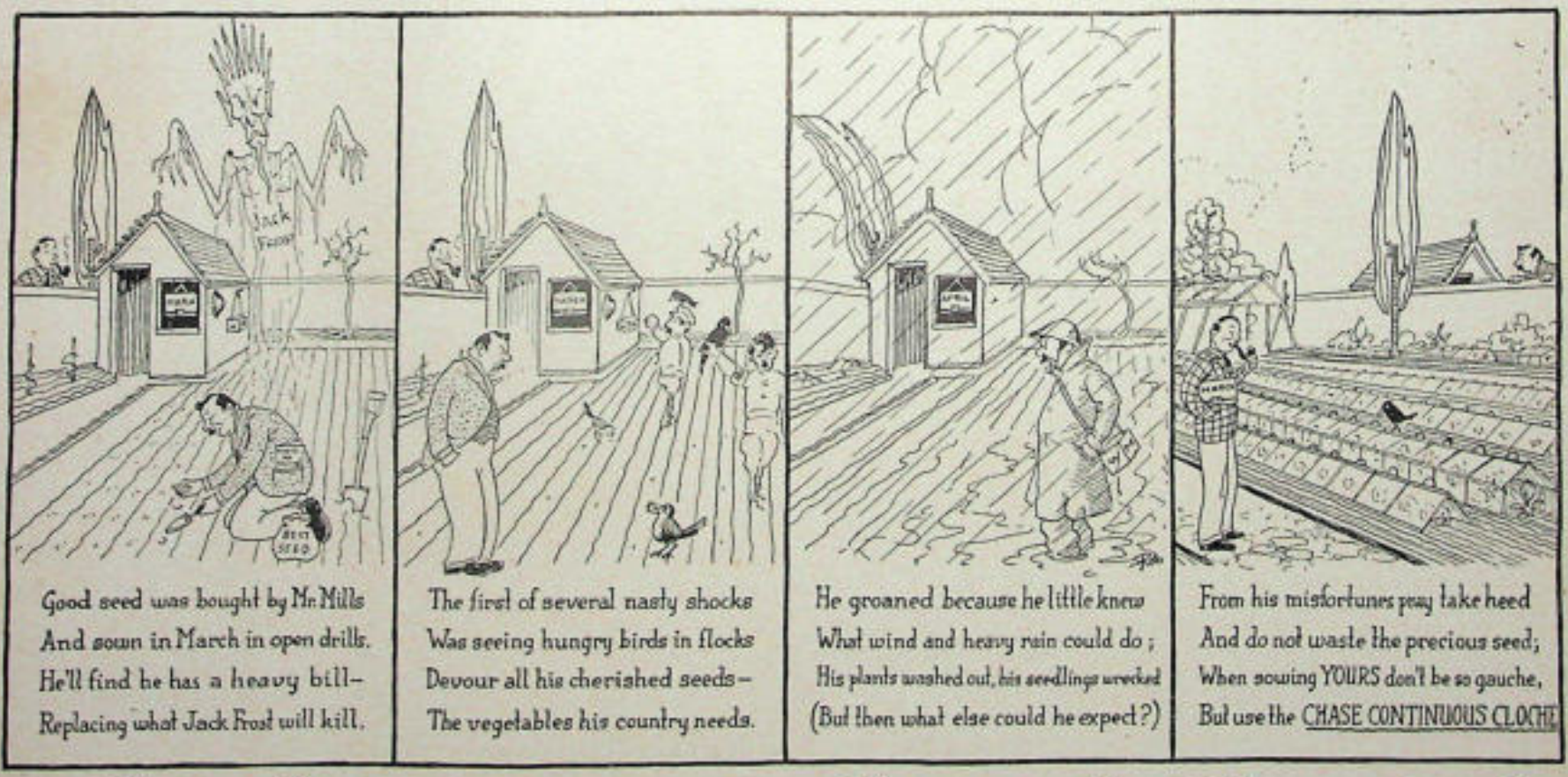
Cloche-grown root crops will be of the greatest importance this year, as the supply of early carrots and turnips from the Continent will be entirely cut off. Carrots should be sown up to the end of February and turnips in mid-March and will be ready for pulling in May. A row of low barn cloches will take five rows of carrot or three of turnip, or one row of either may be sown between two rows of lettuce. Both carrots and turnips grown under continuous cloches are immune from fly, because the roots are pulled before the fly lays its eggs.

The most interesting of all cloche-grown crops to the amateur gardener are peas and beans, for the short season for both these vegetables can be doubled. Dwarf peas should be sown from the end of January onwards, directly in their permanent quarters, at the bottom of a narrow trench. The ground should have been previously warmed by covering it with barn cloches and, after sowing the peas, the cloches should immediately be replaced. The plants will need no staking and the peas will mature from mid-May onwards.

Broad beans sown under cloches in January and February will invariably catch up those sown in the autumn, and will be ready in June. French beans should be planted at the end of March under cloches which may be kept in place until the beans are ready to pick in early June. Runner beans, of course, cannot be matured under cloches, but can be given a splendid start, and, if sown in mid-March, will be ready to pick early in July, or even at the end of June in a good season.

Tomatoes are a very "chancy" crop if grown in the open. But under cloches they can be successfully ripened even in a bad year. The plants are planted out in a shallow trench in mid-May, and covered with the largest size of barn cloche. When they reach the tops of the cloches, the cloches are removed and placed on edge on the north side of the trench, and the plants are staked. The plants are stopped at the fourth truss, untied and the stakes removed, and the plants are laid down on straw as for strawberries. The cloches are then replaced and the fruit ripens well.

In the well-run garden, continuous cloches are never out of use. In early spring, salads and seed-raising; in late spring, peas, beans and strawberries; in summer, tomatoes, vegetable marrows, cucumbers and melons; in autumn and winter, late beans, carrots, autumn-sown seeds and salads again. And in peace-time there will be a constant demand for cloches from the flower-garden. CULTIVATOR.



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"REAPING, AND MOWING, AND MAKING A DITCH"

What Farmers are Thinking Now

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

ONE of the old country rhymes known to most farmers commences with the words at the head of this article, and it went on to tell us that: "These are the three things that make a man rich."

Whoever was responsible for that rhyme knew his farming primer, and I am always so glad that he included the "Making a Ditch"; for the correct making and maintaining of a ditch is just as important a factor in successful farming as reaping and mowing. I will go further than that and say that on much of our land there would be little or no reaping and mowing if the ditches had not been made.

In view of this it is really good to know that the Government mean business, and that mole draining, and the care of waterways generally, is to be taken very seriously. That there is grave need for this step seems to be very apparent, or it would certainly not have been given such prominence in the midst of a great European War. The truth of the matter is that there are thousands of acres under cultivation that are not in full production, but that could produce almost as much again if the ditches were kept in better order.

It is quite possible that even the best of farmers may not be quite certain as to the position of their land drains, and so, when they clean out or deepen their ditches, they may feel satisfied at doing this, and not trouble to find the outlet pipes that run into the ditch.

Perhaps a farmer may be awakened to the true facts by finding that his land does not yield such crops as he knows full well it is capable of doing. After examination, he may find such land is more or less water-logged, and so he makes up his mind to clean, clear, and deepen as well as widen the ditches, and then, to his amazement, he may find the outlet pipes of a system of drainage he knew nothing about. These outlets might have been covered in by the soil for years, with the result that, the land being imperfectly drained, the water was not carried off, and thus the manurings, cultivations and other acts of husbandry done on this land had their efficacy reduced by anything from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent.

Thus, as there has been no National drainage campaign since the '80's, the present campaign should prove the salvation of much of the heavy, wet land of this country, and be of inestimable service to certain types of loam. Even without fresh drains, if ditches are cleared, widened (if there are no signs of the pipe outflows) and deepened to carry off the water, great improvement will be seen in the condition of the land, and the crops that are grown.

I have heard it said, curious as it may sound, that the coming of the barbed wire fence, or even the ordinary wire fence, sounded the knell of the old custom of keeping hedges and ditches in good order, and so affected the drainage system of the land. When hedges were trimmed it was only natural to clean out the ditches, and thus to keep the water running, but when a man could put up a wire fence, he knew such a fence would keep his cattle in, and his neighbour's cattle out; thus he did not trouble to go the round looking for gaps, and, as this was not necessary, it did not appear to matter about cleaning the ditch very often, and so secure the outflow of the drains.

Here one might add that as one of the measures of economy bad times have forced on the farmer, the wire fence, from the point of utility, may be a blessing; yet who has not been thankful for a well-kept and thick hedge round the pastures when bitter winds have been blowing, and our cattle, outwintered, have needed shelter?

On many farms they are ploughing and dunging the land for sugar beet, of which farmers have been asked to grow 50,000 acres more than last year. I know that farmers are only too anxious to do all they can in the way of producing more food; but what is causing them considerable anxiety is the fear that they will not be able to obtain sufficient labour to get the crop hoed, and more especially harvested. Here I think the Government might do much to help if they would state emphatically that they will help find the labour for those who are unable to find it for themselves.

Here is a chance for the Youth Land Army; for the work of raising the sugar beet crop, especially in bad weather, is not the job one likes to contemplate for women, unless they have been actually born and reared on the land, and strong lads of from 17 to 20 would carry out this work well, if under the supervision of skilled labour.

Speeches made recently by prominent Statesmen have been urging us to tighten our belts, and rely more and more on home-grown foods. Doubtless most of us will agree with the wisdom of this course, but at the same time the thinking man will wonder why we have been allowed to drift into this position, after the warnings we received in the last war, and warnings plainly indicated by articles appearing in these columns before the war.

Belts would not have to be drawn so tight had vision prevailed, and had our most priceless possession, fertile easily-worked land, been kept under cultivation and under crops that had been made to pay by statesmanlike action that could have been taken just after 1919. However, the thing to do now is not to cry over spilt milk, but to keep the plough going and make the effort, not only to provide meat, milk, and grain for our teeming population, but also to grow sufficient feeding-stuffs for a large proportion of our live stock.

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service

OUT of the 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 tons of feeding-stuffs we were importing before the war, dairy cows were consuming possibly one quarter. Imports can no longer be maintained at these levels. Yet the milk supply must be maintained and, if possible, increased. Is this an insoluble problem? Not if we make a great effort to supply more of the feeding-stuffs from the farm. There are two angles from which to approach it.

(1) Improvement of grassland, the cheapest and most suitable foodstuff for producing milk, and

(2) Increased production of crops of all kinds on the farm for the cows' rations.

For many farmers this will mean a drastic change in existing methods. The times will no longer justify the use of concentrates to supplement summer grass; they must be reserved for use in winter. Even in winter, home-grown products such as cereals, beans, peas, linseed, dried beet pulp and brewers' grains should be substituted for a proportion at least of the imported maize, oilcakes and other products from overseas.

Such changes cannot be brought about at short notice. They will need careful planning to enable the dairy farm to grow its own concentrates for winter feeding.

Nitrogenous manures will speed up the "early bite." Select one or more fields, with a good proportion of early grasses, dry, sheltered and preferably rested since early autumn. In early spring apply 1 cwt. sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda per acre, if possible after harrowing. On fields poor in lime or lacking clover, 1 to 1½ cwt. nitro-chalk is preferable.

Much of our existing pasture could be considerably graded up by the application of lime and basic slag. Under the Land Fertility Scheme the farmer can obtain lime at half the cost of buying and transporting, slag at three-quarters of these costs. Where re-seeding of the worn-out pasture would be the best course in the interests of the farm economy, the County War Committees may approve it as qualifying for the £2 per acre ploughing grant.

"Seeds" leys and meadows should be dressed with 1 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda or nitro-chalk in March. Where two cuts were taken last year or hard grazing done, this should be supplemented by 2 cwt. superphosphate and ½ to 1 cwt. potash salts per acre, unless dung has been put on. An ideal arrangement would be to cut one day, let the hay lie on the next day and turn and cock on the third day. When this is practicable there need be no loss of leaf or of green colour, provided the cocks are made to "turn" the rain and are not stacked until thoroughly "won." Under this system no more should be lying ready than can be cocked up in a long afternoon. It may look slow, but in catchy weather it is not only the quickest method, it is the only rational method.

Mixtures of pulse and cereal will enable concentrates in summer to be dispensed with on inferior or insufficient grass. The following alternative mixtures are suggested. They are all comparatively safe on ploughed-up grassland, and the only essential implements are a plough, a set of harrows and a roller. The quantities given are for sowing per acre:—

(1) Oats	2–3 bush.	(2) Oats	2–3 bush.
Vetches	1 "	Peas (Dun or Maple)	1–1½ "
(3) Oats	2½ "	(4) Oats	2–3 "
Peas	½ "	Vetches	1 "
Vetches	½ "	Italian Ryegrass	10 lb.
Beans	½ "		

These mixtures can be sown on arable or newly ploughed land up to early May. The oats should be strong strawed varieties; the Dun variety of pea is preferable on light land.

Mixtures 1, 2 and 4 can also be made into silage or hay. Mixture 3 is suitable for silage if chaffed but not for hay. Mixture 4 is suitable where autumn grazing is required after the main crop has been cut.

Sainfoin, that used to be such a common sight in the heyday of arable sheep, has practically disappeared from districts that once knew it so well. Now it is worthy of serious consideration in the present need to make farms more self-supporting.

It prefers light soils containing plenty of lime, but it will adapt itself to a far wider range of conditions than is generally supposed. Good crops are grown both on clays and loams where the climate is dry and warm. Its root will descend to a great depth, so that the crop will withstand the severest drought. But stagnant water is fatal to its success.

On the poorer soils it will make a valuable contribution to the subsequent crop. Wheat or sugar beet follow it with great advantage. On thin, dry soils, rape and mustard can often be successfully grown after sainfoin as a substitute for the turnips that such soils will not grow.

As a rotation crop, it may be cut for hay and the aftermath grazed by sheep. In its later years it may be grazed early and then left for seed. It lasts longest when the aftermath is grazed off each year during November and December by folding sheep over it.

Full particulars about this crop and details as to how to sow, manure and harvest it are available in the Ministry's Free Leaflet No. 249.

Lucerne is another green crop that might be grown much more extensively. The 30,000 acres or so grown in England and Wales do not do justice to its worth. It can remain down for five to eight years and attains its fullest growth in its second or third season.

Once it has reached this stage, three and even four cuts a year may be taken. But the last growth of the season should be left to stand the winter. If cut early enough, it is rich in protein and so can reduce the farm's requirements for bought cake.

A free leaflet, No. 67, is also obtainable from the Ministry with the necessary details about Lucerne.

A method of potato planting that may be very useful to small growers faced with the problem of planting potatoes and insufficient time to do it is adopted in Ireland for moorland, boggy or hill land where the physical condition of the ground or the small size of the farm are against cultivation by animals. It is known as the "lazybed" method. It is only to be recommended as an expedient, when otherwise the potatoes would not be planted at all.

Land is marked out into parallel beds 5ft. wide with a space of 1½ to 2ft. between them. The wide beds become the growing area, while the intervals between them are dug up to provide earth for covering.

Potatoes are laid in rows on the beds, the sets being put on the surface, or just inserted with a spade or trowel, usually at intervals of 1ft. in each direction. When the potatoes are in place, the space between the beds is dug up and the turves (if it is grassland) lifted. The turves should be some 2 or 3in. thick and are laid face down on the tubers. Farmyard or artificial manure is then liberally applied, after which more earth is dug, until the bed is covered to a general depth of about 4in. Thus the potatoes are planted in a kind of compost heap.

When the young sprouts appear above the ground, a little more earth may be dug and placed on the bed. No further attention is given other than light surface hoeing until the spread of the haulms makes this impossible.

The Forest Park Hotel, which is widely known as one of England's best and most comfortable country hotels, is situate at Brockenhurst, in the centre of the New Forest in Hampshire, and is therefore far removed from likely centres of aerial activity. It is also easy of access since most trains on the London — Bournemouth line stop at Brockenhurst station. Every facility for relaxation, recuperation, sport and pleasure in wartime is available, in particular as regards golf and hunting. The surrounding country is among the most beautiful in England. *The Hotel is Fully Licensed.*

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HUNTING COMPETITION FOR SERVICE READERS

The questions given below have been set on the following books: Mr. Romford's Hounds, The Badminton Library (Hunting), Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, Thoughts on Hunting by Peter Beckford

The Competition is open only to those readers of THE FIELD of either sex, who are serving with His Majesty's Forces.

Answers should be clearly written in the spaces provided or sent in on a separate sheet of paper (written on one side only).

Name, rank and address must be filled in in block capitals.

Prizes of ten pounds, five pounds and three pounds are offered and two additional prizes of three pounds and two pounds are offered by Lt.-Colonel The McGillycuddy of the Reeks for the best solutions sent in by serving members of the B.E.F. Six consolation prizes of a six-months subscription to THE FIELD are also offered.

Answers must be sent to The Editor, The Field House, 41 Southgate Street, Winchester, to arrive not later than first post on Monday, April 8th, 1940.

1. Who were the "Two Franks"? .. .. *Answer* .....
2. Who gave the advice that "You should not take out your hounds on a very windy day"? *Answer*— .....
3. To whom did Soapey Sponge lose "siven pun ten" and how did he pay it? *Answer*— .....
4. Who was— *Answer*— .....
   (*a*) Jack Spraggon? .. ..
   (*b*) The Dragon of Wantley? .. ..
   (*c*) Captain Spurrier? .. ..
   (*d*) Mr. Bragg? .. ..
   (*e*) The Benicia Boy? .. ..
   (*f*) "If father would but die"? .. ..
   (*g*) Independent Jimmy? .. ..
5. Why did Facey rake the gravel? .. .. *Answer* .....
6. Where did "the finest run that was ever seen" start from and how did the Earl of Scamperdale see the end of it? *Answer* .....
   .....
7. What peculiarities had "Multum in Parvo, Placid Joe, Leotard, and Honest Robin" and who provided them for their riders? *Answer* .....
   .....
8. On what occasion and to whom were the following remarks addressed? *Answer*— .....
   (*a*) "Better than the baccy shop" .. ..
   (*b*) "Ar'll show you the way" .. ..
   (*c*) "Most pernicious woman" .. ..
9. Who were "a most respectable family. If not handsome at all events genteel"? *Answer*— .....
   .....
10. Name three of Facey Romford's favourite tunes? .. .. *Answer* .....
11. Who was supposed to have headed more foxes than anybody else? *Answer* .....
12. What did Facey Romford give Sponge for breakfast? .. .. *Answer* .....
13. What is meant by— *Answer*— .....
    (*a*) Stopping out? .. ..
    (*b*) Feathering? .. ..
    (*c*) Rounding? .. ..
    (*d*) Dressing? .. ..
    (*e*) Drawing? (2 answers) .. ..
    (*f*) All on? .. ..
    (*g*) Putting to? .. ..
14. What did Colonel Chatterbox pay for Leotard? .. .. .. *Answer* .....
15. How should a furze cover be drawn in the evening? .. .. *Answer* .....
16. What is the first essential towards making hounds obedient? .. *Answer* .....
17. Who wore three waistcoats? .. .. *Answer* .....
18. What was Facey Romford wearing when he killed his first fox with the H. Hounds and what did he say when he had him in hand? *Answer* .....
    .....
19. Give a short description of— *Answer*
    (*a*) Chowy .. ..
    (*b*) Dirtiest of the Dirtys .. ..
    (*c*) Wideawake .. ..
    (*d*) Sir Roger Fergusson .. ..
20. Who "saw the strange confusion in the Vale below"? .. .. *Answer* .....
21. What did Mr. Stanley Stirling give his guests for dinner and who were they? *Answer* .....
    .....

NAME ..... RANK .....

ADDRESS .....

THREE PIONEERS OF THE TRACK

And one of the Desert

By W. G. McMINNIES

WITHIN the last few months motor racing has lost three great pioneers, S. F. Edge, Col. F. Lindsay Lloyd and A. V. Ebblewhite. The first two died on the same day while "Ebby" had died a few weeks earlier.

The present generation of motor racing men and women will not remember the good old days when Brooklands first started and Edge, already a towering figure in motor sport and commerce, was challenging the world with the "noiseless Napiers" and the advantages of the six-cylinder principle. That was in the period starting in 1907. But as early as 1902 Edge had won the Gorden Bennett Cup for the 375 miles race from Paris to Innsbruck, and that despite many breakdowns. Only second to this achievement was his single-handed 24 hours' drive at Brooklands in 1907 when by averaging over 60 m.p.h. he set up a world's record which stood for 17 years. During this record two other green six-cylinder Napiers accompanied him, being handled by different drivers, and they too smashed all the old records.

After that, Napier record breaking, interspersed by one or two beetle crashes, was sufficiently exciting to warrant headlines on the main newspapers of the popular press. In those days speeds of 85 or 90 m.p.h. were considered terrific and the drivers who achieved them were regarded as supermen, as indeed they were. Names such as Newton, Cundy and Tryon come to mind.

When record after record had been smashed by the Napier team, Edge issued challenges to all comers. The Metallurgique people, headed by Oscar Cupper, and the Fiat Company accepted, and at one memorable Brooklands meeting three matches were arranged. The Metallurgiques were beaten in the lower-powered classes and then came the big thrill of the meeting, the match between Newton's long green 90 h.p. Napier, with its gas pipe type of radiator extending along the sides of its body, and the Italian Nazzaro's immense red 120 h.p. Fiat. The Napier, I think, was called Samson and the Fiat Mephistopheles. The cubic capacity of these old-time Titans was at least 10,000 c.c. Anyway, the bores of their cylinders were as wide as top-hats.

Well do I remember the hush and tenseness of the atmosphere before that last battle of the monsters. Most of us thought that one or both the drivers were courting certain death. Of the fantastic speed they were about to unleash we had no idea. So in the intense heat of a summer's afternoon we simply stood and gaped. All round the Napier mechanics busied themselves, adjusting this and that, taping up vital parts and trying the engine. Somehow or other they did not give the usual Napier impression of confidence and of everything being in order.

And, as a contrast, a few stalls away the great red Fiat lay comparatively quiet, with its driver, many times Grand Prix Champion, peacefully asleep beside it. The contrast seemed ominous for the British hopes. Well, the race started and, after both cars had got into their swing, it was seen that as the Napier came round the Members' Banking it was in trouble. So much so, in fact, that Newton was able to free wheel from near what is now called the Vickers Fork round into the Railway Straight, where he retired, leaving Nazzaro the victor.

Years afterwards I met Edge. He had retired from the Napier business, taken up and made a success of pedigree pig farming and had invested a fortune in the A.C. car. His gospel was then a high power to weight ratio and he was right. Unfortunately the A.C. car, as it was then, went through a bad time and Edge lost a lot of money and went back to pig breeding once more. One thing that struck me about him was that, although he was then an elderly man, his mind was still young and, unlike many other elderly people, he was always willing and indeed anxious to hear the views of younger people in the trade. Another point that impressed me was his fitness, erect and alert bearing and piercing eyes below those bushy black brows. His whole manner suggested keenness, quickness and efficiency. And if that was the impression he gave near the end of his life one can imagine the drive he must have exerted in his prime.

Col. F. Lindsay Lloyd served in the Royal Engineers in South Africa and in the last war. From 1909 to 1929, excluding his war service, he was Clerk of the Course at Brooklands, where he succeeded E. de Rodakowski under whose aegis the track had been opened. I remember this period well, because Rodakowski allowed me and a friend to ride a motor-bicycle match on the track early that year, and actually timed us with the then novel electric timing strip. It was in fact the very first race ever to be run at Brooklands. The speed was a fraction under 60 m.p.h., surprising in those days but despicable by modern standards. Rodakowski wore a yachting cap, white trousers and shoes to match, for it was at that period that the big motoring noises favoured yachting (or were they engine drivers' ?) caps.

Lindsay Lloyd succeeded him two years later and brought a certain military discipline into the affairs of the track which were not always appreciated. But, though to many people he may have seemed a bit autocratic and pompous, I always found him courteous and of course absolutely fair. And it was doubtless this last quality that brought him to the position of chairman of the R.A.C. Competition Committee for so many years.

Like Lindsay Lloyd, A. V. Ebblewhite was a time-keeper, having timed motor-cycling and car events ever since the 1890's, when he clocked motor-cycling Harry Martin on the Canning Town track. By profession he sold musical instruments, but whether it was from this business or his time-keeping fees that he amassed a fortune of nearly £50,000 I do not know. In any case I should say that since 1907 or thereabouts Ebblewhite hardly ever spent a week-end at home. Always he would be away in some part of the British Isles timing hill climbs, races or reliability trials.

How he managed to sit for four or five hours on end and note the times accountable, under conditions which were often extremely unpleasant, I could never understand. Again and again I have found him sitting in a hedge at the roadside in a bitter wind, snow or rain, running a secret check miles away from anywhere. There he would crouch, his precious instruments protected in a case he had designed himself, with nothing more than a bit of bread and cheese to see him through the day.

A few months ago I met him at the R.A.C. and asked why he did not write a book about his experiences as a time-keeper and handicapper. He said he had not the time but I suspect that he was more interested in the figures than the facts and fiction of motor racing. For surely no man had spent so much of his life in noting fractions of seconds, hours and minutes as he. And now Father Time has clicked Ebby's stop watch for the last time.

To turn to a less mournful note; to wit, Humfrey Symons' enthralling book *Two Roads to Africa* (Gifford 10/6). It is not easy to write a travel story that grips the imagination. A few have succeeded and stories of the attempt on Everest or the Poles by Scott or Byrd, and not Hitler, are classics in their way. But the ordinary travel book either has too much church and monument contents or too much purely personal matter.

Symons' stories of his record runs across the Sahara to Nairobi and Capetown, on Morris, Rolls Royce and Wolseley cars, not only sustain the interest of the reader by making him always wonder will he do it or how can he get away with that, but are also enlivened with many amusing human touches supplied both by the cars' crews and the people they meet in the desert and jungle.

Of adventures there are plenty. Again and again, despite the most careful map planning and reading, the record breakers find themselves lost. Not lost as we understand it in this country, where it would be difficult to find ourselves more than a few miles from a habitation, but lost in the grand manner, in the middle of hundreds, if not thousands, of miles of sand. And when petrol is running low, water is unobtainable and the temperature inside the car over 100 deg. Fahr., being lost is not at all funny.

And then they have their breakdowns. An axle shaft fails, they run out of tyres, a wheel-bearing falters and finally on the last trip of all, a 10,000 miles record run to the Cape, the poor old Wolseley dives 30ft. off a bridge into a crocodile-infested river and Symons and his friend Browning have to swim for it, injured though they are.

One might have thought that such a sensational crash would have spelled the end of that record attempt. But no, after they had patched up their arms and legs, Symons' hand being laid up in plaster of paris, they got their faithful Wolseley hauled out of the river by 50 convicts and 100 villagers, and patched up by engineers of the Sudan defence force, and finally completed the journey to Capetown.

These figures give some idea of this remarkable performance. In 31 days and 22 hours they covered 10,300 miles, a daily average of 320 miles, including all stops and all the days after the smash when they did not drive at all. Omitting the 12 days on which the car was stationary but including all stops for sleep, food and replenishment, the average worked out at 515 miles a day, and that almost entirely over open country and roads we should never dream of driving on.

The impression the book leaves on my mind is of the extraordinary toughness and pertinacity of the crews led and inspired by Symons. He had set out to do a job and apparently nothing in this world would have prevented him from doing it. Not even that 12ft. diameter tree that, struck by lightning at night in the jungle, fell a few yards ahead of the car and blocked his road.

Photograph: Argent Archer. Reproduced from "Motor Racing"

THE NAPIER WITH WHICH S. F. EDGE SET UP THE FIRST RECORD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AT BROOKLANDS

BY CAR THROUGH ICELAND

By SETON GORDON, C.B.E.

WHEN the European horizon was threatening, but before the storm had burst, a friend and I sailed from Leith on board the sturdy steamship *Gullfoss* for Reykjavik, in Iceland. After passing through a zone of storms we sighted Iceland on a day of clear sky, when around our vessel, as she sailed through an ocean of deep, glorious blue, fulmar petrels wheeled and glided with their incomparable flight. That first view of Iceland in its beauty and grandeur was outstanding. The only thing I remember which could compare with

THE CAR IN WHICH THE TOUR WAS MADE

it was a first view of the tapering, cone-shaped peaks of Spitsbergen when seen on the sudden lifting of the sea mist at the entrance to Ice Fjord.

The Iceland hills are higher and more massive than those of Spitsbergen, and, when we first sighted them, they appeared to be distant white clouds rising from the blue floor of the sea. As we approached them, those great hills took definite shape, and on their slopes, deeply covered with snow, the evening sun shone with a delicate lilac light. Like Spitsbergen, Iceland at first sight appears to be an uninhabited country, and indeed there are but three towns—and none of them large—upon this north-western outpost of Europe. Reykjavik is the capital; the other two towns are Akureyri and Seydisfjord.

I believe it is a view generally held about Iceland that there are no roads in that country. Roads are indeed of recent construction there, but when we arrived at Reykjavik we found that it would be possible to hire a car and travel through a large part of the country. The Statourist agency in Reykjavik was most helpful. It is a government agency to assist visitors, and, without any charge being made, a Ford car was provided—most of the cars in Iceland are Fords—with an English-speaking driver. The hire of the car was so reasonable that our driver, who was part-owner, could have made little profit out of the trip. Altogether we covered upwards of 1,200 miles in this car. We had been told that the roads were not good, but as we drove out from Reykjavik on a lovely summer morning of sunshine we had little idea of the roads we should find ahead of us during our tour.

It was the end of June and already the small fields of hay were being cut with the scythe. The grass was short, and of a brilliant green, tinged with a gold, that in Britain is seen only in pasture on the high hills. We had driven only a mile or two out from Reykjavik, when I noticed a plant with small red blossoms beside the road.

This plant was to be our almost constant companion during our tour. It was the cushion pink or moss campion, *Silene acaulis*, a plant which in Britain is found chiefly on the summits and ridges of high hills between 2,000 and 4,000 feet above sea level. In Iceland its red or salmon-pink flowers growing beside the road—in one place actually between the wheel tracks—were a delight to the eye and beautified many a desolate stretch of lava-strewn ground. Another flowering plant which we were to see in most parts of the country was *Dryas octopetala*, its comparatively large cream-coloured blossoms often serving as a foil for the smaller and more lowly red flowers of *Silene acaulis*.

We first visited Thingvellir, which was the open-air meeting place of the early Icelandic parliaments. In this lake there are large trout, and also char of considerable size. Red-necked phalaropes swam lightly and gracefully on the water of the lake, and a great northern diver was heard to utter its loud laughing cry. It was at Thingvellir that I first came to know the Icelandic springs. These springs welled out from deep caverns among the rocks. They boiled upwards from the depths with great power, and, so clear were the waters, the bottom was plain twelve, or even fifteen feet down. But some of the wells were so profound that nothing could be seen of their floors. Their pure, ice-cold waters were most pleasant to drink.

Hot springs are scarce, and it was not for several days that our way took us to Laugarvatn. It was late in the evening and the low sun shone golden on the hills above a lake. Beside the lake a cloud of steam rose idly into the air and slowly drifted away on the breeze. The hot springs of Laugarvatn provide a hot-water swimming bath for the hotel, and immediately above the boiling well a wooden hut has been erected. Here the visitor may take a steam bath, seated only a foot or two above a boiling cauldron! The waters of the lake were tepid, but waterfowl were swimming on them, and perhaps found the warmth pleasant.

The Great Geyser we also visited. An eruption is "arranged" from time to time to suit the convenience of visitors, by a vast amount of soap being dropped into the mouth of the hot spring.

AN ICELANDIC FAMILY

A memorable day in our tour was when we crossed the hill track over the shoulder of mighty snow-covered Blafjall to a glacier lake beyond us. Here a snow bunting was singing on a stone beside the road, and amongst the floating icebergs a whooper swan was swimming. It was here that we noticed for the first time the habit of the whooper swans in Iceland of feeding on the short green grass of the hillside or tundra, far from the nearest lake or river. It was strange to see a number of long white necks thrust upward inquiringly, a number of heads held rigidly at attention, and then the great birds rise ponderously into the air and fly leisurely away.

The evening on which we approached and drove along the north coast of Iceland was cloudless. I shall not readily forget the beauty of that northern sunset. The sun approached the horizon and at length reached it, but instead of setting in a very few minutes, as it would do in Britain, it continued on its course towards the north, its lower rim just beneath the horizon, as though it were actually moving through the water. It was after eleven o'clock when it finally disappeared, but daylight persisted throughout the night.

Day after day the fine weather persisted and our trusty Ford made light of all difficulties. Most of the watercourses and smaller rivers were unbridged, but Simon, our cheerful driver, told us that so long as the water was not sufficiently deep to reach our headlights we need have no alarm. After driving for days through a wild and desolate country it was unexpected to find, on the shore of a fjord, the town of Akureyri, with paved streets, policemen on duty, and even one-way traffic.

We remained no more than a couple of hours in Akureyri, then set out for Myvatn, that famous bird-haunted lake in the north-east wilds of Iceland. We arrived at midnight, in a thick mist, and, although it was early July, found that the vegetation had scarcely begun to grow here. At Myvatn we stayed with the priest, in his house on the shore of the lake, and next morning, despite the comparative cold, we realised how well the lake merited its Icelandic name, Myvatn or Lake of Flies. Flies were everywhere; they crawled up one's nose, became entangled in one's hair, entered one's eyes. We were glad to board the local motor boat and sail out into the lake, on which hundreds of red-necked phalaropes were swimming (or flying overhead in flocks).

Here we saw great flocks of Barrow's golden-eye, and on the islands were large colonies of nesting scaup, which were very tame, and were carefully protected by the people of the district, for the men are in the habit of taking their eggs and preserving them for winter use. Long-tailed duck were also nesting on the islands.

When we were out on the waters of the lake I noticed what appeared to be a cloud of steam rising from an island, and asked if it came from a hot spring. The motor boat's owner replied that what appeared to be steam was in reality a vast cloud of flies, drifting slowly here and there on the still air; but, he added, the season of the flies, thanks to the late summer, had not really started. When the flies were at their worst, he said, the people had to remain indoors, and even the cattle and horses had to be brought under cover. We thought that after a long and dreary winter, the coming of summer could scarcely be looked forward to with unmixed pleasure by the people of Myvatn!

A VIEW OF THE GODAFASS FALLS

BRIDGE

SELECTING THE SUIT

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

ONE of the secrets of successful bidding is the selection of the right trump suit, or "finding the fit" as it is popularly known. It is not always easy for a pair of partners to find the fit; for when it is a matter of having to decide between two suits as the final declaration, no one can lay down precise rules to guide the partners to the right decision. It is very largely a matter of drawing inferences from the bids previously made.

An interesting example of this was brought to my notice a few weeks ago.

At love all Z dealt and held:—

♠ A, K, Q, 8, 7, 5. ♡ Q, 9, 6, 4. ◇ 7. ♣ 6, 2.

The bidding was:—

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Two Clubs	Two No Trumps	No Bid
Three Spades	No Bid	Three No Trumps	No Bid
Four Hearts	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

At first sight Z's bid of "Four Hearts" seems a wild gamble. But an examination of the bidding shows that in reality it was a well thought out and logical bid. Y's voluntary bid of "Two No Trumps," over A's bid of "Two Clubs," showed that he had a guard in Clubs. His bid of "Three No Trumps," after Z had twice bid Spades, and in view of the silence of A and B, confirmed strength in Clubs, and indicated at best no more than two small Spades; for Y, if he had had support for Spades, would not have insisted on No Trumps. Then, as Y had insisted on No Trumps, and lacked support for Spades, he must have had some strength in Hearts and Diamonds, but not length in Hearts or Diamonds; for if he had he would have bid one of those suits in preference to insisting on No Trumps. And, of course, there was little risk in Z's bid of "Four Hearts," because he did not bid the suit until the third round and thereby indicated that he was not very strong in the suit, and if Y had not got good support for Hearts he could bid "Four Spades" without increasing the contract.

Here is the complete deal:—

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

It will be seen that Z's inferences from the bidding were correct: "Four Hearts" can be made, but not "Three No Trumps" against the best defence, nor "Four Spades"; but the majority of players would, I think, either have left undisturbed Y's bid of "Three No Trumps" or bid "Four Spades."

When bidding to find the fit players should not labour under the impression that, given the same strength in top cards, it must be best to make the longest suit trumps. There are many cases where it is better to make a shorter suit trumps and the longer suit can be brought in and valuable discards made.

An admirable illustration of this is to be seen in Deal 46 from the Scotland v. Northern Ireland Match of 1937.

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

It will be seen that if Spades are trumps A and B can make only the small slam, but with Hearts as trumps they can make the grand slam, because one of A's losing Clubs can be discarded on B's "long" Spade.

And, in play, the bidding of the teams was most instructive because in Room I A and B reached the grand slam in Hearts by means of the Four-Five No Trumps Convention. Thus:—

B (dealer)	Z	A	Y
One Spade (1)	No Bid	Three Spades (2)	No Bid
Four Hearts (3)	No Bid	Four No Trumps (4)	No Bid
Five No Trumps (5)	No Bid	Six Hearts (6)	No Bid
Seven Hearts (7)	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

(1) The "regulation" opening bid.

(2) Forcing in the same suit, and better than a response of "Two No Trumps."

(3) Showing the second suit, and offering partner the choice of major suits for the final contract.

(4) Conventional. The bid shows either three Aces or two Aces and the King of a suit bid by either partner.

(5) The conventional response showing two Aces, and, of course made with the knowledge that A holds the King of Spades and the two red Aces.

(6) Indicating a preference for Hearts as the final trump suit.

(7) Obviously.

This is Approach-Forcing bidding at its best.

But in Room II A and B used Ace-showing (or Cue Bidding) and reached the makeable—but not the best—final contract of "Six Spades." Thus:—

B (dealer)	Z	A	Y
One Spade	No Bid	Four Spades (1)	No Bid
Five Clubs (2)	No Bid	Five Hearts (3)	No Bid
Six Spades (4)	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

(1) Agreeing the suit, and forcing.

(2) Showing first round control (Ace or a void) in Clubs.

(3) Showing first round control in Hearts and not offering a choice of suits for the final contract.

(4) The only possible final contract on the bidding.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ 10, 5, 3, 2 ♡ 5 ◇ none ♣ K, 9, 6	
♠ K, 9, 7 ♡ none ◇ 10, 9 ♣ J, 8, 5	Y A B Z	♠ J, 8, 6, 4 ♡ 6, 2 ◇ J ♣ 4
	♠ A, Q ♡ 7, 3 ◇ K, 7 ♣ 7, 3	

Clubs are trumps. Z to lead, and Z and Y to make seven tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Z leads Q♣, and A wins with K♣ (if A plays 5♣, Z continues with 7♣).

A's best lead is 9♡. Y wins with K♡.

Y leads Q♣, B must play K♣, and Z wins with A♣.

Z wins A◇. A must discard 10♡ (if he discards a ♣ he establishes Y's J♣ and 8♣), and Y discards 6♣. B must discard J♡; for if he discards 7♣ he establishes Z's 9♣ and 5♣, and if he discards 10♣ he establishes Y's J♣ and 8♣.

Z wins 9♣, and thereby squeezes A; for if A discards Q♡ he establishes Y's 6♡, and if he discards a ♣ he establishes Y's J♣ and 8♣.

CHESS

EUWE v. KERES

The twelfth game of the match. It shows some fine play by Keres.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE. P. Keres.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. P. Keres.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	15. P to Q 4	P to K 3
2. P to B 4	P takes P	14. P takes P	B takes P
3. P to K 3 (a)	P to Q B 4 (b)	15. Kt to Q 4	B takes Kt
4. B takes P	Kt to K B 3	16. Q takes B	Q to Kt 2 (g)
5. Castles	P to Q R 3 (c)	17. Q to Q Kt 4	Kt to Q 4
6. P to Q Kt 3	P to Q Kt 4	18. Q to Q 6	Kt to K 2 (h)
7. B to K 2	B to Kt 2	19. R to B sq	P to Kt 5 (i)
8. B to Kt 2	Q Kt to Q 2	20. Kt to B 4	Kt to K B 4
9. P to Q R 4 (d)	Q to Kt 3 (e)	21. Q to B 4 (j)	B takes P
10. P takes P	P takes P	22. Kt to Q 6, ch	Kt takes Kt
11. R takes R, ch	B takes R	23. Q takes Kt	Resigns (k)
12. Kt to R 3 (f)	B to B 3		

(a) An alternative here is Q to R 4, ch.

(b) 3. . . . Kt to Q B 3; 4. B takes P, P to K 4 is an alternative line of play, quite satisfactory for Black. An attempt to maintain the pawn by 3. . . . P to Q Kt 4 is not good. White's reply is 4. P to Q R 4.

(c) Beginning the development of his Queen's side, but it seems to be premature. In our opinion Black should first play P to K 3, B to K 2 and Castles.

(d) A good move.

(e) P to Kt 5 would allow White a strong square at his Q B 4 for a Knight; while, if instead, P takes P, then R takes P and Black's Queen's Rook's pawn is weak.

(f) Another good move. From now on Black is in difficulties.

(g) If 16. . . . Q takes Q, then 17. B takes Q, P to Kt 5; 18. Kt to B 2, Kt to Q 4; 19. B to B 4, Kt to Kt 3; 20. B to B 5 and Black's Queen's Knight's pawn falls. But after the text-move White prevents Black from castling.

(h) If 18. . . . Q to B 2, then 19. Q takes Q, Kt takes Q; 20. R to B sq, Kt to Kt sq; 21. Kt takes P followed, if 21. . . . Kt takes Kt, by 22. B takes Kt, B takes B; 23. R to B 8, ch.

(i) This allows Kt to B 4, but Black has no satisfactory move. If 19. . . . Kt to B 3, then 20. R takes R, Kt takes R; 21. B takes P; or, if, instead, 19. . . . Kt to Q Kt sq, then 20. Kt takes P, to be followed, if 20. . . . B takes Kt, by 21. R to B 7.

(j) White now threatens to win a piece by playing Kt to R 5.

(k) He is helpless against the threat of 24. R to B 7. If 23. . . . K to Q sq, then 24. B takes P (threatening B to B 6, ch and mate next move) and wins. If 23. . . . B to R 6, then 24. B to K B 3 and wins; or, if, instead, 23. . . . B to R 8, then 24. P to K 4, B takes P; 25. R to B 7 and wins.

The fourth game of the match.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. P. Keres.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. P. Keres.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	25. Q to Kt 5	R to R 6
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	26. Q takes Q	R takes Q
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to kt 5	27. R to Q 4	R takes R P
4. Q to B 2	Kt to B 3	28. B to B 3 (j)	B to K sq
5. P to K 3 (a)	P to K 4	29. P to R 4	R to B 3
6. P takes P (b)	Kt takes P	30. R to R sq	R takes R, ch
7. B to Q 2 (c)	P to Q 3	31. B takes R	K to B sq
8. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt	32. B to Kt 7	B to B 3
9. R takes B	Castles	33. B takes B	R takes B
10. Kt to B 3	K Kt to Q 2	34. P to Kt 4	K to K 2
11. B to K 2	Q to K 2	35. K to Q 2	P to R 4
12. R to Q sq	Kt takes Kt, ch (d)	36. P to K 5	R to R 3
		37. K to B 3	R to R sq
13. P takes Kt	P to K B 4	38. P to B 6	R to R sq
14. K to K Kt sq	R to B 2	39. P to Kt 5 (k)	P to R 5
15. Q to Q 2	Kt to B 3 (e)	40. P to Kt 6	P takes P
16. P to B 5 (f)	P to Q 4 (g)	41. P takes P	P to R 6
17. B takes Kt	Q takes B	42. P to Kt 7	P to R 7
18. Q takes P	B to K 3 (h)	43. R to Q sq	R to Q sq (l)
19. Q takes Kt P	Q R to K B sq	44. R takes R	P to R 8=Q
20. P to B 4	R to K 2	45. P to Kt 8=Q	Q to B 8, ch
21. R to Q 2	B to B 2	46. K to Kt 4	Q to Kt 7, ch
22. Q takes R P	Q to K 5	47. K to R 5	Q to B 6, ch
23. Q to Kt 7	R takes P	48. K to Kt 6	Q to Kt 5, ch
24. Q to Kt 2 (i)	P to Kt 3	49. K to R 7	Resigns (m)

(a) Kt to B 3, temporarily preventing P to K 4, is, we think, to be preferred.

(b) If 6. P to Q 5, then 6. . . . Kt to K 2; 7. Kt to B 3, B takes Kt, ch (not P to Q 3 at once because of Q to R 4, ch); 8. Q takes B, P to Q 3 followed by Castles with a satisfactory game for Black.

(c) Unpinning the Knight and so preventing P to Q 4.

(d) R to K sq is safer. The text-move allows White to open the King's Knight's file and get attacking chances. Possibly Dr. Euwe thought that Keres, being unable to castle on the Queen's side, would not risk playing 13. P takes Kt.

(e) This gives White the opportunity for a neat combination. Black should, instead, play Kt to B 4, to be followed by Kt to K 3.

(f) A good move. If now 16. . . . P takes P, then 17. Q to Q 8, ch followed, if 17. . . . Q takes Q, by 18. R takes Q, ch, R to B sq; 19. B to B 4, ch or, if 17. . . . Q to B sq or 17. . . . Kt to K sq, by 18. B to B 6.

(g) If 16. . . . Kt to K sq, then 17. Q to Q 5 (threatening B to B 4), K to R sq; 18. B to B 4, R to B sq; 19. P takes P, P takes P; 20. P to B 4 with a big advantage in position for White. With the text-move Black gives up a pawn but gets rid of one of White's Bishops.

(h) Giving up a second pawn in the hope of getting some counter-attack.

(i) 24. R to Kt 3, R to K 2; 25. Q to Kt 2 seems stronger.

(j) White's Queen's side pawns give him a winning advantage.

(k) Best. If, instead, 39. R to Q 7, ch, then 39. . . . K to K 3; 40. R takes P, K to Q 3; 41. R to Q 7, ch, K takes P; 42. R to Q sq, P to R 5 and Black has better chances of saving the game.

(l) His only hope now is perpetual check after queening the pawn.

(m) If 49. . . . Q takes P, ch, then 50. K to B 8, Q takes Q, ch; 51. K takes Q, K takes R; 52. P to B 7, ch and wins. If, instead, 49. . . . Q to R 4, ch, then 50. K to Kt 7, Q to Kt 4, ch; 51. K to B 8 and wins since after either 51. . . . Q takes P, ch or 51. . . . Q to R 3, ch White's Queen interposes with check.

PROBLEM No. 4057

By L. A. WOODWARD.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K R sq, Queen at Q R 4, Rook at K R 5, Bishop at Q 4, Knights at K Kt 5 and K 8, Pawns at Q Kt 3 and Q Kt 5.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q 4, Rook at Q B sq, Bishop at Q R sq, Pawns at K Kt 2, K 3, Q Kt 3 and Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* Observer, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4056

1. P to K 3 (threatening 2. Q to Q 4, ch). If 1. . . . B to R 5, then 2. P to K 4, &c. If 1. . . . R to Q 6, 1. . . . R takes P or 1. . . . P takes P, then 2. B to B 5, ch, &c. If 1. . . . Kt to B 6, then 2. B takes Kt, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 559

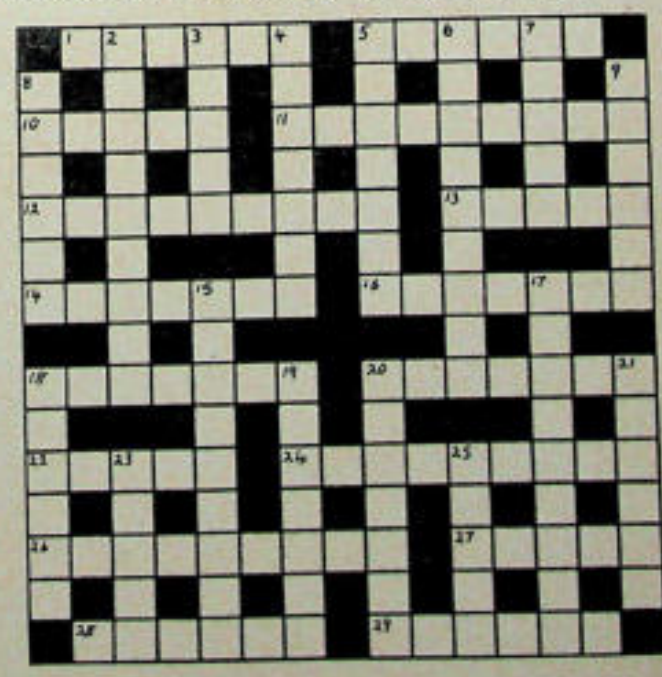
ACROSS.—1, The outcome of disorder in Ulster (6). 5, Cease (6). 10, Most machinery has to be this (5). 11, Not my oars (anag.) (9). 12, Bridge-players like to make them (9). 13, The next race should have nine runners according to the nom (hidden) (5). 14, "—— should never be shy" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) (7). 16, Extra ones are needed to deal with the Christmas mails (7). 18, Engrave (anag.) (7). 20, A little devil begins a moving force (7). 22, Retinue (5). 24, These are to be found near the wrists (9). 26, One in charge of funds (9). 27, I am in a labyrinth (5). 28, This larva is used as bait (6). 29, He looks after the horses (6).

DOWN.—2, Inelegant (anag.) (9). 3, As this is apart (5). 4, "Wafted by a favouring gale, As one sometimes is in —— " (*The Mikado*) (7). 5, Abhors (7). 6, The yield of a quarry ? (9). 7, "Codlin's the friend, not ——" (5). 8, Ours have been greatly increased in the last six months (6). 9, Secluded tracks (6). 15, Grandiose (anag.) (9). 17, "Let observation with —— view Survey mankind from China to Peru" (Dr. Johnson) (9). 18, Shrewd (6). 19, These sometimes go round and round (7). 20, Deduce a negative reply (7). 21, Resist (anag.) (6). 23, We are naturally resisting the men's attempt to coerce us (hidden) (5). 25, Restrict (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 558

Published March 2nd

■	M	I	K	A	D	O	■	B	O	T	H	E	R	■
S	■	T	■	L	■	V	■	A	■	I	■	V	■	B
Q	U	A	I	L	■	E	A	T	■	E	L	I	Z	A
U	■	L	■	O	■	R	■	T	■	■	D	■	N	■
E	V	I	C	T	E	D	■	L	E	C	T	E	R	N
A	■	A	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	L	■	N	■	E
L	U	N	C	H	I	N	G	■	R	I	O	T	E	D
■	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	V	■	N	■	■	■	■
T	H	R	O	B	S	■	K	I	N	G	C	O	L	E
E	■	E	■	I	■	B	■	O	■	■	■	P	■	M
R	E	G	A	T	T	A	■	L	E	I	S	U	R	E
R	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	N	■	L	■	N
O	I	L	E	D	■	T	U	N	■	G	R	E	E	D
R	■	I	■	O	■	E	■	C	■	O	■	N	■	S
■	M	A	T	T	E	R	■	E	S	T	A	T	E	■



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

Fishing Rights in a Small Stream.—The fishing belongs to the man who owns the bed of the river, but at the same time, unless by deed it can be shown that the river bed belongs to one owner, the line of demarcation is taken as an imaginary border in the middle of the river, and, properly speaking, neither owner can wade or cast a line on the other man's half of the river without committing a technical trespass. However, in the case of small streams it is so inconvenient, that it is customary to come to a friendly understanding with the opposite owner that each man can wade or fish the whole width of the river.—*B. R., Somerset.*

Country House

A Small Plantation—Twenty tons are too small a number to be of interest to a forester for planting in the woods. They are too small in size for planting in anyone's park. Your best course would be to leave them where they are, keeping them pruned up, until they are 4ft. high. Then an advertisement in the *Field* should enable you to sell them for park or garden planting at 3/- or 4/- each.—*R. G. J. H., Church Stretton.*

Rotting Tree Stumps.—There is no way of rotting tree stumps quickly. Ash or elm or beech can be decayed with saltpetre or ordinary washing soda, so that they can be broken up with a mattock after three years. The top of the stump is roughened with a pick and the crystals laid on. Another way is to drill a few angle holes and fill them with the crystals. Oak takes longer to respond.

Burning is the best way to get rid of them quickly. Previous saltpetre treatment makes the wood more inflammable. Cord wood is not hot enough and you will need coal, about 5-10 cwt. for a root. A hole is dug at the side of the root and a *small* fire made, and *kept* raked against the root. Constant attention is the watchword; a fire eating into the root for 3 or 4 days will in dry weather leave very little. To do it in wet weather takes longer and more coal; and it is useless merely to heap a huge fire on top of the stump.—*R. M., Prestbury.*

Recipe for Rice Wine.—Boil 6 quarts of water, add 5lb. of granulated sugar and stand till lukewarm. Add 2½lb. of whole rice, 1½lb. seedless raisins, 1 orange cut up, 1oz. of yeast. Stand for 21 days, stir once daily, then strain off and filter through filtering paper into bottles and cork well. After three days the wine will be ready for use, but will be better if left to clear.—*A. H., Warwick.*

Farm

Extra Food for Lambing Ewes.—If grass is short in the pastures it will probably pay to give the Border Leicester X Cheviot ewes some extra help for a month before lambing. Half a pound daily of a mixture of crushed oats and bran would be a useful start and later linseed cake can be introduced with advantage. Once the grass is growing this extra food will no longer be necessary. Heavy feeding of roots before lambing is not the best practice, but good hay in moderation is valuable to increase the milk flow and produce strong lambs.—*G. A., Norfolk.*

Garden

Remedy for "Damping off."—Your seedlings are suffering from "damping off." This fungoid disease is usually induced by too much watering, insufficient air and light, crowding the seedlings, &c. Remedy:—Remove and burn all affected seedlings. Transfer the healthy seedlings to fresh soil which has been treated by watering with chestnut compound. To make this, allow two parts by weight of copper sulphate to eleven parts ammonium carbonate. Latter must be fresh. Crush it to fine powder. Mix with the copper sulphate, and, before using, store in a tightly corked jar for twenty-four hours. Make a solution by mixing 1 oz. (one ounce) dry mixture in a little hot water and then adding 2 galls. water. All soil for seedlings should be treated thus, and then "damping off" is not likely to occur.—*R. D., Pembroke.*

Kennel

Working Terrier.—An advertisement in the pages of the *Field* would probably bring you plenty of offers of working terrier puppies. We should have thought that it would have been possible to hear of one through your local Hunt. Mr. Percy Driver, Redmarley, Gloucester, advertises terriers of this description.—*B. L. P., Falmouth.*

Miscellaneous

Potato Control.—The regulations which recently came into force provide for: (1) Maximum and minimum growers' prices for various grades of ware and seed potatoes; (2) maximum wholesale and retail prices for ware potatoes and maximum wholesale margins for seed potatoes; (3) the setting up of an Insurance Fund by means of a tonnage levy paid by the "first buyers" of ware and seed potatoes. The purpose of the Insurance Fund is to guarantee growers a reasonable return for any surplus crop, but this does not imply that the fund will guarantee for surplus potatoes the prescribed minimum prices. The levy payable by licensed merchants of ware potatoes will be 5/- per ton.

The Order enforces a minimum standard of dressing, but provision is made for the sale of sub-standard samples under special licence. Growers of ware potatoes in Great Britain and Northern Ireland may only sell to "Licensed first buyers," of whom there are three classes —merchants, retailers and grower-allotmen. Growers of seed potatoes may only sell to "Licensed seed potato merchants." But provision is made for sales of both ware and seed potatoes through licensed auctioneers.—*F. I. W., Surrey.*

Naturalist

Freak Rabbit's Head.—The rabbit shot on your estate, with overgrown teeth protruding like tusks, is a not uncommon freak. The rabbit's gnawing teeth, or incisors, are always growing, and it is absolutely necessary for them to be kept constantly in use in order to wear them away at their cutting edges. Thus even the slightest displacement of one of these teeth will prevent them from being ground away evenly, with the result that either one or both of the teeth may in time grow too long for the animal to feed.—*J. G. Herts.*

Feeding an Injured Gull.—The large brown gull found with an injured wing but apparently in good health otherwise is probably an immature herring gull and should be quite easy to look after. At first you might keep it in a yard or large wired-in enclosure, but it will quickly become tame, and could then be allowed free run of the garden, providing there are no cats. Gulls are omnivorous and will eat all manner of scraps, but a large proportion of its diet should consist, at first at any rate, of chopped-up raw meat or raw fish. You must be sure to provide water for bathing in a large shallow trough or other receptacle.—*S. K., Bedford.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Two Grouse found unable to Fly.—Both birds were in very poor condition, and heavily infested with *Trichostrongylus pergracilis*, the nematode worm associated with grouse disease.—*M. W., Somerset.*

Partridge found Dead.—Microscopic examination in this case showed the bird to be infested with the thread worm, *Trichostrongylus tenuis*, the cause of partridge disease.—*O. S., Warwickshire.*

Liver Disease in a Hen.—The post-mortem examination revealed an excessive formation of fat in the abdomen, and the liver undergoing fatty degeneration. The abdominal cavity contained an accumulation of fluid (abdominal dropsy) and several yolks which had failed to enter the oviduct or egg canal.—*K. W., Merioneth.*

Turf

Cedric's Derby of 1824.—The Derby of 1824 was run on Thursday, June 3rd. The winner was Sir J. Shelley's chestnut colt Cedric.—*V. K., Cardigan.*

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.

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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 morning 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, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name)_____

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed)_____

Address_____

_____

Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

To the CIRCULATION MANAGER, the *Field*, 114, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Please supply the *Field* each week to_____

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for *three months, six months, one year, for which I enclose a cheque value £ s. d.

(Signed) _____

Address_____

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Rates of subscription for Great Britain, Canada and abroad are given above.

*Delete the periods that do not apply.

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A RECORD BREAKER IN ACTION

J. Morrish making his long jump of 24 feet in the Oxford University Sports (*see page* 400)

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - - - 399
CRICKET ALIVE OR DEAD? - - - - - - - - 403
THE GOVERNMENT OF SPORT IN AMERICA - - 405
FONTWELL PARK, A RACECOURSE WITH A ROMANCE 406
THE DARTFORD WARBLER - - - - - - - - 407
SPAWNING AT ST. VALENTINE'S - - - - - - 408
INTER-VARSITY ATHLETES IN ACTION - - - - 409
AN EXPERIMENT IN FLIGHTING - - - - - - 410
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - 411
HUNTING DURING THE WAR - - - - - - - 412
THE SPEED OF GAME BIRDS, FISH AND MAMMALS 414
A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS: ST. ANDREWS - - - - - - - - - - - 417
IS IT CRUEL? - - - - - - - - - - - - 418
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - - - 418
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - - - - 418
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - - - 419
A COMPETITION FOR "FIELD" READERS - - - 424
"PROGRESS" AND THE BLACKSMITH - - - - - 425
MR. E. DENNIS'S FOURTH WATERLOO CUP VICTORY 426
SOLUTION TO A PIG PROBLEM - - - - - - - 428
PARSNIPS A GOOD FARM CROP - - - - - - - 428
GROWING CARROTS FOR THE MARKET - - - - 430
BRASSICAS TO PLANT NOW - - - - - - - - 430
FACTORIES IN THEIR PROPER PLACE - - - - - 432
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - - - 432
BRITAIN'S LATEST BY-PASS - - - - - - - - 433
NORWAY'S ARCTIC PORT - - - - - - - - - 434
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - - - 435
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - - - 436

PLOUGH NOW

PURCHASES of foodstuffs from abroad are the biggest item in our foreign spending. They have to be paid for—this is a war without credit—in gold and foreign exchange, and they have to be carried in ships. The ships can be used in the transport of munitions, and a saving in gold and foreign exchange will enable us to buy more of essential war and raw materials. Obviously, therefore, we must grow more and more animal feeding stuffs at home.

That is the reason for the Plough Now campaign of the Government. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's £2 an acre for land brought under the plough was in every way an excellent scheme, for the amount of land under the plough in this country had dropped alarmingly since the last war, and many valuable acres had been allowed to go out of cultivation altogether. That was very largely due to Government neglect—the Ministry of Agriculture has always, in peace-time, been the Cinderella of ministries, and there is much truth in the statement that you can always recognise a Minister of Agriculture by his harassed air—but now a very great effort is being made to remedy it. Perhaps the occasion made Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith—some would have it so—but at least he was able to grasp the opportunity, and for that alone he is deserving of the country's profoundest gratitude.

The country needs two million additional acres of arable land, ploughed and sown, before the end of the present season. In actual point of fact, the country needs a good many more acres than that, but that is all that can be managed in the time left. The weather—the worst weather for some 50 years—completely held up the progress of the scheme, and there is now a good deal of lee-way to be made up. Ploughing in shifts day and night is just a part of the countryman's war-time effort.

It is good to know that the greatest possible latitude is being allowed the farmer in his choice of the crops to grow on newly ploughed-up land. But it cannot be too strongly emphasised that throughout the *whole* of the war period the situation with regard to imported animal feeding stuffs is likely to be uncertain and difficult. Obviously, therefore, farmers should in their own interests grow the maximum amount possible of feeding stuffs for our live stock from our own soil. That does not mean more crops only: it also means better grass. The British farmer knows all about that, however, and the matter can safely be left to his discretion.

In some ways it is, perhaps, a pity that he is not allowed a little more discretion in what land he should or should not plough. Generally speaking, the County War Agricultural Committees are doing their work splendidly—in one or two cases land has been ploughed that should never have been ploughed, but that is, of course, unavoidable; in one or two cases the policy seems to be to plough everything on the principle that every acre counts. So it does, but not necessarily ploughed.

But, generally speaking (and it is, of course, very easy to spot faults and to note omissions, as easy as it is to minimise the magnificent work that has been done), the scheme is working well, better probably than its creator ever thought it would. British farmers have a reputation for grumbling—a British characteristic anyway—but no one has ever suggested that they are wanting in those other characteristics of the British people—determination and patriotism. They will get those two million acres ploughed and sown.

MILK PRICES

THERE have been a number of quarrels between the Government and the farmers during the past two years. The biggest of them seems to be about to come to a head. After weeks of bargaining over milk prices for the next six months, negotiations between the Minister for Food and the Milk Board have broken down. The farmers want at least 4d. a gallon increase on last summer's prices, when the present prices expire at the end of this month. Mr. Morrison's final offer is 2d. There is profound dissatisfaction in dairy farming circles at the Minister's attitude, and it seems certain that when the new prices are announced—they may have been by the time this appears in print—this dissatisfaction will lead to more than grumbling in the dairying areas. The farmers' claim is based on the sharp rise in the cost of feeding stuffs, the increased wages, and the low price fixed by the Minister for fat cows compared with other cattle sold to the butcher. Milk is one of the foods pegged down by the Government through subsidies—at a cost of some £230,000 a week. The farmer has much justice on his side, the Minister about as much subsidy as he can manage. But we must have milk, and cheap milk, and the dairy farmer cannot produce milk at a loss. Very heavy demands are being made on the farmer in the national interest. The farmers' well-being is also in the national interest.

FERRETS AT A PREMIUM

As was the case in the last war, it seems that ferrets are likely to be in great demand. While we have not yet reached the state when these animals are required for ratting in the trenches or in camp areas, they have been of especial use for rabbiting during the recent hard weather. For naturally snaring, trapping and netting or any method that requires the driving in of pegs is pretty well out of the question when the ground is like iron. And rabbits must be killed, in addition to the fact that they are wanted for food. Indeed, in some quarters they have been fetching over 2/- apiece! It will be prudent, then, to take care of our ferrets and to do all the breeding possible. No particular skill or knowledge is needed, for the creatures respond to ordinary common-sense treatment. It is merely a matter of taking a little trouble. Nor are great quantities of milk wanted, except in the early stages. A clean hutch, fresh water and raw flesh, such as rabbit livers and the carcasses of small birds, are the main requisites. Before this war is over there may be many shooting-men who will value sport with bolted rabbits as never before.

HUNTING AND PARLIAMENT

That all-absorbing question, the future of hunting, has again been raised in the House of Commons. It was raised by three Labour members, delegates from urban constituencies, and from the Minister's reply it appeared that no farmers had complained of hunt activities, that the M.F.H. Association was well enough aware of the need for killing as many foxes as possible before the season ends, and that the Government did not propose to take any action. That is indeed heartening news, but not in any way unexpected news. It is the business of the Opposition to raise such questions as these—incidentally the Opposition is doing magnificent work in the House nowadays—and the business of the Minister to satisfy the House and the Country that all is well. Not infrequently of late certain Ministers have not made too convincing replies to Opposition questions. On this occasion Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith was most convincing.

A WARNING FOR WAR-TIME

(Lines written during the great freeze-up)

Herr Hitler's at his breakfast.
Behind an armoured Shield;
His pot of (ersatz) coffee
Supports his weekly *Field*.

He turns the pages slowly
With eager, trembling hand.
He reads accounts from furthest South
To North Northumberland.

The Dulwich country's snowbound.
The Crossword's freezing hard.
The Hallamshire's one sheet of ice
And hunting there is barred.

The weather down in Poplar
Keeps Cockneys from their sport,
Whilst Northern packs (like Gamelin)
Have "little to report."

The Fuhrer's eyelids quiver,
His nostrils dilate;
The information needed
Lies here before his plate.

Sir Walter Monckton warned us,
And, lest his wish be crossed,
We must not even drop a hint
Of this accursed [redacted]

So let us state quite clearly
(At least, until it thaws)
That though for months we cannot hunt,
A heat-wave is the cause!

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 436.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

A COUNTRYMAN IN THE PARK

By JOHN MOORE

It is with great pleasure that we again publish an article by Mr. Moore, the author of "The Countryman's England," whose angling writings have delighted so many of our readers in the past.

"LET us," said Bill, "go and see the ducks." London, the richest and most various city in the world, lay at our feet. Ours for a twopenny bus ride were Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Whitehall, Piccadilly; museums, theatres, restaurants, cinemas which were like the palaces of potentates, wherein for a shilling or two we could command such cushioned ease as Babylon never knew nor Cleopatra could purchase at the price of Egypt. And Bill said, "Let's go and see the ducks."

Oddly enough, in the end, of all the sights he saw in London it was the ducks that astounded, delighted, and indeed *shocked* him most. His reaction to the ducks was much more extraordinary than his reaction to a night club.

You see, Bill is a countryman. So am I, for that matter; but I have grown to accept London, and many other cities also, and to know and to love London next only to the few square miles of fields and woods and rivers and hillside where I have my roots. Bill, on the other hand, is such a dyed-in-the-wool countryman that he despises all cities and comes to them but rarely and reluctantly, when he must.

He spends his time, when he's not working on his small farm, chiefly in killing things: foxes, partridges, pheasants, trout. And, of course, ducks. Every winter he suffers the most acute hardships, standing up to his waist in icy water, in order that he may shoot wild ducks.

Well, here, slap in the middle of London, were flocks of wild ducks such as he had never dreamed of. There were mallard and teal and golden-eye and scoter and little black tufties, swimming about within half a gun's range. He leaned on the bridge over the Long Water and watched them, and with a wild look in his eyes asked me:—

"They're *tame*, aren't they?"

He almost begged me to tell him they were tame.

"They're tame here," I said, "but most of them are as wild as the ducks you shoot at home. They drop in here on migration . . . You can see them flighting in the evening, hear the swish of their wings over Knightsbridge. As a matter of fact, it's just possible that you had a poop at that old drake, if he came near your place last winter."

Bill crumbled the remains of his luncheon sandwich over the parapet. The drake, two coots, a moorhen, and a cock teal swam up and scrambled for the crumbs.

Bill said:—

"Do you know, last winter, I waded three dykes and crawled 20 yards on my tummy in the snow, in order to get within *thirty yards* of a teal."

He added, tentatively:—

"Nobody ever shoots them, I expect?"

"Good Lord, no!" I drew his attention to that notice board which gives such a long list of all the things you may not do in the park—"climb trees, wash clothes, bird nest, ill-treat any animal, bird or fish" ("How could you ill-treat a fish?" said Bill. "By catching it," I said), discharge a firearm, light a bonfire, swear, brawl, fight, play games, take a bottle in a boat, and so on."

"Most certainly," I said, "you can't shoot them. Would you, if you could?"

He shook his head.

"Too easy."

"You know," he added, speaking very slowly and sombrely, "it's an awful thing, but I don't think I shall ever again *enjoy* duck shooting as much as I used to. What I used to love was the stalk; and now I think I shall always remember that I had a golden-eye right on the end of my walking-stick and it didn't fly away."

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily paper's instruction "How to Shoot Woodpigeons": Look here. Don't when they're coming towards you. It isn't any good. Their breast feathers are so thick and close together that the pellets may just bounce off—even with one and a half ounces of powder behind the shot.

To see Hendren batting again

CRICKET ALIVE OR DEAD?

How we may keep the game going

By F. I. WATSON

FROM its very nature, cricket is a game that must be badly affected by war conditions. It is a leisurely, essentially peaceful game. It speaks of the English love of quiet fields and carefree days under the summer sun. Who will be able to spare whole days for the enjoyment of cricket this year? Many of its players are among those most eligible for war service of one kind or another. There will be difficulties about transport, and perhaps club organisation. Yet so much has been accomplished already to keep other branches of sport going that the question naturally arises: How far can we keep cricket going?

Apparently there are two views as to whether first-class cricket will be practicable. Sir Stanley Jackson voiced the opinion of those who foresee too many difficulties in the way when, at the annual meeting of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, of which he is President, he said: "As a result of discussion and much consideration it would, I think, be unwise at this time to suggest that anything in the shape of first-class cricket will be possible."

On the other hand, a proposal for Regional County Cricket was made at the annual meeting of the Lancashire Club, and a definite scheme has since been put forward independently. The idea is to pool the first- and second-class counties and divide the 34 teams into four groups—North, Midlands, South and West. Each group would play home and away matches among themselves on a simplified championship system; it might even be possible for the champions of each group to meet at the end of the season.

West Country enthusiasts have shown a practical interest in the scheme by taking steps to form a league of seven counties—Gloucestershire, Somerset, Glamorgan, Monmouthshire, Dorset, Cornwall and Devon. It is argued that the matches should be welcomed by the increased number of visitors expected at West Country resorts this year.

Well, the regional system has proved very successful in Association football this winter, and, given reasonable conditions, cricket may very well be possible along similar lines. But it will obviously be a different kind of cricket to peace-time cricket. Not necessarily less enjoyable by any means. Perhaps more so in some ways. You cannot imagine, for instance, that wickets will be quite as perfect as they have been. Some, no doubt, will cease to be wickets at all. When you dig for victory you may dig anywhere. The cricket grounds that remain will clearly not enjoy the scientific care of the professional groundsman. Amateur care usually gives a more or less natural wicket. Haven't we all been calling for that for years? Natural wickets, natural cricket. At least there will be the opportunity for it, particularly if the duration of matches is reduced, as it is almost bound to be. Three days for one match is too long for war-time as Surrey have realised in planning two-day matches with other counties and the Services.

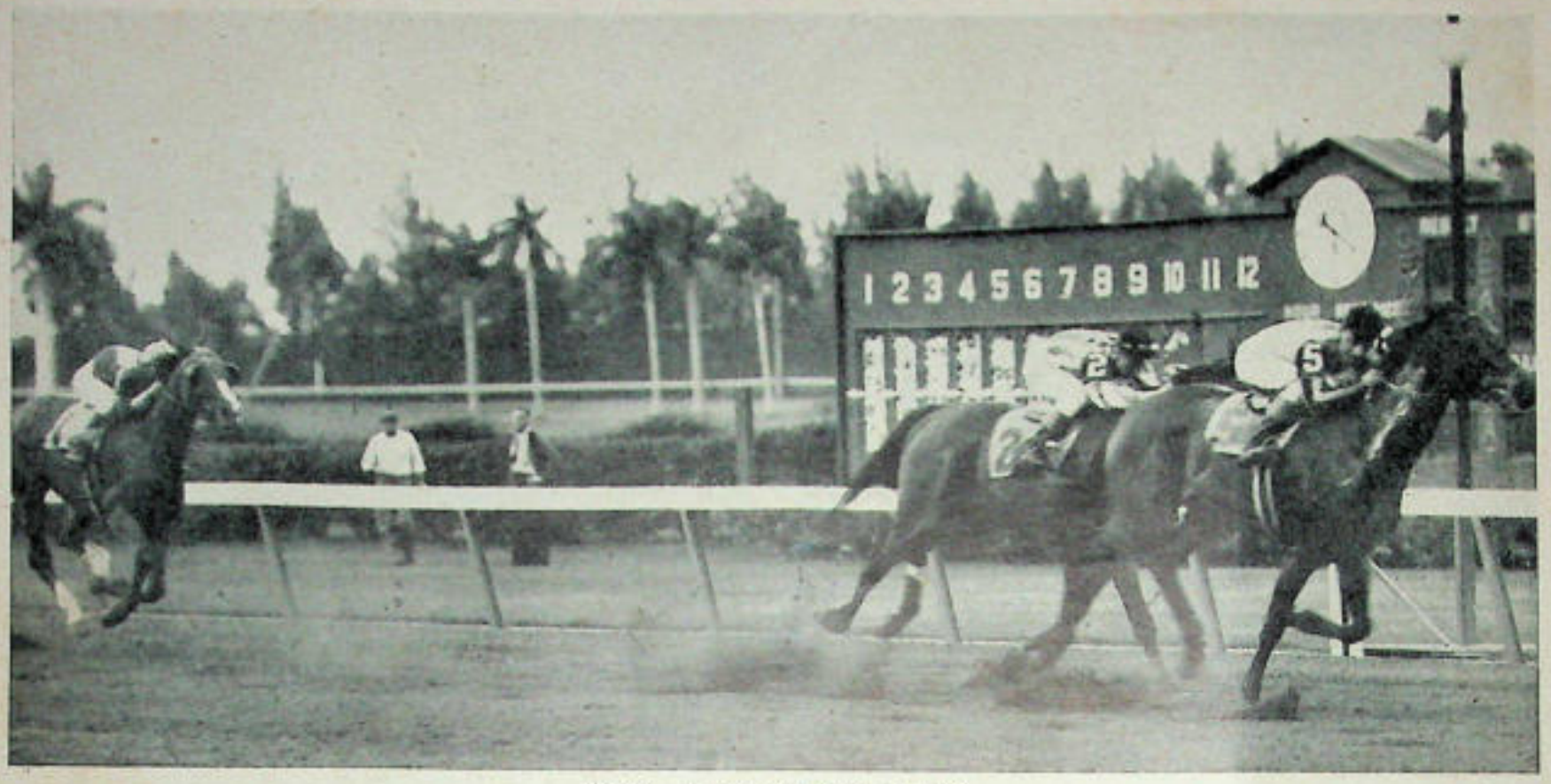
And now, who will be the players? This year, at any rate, it seems likely that many of last summer's regular players will still be available. For the rest, every county club has under its wing likely young players looking for a chance of showing their mettle. And what about the many players who have retired from first-class cricket in recent years, or are about to retire, but are still good for plenty of runs and wickets? Can it be doubted that the return of some of the veterans would be extremely popular and, in addition, would be a valuable influence in keeping the game going in the best tradition?

The possibilities in this direction are fascinating for any lover of the game to contemplate. A glance around the first-class counties brings to mind such recently retired stalwarts as Sandham, Peach and even Hobbs (if we go back a little farther), of Surrey; Woolley and Freeman, of Kent; Tate, of Sussex; Hendren and Durston, of Middlesex; Mead, of Hampshire; J. C. White, of Somerset; E. Tyldesley and Duckworth, of Lancashire; Astill, of Leicestershire; Larwood, of Notts. You might choose quite a respectable team from these old hands alone—and there are many others past the age of active war service who have not yet retired from county cricket.

Even if it is not considered practicable nor advisable to formulate a definite programme of county matches, they could be arranged from time to time as circumstances permitted. And, just as in Rugby football some novelties have proved extremely popular, so in cricket we might well have a few matches of similar character—such as Surrey and Middlesex versus Kent and Essex or Hampshire and Sussex. The Services, too, are bound to include plenty of talent, and a match such as Southern Counties versus Southern Command would surely make a ready appeal, especially if one or two famous old players were included in it.

Imagine, for instance, a Southern Counties team that included Sandham and Brooks (Surrey), Hendren, Hulme and Durston (Middlesex), Woolley and Ashdown (Kent), O'Connor and Eastman (Essex), Mead (Hampshire), and Goddard (Gloucester). What pleasant memories would be revived as Sandham came out to open the innings with, say, Ashdown! Sandham has kept his eye well in at his cricket school and would, I doubt not, still be able to delight us with some of his delicate strokes behind the wicket. We might follow on with Woolley, who could never be ungraceful with a bat, whatever his age; and Hendren would, of course, come in at No. 4. To see Woolley and Hendren batting together again, each in his inimitable way, would indeed be an attraction—even if Hendren did fail to persuade Woolley into a dash for those audacious sharp singles that Hendren can probably still make.

We might have a little difficulty in placing our field, too, when the opposition went in to bat; but on the whole it should not be a bad fielding side. Anyrate there would be enough bowling—Goddard, O'Connor, Eastman, Durston, Ashdown and Woolley—to give a sporting chance of success. North, Midlands and West might field equally interesting sides to meet Services or other teams, as a variation from county matches.



RACING AT HIALEAH PARK, FLORIDA
A neck and neck finish with Red Dock, E. Ascaro up, beating Town Boy for the Biscayne Bay Purse

THE GOVERNMENT OF SPORT IN AMERICA

By A. HENRY HIGGINSON

"WEIGHTS correct."—A signal from the Stewards' stand and the red board that makes the last race "official" goes up before the numbers that are already displayed on the Jockey-board. The crowd pours out of the stands, some to get their seats in the waiting race train, some to motor back to town over dusty roads. Another day's racing over.

How many of them give a thought to the men who regulate the sport? How many realise that in order that the racing shall run off smoothly, not only on that day, but on all others throughout the year, there must be carefully thought out laws, and these laws must be administered by proper and competent officials, whose integrity is above question, if sport is to continue on the highest plane. For where there is competition, as at horse shows and races, there will always be those who are carried away by their desire to win to such a degree that they overstep the bounds of sportsmanship, unless someone with authority is there to safeguard their interests, as well as those of their competitors. I say "their" interests because many a good man will do a thing in the heat of excitement that he would be very sorry for after he had cooled down.

There are many sports which are common to England and America, but it is with a group of sports which, for lack of a better term, I shall call "equine sports" that I am most familiar, and it is with those that I shall deal in this article. Racing, Hunting and Horse Shows in America, have banded themselves together in recent years in a sort of reciprocal coalition, which has, in a way, set them apart from other sports.

Sixty years ago—before my time—when racing in America was the butt at which all reformers aimed their criticisms, it was realised that if it was to hold out against their clamour, something must be done to establish a governing body which would have the authority to enforce regulations in the interest of honesty and sportsmanship. At a dinner given by Pierre Lorillard, Esq., at which a number of friends of racing were the guests, the matter was discussed at length, and the outcome was the formation of the "Board of Control" which shortly developed into the Jockey Club, which was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, on February 8th, 1894. It was declared, in its certificate of incorporation, that "the particular objects and purposes of said corporation are the investigating, ascertaining, and keeping a record of the pedigrees of horses in the United States of America and Canada, and of promoting and holding exhibitions of such horses, generally for the purpose of improving the breed thereof."

To-day the Jockey Club has jurisdiction over all flat racing in the State of New York, and similar regulations to those enforced by it, are carried out by reciprocal agreements with the Maryland State Racing Commission, the Kentucky Jockey Club and other Racing Associations which control the racing in their respective States. Moreover, the same arrangement which prevails with different Racing Associations in the United States and Canada, is carried out by every recognised Turf governing body in the world—England, France, etc.

The Jockey Club is limited to a membership of fifty, and from this number is chosen a Board of Stewards, who serve as an executive body, under the Chairmanship of William Woodward, Esq., whose activities in English racing are well-known in this country. This Board has power, at its discretion, to grant and withdraw approval to Associations to conduct meetings; to make the appointments of the handicapper, clerk of the scales, starter, judges, and all minor officials for all meetings in the State of New York. For the further conduct of these meetings, three stewards are required—one appointed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, one by the Association giving the meeting, and the third selected from the membership of the Jockey Club by the two so appointed. These gentlemen, who are known as "Stewards of the Meeting," have the power to conduct each race according to its conditions and to regulate and control the conduct of all owners, trainers, jockeys, grooms, and other persons attendant on horses. In addition to these powers, the Stewards of the Jockey Club have the authority, vested in them by the New York State Racing Commission, to make inquiry into, and deal with any matter pertaining to racing, and to rule off or otherwise punish any person guilty of fraudulent turf practice.

In its Rules of Racing, the Jockey Club defines a "Recognised Meeting" as "A meeting held with the sanction of the Stewards of the Jockey Club in that portion of the United States over which the Jockey Club exercises jurisdiction, and a meeting held in other portions of the United States, or in any foreign country, with the sanction of any turf authority whose jurisdiction over racing of any nature is recognised by the Jockey Club, and which gives effect to the sentences imposed by the Jockey Club upon those guilty of fraudulent turf practices."

Another important function of the Jockey Club, as stated in its Certificate of Incorporation, is the "ascertaining and keeping a record of the pedigrees of horses in the United States," and for this purpose the Jockey Club maintains a considerable office force at its headquarters in New York, where the necessary tabulation of records and pedigrees are kept, and from which the Stud Book is published from time to time.

Practically contemporary with the incorporation of the Jockey Club was the organisation of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, the formation of which was the outcome of the effort of a number of gentlemen who had actually participated in steeplechasing at the different Long Island meetings from 1883 to 1887, to regulate the sport and give the public as good steeplechasing as it had enjoyed in the past. This organisation, whose rules and definitions are almost identical with those of the Jockey Club, has jurisdiction over all steeplechasing in the United States, except in the State of Maryland, where it is controlled by the State Racing Commission. Like the Jockey Club, its executive body is a Board of nine Stewards, who, under the Chairmanship of Henry W. Hall, Esq., have power, at their discretion, to sanction any meeting to be run under its rules, etc., etc.

One of the most important functions of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association is its jurisdiction, through the Hunts Committee, over all Hunt meetings. The Hunts Committee is composed of ten members, three of whom are chosen from the Board of Stewards of the N.S. & H.A., and others elected by the various hunts, which are grouped in districts for that purpose. The committee has the power, subject to the approval of the Board of Stewards, to grant certificates to amateur riders and to suspend the same, at their discretion. They also allot the dates for the various hunt meetings, approve the officials for these meetings, and issue certificates for qualified hunters. The Hunts Committee has original and exclusive jurisdiction and authority over recognised hunts, in all matters connected with racing, together with the granting of certificates for qualified hunters, subject to appeal or review by the Board of Stewards of the N.S. & H.A., and if any recognised hunt disregards the Rules of Racing, or the rulings of the committee, the committee has the power to declare such hunt in default, and by agreement with the Masters of Fox Hounds Association of America, that recognition becomes null and void.

This brings us to the first mention of what constitutes a "Recognised Hunt," under the Constitution of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and I think I had better quote from the Rules of Racing of the latter body:—

> "A Recognised Hunt is a hunt recognised by the Masters of Fox Hounds Association of America. By agreement with the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt

Association, the Masters of Fox Hounds Association will, on or before the fifteenth of February in each year, forward for listing to the secretary of the committee, the names of the hunts which it has recognised for that year; and in like manner forward the names of such hunts as may be recognised by it thereafter during that year. . . ."

The Masters of Fox Hounds Association of America, mentioned above, comprises in its membership all the active masters of recognised hunts, as well as the great majority of those who have held office in the past. It has full control, through its executive committee, of all recording of "countries" and jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to hunting, and, as noted above, it works under a reciprocal agreement with the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. The President of the M.F.H.A. of America is, at the present time, W. Plunket Stewart, Esq., M.F.H. This Association was first organised in 1907, and has as its object "the purpose of improving the breeds of fox hounds and encouraging foxhunting, including the registering of packs of fox hounds and keeping for reference maps of the fox and drag hunting countries of America, and settling disputes in regard to the same."

Working in conjunction with the aforementioned Associations is the Association of American Horse Shows, which has jurisdiction over the conduct of all Horse Shows throughout the United States, which it governs through its directors, who are chosen from various parts of the country. The Association was founded by the late Reginald W. Vanderbilt, Esq., that internationally-known sportsman, to whose vision its existence is due. He was its first president, and at his death, Alfred B. Maclay, Esq., held the reins of office for a number of years, being finally succeeded by the present incumbent, Adrian Van Sinderen, Esq.

It can be seen at a glance that the reciprocal agreement existing between these organisations, each of them representing a great branch of sport—particularly amateur sport—is of paramount importance. Any man who makes a mistake or who is guilty of questionable practices in any branch of the sports so represented, is immediately brought up with a sharp turn, and the sentence which may be imposed on him by any one of the governing bodies is rigidly enforced by the others. Perhaps the fault is not fraudulent, but is adjudged, nevertheless, to be detrimental to the good of sport, and if that is the case, the offender is told at once what he must do if he wishes to continue to "play with" the men who are his companions and competitors.

At the time when these reciprocal agreements were first put in force, there were a few cases—test cases they might well be called—which proved the efficiency of the arrangement. The cases were bitterly fought, and, since I happened at that time to be a member of the Governing Boards of all three organisations, I know well the strain to which the agreement was put. Obstinate offenders who thought, at first, that they could disregard the ruling of the Association whose regulations they had broken, soon found out, however, that the sentence imposed was inexorably upheld; and that disqualification or suspension, in the few cases where it had been necessary, carried with it such a stigma that it was rarely repeated.

It would take too long to tell in detail many of the little occurrences which crop up at almost every Hunt meeting in America; of the thousand and one minor incidents which have to be settled; but when one remembers that many of these meetings are run by officials who are amateurs at the game, it is not difficult to understand that were it not for the men who represent what I have called "The Government of Sport," satisfactory results would be well-nigh impossible.

AT SANTA ANITA, CALIFORNIA

Golstrophy, C. Wagner up, leading Tourney Whelan and Musical Jack

AN ARGENTINE VICTORY AT TANFORAN, CALIFORNIA

Amor Brujo leading at the bend on the back stretch. He finally won by three lengths from Wildland (No. 4) and Sweepstaff (No. 2)

FONTWELL PARK, A RACECOURSE WITH A ROMANCE

I WAS one of many regular race-goers who took the opportunity recently to attend a Fontwell Park meeting for the first time. To those on whom betting considerations did not weigh heavily, it was a delightful experience. There has been racing under National Hunt rules at Fontwell for nearly 20 years, but the meetings were always held during the spring and autumn when flat-racing was in progress elsewhere.

The father of Fontwell races was the late Alfred Day, son of William Day, and grandson of John Day, of Danebury, one of the most powerful training establishments during the greater part of the nineteenth century. Alfred Day trained at Fontwell and when he was not buying pictures and old stone work, devoted his spare cash to the purchase, piece by piece, of land on the other side of the Arundel–Chichester road in front of his house. Eventually he was able to write to his friend, the late William Cathcart, head of Pratt and Co., the race-course managers, telling him that he had at last sufficient land for the race-course which he had had in mind for many years. Would Cathcart give him his advice, and run the meetings when everything was ready? Cathcart and other friends of Alfred Day shared his enthusiasm for the project.

It must be admitted that for the purposes of steeplechasing, the land available was exceptionally restricted, according to modern standards, but any difficulty this presented at the outset was most effectively overcome by constructing the steeplechase course as a figure of eight. Though three of the four horses which the veteran Bob Gore ran on the second day of the recent meeting, fell, one being killed, he talked to me, amidst these troubles, about the merits of courses laid out in this form. Windsor is the only other figure of eight steeplechase course, as far as I know, in this country, but Auteuil is shaped that way and doubtless Bob was thinking of many other courses on the continent over which he rode with great success in his younger days.

One advantage, as he pointed out, is that, provided the stands are well placed, as they are at Fontwell, the public has a much better view of the racing than on the type of course which is about two miles round and which takes the horses far away from the spectators. It is said of Londoners that they like their steeplechasing right under their noses and Sandown, Kempton and Hurst Park certainly satisfy them in that respect. The hurdle course at Fontwell is a left-handed circuit of one mile, so they go twice round for the races of normal length.

Fontwell may be too far from London to attract many from there beyond the regulars, but its meetings are popular throughout Sussex. As Arundel is only a few miles away, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk take a close interest in the meetings. They had runners there last week, without any luck, and the Duke was one of the stewards.

The Duke of Norfolk is one of the youngest and most active members of the Jockey Club. Apart from the King and other Royal members of that body, none can trace a family association with racing to a greater length of time than that of the lords of Arundel. A Fitzalan, the fourteenth Earl of Arundel, figures in the first account *per se* of a horse race in England which historians can trace. It was a match, in 1377, between the Prince of Wales (later Richard II) and the Earl of Arundel, who is described by

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AT THE FONTWELL PARK MEETING

Tierney in his History of the Castle and Town of Arundel (1834) as "one of the fathers of the British Turf in the Dark Ages."

Not long afterwards, the War of the Roses put a stop to racing and greatly restricted the breeding of running horses until Tudor times, and just as is happening in the present period of stress and strife, foreign breeders made the most of the opportunity to acquire British bloodstock at low prices, so that in the reign of Henry VII the exportation of horses and mares was forbidden. Henry VIII went a step farther and made it a felony to sell a horse to a Scot, without the King's permission. The Scots, perhaps, had been having in too many cases, the better of their deals with the Sassenachs.

If the normal puzzles and confusions which backers encounter during an afternoon's racing were not sufficient, or if some diversion from them should be needed at Fontwell, there is, in the members enclosure, behind the stand, a complete and intricate maze which is said to be a model of one at Versailles. This is not the only whimiscal expression of Alfred Day's interests that add unique charm to this small race-course. The members' luncheon room has a large stone portico, with four elegant pillars, the whole of which came from Sheen House, Richmond. Close by, there is a variety of other stone pillars and gate posts, some of which came from Arundel Castle when it was largely rebuilt by the present Duke's father.

A rotunda of old masonry, assembled by Mr. Day in the form of a summer house, has a window of stained glass, bearing a religious inscription, which he brought from Danebury, and some of the gates to the course are further examples of his tastes as a collector.

Few trainers are interested in artistic pursuits though many wisely realise the need for some hobby or other diversion. Alfred Day's father had the ability and inclination to write three books which are still regarded as valuable contributions to the literature of racing. They are "The Racehorse in Training," "Reminiscences of the Turf," and "The Horse; how to breed and rear him." William Day's grandson, Meyrick Good, for long known to the reading public as "the Man on the Spot," is shortly to publish his own reminiscences, in book form. Incidentally Mr. Good is a director of the Fontwell Park Company.

Old paintings of famous horses and another "museum piece" are to be seen in the Fontwell weighing room. The jockeys are weighed in scales which came from the old Winchester race-course which ceased to be used after the meeting on July 12th and 13th, 1887. On that occasion only one race was longer than one mile, and that was a mile-and-a-quarter. The stewards fined the clerk of the course £5 because compliance had not been made with the rule which required that there should be two mile races per day (not being selling handicaps). That, for declining Winchester, may have been the last straw. Arthur Nightingall who still goes racing occasionally, had several mounts.

The next Fontwell meeting will be held on Wednesday, April 24th. It is a clear fixture; there is not any flat-racing on that day.

YEOMAN.

TAKING THE WATER JUMP AT FONTWELL PARK

Runners in the Selsey Moderate Handicap Steeplechase: Stowmarket leads the bunch, closely followed by Samla, Mixed Fruit Woodan, and Larkhall.

THE DARTFORD WARBLER

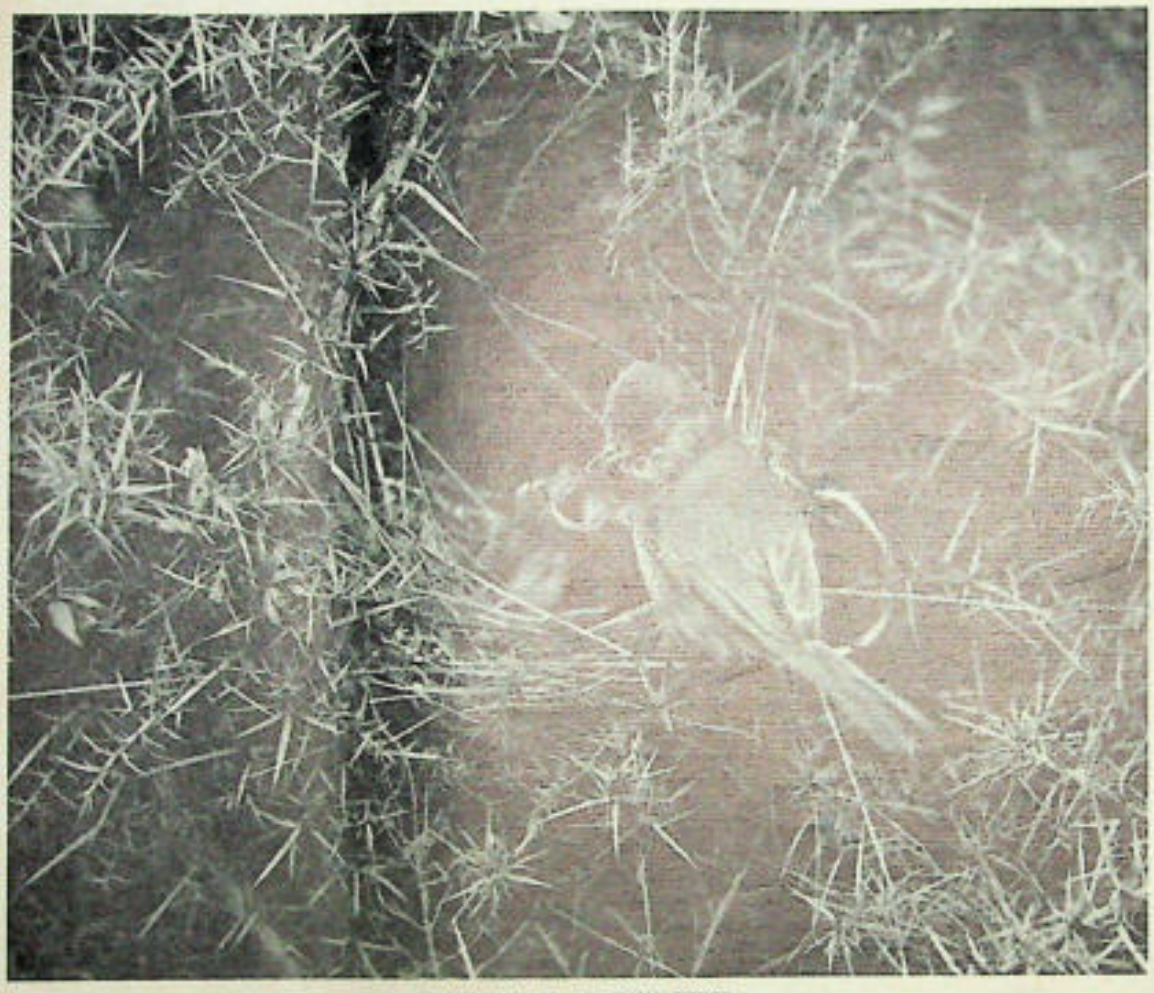
By G. K. YEATES

As our only non-migrating true warbler, the Dartford warbler occupies a place of distinction amongst British birds. This position it more than justifies in other respects also, for it is a charming little bird in all its ways, and its localised haunts are amongst the most fascinating of our types of country. A bird of the heath, the Dartford warbler must always be associated closely with the flaming gorse and rough heather of the Surrey, Hampshire and Dorset "commons" which are its stronghold. Unfortunately, nowhere is it as abundant as one would like. It falls too easily a victim to the heath fire, and it suffers also from hard winters. The cold of 1917 took a heavy toll of their numbers, and when latterly they had seemed to have established themselves satisfactorily, a hard period during 1938–9 appeared likely again to threaten their status. Although it is early yet to appreciate the full effect of this, it seems certain that the Surrey birds, at least, have been sadly reduced. In Dorset, where I best know this little bird, they seem to have held their own remarkably well in view of the length of time the snow covered the ground.

Every bird-watcher has his typical "memory-picture" of each species that he has hunted up and observed. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that it is these impressions which are his most treasured memories. We think of a nightjar where we first saw it flying by night, or of a hobby as it caught cockchafers, and so on. These mind pictures differ widely with individuals, but there must be few who have ever watched Dartford warblers whose chief recollection is not of a tiny little mite of a bird, perched on top of a gorse sprig, with its long tail perkily half-cocked over its back. I have seen Dartford warblers many times in England and abroad, and in very different surroundings, but always the mental picture is the same. I can see it thus on Dorset and Surrey "commons," and again—oh, so clearly as I write—on the colourful cistus bushes in Provence with the blue rock thrushes singing on the crags just above; yet again the same picture in Andalucian sierras when I flushed a bird from its nest, while busy hunting for Bonelli's eagle. Yet, if the truth were known, this characteristic mind picture is not quite typical of the Dartford warbler, for it implies an aggressive bird which thrusts itself upon the attention. Aggressive it certainly is, but it is not easy to see. It is, on the contrary, a great skulker, and its visits to the topmost gorse sprigs, if frequent, are of very short duration. Momentarily it pops up, as quickly to plunge into the undergrowth of gorse or heather. Through this tangle it swiftly works its way, unexpectedly appearing for a flash a dozen yards away. Only the harsh alarm note tells of its presence in the depth.

As with so many of these skulking species, only from a hide can the Dartford warbler really be watched with advantage. Here only at least is it possible to see well its attractive plumage and its perky manners. And the cock Dartford is a bird worth seeing satisfactorily, for no other British warbler is quite like it. The fleeting impressions one gets as the bird momentarily perches on gorse leave the memory of a rather dull, brown bird. That such a picture is an unworthy one a close view will quickly disprove. Brown, it is true, remains the predominant colour of the upper parts, but this shades into a delightful pink in the underparts, and the throat in the male is lightly flecked with white, while the orange red eye immediately attracts attention. It is the long tail, however, which most fascinates—its perky attitude and the way it is moved from s de to side like a rudder as the bird steers its way through the gorse.

With chicks in the nest—which both birds feed at frequent intervals—it is most confiding. Indeed in the last pair of birds which I photographed the hen once came on to the nest while my hand was touching a chick and before the day was out I dispensed with a hide to conceal myself!



THE MALE AT THE NEST
Note the raised head feathers

A TINY LITTLE MITE PERCHED ON TOP OF A GORSE SPRIG, WITH ITS LONG TAIL PERKILY HALF-COCKED OVER ITS BACK

THE MALE ABOUT TO FEED THE CHICKS

SPAWNING AT ST. VALENTINE'S

By ERIC TAVERNER

"WOULD you care to come up the river, sir? There were a few fish spawning above 'Fortescue Arms' yesterday afternoon." It was the head bailiff bearing his long-promised news. High water during the whole of the customary spawning season had given us no chance of observing salmon on the redds, so that by Christmas I had abandoned any hope of an opportunity before next autumn. With the entry of the New Year the country had been held in the grip of winter, and the rivers had run black between snow-covered banks. The scene remains in my memory as an etching, as a print pulled from a plate deeply bitten to give great contrast; snowy banks with strangely soft edges and with intense shadows beneath them; and between the banks a blue-black river. This effect was heightened by the starkness of branches sharply ridged with glistening white, and by solid wind-driven snow on the weather side of the trunks. Then in January came the hardest frost for many years. Taw and Torridge, Mole and Bray:—

> "The waters stand as if of steele they weare:
> And hoary frosts doe hang from every bough."

How delicately did John Dennys, of Pucklechurch, choose his words when he wrote his "Secrets of Angling"! But soon after Candlemas the snow had melted and the rivers were again free.

As for the head bailiff's invitation, there was never any doubt that we should go; and that he knew perfectly well. Half an hour later we had left the car at a bend on the road, where a long carriage drive met it, and were walking towards the bridge; but, before we had reached its crown, I saw in midstream and some distance above several flashes that told me we were in time. Those flashes were unmistakably and unexpectedly silver-violet. The bailiff then explained that he had, a fortnight previously, noticed a lot of salmon travelling very fast through the lower pools. The fish now spawning were, therefore, fresh-run salmon that had taken advantage of high water to ascend 17 miles to the usual spawning grounds, instead of seeking redds just above the tidal water, as they would have done if the water had been low.

It is almost impossible to observe accurately all that occurs at spawning time; but the far side of the bridge proved a most favourable position, for we were able to look right down on to a redd sited close to the bank and within the shadow of an overhanging hazel. A female fish, 8 to 10lb. in her prime, could clearly be discerned poised above a shallow hollow, which was about a yard wide. We watched her rise a little in the water, turn on her side and make a series of violent undulating movements with her body—for five to seven seconds—and then resume her original position. These spasms were repeated at irregular intervals, which may have indicated that the end of her work was approaching. Whenever she was engaged in extruding ova, I noticed that a cloud of very dilute mud or sand arose from the area just behind her tail, which makes it easy to comprehend why Chetham in Restoration days wrote of spawning fish that they "cover it over with sand." After close observation with the naked eye and through binoculars I have no doubt this cloud was caused by the turbulence created in the water by the fanning of the tail consequent upon the mechanics of oviposition.

About a length behind her and to one side lay a male fish of 10lb. to 12lb. in weight, and easily distinguishable from the other males, because it bore upon the top edge of its tail a long wound, pink and possibly recently inflicted. This fish was her mate, although I did not observe him fertilising the ova. He proved to be rather restless, and on several occasions moved off upstream, returning by a roundabout route. He exhibited a lack of interest in spawning, which, said the bailiff, voicing an opinion based on thirty years' experience on the river, indicated that this fish had completed his duty on the redds.

Just downstream of the male salmon there lay a 12oz. trout and, because it was within the blind area of the salmon, its presence was unsuspected. A river Autolycus, a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, a *roxangatherer* as it was called by the old angling writers of the North, was awaiting ova that, having failed to find lodgment amongst the gravel, were being washed down by the current. And no less an opportunist was the male fish that, with a perfect nose-rise, took something below the redd in midstream. It must have been a stray egg, for neither winter olives nor any other river-insects were about that morning.

I think that trout was out of luck, for I did not once see it turn or even move into position to take an egg. The most likely explanation is that a high buttress had been formed at the lower end of the hollow in the redd, which was causing a down-eddy strong enough to prevent the eggs from escaping into the current below. It was not surprising that this trout just melted into the water as another male salmon approached, and did not return while we were there.

Looking down from the centre of the bridge, we experienced the curious sensation of watching solid water flowing beneath a sheet of glass. A big male fish, yellowish and blotched with dull copper, moved deliberately from the pool below and entered the "picture." Near to his adipose fin he bore a large, whitish scar, and by that mark we were able to trace his course when he had crossed the clear part of the glazed surface and had entered the upper and semi-opaque area of the "picture." He disturbed the spawning pair upstream; and then we saw the scar coming across the current, until the shape of its owner disengaged itself from the dim shapelessness at the edge of the "picture." He swam in a leisurely fashion behind the male on the redd near the right bank, who at once glided upstream with no more than a formal protest in the shape of a torpedo-wave; and the newcomer took his place. Shortly afterwards we watched the dispossessed fish swim across into the centre of the "picture," swing round to face the current and allow itself to descend very gently, tail foremost, with the solid water flowing between the staithes of the bridge.

Two meadows higher up there is a small weir, once crowned with some planking that used to divert water along a leat supplying a nearby mill. This planking had been laid flat at the time when Mole was ice-bound and overrode its banks. Upon the orange-tinted stone of which the apron of the weir is built there are to-day gashes, and also horizontal scratches, made by gravel held in the ice; and the message here written, as the ice moved downwards with imperceptible pace and irresistible power, helps us to comprehend a little more clearly the lines of glacial movement, such as may be seen on the great boulders in the Ogwen Valley. We think of the Ice Ages as though they were past ages; but every winter the great giant Ice struggles anew with all his old weapons for the mastery, and every spring he is once again vanquished by the sun. This is a struggle of the elements; and, because victory always goes now to the sun, life is reborn and we witness the glory of the spring. It helps us appreciate the spawning of salmon if we think of it, too, as that elemental thing the renewal of Life.

Here and there I saw ragged scars on the trunks of trees bordering the river, and when the bailiff explained that they were caused by the piled-up ice we realised to the full what Mole had endured; for the scars were 3ft. from the ground!

When summer comes, who will believe it? Alder will tell to the newly-awakened trees the story of those bleak days when its catkins were hanging deep-mulberry purple; and cuckoo will have to learn from kingfisher—*Eisvogel*, as they call it in Germany. (What a foolish name this is! I at once thought of ice-bird! But later I experienced the thrill of seeing a kingfisher flashing, electric-blue, along the course of a frozen trout stream in Tyrol, on which I believed the cheerful dipper was the solitary guardian of riverside tradition.)

And, when the meadows by Mole are decked with ladysmocks and the air is full of singing, a fisherman who has spent the winter by his fireside will ask what these marks on stone and tree mean, and will hardly believe that "cold Boreas" was there "with his frosty bearde" and his icy fingers. He will not be able to visualise the great floes piling up above the banks, nor the return of the silent force that, in the morning of the world, helped to shape the valleys, splitting the gneiss and the granite and grinding them to powder.

As we drove home, I reviewed what we had seen. Why did the "battle scars"—if such they were—on the male fish differ in colour? Was the pink scar one freshly caused? Were the others pale because they had partly healed? Or was it possible that the small fish on which the scar was pink was a maiden? And had the other fish, which were much larger, spawned previously? For we all know that returned fish have flesh much paler in shade than unspawned fish. I do not feel that the second suggestion is a serious contribution to the solution of the problem.

Male salmon are said to fight on the redds. I saw one male on a spawning-bed in midstream run in a half-hearted way at an intruder, but otherwise all the male fish appeared on amicable terms with one another, although they may have been on very different terms in the initial stage of choosing spawning sites. This suggests that actual pairing of salmon takes place on the very threshold of spawning time. It has always been a mystery to me when pairing occurs. I have never seen it mentioned in a book. Late one September I watched two salmon in the upper Lledr which had chosen as their headquarters a large sunken rock. From this point they made numerous solitary reconnaissances through the quiet stretch above and below them. I could see their departure, their route and their return to the rock; for Lledr there flows very solidly through meadows, and, were it not for the background of foothills and the superb peaks of Snowdon and its attendants, it might be one of those peaceful rivers in the Midlands.

Also, it is a common experience during back-end salmon-fishing, when a brace of fish have been killed on the same day and in the same part of a pool, to find that one of them is a male and the other a female. From these two observations I guessed the time of the pairing as autumn, and the place somewhere well below the redds. But from what we saw that day in February it seems just as likely that the selection of mates is left by Nature to open competition when salmon are assembled to wait for the final call to breed.

In three months' time I am going to revisit that spot and see whether the shrinkage of the river in summer will or will not have left the redd high and dry. And perhaps I shall see the young alevins coming out of the piled-up gravel, tail first, "springing up like brairds of corn"! Who knows? Testimony to that effect was once given before a select committee of Parliament.

BIG SEWIN IN WALES

A Record for the Cothi

SEWIN (sea-trout) were more numerous in the Welsh rivers Towy and Cothi last year than ever before and also of greater weight. Salmon were rather fewer than usual. Trout fishermen did well in the early part of the season. A record number of anglers fished these rivers. These are the chief features of the report for the past season of the Chairman and Clerk and Superintendent of the River Towy Fishery Board.

The season opened with good water. In the first fortnight, fresh salmon were killed and, soon after, several large sewin in both Towy and Cothi. A record sewin for the Cothi of 11lb. was taken in March, a very early date for this tributary. The numbers and weight of large sewin were maintained into August, although in most seasons their run is nearly over by June; the lower reaches held an exceptional number as late as the end of the fishing season.

Perhaps the outstanding feature was the high condition factor of all sewin: even small fish weighed 25 per cent. more than the normal for their length. The netmen had a satisfactory season. Few salmon or grilse entered the river after March until a small run of salmon between 7 and 8lb. at the beginning of July. On July 30th, the River Towy rose to the rare height of 15ft. 6in.

High and coloured water in November and early December may have been responsible for the fact that less salmon spawning beds were observed, but in October sewin spawned in uncommonly large numbers. Trout spawned earlier, but sewin and salmon later, than in previous years. Eel-catching is to be encouraged as a local industry by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. The record number of 4,100 licences was issued, 456 more than in 1938: income amounted to £2,276, a decrease of £24, and expenditure to £2,472, an increase of £209.

A NEW SPINNING REEL.—Hardy Bros. are to be congratulated on their enterprise in introducing a new reel in war-time. The reel is of the "American Multiplier" type and is an excellent example of its kind. It is designed for use on the top of the rod, control being by the thumb and can be used for single-handed overhead casting with a short rod or for side-swing casting with a longer weapon. It has a 4 to 1 multiplying action with ball-bearings for the drum, and a comfortably disposed thumb rest. Its main feature is a governor control on the drum, on the lines of a steam engine governor, so that if the drum attains too great a speed it is automatically checked. Known as the Elarex it is well balanced and carefully finished; and the price is £5 5s.

OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE AT FENNERS

D. A. EDINGTON (MICHAELHOUSE, SOUTH AFRICA, AND JESUS, CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE MILE BY 7 YARDS IN 4 MIN. 35·4 SEC.

E. HUDSON-BENNETT (MICHAELHOUSE, SOUTH AFRICA, AND CLARE), THE CAMBRIDGE PRESIDENT, WINNER OF THE DISCUS AND (*right*) WEIGHT-PUTTING EVENTS

J. MORRISH (WOLVERHAMPTON G.S. AND MERTON, OXFORD) CLEARING THE BAR AND HIS ACTION SEEN FROM THE SIDE IN THE LONG JUMP

IN a rather mixed bag of athletic performances at Oxford and Cambridge, one stands out as astonishing—and would have been astonishing even in a normal year. Very rarely indeed is it given to a freshman to break records as J. Morrish, from Wolverhampton Grammar School, did in the Oxford sports when he cleared 24ft. in the long jump. C. B. Fry's 23ft. 6¼in. had stood as a record for the sports for 47 years; two years ago R. A. Powell cleared 23ft. 9½in. in a match against an Amateur Athletic Association team: and the longest jump on the Oxford ground before Morrish's was made by a member of an A.A.A. team, W. E. N. Breach, who cleared 23ft. 11¼in. two years ago. Morrish is clearly a natural jumper whose gifts revive that speculative question as to what may be the human limits to athletic feats—a question that can never be answered finally with certainty. Morrish also won the high jump in the University sports and went on to win both jumps (high jump 5ft. 8in., long 23ft. 2in.) against Cambridge at Fenners, in spite of which Cambridge won fairly easily to set the seal on their victory in the cross-country race. Paralleling Morrish's triumphs, the Cambridge President, E. Hudson-Bennett took the discus (127ft.) and the weight (24ft. 10¼in.) events, after winning both and also the javelin in the Cambridge sports. So field events, for once, produced the most notable University performances this year, Cambridge winning by 77 points to 40.

Winners in the other events were as follows:—Pole Vault—A. M. Robinson (Bloxham and Pembroke, Oxford) 10ft. 9in. 120yds. High Hurdles—F. R. Nicholson (Bolton and Emmanuel, Cambridge) dead-heated with R. N. Posnett (Kingswood and St. John's, Cambridge) in 16.2 sec. Mile—D. A. Edington (Michaelhouse, South Africa, and Jesus, Cambridge), won by 7yds. in 4 min. 35.4 sec. 100yds.—J. M. Thomson (Stowe and Jesus, Cambridge), won by 2½yds. in 10.3 sec. Half-mile—R. C. Hope-Jones (Eton and King's, Cambridge) won by inches in 2 min. 0.4 sec. Three Miles—P. H. Hulton (Kingswood and Worcester, Oxford) won by 18yds. in 15 min. 29 sec. Javelin—C. J. Ryan (Ampleforth and Trinity, Cambridge), 154ft. 6in. 220yds. Low Hurdles—C. J. Brereton (Felsted and Selwyn, Cambridge) won by 3yds. in 27.4 sec. Quarter-mile—P. R. H. Hastings (Stowe and Christ Church, Oxford) won by 8yds. in 51.16 sec.

F. R. NICHOLSON (CAMBRIDGE) WHO DEAD-HEATED IN THE 120 YARDS HIGH HURDLES WITH R. N. POSNETT (CAMBRIDGE)

A MATTER OF INCHES. R. C. HOPE-JONES (ETON AND KING'S, CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE HALF-MILE FROM I. S. SCOTT-KILVERT

AN EXPERIMENT IN FLIGHTING

By REGINALD ADCOCK

STRANGE sometimes are the ways ideas are formed. This one came quite unexpectedly, though perhaps not without prompting, and proved its value. And since it shows what can at times be achieved with the least promising conditions, it may be worth recalling.

The frost had been with us ten days. The mercury in the thermometer had performed and was continuing to perform miraculous feats of contraction; it seemed intent indeed upon ceasing altogether from its activities in the long and exposed slender column, and retiring snugly into the spherical bulb at its base, there to curl up tightly like a dormouse and preserve its vestigial warmth in a hibernating torpor against the arrival of better days. The land itself lay frozen to a depth of many inches, locked in a vice-like grip that seemed to girdle the earth. The bare trees looked black and gaunt, starkly silhouetted against a grey and sullen world. The rhododendron bushes that flank the rides and fringe the coverts were shrunk and wilted, seeming to be dying from the cold.

And over all an untimely shower of freakish rain had formed a film of ice, clothing every branch, every twig, every blade of grass with a brittle icy glaze, and imparting to the rhododendron leaves and buds the glutinous appearance of preserved and candied fruits. Over that congealed and glacial world swept a cutting knife-edged wind, that hastened straight from the bleak and frozen tundras of far eastern Europe, causing oaks and elms to rattle their upper branches with a strange and desiccated sound, redolent of stringed beads brushing together on oriental curtains. Memory had to hark back many years to recall such bitter weather.

"THE AREA I CLEARED WAS NOT LARGE BUT IT SHOWED UP DARKLY IN CONTRAST WITH THE REST OF THE SURFACE"

Still waters had been closed for several days, and moving waters had been stilled in turn. All wildfowl in a body had retreated in haste before the onset of that arctic desolation—or so I thought. Yet on the eleventh day of that polar frigidity, while I was studying imprints in the freshly fallen snow and trying to fathom their significance, I happened to look up and was amazed to see two mallard in the sky, not speeding straight on purpose-laden wings, but casting around in leisurely circles as though seeking some stretch of open water on the ground below. Yet they must have known as well as I, that within a radius of several miles there was none to be found. Perhaps in the hearts of ducks, just as in those of men, hope always springs eternal. At any rate their appearance overhead was evidence enough, if any were required, that they were prepared to travel far distances "on spec."

"Why not," I suddenly bethought me, "open up a stretch of water, and keep it open, and lightly feed it?" The area selected would probably need breaking up and clearing twice or even three times in a day under the prevailing conditions of intense frost. But the experiment seemed worth while, and I determined there and then to try it. A small pond not far away seemed ideal for the venture, for its upper end, where the water normally flows in, is shallow and muddy, and if the ice were removed would provide an excellent feeding ground.

It was then mid-day. Knowing that the ice would not yield to the weight of my body or the impact of my rubber boot, I decided to return after lunch armed with an iron crowbar and provided with a pocketful of corn. The sooner operations were commenced the better, for I was anxious to afford any passing duck the chance of discovering and frequenting the spot. But breaking the ice, when it came to the point, proved to be no easy task, even with the help of a heavy crowbar; and I spent the best part of an hour piercing and pounding and prising and lifting sections of ice at times five inches thick.

The area I eventually cleared was not large, but it showed up boldly and darkly in contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the snow that covered the rest of the surface. I was heartened, too, in my task by seeing a single mallard circling in the sky for a moment while I worked. So scattering the grain in the newly-opened shallow water, I hid the crowbar close by for future use and returned to the house for my gun.

It was half-past three when I arrived back to take up a position for the flight, in the faint hope that some passing duck might see the water and come down. But the sky was unnaturally dark with that uniform leaden dullness that foretells further snow. The wintry night would not be long descending. Near me an inflated friendly robin hopped about with obvious interest and cocked a quizzing eye. It was a hard time for the birds, as their abnormally confiding boldness testified. Down the wood a blackbird set the echoes ringing with its noisy clattering alarm, and was promptly answered by a second and then a third. Doubtless some hungry old tawny was already a-wing, driven by the cold to start early on his rounds.

Then without warning, a movement in the air above me attracted my attention. I looked up sharply and saw a single mallard in the sky curling and coming steeply down. As I threw up my gun to fire, the bird spotted the movement and checked. But the next moment my shot split the frozen stillness of the evening air, and the luckless duck crumpled with a muffled thud upon the thick fresh snow.

My first feelings of elation produced by this swift success were tempered on my homeward journey by disturbing doubts and anxious self-questionings. Had I committed a strategic blunder in thus slaying the first duck to find the feeding ground I had prepared? Might it not have been wiser to have let it go, so that it might spread the tidings of fresh water to be found and bring its mates back with it? These were anxious thoughts. In the end I sought

"HAD I COMMITTED A STRATEGIC BLUNDER IN SLAYING THE FIRST DUCK?"

refuge as often before in that time-honoured philosophy of consolation which affirms that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and refused to speculate on the might-have-been.

Next morning I returned early to the scene in the company of a friend. For I calculated that, under the brilliant full moon which had illumined the night, hungry duck hopefully revisiting old haunts might have been much on the move; they *might* have found my handiwork and been glad to enjoy its limited amenities. Owing to the sharply frosted ground, however, it was not possible to approach the pond without producing a shattering disturbance such as might reasonably be associated with the progress of a stampeding rhinoceros. So my friend took up a position at the lower end, while I advanced noisily upon the waters at the head. While I was yet a fair way off, a protesting quack and a flurry of wings marked the departure of two mallard that jumped up from the mud and headed straight down towards the waiting gun. First one and then the other crumpled in the air and fell, as he brought off a workmanlike double. Not very exacting shots perhaps, but yielding that singularly sweet satisfaction that comes from a simple manœuvre successfully executed.

I examined the hole I had made in the ice the day before. It was frozen again from end to end but for an area a yard across, where the two duck must have been sitting. In parts the ice was over an inch thick. With the help of the crowbar we freed it once more and cast the ice upon the bank. But though we repeated the performance in the afternoon, and again on the following morning, we never saw another duck. Two days later came the thaw and with it the end of our simple stratagem. One interesting speculation seems to crop up from the experiment. Birds retreating before hard weather often appear to us as fore-runners of cold spells. Might not these three duck we had shot have been heralding the thaw?

"THE LUCKLESS DUCK CRUMPLED WITH A MUFFLED THUD UPON THE THICK FRESH SNOW"

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON—VI

He makes a few comparisons in Conditions

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen-picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to an old-time hunting man if he could return to it after a lapse of a hundred years

MR. MOWBRAY sank into one of the long chairs before the high fender stool and took a long pull at his cigar, and another at his liqueur brandy.

"You live in greater comfort than we did," he said.

"Especially in the matter of travelling," suggested Lord B. refilling his guest's brandy glass.

"Except for speed I find very little difference," said Silas.

"But what about the railways?"

"I have never been on one. I always take a post chaise," replied Silas.

"But nowadays? How do you get one?"

"In the old way. Just tell the Boots I want to start for London at 9 o'clock and he goes off to the posting house and orders me one," answered Silas in all seriousness, "and I'm in London in time for lunch instead of dinner, that's the only difference."

"But there are no posting houses these days."

"Indeed, believe me, Sir, I have seen many more than formerly, dotted every few miles on all your great roads, though you call them, for some reason or other, garages. They replenish you with gasoline instead of horses as in my day," replied Silas. "We certainly travelled less. The middle classes and even gentlemen, who were not well off went by stage coaches just as they do to-day, but noblemen and men of position always used their own carriages. Ladies never thought of going in a public conveyance. I miss, of course, the beauty, colour and variety of the old carriages. There were the State coach, the glass coach, the stage coach, mail coach, slow coach, the drag, the wagon, the wagonette, landau, phaeton, dog cart, cab, cabriolet, spider, buggy, Tilbury, Brougham, Hansom and Stanhope and a heap more; which reminds me of a rhyme:

'What can Petersham* do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Petersham do no more?
Yes he can drive a phaeton and four.'"

"Surely that was said of Tommy Onslow," said P.

"Maybe it was," agreed Silas. "Anyway all the lords and gentlemen were inventing their own carriages. To-day everyone seems content with a black glass coach, whether he is a duke or a tinker. Lord Lonsdale's yellow turn-outs are the only ones I have seen which show any individuality. Even when Royalty make a progress, except for a paper crown on the top of their cars, you can't tell them from anyone else. In my day they had a travelling escort of cavalry, and even noblemen had their outriders. Look, there is one holding Lady Elizabeth Villiers' cobs," concluded Silas pointing to Barsud's picture of "The Meet at Crick."

"That's true," said Major P. "My great-grandfather, who was only a country banker, always had a mounted groom when he drove, but that was more to open the gates than swank."

"Jolly good idea," said Sir K., "let's start it with grooms on motor bikes. These gated roads are a disgrace to civilisation. You're on the County Council, P. Why the hell don't you do away with them? You're a useless lot of blighters."

"And put up the barricades Mowbray objects so to," replied P. "Let's see you jump in and out of the Melton-Twyford Road, K., and we'll think about it."

There was a general laugh, for Sir K. was well known as a confirmed roadster.

"Aren't these county councillors a lousy set of hams, as you say in your country?" said Sir K.

"Indeed we don't," said Silas, "not in polite society anyhow."

"Well K," said P., "if you don't like our county, why not go to your native Middlesex and hunt on Hampstead Heath with the Houndsditch Harriers? You won't find any gated roads there."

There was a general laugh and Sir K. went red.

"Houndsditch is our Harlem, isn't it, and Hampstead Heath the Central Park? Not a good hunting country I should imagine," said Silas.

"Damn it," said Sir K., "I don't come from the slums."

"Another thing I notice is a vast improvement in the lot of the rural workers," said Silas quickly to change the subject. "Now they have good houses, good clothes, and look well-fed, nor does one see hordes of ragged children. The conditions under which they lived used to be absolutely inhuman."

"That's good from you," said Sir K. "What about your slaves whom you used to flog?"

"We've done away with slaves. Have you abolished flogging?"

"Touché," said the Duke, "but it hasn't been done for donkey years."

"Weren't you at Eton?" said P., with a wriggle. "I seem to remember holding someone down called L."

"You surely can't compare our labourers, even in 'the hungry forties,' with the condition of slaves you read about in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" said Lord B.

"Thank God I can't," said Silas. "Our slaves didn't starve, and as to cruelty, you can't believe all you read. I once saw in a Paris paper 'the English are the cruelest people in the world. They keep men for no other purpose than to beat their dogs. These whippers ride after them with long whips hitting them till they howl. Their pitiful cries can be heard leagues away.'"

"Still you can't deny that even in your own pictures the slave driver is always shown with a whip," said Lord B.

"True," said Silas, "but so is the fox-hunter, and with spurs, too, but that does not prove him a cruel man."

"But our people were free," said the Duke.

"Yes," replied Silas. "Free to starve in the road, when turned out of a hovel no American gentleman would have put his horse in. What other freedom had he? Look how they were housed, in mud hovels with thatched roofs which leaked, while you noblemen built palaces for yourselves. Even the picturesque lodges miles from anywhere were so small that no family could live in them in decency. On my mother's plantation down South, all our slaves were as happy as the day was long. We and all our neighbours were proud of them and loved them as you do your horses. They each had their hut, their melon and mealie patch, their wood pile and their chickens. No darkie was complete without his chickens."

SILAS EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO TRAVEL TO LONDON BY POST CHAISE

"From what I have seen of Harlem and the cities even in the South, the negro quarters were not model housing estates," said Lord L.

"Are Limehouse or some parts of Churchgate, Leicester?" countered Silas.

"What about the girls who were sold in the slave market?" said Sir K., "or torn from their loving families?"

"What about the white slaves of Piccadilly? They are supposed to be civilised. Our darkies weren't," said Silas. "Anyway, if we did take a slave girl, which I assure you was not done by the best people, we looked after her and her child. We did not throw her back into the gutter."

"Anyway our naughty ladies have free-will."

"Perhaps. A hundred years ago were all your Royal marriages the result of love? Again, you must remember our slaves were semi-savages, who had always looked on women as nothing but chattels to be bought and sold. They expected it, and if they were lucky enough to find their way to the master's favour, they were the last to complain. As to the slave markets, did they differ much from your Hiring Fairs? I have seen men standing in rows with distinguishing badges on their hats, a whisp of wool for a shepherd, a whip lash for a horse-keeper, an ear of corn for a ploughman, a flower for a gardener. They were bought for less than a dollar a week. Is that far removed from slavery?"

"MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER ALWAYS HAD A MOUNTED GROOM WHEN HE DROVE, BUT THAT WAS MORE TO OPEN THE GATES THAN FOR SWANK"

* A Stanhope family title.

"But they could leave at the end of the year," said Lord B. "What about the children?"

Silas laughed. "The less you say of them the better. It would be hard to find any slave treated worse than your workhouse children. What were apprentices but child slaves, or those who worked for five cents in the coalmines and never saw the sun?"

"You may be right about the plantation, but you can't defend the slave ship," said Lord L.

"I won't try," said Silas. "That trade was almost entirely an English monopoly, carried on by the most respectable families in England, who always had morning and evening prayers."

"I can't argue with you," said the Duke. "I wish we had F.E. (Earl Birkenhead) here, for I know you are all wrong somewhere, else why did you do away with them?"

"Progress, progress," laughed Silas.

"Progress be damned," roared Col. H. who had so far taken no part in the conversation. "I hate the very sound of the word, nearly as much as I do democracy. Progress indeed. Progress backward. Democracy, the rule of the ignorant, led by idle self-seeking rogues, over the intelligent and hard-working. Daylight robbery, oppression, pickpocketing! What's progress done for us? Barbed-wire, skating-rinks, stinking roads, motor cars which kill and maim more people a day than the Crimean War did. Telephones! Enables our privacy to be invaded and our time wasted by every fool who has nothing else to do. Aeroplanes! Make life hideous with their noise. And war, too, Sir! War used to be a fit occupation for a gentleman! Now, Sir, it turns a man into a sewer rat, and any puny girl can pop off a giant before he even sees her. That's all your progress has done for the world, damn you! I'd hang, draw and quarter every mother's son of 'em and then crucify 'em. Progress indeed."

Colonel H. finished his brandy at a gulp and held out his glass to be refilled by the waiting footman, who had been attracted by the noise and seemed to know what was expected of him.

There was a hushed silence as the thunder died away up the staircase at the end of the lounge.

(To be continued)

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

BLACKMORE VALE.—On February 20th, after meeting at Bridgehampton, hounds found several foxes at Annis Hills, unfortunately they were loath to leave the covert, but one was accounted for after running several small circles. From Babcary Thorns, with poor scenting conditions, hounds could only hunt their fox slowly to Ruhbery Farm, where they were defeated. Scent improved considerably as the day wore on, and from Ilchester's Gorse hounds ran fast, to kill their fox in Wheathill. This was a good twenty minutes over the best of the Sparkford Vale.

A small field partook of Mrs. Ridley's kind hospitality at Maperton House on the Thursday. Unfortunately, with a bright sun, scent was poor all day; after chopping a fox in Maperton Woods hounds were taken to Elliscombe, and the next three hours were spent in woodland hunting between Wadham Down and the Yarlington Woods.

On the Saturday from their fixture at Fifehead Magdalen, hounds found immediately in Fifehead Wood, and running out to Cale withybed put their fox to ground. From Nylands, a stout specimen was quickly away, and hounds ran fast by Cale withybed and Prior's Down, whence bearing left-handed they crossed the Stour near Gunnershay Farm, running on into Marnhull. Being compelled to make a large detour to cross the river, the Hunt Staff and the few of the field remaining could not get to hounds till they had lost their fox in the outskirts of Marnhull village. However, Frank Anyan persisted when all seemed lost, and casting hounds on foot in this region of wired-up small enclosures he eventually put up his fox in a hedgerow, and after a sharp burst hounds were successful, thanks to his well considered manœuvre. B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—A good-sized field turned out to meet the Cattistock Hounds at Melbury Oak, on Wednesday, February 28th, and in the first 10 minutes the disappointments of two weeks of enforced idleness were forgotten. Finding their first fox in that excellent covert of Lord Ilchester's, Eighteen Acres, they crossed the road to Chetnole withy-bed and swung left-handed, running hard to Clifton Wood, in the B.V. country, where they were finally stopped. Brought back to Caswell's, they found again and went away towards the Yeovil road, turning back again by the Ram Pasture, and then right-handed to Briar's Wood, where their fox hoped to find sanctuary in the stick-heap. It was properly stopped, however, and the line went on through Chetnole withy-bed and over Melbury Bubb, where the quarry turned back right-handed and was killed alongside the main road, after a good hunt of 45 minutes.

LINCOLN.

CROOME.—We contrived to get a morning's hunting on February 19th on foot from Pirton Schools. No fox was found in either Pool Covert or Pirton Gorse, and we continued our way on to Kempsey Common, where, lo and behold, a chariot of war appeared as if from the skies, and the charioteer proved to be no less a person than one of the khaki hunting fraternity. He is to be seen out, very differently mounted, each Saturday when hounds are hunting. It was but a matter of seconds to take Pavitt on board, and then, driving like Jehu—"for he driveth furiously"—the infernal machine was propelled at a great pace over the rough grass and gorse bushes of the common. Wheels (particularly of the caterpillar type) rush in where horses fear to tread! A fox got up from the gorse at the bottom of the common and, after pointing for Napleton, turned left-handed by The Nash and over Park Farm to Rabbit Banks and Pirton Pool. The weather had become wet and murky now, and visibility was very bad indeed, so that when we heard a gaggle of geese approaching, veiled in the mists, we momentarily mistook the sound for the cry of hounds. Scent gave out after 30 minutes, and little further of note occurred.

The end of the week found us galloping on grass again. Hounds met at Strensham Court, now a convent school, and the good nuns there had refreshments waiting for us, and plenty of sugar for the coffee, despite rationing! Foxes were hard to find at first, and it was about 2 o'clock when hounds got going with one from The Rhidings, and even then scent was so bad that they could only hunt him slowly to Jack's Paddock, where it faded out altogether. There was a fox in Seven Bank, which promptly got to ground but was accounted for later. The best part of the day took place from Menagerie, from which at 3.40 a brace of foxes went away, and hounds ran well up The Belt and through Pheasant Wood for Dunstall Castle, where they crossed the road to Red Deer Farm. For the next few moments the countryside was dotted with top-booted "pedestrians," for the two wide ditches below The Rhidings swallowed up some half-dozen of the field, whilst wire-netting on the ground caused a further downfall, when one of the horses galloped into it and went over like a ninepin. Hounds had swung left-handed and crossed Marsh Common and Defford Common, but, instead of going into Porter's Ashbed, this fox had changed his course and was finally lost at Pheasant Wood, 35 minutes from the find.

It was growing late when they embarked upon their final hunt, with a fox from a tree outside the Arboretum. He escaped being chopped in covert literally by a hair's breadth, and ran an unusual line to Clubsmoor, where hounds were stopped, the captains and the kings departed—and we all went home. D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—During the week of Monday, February 19th, both meets were too far away for your correspondent to get out with them. However, I heard that the Master, home on leave, showed a small field a very nice day from Lytchetts on Saturday, the 24th. On the 26th, hounds met at Dewlish House. They found in some gorses in a rough pasture not far from the house, which borders on the Puddletown road, but this first pilot lacked initiative and it was not long before his mask was added to the tally. Hounds were hunted by Will Jackson, the kennel huntsman, who acts as first whipper-in to the Master when he is at home, with miss Peggy Phillips and a second horseman acting as whippers-in; and, after they had disposed of their first victim, they were taken across the Blandford road, and later to Druce, without finding.

On the way to Dole's Wood, however, they hit off a line outside Muston Copse, and went away at a fair pace to the north. The pilot could not have been long away, for scent improved steadily, and by the time Dole's Wood was reached they were driving on at a good pace. From the covert they swung right-handed through Squire Brymer's Warren, where one had to look sharp on the rabbit-riddled ground to avoid a fall; but, once out of this difficulty, the field galloped on behind the flying pack, past Chebbard's Gorses and down the hill to Chesilbourne Water, where hounds were at fault for a moment. Held forward they picked up the line again and swung back left-handed over Chesilbourne Down to Dole's Wood where the pack divided. For an instant it looked as if our fox, who had been closely pressed, was going to save his brush, but Jackson, who was close up, saw the trouble, blew for his hounds, and in a few minutes they were all together again and running hard on the line of their hunted fox who at this point could be plainly seen making his way over the Downs two fields ahead. I cannot speak too highly of Jackson's instantaneous grasp of the situation at this point, or of the brilliant work of Miss Phillips in getting the stragglers up to him. It saved the day for the pack and cost that fox his brush; for, although he ran on for another 20 minutes, there were no further checks, and hounds eventually rolled him over not far from the covert in which he had been found at the end of 55 minutes—and a very nice performance by hounds and huntsman.

A. H. H.

GARTH.—These hounds had a splendid hunt from their Sherfield Green fixture on February 22nd. A fox found in Derricks, ran at a fair pace through the Pits and Knocketts Hill, and over the park in front of Tylney Hall, pointing for Newnham. Hounds turned sharp right-handed over Cumfields and Knocketts Hill was again reached, then carrying on through the Pits and leaving Derricks on their left, they crossed the River Lyde into Buckfield. After a slight check the line was hit off on the Drayton House side, and pace increased slightly through Forked Copse. Going on over the Loddon and Wildmoor, excellent hound-work in this rough and water-logged country, aided by a good cast, enabled the pack to get on terms with their fox short of Blacklands Farm. Once again, facing the river, hounds screamed across the Basing Lodge Farm ploughs, and the fox was pulled down in the bushes short of Whitmarsh Lane.

Although no great point was made, this hunt of 1 hour 40 minutes, during which over twelve miles of rough and trappy country was covered, speaks for itself as a fine performance on the part of hounds, and a small but keen field was able to appreciate a most enjoyable day's sport, the time being 2.45 p.m. and horses beat in the heavy going, no more was done. G.

GOATHLAND.—This old-established North Yorkshire Hunt, at a meeting held recently at Sleights, decided to carry on although the Master, Mr. W. P. Ansell, tendered his resignation. The question of having a trencher-fed pack was considered, but this proposal did not find favour with the farmers present. It was stated that a minimum of £400 per annum was required to carry on during the war period, and an appeal was issued for subscriptions. It was also decided to advertise for a new Master.

THE HAYDON.—After just over an eight weeks' stoppage, these hounds started again with a meet at Newborough on February 24th. Maggie's Dene was blank, but a brace of foxes jumped up out of the rushes near Park Dam. Hounds settled to one of them, and ran through Park Dam West, away across Greyside Fell at a great pace to Maggie's Dene. From here they ran to Pit Shaft Whin, where they marked their fox to ground and killed him after a good gallop. Hounds were then taken to a holloa beyond Maggie's Dene, but this fox had got a start, and hounds hunted him slowly westwards through Greyside Dene towards Settling Stones. Swinging left, they ran by Newborough Lodge, and lost him at the back of Newborough village, near Lane House. There was little scent with the foxes found in The Quarries, but one was killed before hounds went home.

There was only one fox to be found on March 2nd when hounds met at Grindon Schools, but he was able to provide an excellent gallop. There was a holloa on Sewing Shields Crags, when the Master was

about two miles away in the country below; scent must have been wonderful as the fox had got quite 20 minutes start when hounds hit his line off, yet they started to run as if they were close at him. After making a big circle round the west end of The Crags they struck off through The Lake covert, then east of Sewing Shields, through The Moss to Carrysike. Hounds were half a mile ahead of the nearest horseman at this point, as they ran on over Mill Hills, through Moss Kennel, to the west of The Crags, on to Broomley Loch. Just skirting the Black covert they ran back into Carrysike, where they lost their fox after a first rate 60 minutes, hounds covering about nine miles of country.

J. H. M.

QUORN.—These hounds were able to resume at Grimston on Saturday, February 24th. Nothing outstanding happened, although they had a busy day around the area and killed a fox.

On Monday, February 26th, they met at Saxelby Top when a most enjoyable day was spent, although, perhaps it might be termed a bit too good from hound and horse point of view following the long stoppage. Finding a brace of foxes in Welby Osiers hounds went away in two lots towards Ab-Kettleby before uniting and swinging back to the Osiers, when in all probability their fox got to ground. A spinney on the edge of Capt. "Johnny" Player's Farm produced the next fox and running nicely hounds went on through Saxelby Wood over the road, straight through Old Dalby Wood by the Hall to the end of the village, then going to the right they crossed the railway by Old Dalby Station and pointed for Upper Broughton, but before reaching the village they swung back by Nether Broughton through Shelton spinney and along the hills to Wartnaby where scent failed. A very nice 50 minutes. Lord Aylesford's and Scholby Scholes were blank, but on reaching Ragdale Wood hounds got hold of a fox before going away with another which they hunted through Chalton Gorse. Pushing him they ran beautifully over the Thrussington Wolds nearly down to Thrussington village before turning right-handed over the Old Fosse Road, and then still running well they continued to go to the right back towards Ragdale Wood but were stopped before again crossing the main road.

After meeting at Rothley Plains on the Tuesday, several foxes were roused in Quorn Wood. Hounds killing one after about an hour. They next found very quickly in Swithland Wood and breaking on the Swithland side crossed the road and ran nearly up to the hall before turning left-handed through the churchyard over the road to Patch Wood. Not dwelling they kept their fox going over Beaumanor Park to the Outwoods where hounds were whipped off as the hour was late. A clinking good 45 minutes.

SCARLET RUNNER.

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—These hounds met at Outwood on February 21st and had good sport all day. Finding immediately in South Hale they ran a circle through Hathersham to Burstow Lodge and back over Woolborough to South Hale. Here they probably changed foxes and hunted well through Cobbler's Ghyll to Branslands where they killed. Another fox was afoot, and crossing the Outwood Lane he took a line through the Furzefield, but ran his pursuers out of scent by Marlham Bank.

Hounds found next in the rough fields on Court Lees, which have proved such a sure find this season. Scent was not so good in the afternoon, but the pack worked well, hunting over Upper Barn, and through Anchor Wood into Brooklands, where their fox turned back over the road, scent failing in Anchor Wood.

On the Saturday, after meeting at Tandridge, the pack found in Piper's Wood, and with a good scent ran fast over the brook through Dodd's Coppice into Crowhurst Plantation. Here a fresh fox was afoot, but after circling the covert the hunted one ran north over the railway to the brook, where he swung right-handed, taking a nice line over Foyle to Jincock's Farm. Hunting with a great cry hounds ran back over Gibb Brook Lane to Piper's Wood, and driving straight through the covert headed for East Lagham. Swinging left-handed short of it they ran parallel with the railway and marked to ground by the level crossing on Pound Farm, after an excellent hunt of 1½ hours. The fox was evicted and killed.

Another from Westland's Gorse gave good hunting in the afternoon. Going away by the High Chimneys, hounds raced their fox through Crowhurst Plantation and Bradford Wood, to the main Eastbourne road, where he turned back short, and was rolled down in the open by the Red Lane, after a fast thirty minutes without a check.

O. S. B.

TYNEDALE.—Hounds met at The Plough on March 2nd, and capital sport followed.

Finding in Botany Bay they ran to Heddon Steads and on to Eachwick, where this fox was lost. With another from Low Fell they ran into Tilesheds, and gave him a good dusting round the covert for about half an hour, before he went to ground in a rabbit hole. Finding in Harlow Hill Whin, scent was good, and hounds ran fast to Horsley Hill, thence to Harlow Hill. They then ran straight by the Welton Waterworks to Laker Hall, on into Shildon Wood. They probably changed foxes here, but ran on through The Bog, away to Newton Hall, down to the Newcastle road, where they lost their fox after an excellent 60 minutes, with a point of 5½ miles. The country crossed was some of the best in the hunt, and it was considered the best hunt of the season.

It was a grand hunting morning on the 4th when hounds met at Whittington village. Finding at once in Kirsopp's Whin, the fox went away up-wind in a north-westerly direction, and hounds at once settled down and ran fast over a good line of country, crossing the Whittington-Ryall road, and leaving Ryall village on the right. After going a few fields towards Fairsprings, the fox turned down-wind, and was lost on Moot Law, when pointing for Kirkheaton. The first 20 minutes of this gallop was first rate. With another fox from Kirsopp's Whin, hounds ran towards Matfen, then turned sharp back by Corneyside, marking to ground in a field near Waterloo. Finding again in The Mile, they ran fast through Sparrow Letch and The Beck, then went sharp left by Standing Stone, and raced their fox to ground in a spinney near Matfen Hall. He was bolted, and hunted at a rare pace by The Hall, on through The Mile, into Sparrow Letch. He was then hunted in covert for some time, before he went away and got to ground just outside the covert.

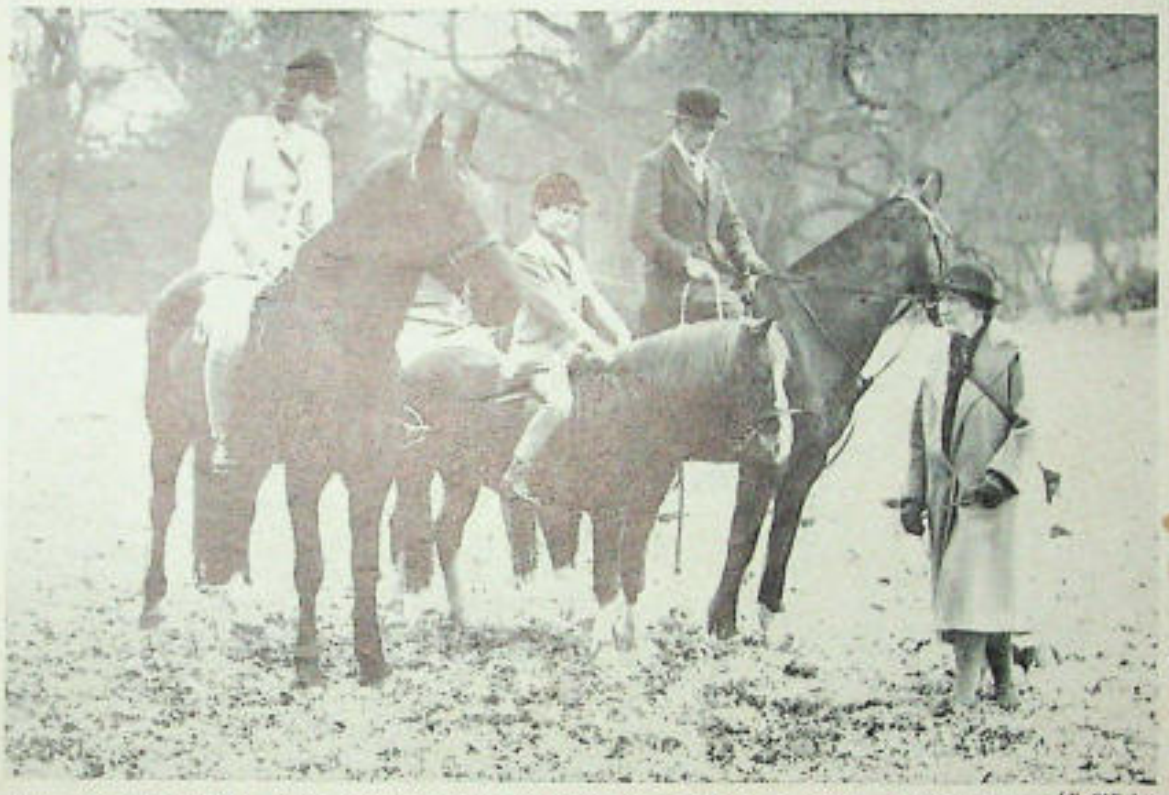
J. H. M.

VINE.—A day's hunting was snatched on February 7th, when the Master's husband was home on leave. The meet was at The Wellington Arms, Baughurst. A fox found in the withybeds by the church, going away quickly to Baggott's, made as though for Collier's, but turned sharp left-handed by Browning Hill to Tadley Place, continuing along the bottom to Great Hart's and Tadley Gorse. Here there was a longish check before hounds hit off the line and hunted slowly over Baughurst Common to the Brimpton road, where the fox was probably headed, as he turned back to the common, and after twisting about by Heath End eventually crossed the Brimpton road past Aldermaston Park. Turning right-handed here hounds hunted well for a long time round Hundred Acre, Benyon's Enclosure and the Soke and West End, before being run out of scent.

Wednesday, February 21st, saw hounds at Four Lanes End. A fox was soon away from Binfields pointing towards the brick kilns and the covert beyond. Scent was fair and hounds hunted well by Lickpit Farm to the pit by the road. Here they turned back sharp left-handed to Danes Hill and Binfields, then came two more circles round the brick kilns and Danes Hill before making for the pit below Lickpit Farm for the second time. Now, however, the fox crossed the road and made for the withybeds at Old Basing.

Here he ran the stream almost up to the bridge on the road, before turning left-handed up the hill as though for Binfields again, but swinging sharp right-handed he crossed the road, and, leaving Basing Lodge Farm well on the left, ran down to the River Lodden and along the low meadows into the Whitmarsh. Fox and hounds were in the same field just before the Whitmarsh, where he was caught after a good hunt of 1 hour 20 minutes.

Saturday, February 24th, saw the hunt at Woolverton Park. Baldwin's was the first draw and after some time there was a holloa towards Pug's Gulley. On the far side of this covert hounds picked up a line, and ran back over the road by the George and Dragon, where a man informed us that a fox had come out of the thick bushes near Baldwin's, crossed the road by the George and Dragon and gone towards Pug's Gulley. Hounds hunted slowly on to Ewhurst, Lloyds and Skyers.



J. O'Brien

TWO YOUNG RIDERS AT A MEET OF THE BUCCLEUCH AT MINTO HOUSE. THEY ARE LADY WILLA ELLIOT AND THE HON. GEORGE DOMINIC ELLIOT CHILDREN OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MINTO

Here a fox was sent away up the hill by the chalk pit, to the Basingstoke-Kingsclere road, then came a right-handed circle back to Skyers, and out on the other side.

The huntsman held them on to Lloyds, but could make nothing of it, so he cast back right-handed and hit off a stale line over the road by the Rose Inn, along the bottom and on to Privetts.

From the far belt a fox was viewed away. Hounds ran hard up towards Monck's Sherborne, then crossed the road into Crocases, went straight through and up the hill, crossing the Ramsdell-Pamber road through Fishyers for Whitch Lane. Here for a moment hounds divided. I thought some were away for Tadley Place, but in two minutes I heard them away over the road towards the Vine Inn. The huntsman was with them, but gallop as hard as I could I did not catch them until I reached Ewhurst. They ran by the Vine Inn through Collier's, left-handed over the road by Batt's Copse to sand pits, and out towards Foscot's Farm to the pit, where but for some men rabbiting, the fox would probably have gone to ground.

Coming out of the pit with hounds hardly a minute behind him he made for the other pit at the top of Dog Kennel, where he waited for hounds before slipping across into the covert, and through the corner over the big ploughed field into Lloyd's where hounds nearly had him just inside the covert. His escape was short-lived, however, as they caught him in the deep ditch just by the stone bridge in the middle of Lloyd's. Whether this fox was the one hunted earlier in the day I cannot say. I rather fancy he was. Anyway, it was the fastest 25 minutes I have enjoyed for a long time.

HOOP OFF.

By courtesy High Commissioner for New Zealand

A BLACK MARLIN LEAPING

THE SPEED OF G
AND M
Cheetahs travelling at 80 m.p.h.

By FRANK

AN ingenious experiment was once carried out to find the pace of a game bird shortly after it had risen from the feet of the guns. In a covered range, birds were made to fly 40yds. and then pass through two screens made of very fine invisible cotton. The time taken was recorded by electrical chronograph, and then the speed was worked out into m.p.h. By this method it was found that partridges and pheasants, just after being flushed, attain a speed of about 30 m.p.h., the heavier bird being slightly the faster.

When going full out, however, these speeds are nearly doubled—at least for birds in their prime and maybe with a wind in their tails. Records I have indicate that a partridge has clocked 53 and a pheasant 60 m.p.h. The latter figure is also generally conceded to be about the maximum a grouse can attain.

Although many an irate gun, just after a bad miss, will swear that his bird was doing "an easy hundred," it is an indisputable fact that very few birds ever reach this speed. I have been collecting bird speed records for years, yet I do not remember ever having come across a reliable record of a game bird topping the hundred mark. A canvas-back duck has been timed by aeroplane speedometer to do 72 m.p.h., and an eider duck has been proved to be able to fly in the teeth of a 90 m.p.h. gale, but it is only such birds as falcons, swallows and swifts which can be expected to do more than 100 m.p.h. It is true that a very reliable observer, working with ordnance survey maps and a stop-watch, proved that a golden eagle flew at 120 m.p.h., but he had two peregrines stooping at him!

One of the most remarkable speed records for a game bird has been given by H. Mortimer Batten. He was driving a car across a moorland road when he saw that a snipe was circling the car as it went along. When the speed of the car was increased, the snipe still continued its circling. Finally, the speedometer was registering 60 m.p.h., but still the game bird (in more senses than one!) continued its circling movement. A mathematical friend informs me that it is an error to assume that the actual speed of the snipe was greatly in excess of the car, but at least that snipe must have been carrying out its aerial manœuvres at nearly 70 m.p.h.

Few who have been privileged to watch a peregrine falcon disporting itself will ever forget the sight. I suppose it is the most spectacular bird in Britain and one of the most marvellous flyers in the world.

My friend Eric Hosking has told me how he once watched a peregrine stoop on a pigeon, knock its head off, recover and then catch the body before it touched the ground. As to its speed . . . an aviator has recorded that when he once made a nose-dive at some ducks his speedometer was registering 170 m.p.h., but a bird (which appears to have been an American peregrine) passed him "as though the plane were standing still." And using the stop-watch method of timing, a speed of between 165 and 180 m.p.h. has been recorded.

Timing the speed of a bird is comparatively easy to obtaining accurate figures for the speed of a fish. But patient investigators have succeeded in obtaining data which have enabled tables to be drawn up, listing upwards of 60 speeds for different species of fish. One of the most thorough of all these investigators was a French professor, named Magnan. One of his timing methods sounds like a Heath Robinson nightmare, but at least it *worked*. I feel that this method is sufficiently interesting to describe in detail. Here it is, in a free translation from the professor's own description.

"In the case of species which it is not possible to observe in their natural habitat, I have harnessed specimens to a delicate speed indicator. It is composed of a pulley mounted on ball bearings on a horizontal axis. The frame bearing this pulley is itself made to move round a vertical axis supported on ball bearings. A thread of very fine, but strong, silk being wound round the pulley, its free end is attached to the fish and the whole apparatus adjusted to allow the fish to pull horizontally on the thread. Beside the large pulley there is another smaller wooden pulley on which is mounted a brake, for the purpose of determining the amount of "traction" exerted by the fish. The fish unwinds the thread from the large pulley, which revolves, actuating a Deprez signal (a sensitive relay) once every revolution, which determines the number of revolutions made and the distance traversed. The time is also checked carefully, and a simple calculation gives the speed at which the fish has travelled."

The curious reader can refer to the speeds which Magnan obtained in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, volumes 12 and 13.

ON THE WAY TO THE SPAWNING BEDS, A MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPH OF A LEAPING SALMON

ME BIRDS, FISH MMALS

Peregrines diving at 170 m.p.h.

W. LANE

A compatriot of Magnan, Inspector Krietman, of the French Department of Waters and Forests, once carried out some fish speed trials on the river Vienne. It is of interest to note that of all the fish timed the salmon was an easy first. It tore down the watery speedway at a speed of eight metres per second or 18 m.p.h.

But it would, I think, be a mistake to imagine that this is the maximum of which a salmon is capable. Calculations, based on the height to which a salmon can leap when ascending dams, etc., indicate that its under-water speed must, at times, be about 22 m.p.h. And Ernest Protheroe puts its maximum speed even higher than this. He writes: "No current is rapid enough to daunt it; it can dart along at a rate of 30 m.p.h., easily surmounting obstacles such as falls, by leaps of 10 and 15 feet." The merit of such a performance will be the more easily appreciated when it is remembered that the maximum speed of a submarine under water is about 15 knots or under 20 m.p.h.

Zeiss Ikon photograph

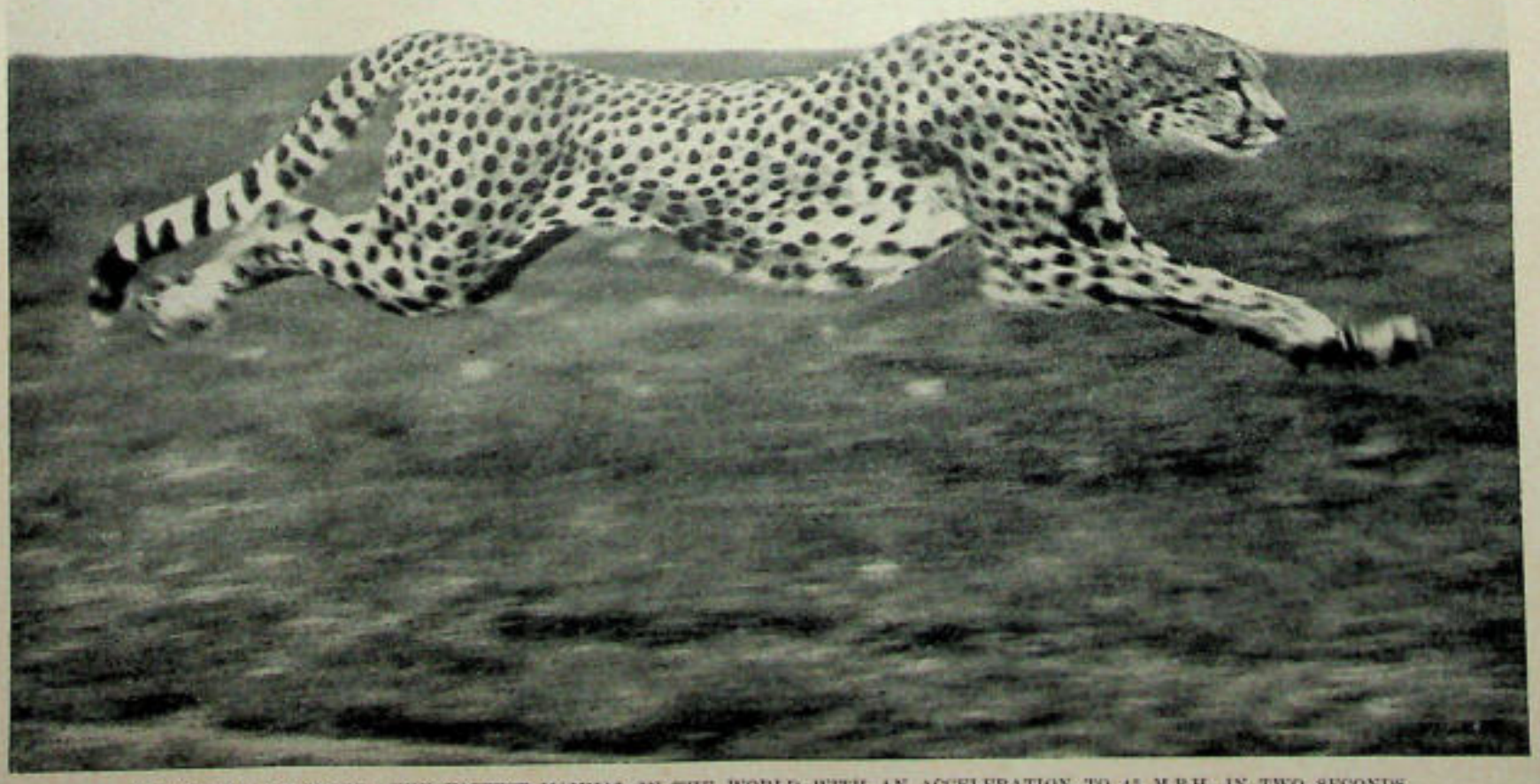
MARSH HARRIER RETURNING TO THE NEST WITH FOOD

A FAMILY OF BLACK BUCK AT SPEED

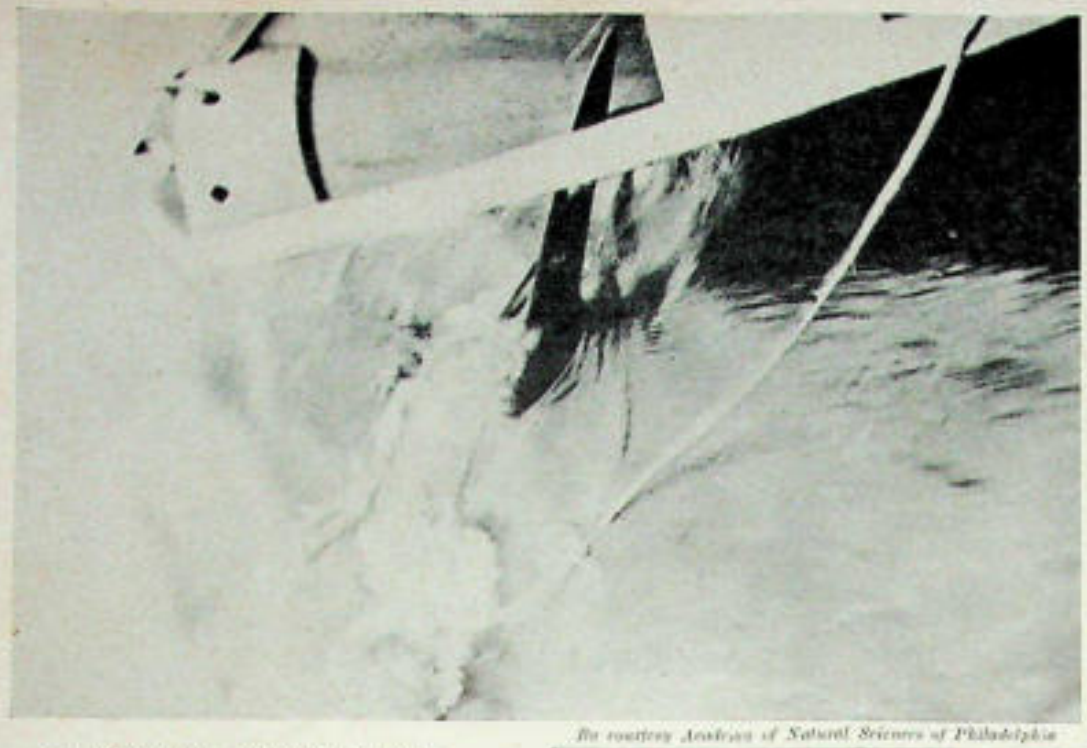
The trout is not much behind the salmon—if, indeed, it is behind it at all. A patient German investigator, using the electrical stop-watch method of timing, once succeeded in timing a trout at 22 m.p.h. A truly remarkable speed for a comparatively small fish.

According to the late Zane Grey, surely one of the world's very greatest big game fishermen, it is another comparatively small fish, the American bonefish, which holds the piscatorial speed record. On one occasion Grey was angling in waders in shallow water when he hooked one of these miniature torpedoes. It darted away with such speed that he feared the line would break. To ease the strain he commenced to run in the same direction as the fish. He covered 50ft. while the bonefish took 400ft. of line. If we assume that he ran at only 5 m.p.h., that gives a speed for the bonefish of some 40 m.p.h.!

But I think most experienced anglers, and those who have studied the fascinating subject of the speed of fish, will agree that the real holders of Nature's water speed records are the big game fish. Writing to me of the tunny, Victor Hoy, of Scarborough, says: "I should say they certainly rush at 40 m.p.h. and I have old fishermen's support in this." The American wahoo has been *timed* (not



A CHEETAH AT SPEED. THE FASTEST MAMMAL IN THE WORLD WITH AN ACCELERATION TO 45 M.P.H. IN TWO SECONDS



By courtesy Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia

A SWORDFISH CHARGING A BOAT
This is believed to be the only photograph in the world taken of a swordfish in this act

a calculated speed) at 37.2 m.p.h. On this particular occasion it ran out 200yds. of line in 11 seconds dead. No wonder Van Campen Heilner says of these fish: "I believe they could run circles around a speed boat." Tarpon, those mighty leapers, probably have an underwater speed of 35 m.p.h. on occasions. When the late Lord Northcliffe was preparing for an attack on these "silver kings," he was warned by an old American angler to remember "that you may expect to hook something like a 30-knot torpedo-boat."

But I think it is the swordfish family which are the real holders of the Blue Riband. Many stories have been told of what happens when one of these ocean gladiators goes full tilt into a wooden ship. Here is one of the most remarkable records. A wooden ship, named *The Fortune*, was once hit with prodigious force by a big swordfish. The sword pierced the copper sheathing, an inch of under-sheathing and a 3in. plank of hard wood. Continuing its journey of investigation, the fish then poked its nose through 12in. of white oak timber and a hard oak ceiling 2½in. thick. An oil cask then barred its way. Into this its sword went at full speed and then broke off, thus forming a convenient bung for the hole it had bored. Although the weapon of a swordfish is solid and hard as ivory, it is by no means so strong that it could by ordinary means be forced through some 20in. of hard wood sheathed with copper. It has been claimed that the fact of clean penetration implies a speed, at the moment of impact, of not less than 60 m.p.h.

Until the advent of the motor car and motor cycle with their attendant speedometers comparatively little was known of the speeds of mammals. Thanks, however, to the many motorists and motor cyclists who have put on record encounters they have had with wild beasts, while speeding along the highways of the world, there is to-day a large body of evidence concerning the speeds of mammals while being paced (or chased!) by mechanical vehicles.

The reason why so many wild animal speed records have been obtained in this way is not far to seek. It is very seldom that an animal in its native haunts can be induced to go "all out" over a known distance when the timekeeper is ready and waiting. Yet on at least one occasion the speed of a beast in the jungle was timed under these ideal conditions.

One of the old-time big game hunters and a friend with a stop-watch once came upon a large young bull elephant standing at the end of a clearing. To ensure that the bull should travel at its maximum pace a shot was fired in the air. The elephant tore down the length of the clearing and disappeared in the bush. The stop-watch reading was 10 seconds dead; the carefully measured distance was 120yds.; —the bull had clocked 24 m.p.h. That other heavyweight, the rhino, is considerably faster. Colonel Marcuswell Maxwell managed to induce one of these rather ill-tempered gentlemen to chase him in his car. He found that the rhino kept up a speed of 28 m.p.h. for a quarter of a mile. On another occasion, however, Maxwell paced a female, and the speedometer then registered 35 m.p.h., although the chase was over ground with a slight decline.

It is to the more medium weights among game animals that one must turn to find Nature's finest sprinters. According to a number of competent judges, the full-blooded charge of an uninjured lion is in the region of 50 m.p.h. But, for sheer lightning speed from a standing start, I should imagine that super-gymnast the leopard is the master of the lion.

The two fastest mammals in the world are the Mongolian antelope and the cheetah. Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, once chased, by car, a herd of antelope across the Gobi desert. Andrews wrote: "They ran so fast that we could not see their legs, any more than you can see the blades of an electric fan. We found they would leg it at 60 m.p.h. for about two miles, and then slow down to 40 or 50." Sixty m.p.h. for two miles is, in my opinion, the greatest feat of sustained speed of which any wild animal is capable.

The fastest mammal over a short distance is, without doubt, the cheetah. Stop-watch timing gives a speed for this wonderful animal of 103ft. per second—or 70 m.p.h. And it is claimed that the acceleration of a cheetah is 45 m.p.h. in *two* seconds! But it is quite possible that the absolute maximum of a prime cheetah is in excess of even 70 m.p.h. It is well-known that these animals are employed to hunt down black buck. The speed of a buck is certainly 50 m.p.h., and quite probably more. (I have spoken to a man who chased them in an aeroplane and found that an air speed of 70 m.p.h. was only just too fast for them.) But a cheetah can bring down a buck even when the buck has a big start in a quarter-mile race. Calculating from this, it appears that the speed of the cheetah must approach, at times, 80 m.p.h. No wonder its fur is streamlined and it has a long heavy tail to help it round corners.

By courtesy Director Australian Trade Publicity

A KANGAROO AT SPEED

COURSING DOGS OF THE ARABS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

ONE of those clever men who know a little bit about everything and very little about anything once remarked in a club that one long dog was very much like another. As a matter of fact, the various members of the greyhound family could not very well be mistaken for one another. In remote times they may have come from the same taproot, but that is quite a long while ago. Some people consider that this taproot was the Saluki, the coursing dog of the Arabs, and others put in a word for the Afghan hound, who is said by his native breeders to have come out of the Ark.

We did not know much about the Salukis until the Hon. Florence Amherst began to import them a few years after the opening of this century, although British travellers and sportsmen must have met them on their native desert. As we know, Mohammedans regard dogs as unclean things, not to be touched, but Salukis come in a different category—they are hounds and not dogs. In his monumental work *Arabia Deserta*, C. M. Doughty shows us in graphic manner the difference between the two. The little Saluki whelps—he called them greyhounds—with lambs, kids, and camel calves less than five days old, are laid by the women upon burden camels when they are on the move. "A few Bedouins have their greyhounds, light with hunger, and very swift to course the hare; and by these the gazelle fawn is taken." Modern testimony to the esteem in which Salukis are held is furnished by Carl R. Raswan in *The Black Tents of Arabia*. "The true Bedouin would not dare, even as an experiment, to ride on an ass, or touch a dog other than a Saluki; which are considered Asil (noble) like the pure-bred horses."

Salukis can get over the ground at a good pace, but I doubt if one could catch a full-grown gazelle without the aid of a falcon. On one move Doughty saw many falcons carried by the thelul (dromedary), and some Bedouins put their greyhounds upon a camel's back lest the burning sand should scald their tender feet. As a protection against the sand the feet of the Salukis are well feathered between the toes. During the Great War Brigadier-General F. F. Lance, when on service in Syria, had good sport with these dogs, some of which he brought home with him. From them we learnt that the size differs a good deal according to locality. General Lance's were much bigger than any of Miss Amherst's that we had seen, and some were black-and-tan or tricolour, which was also new to us. Ch. Sarona Kelb was not only a fine Saluki but he was a great dog in any company, and there is no doubt that his presence at shows did much towards establishing the breed in this country.

Salukis cannot fail to impress by their graceful outlines and beauty of colourings. Anyone with an eye for a dog realises that the Arabs must have bred them with great care for many generations, and they look the aristocrats that they are. They have stamina as well as speed, and a fair amount of coursing has been done with them. Probably they are not as fast as the English greyhound over a moderate distance, but in a gruelling and long course they may be expected to score.

A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF COURSES

The spirit of St. Andrews now stands revealed

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

I HAVE discovered the *real* St. Andrews for the first time. In the past my visits have always coincided with championships and Walker Cup matches, and on such occasions the old grey town is a bustle of excitement. During the daytime the course seethes with spectators, the wave of humanity receding in the evening to hotel lounges, club-houses, and even street corners. There is no escape from this golfing Babel. Consequently, only a very small percentage of those present can visualise what the centuries-old St. Andrews looks like when this wave has spent itself, and, until this recent visit, I was counted among their number.

The contrast this time was accentuated almost to the point of exaggeration through the effect of the War. The course was deserted, but I found it to be a solitude of delightful reminiscences. Every hole recalled some almost forgotten memory, whilst features that had previously been hidden and obscured by crowds now stood revealed, bold and unmistakable. The usual sound of thousands of feet hurrying in some champion's wake was substituted by the restless lapping of the waves. It was the perfect picture of golf at its best.

The clubhouse was somewhat different. Here the atmosphere was not so much of quietude as of desolation, heightened no doubt by the fact that the lofty walls were denuded of their familiar paintings, which, with the club's treasures, have been removed to places of greater safety. The south room has become a card room, whilst a bar has been introduced into the library for convenience of the services—changes which, in this most conservative of strongholds, were quickly noticeable. One room, however, with its familiar occupant, remained unchanged—that occupied by Henry Gullen, the Secretary of the Royal and Ancient.

LT.-COL. H. H. SUTHERLAND
Captain of the Royal and Ancient for the duration of the War

We had several long conversations which were of great interest to me, for few men have enjoyed such a wealth of golfing experiences as have befallen Henry Gullen. The changes he has witnessed, both in the game itself and in the narrower field of the actual membership of the Royal and Ancient, are almost staggering. Much water has flowed under the Swilcan Bridge since he became actively connected with the game. To the present generation of golfers many of the older champions are but legends, but Gullen has had the unique opportunity of knowing personally the leading golfing figures, both past and present. To recall but a few of those he counted as personal friends, the names come to mind of such men as A. J. Balfour, Earl Haig, Leslie Balfour-Melville, Harold Hilton and Freddy Tait. One name I should like to mention alone is that of John Low, partly because he was perhaps the brightest legislating star that has adorned the golfing horizon, and also because he was one of Gullen's closest friends.

The correspondence between these two men was prolific. As an instance, it was necessary one afternoon to find some rather elusive papers, and as Gullen's most capable secretary has departed, taking unto herself matrimonial responsibilities, the search proved more exhaustive than might otherwise have been the case. One result of our labours, however, was that several long-forgotten papers came to light, among them being several of John Low's letters, all penned in that clear distinctive handwriting. Few men could commit their thoughts into such delightfully balanced crystal-clear phrases, so apt and so easily remembered, as Low, and this characteristic feature came out most clearly in his correspondence with intimate friends.

It will be a happy day for the golfing world when Henry Gullen takes upon himself the onerous task of committing his reminiscences to permanent form. The task will be difficult in that so much material lies at his disposal, but it should bring dual pleasure: to the writer in reviving memories slightly faded by the passage of years, and to his many readers for the delightful information he will impart.

At various times in the clubhouse I was glad to be able to renew several golfing acquaintanceships. I was pleased to see that Lt.-Col. Sutherland, the R. & A. Captain for the duration, has almost recovered from the unpleasant fall he had several weeks ago, which resulted in a broken rib. A month's enforced resting in bed has happily effected the cure, although naturally golf is still forbidden. As he is now just the age for active service, Colonel Sutherland has identified himself with A.R.P. duties, and had just come from one of his meetings the morning I met him. In the same group was Colonel P. G. Skene, an ex-Captain of the Club, who always looks so remarkably fit. I was to have played with him in the afternoon, but unfortunately was prevented at the last minute.

I also came across James Robb, the Amateur Champion of 1906, who, having retired, has come, like a wise man, to live in St. Andrews. During our chat he related innumerable tales of the good old days, and I was particularly interested to hear his account of how he first became acquainted with the game. Shortly after their family had moved from Dunfermline to St. Andrews, his brother became friendly with Peter Anderson, who afterwards became Amateur Champion. Through him the two brothers were induced to try their hand at the game, and the persuasion became practical when Anderson presented them with an old cleek.

Playing proved rather difficult at first, and the game was held up whilst several relics were salvaged from the Swilcan Burn mud. The conversion was complete when James Robb, after coveting for some time a child's driver for 1/6 in "Old Tom" Morris's shop-window, managed to save up sufficient pocket money to effect the purchase. As we passed "Old Tom's" shop I thought how little time has changed these surroundings, for there, after some 50 years, was the hub round which Robb's golfing career had turned, and it looked just the same. Little wonder that he has returned to his former haunts.

I was also glad to see once more that grand old veteran, A. F. MacFie. The severe winter has proved exceptionally trying for older people, and I thought that he looked a little more frail than the last time I saw him. But, considering his age, he is wonderfully fit, and it is the wish of all golfers that long may our first Amateur Champion be with us.

Just before leaving St. Andrews I decided to forsake the links for a day and explore the town. On a sunny afternoon few things could be more delightful. There clings to St. Andrews a soft mellow atmosphere which always reminds me of a blending of the naïve charms of Canterbury and Oxford. This impression was strengthened as I walked along the quiet streets, past the old University, the grim remains of the Castle, and finally came to the ruined Cathedral, which in its day must have been the finest example of pointed Gothic architecture in Scotland.

Beneath the shadow of the high tower of St. Rule I came upon the graves of the famous Morris family, and close at hand that of Allan Robertson, whose claim it was that he had never been beaten at the game. A little further on was a simple white cross marking the last resting-place of Andrew Kirkaldy. Of these old players I shall make mention in later articles, for their names, although the modern generation knows them not, are symbolic of the oldest and best traditions of the game. I realised this more fully after spending an afternoon in Kirkaldy's old home with his eldest daughter, who very kindly showed me many of the old man's treasures. The passing of "Andra" removed one of the last links between the old and new race of professionals. His achievements may have become somewhat dim, but his name is carved deep in the records.

HENRY GULLEN
Secretary of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and one of the best known figures in the golfing world

Whilst exploring the ruined Cathedral I thought how strange it is that the patron saint of Scotland, who has become so closely identified with the game, should lie hundreds of miles away in the dim crypt of Amalfi Cathedral. As the name of St. Andrew is so familiar to golfers, I wonder how many know the way in which this saint, who is buried in Italy, became associated with Scotland.

According to the Aberdeen Breviary, a certain St. Rule, who was custodian of the relics of St. Andrew at Patræ, had a vision in which an angel entrusted him with the mission of taking the arm-bone, a kneecap and three finger-bones of the saint to the most westerly boundaries of the world, and there found a city in honour of this gentle apostle. The account then goes on to describe a somewhat apocryphal version of St. Rule's journey to Scotland and the subsequent creating of St. Andrews, tradition averring that the church where the relics were deposited grew famous as a shrine, and the town later became the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland. In such a way did St. Andrew become the patron saint of Scotland, and although the shrine and relics have disappeared yet the pilgrimage continues, only now to the shrine of golf, still honoured by the name of this saint.

SUMMER FOOTBALL.—There is some irony in the decision of the Football Association, to prolong the season by five weeks, so that it will extend until June 8th. Before the war, football encroached upon summer games at both ends of the season. The national emergency now provides the opportunity for a step which will be regretted none the less by cricket and lawn tennis followers, who may see in it the thin end of the wedge which will be difficult to resist when normal conditions return. No such qualms can be felt about the Rugby Union's decision to extend the season by a modest 10 days, for the Rugby season will still close by the end of April.

IS IT CRUEL?

By JAMES FISHER

SURPRISINGLY few people have positive views about the ethics of keeping animals in captivity. The ordinary visitor to the Zoo seldom worries his head as to whether the animals are happy or not; if questioned, he usually supposes they are—unless he belongs to the distinct minority who hold that they would be better off in Nature's rather than in man's charge. The arguments of this minority, who should not object to being described as the sentimentalists, are of considerable influence, particularly among intellectual people. Back to Nature, they say, and would take the Zoo with them.

EUROPEAN BROWN BEARS AT THE LONDON ZOO

No doubt this course would benefit man (recent improvements in camping equipment have been remarkable), but it is highly unlikely that it would result in anything but decline and death for the animals from the Zoo.

Recently one or two attempts have been made to give an answer to the arguments of those who think the lions should be back in Africa, the sea-lions off the coast of California, or the birds of paradise invisible in New Guinea. The London Zoo has always tended to avoid any controversial public statement on the subject; its general views to-day can be no different from those which it has had to honour for over a hundred years, in keeping with the purpose (laid down by Royal Charter) of exhibiting rare and curious creatures of the Animal Kingdom. But the Director of the Scottish Zoological Society's Gardens at Edinburgh, Mr. T. H. Gillespie, has committed himself, in an excellent book, *Is it Cruel?* (1939), to a sober and reasonable statement of the Zoo curator's attitude to the question.

Most of those whose sympathies are aroused by the sight of animals behind bars feel as they do because they put themselves in the animals' position. This is, of course, a very easy trap to fall into; it is not safe to imagine that, since most human beings object to being behind bars, it follows that all animals, or for that matter *all* human beings, must also object. An example of the false positions into which the sentimentalists are driven by such views concerns the explanation of the varied "weaving" or stereotyped movements that animals perform in their cages. The sentimentalists claim that the polar bear following its seven-step beat time after time, the elephant shaking its head from side to side, or the mongoose trotting round his den, up his stairs, behind his box, down his stairs and round again—are merely animals looking for the way out of their enclosure. The meticulous observational work of Dr. Monika Holzapfel, of Berne, has shown that weaving is far more likely to be an expression of innate rhythm, akin in some ways to dancing, and that it is conducted in no spirit of feverish search for freedom on the part of the animal concerned.

To pass correct comment upon animals in captivity it is necessary to have a fair knowledge of animal behaviour; as a whole the sentimentalists are denied access to this knowledge by the very reason of their own obsession with the anthropomorphic attitude, an attitude which ensures that they can under no circumstances be persuaded that a migratory bird (such as a warbler) does better, lives longer and keeps finer plumage in a small cage by itself rather than in a big cage with a lot of other birds; that the weaving movements of captive animals are found also in the wild; that if half the animals in the Zoo escaped their first desires would be home and food, and that they would only be happy when they got back to their cages; that old age is the cause of death of as many captive animals as it is of few wild ones; that the Zoo does more good educationally than any other zoological institution.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

COOKING is the preparation of food by the application of heat. To cook is to play with fire. Playing with fire is not the reserved occupation of gunners in war-time, nor Mr. Pain's or Mr. Brock's monopoly in peace-time. Playing with fire has been a genteel pastime for well-born ladies in all civilised countries ever since the days of the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra even unto our own times. It is a most fascinating pastime in spite of, or maybe because of, its many inherent risks. There are ever so many different ways of playing with fire, but none more fascinating, and yet none safer, than cooking. One of the greatest advantages of cooking over other forms of art or sport is the fact that results are so quickly apparent: something is sure to happen quite soon, something that may be surprisingly good or astonishingly bad, but never need be dull.

Cooking takes the mind right away from carking cares and trifling troubles alike; it claims the whole of the attention; it demands intense concentration and its rewards are far greater than mere tricks or honours, above or below; they are the joy of practical and artistic achievement; the pride of the ministering angel, dispensing not merely nourishment to the hungry, but the blessings of internal peace and contentment.

Some cooks are plain and uncertain; others are gifted and temperamental; all are wasteful and yet most, if not all, are most helpful. By all means, so long as you can afford it, have a cook to cook for you, but do not let it stop you from learning how to cook. You may not always find a cook to cook for you and you should never allow yourself not to know what to do, should your cook fail you. You should learn how to cook first of all for the fun of it—and it can always be fun for you if you need not eat what you cook. Learn to cook also for the use of it. Nobody can tell when this war is going to end nor what it may or may not mean to you. You may lose your cook and you may lose your money, but you may never lose your appetite, the desire for and need of food that is not merely fit to eat but a joy to see, to smell and to taste. Now is the time when you can be taught, or teach yourself, how to cook.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THE first big loan for the war has now been successfully launched. It was for a big amount of £300,000,000. The interest it carries is only 3 per cent., less tax, and the issue was at par. An important point in connection with this loan is the repayment dates. The whole of this money will be repaid at par between 1955 and 1959.

This loan, therefore, has a currency of 19 years at the outside. It is the type of security which appeals to the average investor as well as the large financial institutions. It is likely to maintain a price far more stable than quotations ruling for undated securities. That is a most important factor.

There are several financial lessons to be learned from this new loan. It proves conclusively that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to borrow for the purposes of this war on the cheapest possible terms. It is, of course, impossible accurately to predict the future course of money values. It may be inferred, however, that with managed currency any future loans necessary for the successful prosecution of the war are unlikely to be on terms more advantageous to the investor. The loan comes after six months of war. Up to now finance has been obtained very largely by borrowing on Treasury Bills. That form of borrowing, although cheap, cannot be continued indefinitely.

Finance has also been secured through increased taxation and by the excellent response given by small investors to new issues of Savings Certificates and 3 per cent. Defence Bonds. Small investors provided the handsome sum of £100,000,000 in 100 days through subscribing for Saving Certificates and Defence Bonds. That form of investment must be encouraged. Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds undoubtedly form the safest investments obtainable in any part of the world. There is not the slightest risk of any capital depreciation on the securities.

The new war loan has certainly changed views previously entertained in some quarters concerning the future course of money. British Government stocks as a whole have moved to higher price levels. There is very little chance indeed of any serious reaction from present levels. Fluctuations will undoubtedly take place in the normal course of events. Any setback in prices will doubtless provide opportunities for new buying.

Effect of the new war loan has penetrated far beyond the gilt-edged market. All investment stocks have risen to higher levels. These include home railway prior charges, industrial debenture and preference shares. Prices for leading industrial equities are also on a higher level. All this can be attributed to the terms of the new 3 per cent. War Loan stock. Equities are certainly favoured. Reports coming from big industrial undertakings are highly satisfactory, when allowance is made for material increase in taxation. Most companies, and in many branches of trade, are able to maintain dividends on the previous year's basis and in some cases to improve on past results.

I consider that the leading equities are still well worth following. Equities in good-class companies with splendid records can be purchased to show yields of about 5½ per cent. There is no need these days to take risk with capital. The tobacco issues, and particularly Imperial Tobacco units with a price around 6 2/3, should form a very useful investment during the war period.

There is another section of markets which promises considerable development. I refer to the market for South African gold shares. There has been a definite change in the industry. The maximum price of 150/- per oz. permitted by the Union Government to Rand gold producers has been removed. The companies are allowed the market price for gold, which is 168/- per fine oz.

The industry is, however, expected to contribute a further £3,500,000 annually to the Union Treasury through a 9 per cent. levy on profits. This development has caused much satisfaction. There is a return of confidence in the industry. Developing companies which were closing down through lack of finance are now securing adequate resources for their development. Already more business is seen in gold shares. This market certainly deserves attention, with the dividend paying gold shares offering attractive investment opportunities.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. Will you please help us to relieve the last few months of elderly governess, aged 79. Most of her life she worked abroad for families who are unable to give her financial aid, and now her savings are exhausted, so we beg your help to give her 5/- a week to supplement a very small pension.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAR AIMS

SIR,—Mr. Lyell's reply to Lord Tavistock seems to be very illogical. I cannot find that Lord Tavistock makes any objection to German armaments being controlled, providing it is part of a general agreed disarmament. There is little doubt in the minds of most students of the period as to the fact that, if it had not been for the steady increase in French and Polish armaments, there would never have been the enormous demand in Germany for re-armament. Under the Peace Treaty, Germany was to be disarmed as an instalment of general disarmament—it was not Germany who broke this agreement. Lord Tavistock's point is surely that we must, after this war, avoid imposing disarmament upon Germany alone.

Mr. Lyell also states that the present regime in Germany "has sworn to destroy the British Empire;" if evidence could be produced of this, it would alter many peoples views as to the necessity for war. Would it be too much to ask him for his evidence supporting this statement?

Yours faithfully,

13, John Street, London, W.C.1. JOHN BECKETT.

[Recent speeches by Goebbels, Dr. Ley, Field Marshall Goering, Herr Hitler and others bear out Mr. Lyell's statement, and certainly do nothing to support any contrary idea.—ED.]

BRITISH FORESTRY

SIR,—Certainly there is no large profit to be made out of clear felling young plantations for pit props. In Major Radclyffe's case he requires a crop of 1,750 cu. ft. per acre in 25 years to meet his expenses. The Forestry Commission's Yield Tables tell us that Scots pine will not reach this figure, though larch on a first quality site will produce as much as 2,300 cu. ft. in the time.

The point is that a plantation intended to be grown to maturity will be treated differently from one grown for pit props. The latter will be of different species, and thinning will be restricted. Recently a plantation of this type and 25 years of age yielded 2,610 cu. ft. of pit props, showing a profit of £25 per acre, after allowing 5 per cent. compound interest on planting costs.

Yours faithfully,

East Grinstead, Sussex. REGINALD DAVEY.

LITTLE AUKS IN ROUGH WEATHER

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field* I saw an account of the little auks blown ashore on the Mersey during the gales we had at the beginning of last month.

Here on the shore and for some distance over the Links, between Leven and Lundin Links, I picked up, and saw, scores of limp and newly dead little auks. Nearly every tuft of rushes and bents had a dead body hidden in it. The whole lot must have been blown in during the night or early morning.

Yours faithfully,

Fife. M. B.

"DOCTORED" FOXES: HUNTING CAPS

SIR,—Under the above headings you have made two comments in "Answers to Correspondents" in the issue of February 24th, and in both of these, I think, some further comment is called for.

In the first place, although "bagmen" have undoubtedly been doctored, their potentialities are, as a rule, so very limited that no such treatment is called for; the average bagman will only run in circles, since he does not know the country, and will smell very strong after being confined in a bag or box, perhaps for a day or more, immediately previous to being enlarged.

The practice of "doctoring" foxes is, or was, generally used to ensure a good hunt, as against a kill, which is the principal object of the use of a bagman. The doctoring which was adopted for this purpose usually consisted of the "touching up" of a genuine wild fox, which may be done in several different ways, though the practice is to be condemned both as unsporting and likely to ruin hounds in the way that you have mentioned. Two of the most usual methods were the plentiful be-sprinkling of the mouth of an earth with aniseed, or the scattering of broken glass in the same place, which latter would make the pads of the fox bleed and so leave a strong line. On occasion, wild foxes have been caught and treated in this way before being returned to their earths, from which they can then be bolted when required; this latter practice is even worse than the former because it results in an even stronger scent. The whole business cannot be condemned too heartily, and the sins of those who indulge in it are sure to find them out sooner or later.

As to the wearing of velvet hunting caps, it is not quite accurate to say that such caps are only worn by the Master, Hunt Staff and Secretary, as in many countries the hunting farmers are allowed to wear them; and some hunts even go so far as to provide such farmers with velvet caps, though whether finances still permit of this practice I cannot say.

Yours faithfully,

Huntingdon. R. ASSELL WELLS.

STRANGE "TOWERING"

SIR,—When out shooting one day this year I was walking across a stubble field when three partridges rose out of shot. Two of the birds flew off in the usual way—the third bird began to "tower" the moment it left the ground. It rose to a considerable height and then circled over me and I shot it.

On examination I found it to be a young bird in very good condition, plump and well nourished. I looked to see if I could find any old wound which might account for the bird's curious flight—but could find nothing. Most people when out shooting frequently see birds "tower" when wounded, but I have never seen an apparently sound and unshot bird do so.

Perhaps some of your readers can explain this unusual incident.

Yours faithfully,

Dalteott House, Bridgnorth, Shropshire. H. REGINALD COOKE.

FROST AND SNIPE

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Oates' question I would strongly advise blood to feed the snipe. This could be easily got from any slaughter-house, and would be in a congealed state—easy to handle. (1) Place clots of blood along the stream, (2) place one or two sheaves of wheat along the stream. These feeds are most alluring and much appreciated—and the snipe will visit the stream long after "Jack Frost" has departed.

Yours faithfully,

Stafford Barton, Dolton, Devon. JOHN HUMPHREYS.

SIR,—I have kept most of the small wading birds including snipe on a very good insectivorous food made by Mr. Allen Silver, Newport, Monmouthshire, but if he wishes to make his own, herewith recipe:—

3lb. Crushed Osborne biscuits.
1lb. dried flies.
1lb. dried anteggs.
½lb. dried shrimps.
½lb. dried daphnia.
½lb. dried crissel.
1lb. best beef dripping.
1lb. honey.

The above should all be mixed in a large bowl, and the beef dripping and honey poured over it steaming hot, then thoroughly mixed again. Store away in tins and it will keep for months.

On this mixture, I have not only kept the smaller waders, but the smallest of insectivorous birds, and with the addition of chopped raw meat, some of the very largest of foreign species.

To feed waders, the food must be scattered at intervals along the brink of the water, and if Mr. Oates wishes to just feed the snipe temporarily during frost, a few chopped shrimps will be all that is necessary.

Yours faithfully,

16, Abbey Road, Grimsby. ALBERT SUTCLIFFE.

A WAR-TIME SOLACE

SIR,—Many of us find it difficult in these days of stress after reading of ruthless brutality on land and sea to fall asleep at night, and we lie awake cursing the Huns and all their ungodly works. I am fortunate in possessing a copy of W. C. Baldwin's "African Hunting," 1852–1860, and to read a few pages of his thrilling encounters with every kind of big game soon makes one forget the horrors of war and enables one to drop off into peaceful slumber.

"Billie" Baldwin, as he was known to a vast number of his friends of those times, must have had a charmed life, and he certainly survived what few other men have done. He found enormous herds of game in Natal, and claims to have shot examples of every species with the exception of two; even in those days of muzzle loaders he drove his bullets clean through buffalo and sometimes brought down his game at great distances.

Much of his hunting was done mounted, when he would charge into a herd of buffalo or giraffe firing his rifle from one hand into the shoulder of his quarry. He was a fine rider and won the Tarporley Hunt Cup for my uncle in 1877; he hunted with my father in Tailby's country, and fished, shot grouse, and stalked with my uncle in Ross-shire. But our sports compare very tamely with those of this intrepid game hunter. I can thoroughly recommend this amazing book of adventure; nothing quite like it has ever been written!

Yours faithfully,

Bradshaw Hall, Lancashire. H. M. HARDCASTLE.

DAMAGE BY RABBITS

SIR,—On behalf of the "humanitarians" who have incurred Mr. J. W. Best's criticism by promoting the Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, may I be allowed a brief space in which to reply to him?

Mr. Best is wanting in generosity when he alleges that "the Bill was introduced by the wrong people." Ten previous attempts to secure some such legislation had been made during the inter-war period, and if UFAW succeeded where others had failed, there is a want of generosity in begrudging the achievement, since it is admittedly advantageous to agriculture.

It happened that in this particular instance the interests of agriculture and those of humaneness were identical. In the first place rabbits are a pest, not an economic food; and secondly, it happens that the most efficient methods of rabbit-clearance are also the most humane. Surely in these circumstances UFAW was justified in taking the lead which it was, by its membership, specially qualified to take? At all events, the Federation does not propose to offer any apology for having conferred a benefit on agriculture in the pursuit of its humane objectives.

Mr. Best says that "gas has been tried, but voted no good." By whose fault was it no good? On Skokholm, the most notoriously difficult terrain in the country, a very different result was secured; but the gassing was carried out with due skill and care.

Mr. Best's figures for rabbits killed are most interesting; the more we have of such records the better; but his inference as to the effect of weather on the rabbit population is based on too few instances. If he will consult the statistical curves in our Monograph 4F, he will find that the correlation so often alleged between population and weather is not upheld by a systematic analysis.

However, with the main conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Best's record our own information is entirely in agreement. His figures show in a most interesting way the fact (fully confirmed by other experience) that the surest way to produce a plague of rabbits is to let the rabbiting to a professional trapper on contract.

Yours faithfully,

Universities Federation for Animal Welfare, 29, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. C. W. HUME, Hon Secretary, UFAW.

A PINK-FOOT RECORD?

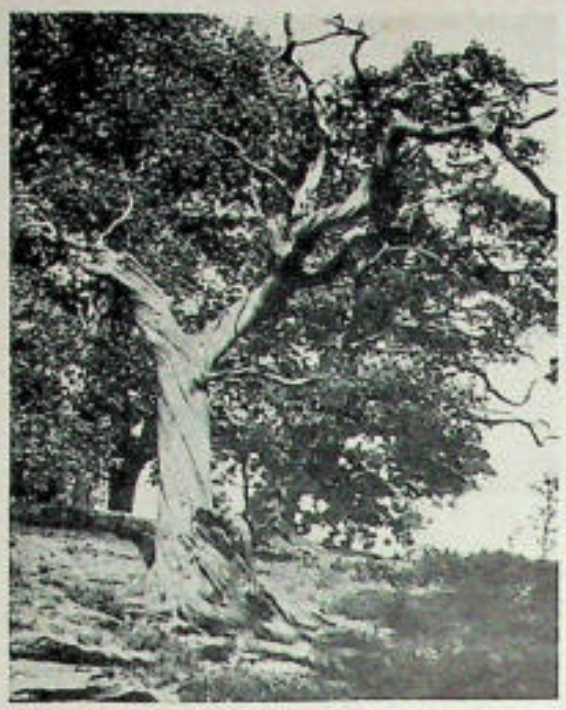
SIR,—After reading the interesting account in your issue of February 17th, of the shooting of pink-foot geese with a 20 bore, it may be of interest to record the successful accomplishment of a similar feat with a much smaller gun.

Two or three weeks ago my keeper (John Keiller), who frequently carries with him a ·410 gun for shooting rabbits, saw about a score of pink-feet alighting behind a knoll in a neighbouring field. After a difficult stalk he managed to approach from behind the knoll to within about 20yds. of the geese, and, on their getting up, dropped one stone dead with a shot from his little gun.

I imagine that few people can have succeeded in shooting a wild goose with so insignificant a weapon!

Yours faithfully,

Over Rankeilfour, Cupar, Fife. H. GILES WALKER.



A POWERFUL TWIST
(See letter "Lightning's Prank")

LIGHTNING'S PRANK

SIR,—Of the many trees in our countryside that have been struck by lightning, the effect shown in the accompanying photograph must be rather rare.

This specimen stands by the River Trent near Ingleby, Derbyshire, and, as can be seen, is completely twisted from top to bottom. It would be interesting to hear of other curious effects caused by lightning on trees.

Yours faithfully,
94, Browning Street, Derby. FRANK RODGERS.

A CREED OF BIRD-WATCHING

SIR,—I read Mr. Richard Perry's article under this heading in the *Field* for February 10th with the greatest interest and pleasure, for it contains some criticisms of present-day ornithology which I have myself tried, though less effectively, to express.

Ornithologists who disparage the aesthetic aspect of birds suffer from a type of myosis which often produces a paralysing dullness in their writings. They, like egg and skin collectors, make the very term "ornithology" malodorous.

It is encouraging to find that an observer so keen and accurate as Mr. Perry protests against this attitude and that other modern observers of repute agree with him. Messrs. Ingram and Salmon in "Birds in Britain To-day," criticise the modern "intensive and American" methods and "highly specialised programmes which . . . tend to convert what is really a sport or recreation into a ruthless business proposition." British ornithology is in danger of over systematisation; in some quarters, only observations which are of "definite biological importance"—a phrase capable of diverse interpretations—are considered useful.

This attitude sometimes arises from a natural revulsion against the sentimentality of the "our feathered friends" type of writer. Both extremes are to be avoided, but the work of those whose approach to birds is primarily aesthetic is at least as valuable as the meticulous labours of scientific card-index compilers.

As Mr. W. K. Richmond says in "Quest for Birds," the true ornithologist must be one with an inner passion for birds. His scientific knowledge must supplement but not destroy his pleasure in bird-watching. Edward Garnett once said that "we can never understand Nature unless we realise her emotionally"; Galsworthy wrote that no man had ever realised Nature emotionally so completely as Hudson, and no writer had been so able to pass on to others that emotional realisation. Yet we are told that Hudson is a back number!

It is true that some modern team-work and statistical investigation into bird-life has a high value. But the arrogant assumption that no other method of bird study is of importance is ornithological snobbery. It is well that the protests of those who hold broader views should be put on record.

I am glad that Mr. Perry does justice to the late E. Selous; he was a great naturalist whose work will be better appreciated as the years go by. Even his irritating faults of style cannot conceal his acute intelligence, though they have certainly affected adversely the recognition of the value of his work.

Yours faithfully,
Holt Anstiss, Porlock, Somerset. E. W. HENDY.

AN OBSERVER OBSERVES

SIR,—The first and foremost duty of an observer is to observe, and at our post, during quiet spells when weather conditions have kept "mechanical birds" on the ground, bird life has helped us to pass many a weary hour.

Gulls of various kinds are our constant visitors and appear as if by magic immediately food is produced. Bold are the herring gulls but by far the most venturesome are the kittiwakes which hover above until rewarded by a tit-bit.

Shortly after dawn one morning, sixteen Brent geese passed low overhead in somewhat broken formation which became more regular as, proceeding due north, height was gained.

During the recent hard weather small groups of eider made their appearance; but they have since deserted us, leaving quite a colony of red-breasted mergansers which when feeding or at their morning toilet are a delight to watch. The dip of the head as the merganser performs his ablutions is a very attractive movement and much time is spent preening his feathers. Occasionally he rises on his beam end with a great flapping of wings showing his beautiful breast. At first I thought the drakes had gone into display earlier than usual until I noticed that the ducks were quite as expert at this manœuvre as the drakes—both are in beautiful plumage.

At feeding time our mergansers are continually harassed by a pair of greater black-backed gulls which hover around and dive at the ducks immediately they break water. When one drake rose with what must have been too large or tasty a morsel for him to swallow under water he was immediately attacked by the black-back. In a split second he re-dived but, obviously, could not swallow his tit-bit and as he rose was grabbed by the neck and viciously shaken. He managed to break away and came towards us taking an occasional sip of water and repeatedly tossing his painful head, probably thinking how much more pleasant life would be but for such worrying bullies.

Many other ducks collect on the shallows or pass by during the morning or evening flight. One singleton, a young golden-eye looking strikingly black and white, comes close in on occasions, but at the slightest movement, dives to reappear well out of harm's way. The golden-eye appear to remain under water much longer than do the mergansers.

On several occasions I have heard the call of the curlew as a flock passed flying fast to the westward, but our most rare visitor is the whooper swan. When the weather was at its coldest the swish, swish, of heavy wing beats would call attention to three or seven in flight with out-stretched necks beating their way to or from a nearby water-way. They have not been seen for some weeks.

NOW BADLY DAMAGED BY FLOATING TIMBER
(See letter "Tarr Steps")

"BUBBY-HUTCHING-ON-THE-SOSH."
(See letter "Flint Mining at Brandon")

Many a dreary watch has been relieved by the appearance of one or other of these interesting feathered creatures.

Yours faithfully,
40, Mitchell Street, Leith. A. D. WOOD.

TARR STEPS

SIR,—I thought it would interest you to know that one of the oldest Roman bridges in England, namely, Tarr Steps, on Exmoor, has been partially destroyed by the recent bad weather, caused by the ice and floating timber coming down the River Bark and getting jammed between the stones, leaving a gap of 30ft. in the centre of the bridge. The old Roman bridge consists of 17 large slabs of stone, the length of each slab being 7ft.

Yours faithfully,
29, Hill Street, Totterdown, Bristol. EDWARD STADDON.

FLINT MINING AT BRANDON

SIR,—Mr. G. Bernard Wood, in his interesting article on "Survivals from a Prehistoric Armoury," records that until recently the knappers obtained their flints from the flint mines on Ling Heath.

The method he describes, of descending to the floorstone by a series of stepped shafts, was called "bubby-hutching-on-the-sosh." I send you a photograph of George Ashley, taken in 1935, emerging from his shaft. He was, I believe, the last of the Ling Heath flint miners.

Yours faithfully,
Holly Lodge, Lawford, Manningtree. F. G.

A PROBLEM FOR THE WAYFARER
(See letter "Was He so Fond of Maths?")

"WAS HE SO FOND OF MATHS?"

SIR,—In the wall of an old house at Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire, is the engraved slab shown in the illustration. It was placed in the stonework many years ago by a certain Thomas Francis, a very eccentric old gentleman who lived there nearly a century ago.

Beside this slab is another bearing a set of strange words which, when translated, reads, "a Rubbing Stone for Asses." This was put in position after Francis had been for some time annoyed by village loungers leaning against his property.

Amongst other strange "ornamentations" of his house are quaint figures and other stones bearing one inscription or another.

About another "arithmetical" problem, however, which reads: from 45 take 45 so 45 remain. The solution is not, we are afraid, of a very high mathematical order, and is based on the fact that all the numbers from 1 to 9, if added together, equal 45.

Thus 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 added equal 45, also 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 added equal 45, and 123456789 subtracted from 987654321 is 864197532, which also add up to 45.

Francis became noted all over the countryside for his strange ways, and his home is always a place of interest to present-day visitors to Bebington.

The problem shown in the picture reads: "From six take nine, From nine take ten, From forty take fifty, Then six will remain." Readers will probably like to work this out for themselves.

Yours faithfully,
7, Wilton Road, H. A. ROBINSON.
Rockferry, Cheshire.

KEEN GIRL RIDERS

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of ponies on a South African sheep farm. The small girls are very keen riders and were most interested in the series "Advice to Young Foxhunters," which recently appeared in the *Field*. The pony on the right is by a thoroughbred out of a Basuto mare, and, although twenty-five years old, is still the best jumper of the three. It is unusual in this country for a pony or horse of this age to be still active. All my daughters learned to ride on him in turn.

Yours faithfully,
Pt. Bag "Kopjes," C. N. HAMPSHIRE.
P. O. Mossel Bay, C. P.,
South Africa.

CHIKOR OR RED LEG?

SIR,—Although well qualified for the epithet of "poor naturalist" I may, perhaps, help in solving some of Hekim's perplexities (*Field*, February 10th). There appears to be no monopoly in miscalling animals. We are guilty of bison for gaur, elk for sambhur (Ceylon), ibex for thar, &c.

I should say that all moose are elks, but that all elks are not moose. Also that all panthers are leopards, but that all leopards are not panther, by a long sight.

The magnificent game killer of Mysore, Wynaad etc., as big and heavy as a tigress or small tiger, which never climbs a tree even when chivvied by red dog, is a very different animal from the dirty, but dangerous, dog-snatcher which varies from one-third to three-quarters his size and which takes to a tree like a duck to water.

I have killed many bamboo partridge, but never realised that they were pheasants, and should be interested to know if their close neighbours and fellow jungle-wallahs, black partridge, are also pheasants. For the chikor; birds, like beasts and fishes, have the uncanny power, or whatever it is, of being able to change not only their coats, but their very shapes and sizes, to suit their environment. I think there is no more difference between chikor and red leg than between, say, Highlander and Lowlander. I have seen this grand bird as far east as Harnai and Loralai (Baluchistan), and as far west as the Algarve (S.W. Portugal), and have reason to believe that its E.-W. range is from Western China to West Africa. Its N.-S. range is rather more difficult to determine, but must be very wide.

I should think that where the terrain is suitable the chikor ranges from about one thousand miles north, to five hundred miles south, of the 30th parallel of north latitude.

Yours faithfully,
Crieff. A. W. DUNCAN.

CHIFF-CHAFF AND SWALLOWS IN DEVON

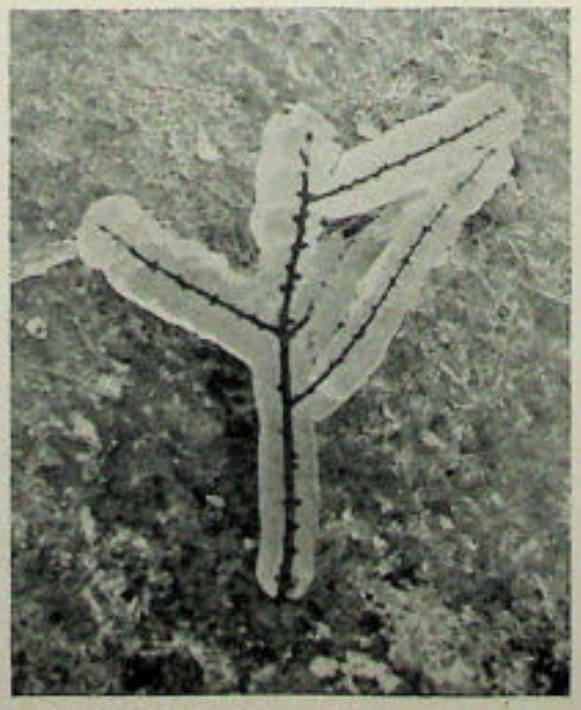
SIR,—The appearance of chiff-chaffs on January 13th and swallows on December 17th, is quite a usual occurrence on the south coast of Cornwall, where I lived for many years. On referring to my natural history diary I find both these birds recorded several times during December.

My last record is as follows: "December 12th, 1916. Saw swallows hawking for insects in the street of Portscatho. Lovely bright warm sunny weather, with cloudless blue sky."

Such a regular appearance so late in the season makes one wonder if a few of these birds may not, like the chiff-chaff, winter in these warm corners of the south coast, perhaps retiring during the cold spells into some crevice of the cliffs or roof of a sheltered building.

Yours faithfully,
Parkend, M. LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence,
nr. Gloucester.

THREE YOUNG SOUTH AFRICANS WITH THEIR PONIES. THE RIGHT-HAND PONY IS 25 YEARS OLD
(See letter "Keen Girl Riders")



OVER EIGHT POUNDS OF ICE ON A ONE OUNCE TWIG
(See letter "A Heavy Casing")

IMMUNITY TO RAT BITES

SIR,—Is it not possible that the above may be due to the fact that some people have a very acid or pungent perspiration? They are usually free from the bites of fleas, midges and other insects, and possibly to rat bites, too, if they were put to the test.

I think a cornered rat would bite anything unless it was powerfully obnoxious to the smell, which in rats is very acute. Smell, plus a quiet indifference in handling gained by experience and good nerves, would, I think, give this immunity.

I have only known two men who were immune, and both could turn a litmus paper red by holding it in their hand.

Yours faithfully,
Gloucester. M. R.

[In an ancient Gaelic legend, similar to the Pied Piper story, the rats followed a man who sweated extraordinarily, being attracted by the sweetness thereof.—ED.]

A HEAVY CASING

SIR,—I think this photograph, taken just after the "silver rain," is worthy of permanent record through the medium of your columns. The weight of the twig shown was 1oz., that of the superimposed ice 8lb. 4oz.

Yours faithfully,
J. L. SLEEMAN
Painswick. (Colonel).

MOTOR INDUSTRY'S COMFORTS FUNDS APPEAL

SIR,—A special appeal to the motor and road transport industries and the motoring community generally on behalf of the Comforts Funds of the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Ordnance Corps is announced to-day by Mr. W. E. Rootes, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

"Unlike most regimental units of the Army the R.A.S.C. and the R.A.O.C. have no territorial connections with any particular district," Mr. Rootes said in an interview, "and it is because of this and also the fact that the two Corps are now so largely recruited from the motor and road transport industries that we have decided to make this appeal for comforts on their behalf."

"We feel that the welfare of the men of these Corps who are on active service should be the especial care of those of the motoring community who remain at home. Probably most of us have relatives or friends serving in the R.A.S.C. or the R.A.O.C., and I am very confident that the appeal I am now making will meet with a generous response from all parts of the country."

To enable the motor industry to fulfil the role of Fairy Godmother to these forces, gifts in cash and in kind are urgently needed and will continue to be required, while offers of assistance from knitting groups, working parties, etc., will be warmly welcomed. It is suggested, also, that firms which have already formed comforts funds within their organisations might consider whether they are in a position to assist.

As the number of men in the two Corps is already very considerable, largely owing to the full-scale mechanisation of the Army, and is every day increasing, the demands upon the two funds are extremely pressing and will continue to grow. It is hoped, therefore, that in responding to this appeal donors will be as generous as possible in their contributions and, equally important, that they will help quickly to get the necessary supplies.

Among the gifts in kind suggested are portable wireless sets, football outfits, dart boards and darts, playing cards, books and periodicals, meat extracts, café au lait, cocoa, etc., and woollen goods such as Balaclava helmets, mittens and scarves. As it is desired to avoid the collection of articles which are already an Army issue, no articles of clothing other than those mentioned are asked for.

Gifts of money should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. D. C. McLagan, D.S.O., M.B.E., T.D., Hobart House, Wilton Street, London, S.W.1, cheques being made payable to "Army Transport Comforts Funds," while parcels should be addressed to Lieut.-Col. McLagan, c/o Comforts Funds, Kensington Palace Barracks, London, W.8, where a joint Distribution Centre has been set up.

Yours faithfully,
C. B.

London.

BOWLING ALONG THE HIGHWAY

SIR,—The recent photographs of dog-carts and pony-traps you published in connection with the revival of the use of the horse on the road in place of the motor car, has revived many memories for me as they must have done for a great many of your readers.

I can recall quite vividly the thrill I used to get as a little boy of six or seven when I was allowed to sit up in the front with the cabby, when my mother used to go driving in a hired victoria along our Kentish lanes in late spring and summer.

In our old-fashioned village two maiden ladies own a magnificent landau and pair, and on sunny days they go spanking through the streets looking so smart with the coachman in his fawn coloured livery, long handled whip, and cockaded hat. To my knowledge the landau has been on the road for a quarter of a century, with the same coachman driving a succession of nut brown mares.

But just when you would expect them to be most in evidence, with so many cars off the road, they have completely vanished from our village life—perhaps the good ladies have "scattered," as A. P. Herbert would have us say.

My next memory of horse-drawn carriages comes from the Island of Sark. It was the day of the annual garden party at the Seigneurie a few years ago. By 3.30 p.m. everything that had four wheels and could be harnessed to a horse was "bowling along the highway" bound for the Seigneurie.

There is a law in Sark, dating from the days when motor cars first invaded the roads, that no "petrol driven engine may traverse the highways of Sark."

WHERE NO MOTOR CAR MAY DRIVE
(See letter "Bowling Along the Highway")

Apropos of this, the Seigneur told me an amusing story of how he inadvertently once broke this law. He had ordered a tractor from the mainland, and when it was safely landed at the tiny Sark harbour, he found that none of his men could drive it. So he mounted the driver's seat himself and set off up the steep hill leading to the Seigneurie. Unhappily he was spotted by the constable, who was horrified that the roadway should be defiled by a petrol-driven engine!

To cut a long story short, La Dame de Sark was informed of the "crime," and at the next sitting of the court her husband was fined for an offence against the State of Sark!

Yours faithfully,
Chestnut House, Cold Blow, Bexley, Kent. LEONARD H. NEWMAN.

AXE-HEWN OAK AND WROUGHT IRONWORK
(See letter "A Primitive Door")

A PRIMITIVE DOOR

SIR,—The door of Stillingfleet Church, described and pictured by Mr. G. B. Wood in your issue of February 17th, has been compared by antiquarians with a door inside Leathley Church, near Otley, Yorks.

This very primitive axe-hewn oaken door is built in the tower arch about 3ft. above floor level, and (like the Stillingfleet door) is notable for its array of fine antique wrought ironwork.

A massive door in such a position is unusual—a possible clue is given by the appearance of the tower, which suggests that of a border pele, as if intended for a place of security in times of danger. Such a stronghold would be needed, for instance, when the Scots made their great raid into Wharfedale. Notice the spy-hole near the top of the door.

Yours faithfully,
Harrogate. J. A. CARPENTER.

HELLEBORES

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the article on Hellebores by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, which appeared in the *Field* of February 10th.

I have several varieties of hellebore in my garden, both pink and white, and all flower freely and produce well-formed flowers on long stems. When I pick these blooms, however, and put them in water, they invariably go quite limp and the heads hang down and they become quite useless as a decoration in a very short time. I have tried an aspirin in the water, but with no good result; nor does a copper coin have any effect. It is particularly annoying, as the flowers come when there is little else to pick, and naturally are not much seen or enjoyed outside at this time of year. The white flowers droop more quickly than the various shades of pink. I have used pink hellebore as cut flowers with great success when living in north Devon, and also years ago when in a different part of Guernsey.

Can you kindly suggest any remedy for this trouble?

Yours faithfully,
Grange Lea, Guernsey. FRANCES M. FOX.

[In spring, flowering hellebores are notoriously difficult to keep fresh in water. It is useless to put in aspirin, copper coins, etc. The only method is to hammer the stalks (literally with a hammer), bruising them thoroughly, then standing them up to the flower heads in water, before arranging them in a tall jar.—ED.]

FRESHWATER SHRIMPS AS FLESH-EATERS

SIR,—Mr. Hastie's confirmation of my statement that freshwater shrimps are carnivorous is exactly what I wanted, as that statement had been previously contradicted from an authoritative source.

I was informed that freshwater shrimps are vegetarian of habit, and was asked to produce the flesh-eating shrimps. I had some trouble in getting the shrimps, which appear to be most numerous in July and August, but when I got samples and sent them for examination, my flesh-eating shrimps were found to be ordinary freshwater shrimps (G. Duebeni).

It would be interesting to look up scientific literature, with a view to finding out what British freshwater shrimps are supposed to feed on, as it might be that they are classed as of vegetarian habit.

The shrimps must be useful in disposing of dead fish, and it is a fact that in Tangy Loch, Kintyre, where I saw the shrimps eat *fresh* trout, I never saw a dead trout on the bottom. In Mull, in one loch at least, where there are no shrimps, numbers of dead trout are seen on the bottom, up to mid-April.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie, Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

"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, April 16th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The Field Newspaper, 41, Southgate Street, Winchester. 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 series. Do not send negatives.

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For A.R.P.

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HUNTING COMPETITION FOR SERVICE READERS

The questions given below have been set on the following books: Mr. Romford's Hounds, The Badminton Library (Hunting), Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, Thoughts on Hunting by Peter Beckford

The Competition is open only to those readers of THE FIELD of either sex, who are serving with His Majesty's Forces.

Answers should be clearly written in the spaces provided or sent in on a separate sheet of paper (written on one side only).

Name, rank and address must be filled in in block capitals.

Prizes of ten pounds, five pounds and three pounds are offered and two additional prizes of three pounds and two pounds are offered by Lt.-Colonel The McGillycuddy of the Reeks for the best solutions sent in by serving members of the B.E.F. Six consolation prizes of a six-months subscription to THE FIELD are also offered.

Answers must be sent to The Editor, The Field House, 41 Southgate Street, Winchester, to arrive not later than first post on Monday, April 8th, 1940.

1. Who were the "Two Franks"? .. .. *Answer* .....
2. Who gave the advice that "You should not take out your hounds on a very windy day"? *Answer*— .....
3. To whom did Soapey Sponge lose "siven pun ten" and how did he pay it? *Answer*— .....
4. Who was— *Answer*—
   (*a*) Jack Spraggon? .. ..
   (*b*) The Dragon of Wantley? .. ..
   (*c*) Captain Spurrier? .. ..
   (*d*) Mr. Bragg? .. ..
   (*e*) The Benicia Boy? .. ..
   (*f*) "If father would but die"? .. ..
   (*g*) Independent Jimmy? .. ..
5. Why did Facey rake the gravel? .. .. *Answer* .....
6. Where did "the finest run that was ever seen" start from and how did the Earl of Scamperdale see the end of it? *Answer* .....
7. What peculiarities had "Multum in Parvo, Placid Joe, Leotard, and Honest Robin" and who provided them for their riders? *Answer* .....
8. On what occasion and to whom were the following remarks addressed? *Answer*—
   (*a*) "Better than the baccy shop" .. ..
   (*b*) "Ar'll show you the way" .. ..
   (*c*) "Most pernicious woman" .. ..
9. Who were "a most respectable family. If not handsome at all events genteel"? *Answer*— .....
10. Name three of Facey Romford's favourite tunes? .. .. *Answer* .....
11. Who was supposed to have headed more foxes than anybody else? *Answer* .....
12. What did Facey Romford give Sponge for breakfast? .. .. *Answer* .....
13. What is meant by— *Answer*—
   (*a*) Stopping out? .. ..
   (*b*) Feathering? .. ..
   (*c*) Rounding? .. ..
   (*d*) Dressing? .. ..
   (*e*) Drawing? (2 answers) .. ..
   (*f*) All on? .. ..
   (*g*) Putting to? .. ..
14. What did Colonel Chatterbox pay for Leotard? .. .. .. *Answer* .....
15. How should a furze cover be drawn in the evening? .. .. *Answer* .....
16. What is the first essential towards making hounds obedient? .. *Answer* .....
17. Who wore three waistcoats? .. .. *Answer* .....
18. What was Facey Romford wearing when he killed his first fox with the H. Hounds and what did he say when he had him in hand? *Answer* .....
19. Give a short description of— *Answer*
   (*a*) Chowy .. ..
   (*b*) Dirtiest of the Dirtys .. ..
   (*c*) Wideawake .. ..
   (*d*) Sir Roger Fergusson .. ..
20. Who "saw the strange confusion in the Vale below"? .. .. *Answer* .....
21. What did Mr. Stanley Stirling give his guests for dinner and who were they? *Answer* .....

NAME ..... RANK .....

ADDRESS .....

"PROGRESS" AND THE BLACKSMITH

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. L. JULYAN

THE Greek word for blacksmith originally meant a worker in copper, and it remains a witness to changes which are still taking place in his vocation. The blacksmith of literature immortalised by Longfellow and others will soon be as rare as the sailor before the mast. I once lived in an old-fashioned village where the bell-like sound of the hammer on the anvil in the smithy over the way rendered an alarm clock unnecessary. It was very audible at seven in the morning, but as the day wore on it seemed to blend pleasantly with other country sounds and ceased entirely from being disturbing, and at no time was it unwelcome. That smithy has gone, and so unfortunately has many another, and in some villages where the blacksmith still functions he is only a visitor on a day or two a week.

Time was when the blacksmith was a very important person in every village community, and was very fully occupied with his varied activities. Not only did he shoe the horses, make and repair farm tools and implements, attend to the requirements of the farmer and villager in the general maintenance of iron work, but he fashioned the delicate and ornate iron gates for the squire's walled garden, the supports for the innkeeper's sign, the weather-vane for the country house-stables, and turned his hand to anything which he might be called upon to fashion in iron, from the escutcheon on the church door to the crook used by the shepherd.

Many blacksmiths had a wide reputation for some speciality. I recently visited a smithy in one of our great sheep districts which 50 years ago specialised in sheep-bells and sent them by the cartload to local fairs and markets, and by the dozen to many parts of southern England. In course of time the work of that hive of industry fell to what could be done in a day a week, and now it is only for some special work at intervals of weeks that the place is open. Probably never more will it produce a sheep bell or even a shepherd's crook.

The old-time smith could if necessary mend clocks, attend to the leaky kettle, and repair damaged household utensils. Often he was knowledgeable in the ailments of horses and cattle, and his muscular arms assisted in drenching the troublesome sick beast. For some reason which appears to have no connection with his craft he was often a very good gardener.

Ever since the dawn of the iron age the man who stands behind the anvil has been a respected personage. Skill in reducing and shaping the intractable metal gained him a reputation, and pursuit of the work shaped determination and character. His problems fostered resourcefulness, creative ability, and inventiveness, and his skill brought him satisfaction from a craft as old as history. Domesday Book contains many references to smiths, and old manorial records show that the most formidable item of expenditure in the maintenance and renewal of equipment at the manor farm and house was the cost of iron, which was purchased at the great fairs, and handed out by the bailiff bar by bar to the village smith. Probably the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries provide the most pleasing examples we have of smithcraft in this country, and the elaborate candelabrum is perhaps the most representative example of design and skill.

Nearly every district in England once had its own special design for every hand tool used in agriculture, and these were turned out by the village blacksmith. Some few years ago when there was a drive for scrap iron the late Colonel Hirst—a Cornish antiquarian—got together a representative collection for the West County from the scrap that had been got together for shipment to the South Wales works. It would be a real national service if something of the kind could be done in every part of England just now when there is an even bigger scrap campaign. These hand tools are not a big contribution to the iron foundries, but they might well be a priceless addition to local museums and to the museums of bygones one hopes will sooner or later be a feature of our village life just as they are in Scandinavia.

The swan-neck hoe of the eastern counties, the hedge slasher of the Midlands, the daisy grubber, the garden dibber and a few other such things are still being made in village smithies. But the old wheat dibber, the corn hook, and many another interesting tool are now among the bygones in agriculture. Rakes, forks, shovels, spades, garden tools, and other such things are turned out by the thousand all to pattern in a factory, and no longer does the blacksmith set aside his old files and rasps and odd bits of steel for the purpose.

There is always something interesting in a blacksmith's shop, whether it be the famous—or infamous—one at Gretna Green, or one which has never been heard of a few miles away from the hamlet where it has been located for centuries. The hearth, anvil, hammers and sledges, top and bottom tools, punches, and variety of tongs are about the same in each. If there is the familiar bellows instead of a blower, the handle will more than likely be tipped with a cow's horn polished with long use. About the only machine will be one for drilling. Outside, the conical iron mandrel will be the most conspicuous article. It is used for trueing up rings of all sizes. Perhaps the up-to-date establishment on the lines of a small factory may be more spruce and neat but there is an infinitely greater interest in the accumulated oddments of generations in the old-time type of shop. Here we are more likely to find things which throw a light on how people lived and got a living in the old days.

In one corner there may be a peel used with the old "cloam oven" before there was a kitchener, or a three decker trivet that for generations stood in front of an open fire. On the wall there may be a serrated sickle, a relic of the old harvest field,

WITH OX YOKE OVER THE DOOR

An old Sussex blacksmith's shop. At one time many oxen worked in the district and this shop specialised in cueing them

and a shepherd's crook that has been out of use a century. In another corner there may be queer types of vermin traps, curious shut-links, a variety of forks, spades, rakes, hoes, and hand tools with the individual touch. All these things I have recently seen together with a breast plough, a variety of sheep branding irons, ox-harnes and ox yoke, straw rope winders, and other interesting things. The old candlestick with a horseshoe base is not scrap, but is used still when shoeing a horse in the twilight. Why all these odds and ends are allowed to accumulate in a smithy from generation to generation is a mystery to some. There may be a practical purpose such as serving as models if some of the things are called for again, or a feeling that if kept long enough a use will be found for most things, but one wonders if it is not mainly an unconscious distaste for scrapping anything that is the result of good honest work.

In recent years such places on the main roads have been combed by museum curators and by curio hunters. In more remote smithies much remains and it is not an unusual thing to hear the smith say "Yes, funny old thing that, been there since my grandfather's day. No I don't think I want to get rid of it, not much good, but it does not eat anything, and I don't know where I could go in a day's march to find another." One such man told me that two old fire dogs which had been lying about for many years were found to be solid silver. They had come in with the scrap bought at a sale at the hall. Even the pile of horseshoes outside is not generally moved until it becomes a nuisance. There is a pride in showing what work in this way has been done. Also the smith knows when he wants a special bit of iron he will get it here. The younger man likes to clear the decks for action.

Even in remote districts it is seldom the smith is called upon to make new tools and implements. He repairs or sharpens old ones and may replace a worn-out part by one that has been mass produced. Neither are cooking utensils or domestic articles brought for repairs, because replacements are so cheap—and we might add in many cases—so nasty. Occasionally something in the way of artistic wrought iron work is asked for, but the average smith does not get enough practice to tackle this efficiently. In general the blacksmith who has survived the factory production and the changed demands is the man who has moved with the times. He has introduced a certain amount of machinery, and an acetylene welding plant, and in reality has ceased to be a real craftsman, and in essentials his shop is a small factory.

In other cases he has specialised. The skill which goes to the making of a good horseshoe is of a very high order, and can be applied to much in the way of artistic ironwork. But the demand for this is not great, and is practically non-existent in difficult times. It needs some of the qualities of the artist and designer. Some few have established a reputation, and the exhibits at agricultural and other shows is evidence of the quality of the work, but more than one has been forced to abandon it because of lack of support. A very fine pair of iron gates—the result of a winter's work—remained for months without a purchaser in a Cotswold blacksmith's shop. I know one who gained Certificates of Merit in the Paris Exhibition, but it brought no orders, and the blacksmith's shop is closed after eight generations have wielded the hammer.

The Rural Industries Bureau has done much to help the blacksmith both in organisation and equipment for the changing demands of his business, and in the commercial side of purchasing materials and in disposing of products. Instruction has been provided in special processes. Specialists have been put in touch with architects requiring copies of period work for renovations or reproduction period houses. Others have established a connection for supplying firms dealing with the equipment and fittings of houses. All this is extremely valuable, but it seems there is no prospect of restoring its former importance to the average blacksmith's shop because the essential conditions have changed.

Only in one branch of his craft does the smith hold his own, and that is in the shoeing of horses. No machine has been invented to do that, and the hand-made shoe for a particular animal is still preferred to the mass-produced article which is sometimes altered for the purpose. Whenever we come across a rural blacksmith's shop we are almost sure to detect that pungent odour associated with horse-shoeing, but it is only now and again we see the beams laden with reserve sets for perhaps 50 or more horses, as was once common. The motor car and the tractor have very seriously reduced the horse population, and though the war will undoubtedly improve the smith's business on this side, such extra work is not likely to be permanent. Still the smith is proud to display the board with his name and the letters "R.S.S."—showing he is registered as a qualified shoeing smith.

Seldom is the smith called upon to produce a plough, but I saw one being made in a Sussex smithy lately. It was, however, a model for a museum. The work proved the real thing could be turned out as of old if necessary. But no such order had come for many a long day. The factories can produce at a price with which handwork cannot compete. The smith's work is in a large measure confined to repairs, sharpening tools, and odd jobs really not in keeping with his skill. The machine age has the disadvantage that it crushes individuality and lowers the standard of craftsmanship. Hand-made things have the personal touch and no two are exactly alike.

An old book, printed in the days when newspapers were few and hard to come by, recommended its readers to go to the blacksmith's shop for the latest news. No longer is that necessary, but the forge is still the meeting place of old and young in many villages. The glow of the fire gives a cheerful welcome. Many a boy has picked up there some of that useful knowledge R. L. Stevenson said he acquired by hanging about docks. To the casual passer-by the gleam of the forge is attractive and he likes to linger. The shop has changed considerably but it still remains a village institution the passing of which we should all regret.

MR. E. DENNIS'S FOURTH WATERLOO CUP VICTORY

FEW owners have experienced such wonderful luck in the Waterloo Cup as Mr. J. Edgar Dennis, of Stevenage, Herts. What many have expended fortunes on to achieve without success, Mr. Dennis has now accomplished no fewer than four times. He was associated with his brother, Mr. Sam Dennis, when Dendraspis and Dilwyn won in 1909 and 1914 respectively. In 1935 he was successful with Dee Rock who was the sire of this year's winner Dee Flint.

This is a truly remarkable record and the win of Dee Flint served to emphasise further the great merit of Dee Rock as a sire. Dee Rock, who is by the late Mr. Rowland Rank's great dog Red Robin out of Dicentra, is one of very few greyhounds to have won a Waterloo Cup without killing a hare. What he lacked in this respect, however, Dee Rock amply made up for in gameness. He will go down to history as one of the most lion-hearted greyhounds that ever ran a hare.

Apart from Dee Flint's success it was indeed a great meeting for Mr. Edgar Dennis from the breeding standpoint. Dee Rock not only figured as sire of the winner of the coursing classic but was also responsible of Screen and Delahaye, who shared in the division of the Purse and Plate respectively, and for no fewer than four of the five puppies who shared in the division of the valuable Home-bred Produce Stakes—Dashing Display, Dee Force, Dee Ferry and Dew Clasp.

Dee Rock also sired last year's winner, Mr. H. Dyke Dennis's Delightful Devon and has proved himself the outstanding sire of recent times. Dee Flint's success also afforded the famous Preston Brook trainer, Harold Wright, his fifth Waterloo winner.

Harold's luck had not exactly been in of late but this break was as well-deserved as it was merited.

It was a capital performance in view of several long delays, owing to unfavourable conditions, to have run through such a formidable card in three days. I do not think we have ever coursed quite so late at Altcar as was the case on the second day. Summer time being in vogue allowed us this extra latitude. Although trainers generally had been unable to give their charges the usual strenuous preparation, the trials on the whole maintained a high standard. As regards the two semi-finals, and the decider indeed, three more satisfactory courses could not possibly have been desired. So frequently these three all important trials have been marred by incidents of bad luck in some sort or shape.

There were cases of misfortune in the earlier rounds. Notably was this so in the case of Mr. L. Lucas's puppy, Lapsed Legacy, who as the course was run had little or no chance against Mr. John Dewar's Dutton Ash, first time to slips. A collision in the run up, when the lead was still in doubt, caused Lapsed Legacy to stumble badly, and, before he could recover, Dutton Ash had pulled down a weak hare. One cannot rob a dog of his luck, however, and Capt. Brice was left with no alternative but to award Mr. Dewar's puppy the course. Subsequent performances of Dutton Ash, however, stamped him as a clinking good puppy, and it was a most meritorious performance on the part of this son of Dee Rock and Dame Julian to run into the last eight.

Among the young brigade the most surprising form was that shown by Ilsey Darkie, owned by a new nominator in Mr. Leo Craven. This puppy, who was a 100 to 1 chance on the night of the call-over, only received his conge in the semi-final stage, being beaten by the ultimate winner, Dee Flint.

My alternate selection, Chancellor, flattered his supporters right up to the final stage. One doubt in my mind as to this son of Danielli and Final Deal proving equal to the task materialised in the deciding course. It was generally conceded that he was the fastest dog in the stake on his true form, but the question remained whether he would run six such exacting courses as a Waterloo Cup demands out to a finish. That he should leave the lapse to the crucial course must have rendered it most gruelling both to his owner, Mr. T. Cronopolos, and his trainer, Lewis Reynolds.

No greyhound will ever go to slips for the deciding course enjoying a better chance of winning the coveted trophy. Dee Flint may have escaped the lighter on the first two days, but handicap played no part in Chancellor's defeat. Fire and dash he had previously displayed were conspicuously absent. He was content to let Dee Flint race up for a three lengths lead and put on such a long and convincing sequence that any hopes of him being able to level up matters was at once disposed of.

True, he had a couple of points and the kill, but Dee Flint was the clearest of winners, and I fear we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that Chancellor, brilliant as he undoubtedly is up to a point, cannot be relied upon to maintain his form right up to the conclusion of a 64 dog stake.

Dee Flint was one of those that I mentioned in my previous article as being worthy of the greatest consideration. As a puppy in last year's Waterloo Cup he ran probably the most brilliant course of the meeting when disposing of Lord Sefton's Shoesmith, but was very hard run and was beaten in the next round by Dutton Rock, who went on to contest the final against Delightful Devon.

With the space at my command it is not possible to deal with the many meritorious performances put up by greyhounds so unduly handicapped by shortage of training. One of whom I must make special mention, however, is Mr. Richard Burbridge's Rustic Bard. The splendid form shown by this second season son of Robust Rustic and Hanky served to further emphasise the great chance Wood Royal must have possessed this year had he not met with an injury just prior to the classic.

Rustic Bard proved a wonderful substitute, and might even have won the classic but for having all the worst of the slip in the third round against Chancellor. Even so, it was a very close thing but the bad luck experienced by greyhounds from the Burbridge Kennel in the Cup in recent years has been proverbial. With such enthusiasts as Sir Woodman and his son, it is to be sincerely hoped that fortune will prove kinder in the future.

I was particularly impressed also by the prominent running of Stanbridge Selerity, a young son of Dee Rock out of Star Spangle to not only show fine pace but prove himself a very close worker into the bargain. Others to command their game in sparkling fashion were Mr. Molyneux Cohan's Radiant Light and Lord Sefton's Shoesmith. It was highly regrettable that Mr. H. F. Horlock's delightful bitch, Milk and Honey, by Waistline out of Regalia, should have broken a hock when running a brilliant trial with Noted Sammy.

It only remains to add that Dee Flint was a thoroughly meritorious winner of the war-time classic and that the attendance was remarkably good. A word of praise is also due to Lord Sefton's headkeeper, Joe Flatanan, for supplying such an abundance of game under trying conditions.

MR. DENNIS WITH DEE FLINT, WINNER OF THE BLUE RIBAND OF COURSING

SNIFF. (*With the usual apologies to R.K.*)

If you can stand being plucked from Kent or Devon,
Office or farm, or simply just "retired,"
If you can knuckle-to and thank High Heaven
Your span of usefulness is unexpired.

If you can drop th' accumulated vices
Of eighteen years in a civilian life,
If you can steel yourself to face the crisis
Of leaving hearth and home and child and wife.

If you can sink those ever-present feelings
Of wishing to dictate the "when" or "how,"
If you can learn to modify your dealings
Rememb'ring that you're *taking* orders now.

If you can down all thoughts of personal glory,
Promotion, honour, wealth, ambition, gain,
If you can bear in mind the good old story
That weakest link decides the strength of chain.

If you can stick being pestered, 'phoned, and got at
By every good-for-nothing mother's son,
If you can take it all and have a shot at
Remembering half the things you've left undone.

If you can stamp a card and trace a ref'rence
While writing an "endorsement on the back,"
If you can show at these times all due deference
To those whose craniums you'd gladly crack.

If you can follow signals and instructions,
Memos and orders written or implied,
If you can fathom printed introductions
To contraband of war and much beside.

If you can deal with bloody-minded Masters*
Whose outlook seems obstructionist at best,
If you can cope with these and such disasters
While grappling with a ten page manifest.

If you can leave your papers ordered neatly
What time for some brief space you leave your chair
And then return and find them wrecked completely
Without so much as murmuring "There, there!"

If you can keep a whole night, dusk till dawning,
Sure in that pride that comes before a cropper,
If you can face your breakfast in the morning
Knowing you've dropped a brick, a perfect whopper.

If you can hold your peace amidst the bellow
Of those who vent their agony of soul,
If you do this, then you, not they, old fellow
Are the big noise in Contraband Control.

If you can follow Gibraltarian lingo
Gabbled o'er 'phone of ancient mark and date,
If you can do just this, well then, by Jingo
You have not lived in vain at any rate.

If you're prepared to stick for the duration
The mouldy job you're now engaged upon,
Your comrades will not cease their castigation
Of you—you're just a BOWK,† a mug, old son.

* Ships' Masters.
† Boarding Office Watch Keeper.

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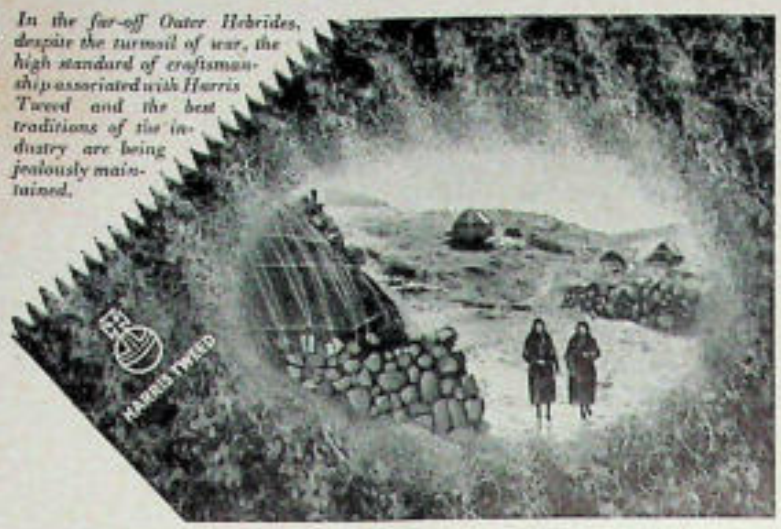

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SOLUTION TO A PIG PROBLEM

Exploiting the Open-air System

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

PIGS and poultry, at the present time, are presenting a problem that has not yet found a solution, for, unfortunately, both are maintained with imported feeding stuffs to a greater degree than other types of live stock with the sole exception, perhaps, of heavy yielding dairy herds.

It has long been public property that the dairy herds must enjoy any priority there may be as regards concentrated feeding stuffs, and that the pig and poultry population will have to be content with a great deal less than they had before.

Many of us who had studied the history of pig breeding and feeding frequently felt alarmed, before the war, at the utter dependence upon imported feeding stuffs displayed by the industry, and wished, and even went so far as to express the desire, that pig keepers would try to make much more use of home-grown feeding stuffs than they had been doing. In reply, it was pointed out that everything now depended upon early maturity and weight for age, and, so fine were things drawn, that even the saving of four or five days in the time of getting a pig to pork or bacon weight might make all the difference between profit and loss.

Thus it became necessary to start feeding the pig heavily from as soon as it could eat, and the bulk of its rations came from overseas.

There was no longer time to permit the bacoiner to "grow" its frame upon which to build the meat. That took too long, while the porker had to be fed with as much concentrates as it could eat even before weaning.

Even the conformation of the pigs had to be changed to meet the latest demands, and to enable them to put on flesh rapidly.

In time of peace there was little to say against these methods, for imported feeding stuffs were reasonably cheap and easy to obtain. Economically and viewed with an eye to the future, when things might not be so easy, this system was unsound, for it meant breeding pigs for many generations of pig lives that were accustomed, or almost entirely accustomed, to living on imported offals, with the minimum of home-grown foods and of exercise. To-day, if we are to retain our breeding stock and not be compelled to reduce it somewhat drastically, we have got to think in terms of home-grown foodstuffs, and make use of the outdoor or open-air system to its extreme limits.

The death the other day of Mr. S. F. Edge, known better, perhaps, as one of the chief pioneers of the motoring industry, yet well known also for his farming activities at Gallops Homestead, Ditchling, and especially for being a breeder of pedigree pigs, reminded me that Edge was probably the first man to call public attention to the benefits of allowing pigs, and more especially breeding stock, to enjoy free range. Not that the outdoor system was new—it was as old as Gurth and his swine—but in the modern craze for "keeping pigs warm" the major portion of the best breeding stock in the country was kept within stys.

Pigs were getting pampered, and only on the roughest type of farm were they allowed to roam. Edge found he could not make indoor pigs pay, nor, in time of war, could he obtain the concentrates to feed them; hence he was bold enough to make the great experiment and turn out sows in pig, gilts, and even sows that had just farrowed.

I certainly do not claim for S. F. Edge that he was the *first* man to turn pigs out to range, but I am convinced that, in his brief career as an agriculturist, he did more to advance his theories (right or wrong) by the most skilled propaganda than any other pig breeder, and he was soon followed by a host of others.

Many thousand gallons of Old Father Thames have passed under London Bridge since those first days when I visited many an open-air pig farm just after the war, and since then we have gained in experience and practical knowledge. I believe to-day we must revert to the outdoor pig if we wish to keep our breeding stock as intact as possible, and we can do it by turning out sows to graze on unwanted pasture, or on rough grazing, or we can tether the sows close to their huts. They will keep fit, and that on the minimum of concentrates, while they will enjoy such crops as marrow stem, kale, mangolds, swedes, and spare cabbage.

What breeding stock, in-pig or empty gilts, boars in use or young boars, need is a dry bed and a hut free from draughts. No amount of exposure to weather should give healthy breeding stock cramp, rheumatism, or other ailments, provided the factors I have just mentioned are present. A clean dry bed and a weather-proof hut, together with a certain ration of concentrates, will keep pigs well out of doors. Some may say, "We cannot now get the timber for making these huts."

That need not trouble them, for I have seen—and that in very bleak and wind-swept places—the most comfortable huts made of hurdles thatched in wild furze, and a roof of the same material. The only timber needed, and not always then, was a few planks for flooring. In some places, however, plain earth floors, well trodden down and then deeply covered with straw, have sufficed. So, too, I have seen store pigs made very comfortable in a fold built round a rick of straw, and there, with the minimum of concentrates, I have seen pigs doing well on mangolds or swedes and some steamed potatoes.

One thing I must emphasise ere I stop. Be wise. Do not allow pigs the run of the woodlands in the winter months. They will soon churn up the land into such a state of mud that progress is impossible and very unhealthy conditions obtain. Only disappointments can result from this, and many a dead pig, young and old. Let pigs forage for acorns and beech mast, if such are obtainable, in the autumn, and—don't forget—on rough grazing and waste land pigs will do half your ploughing by their rooting, and probably half your cultivating as well, if you scatter a few peas about for them to find.

Yes, the outdoor pig is the immediate answer to the problem now in front of us; but don't run away with the idea that such pigs are not any longer "muck," but must be "money." If you do not take care they may, after all, only be muck.

FEEDING PIGS ON A BERKSHIRE FARM

PARSNIPS—A GOOD FARM CROP

By JOHNSON MONRO

THE parsnip is a crop which should suit the large-scale farmer as well as the smallholder. It is generally easy to grow, and gives quite a heavy yield, up to 10–15 tons per acre. This winter it has sold well on the market, making 6/- and 7/- per cwt., and it will probably make even better prices next winter.

If these roots are not selling well the farmer has a great advantage over the market gardener in that he can feed them usefully to stock. It is, therefore, a crop on which there is not much of a gamble, for if it is not a commercial proposition on the market, it certainly is on the farm.

Parsnips can be grown on most soils, providing they are properly prepared. The soil should be rich, but freshly manured ground should be avoided. Fresh manure is liable to cause the roots to become fanged.

Having ploughed as deeply as possible, the following manures should be applied to the ground at the rate of 2 cwts. per acre each. It will probably be convenient to mix them together beforehand. Sulphate of potash, English hoof, fish guano, and meat and bonemeal. The land should then be got down to a fine tilth by harrowing (and rolling as well, if necessary). It should be possible to do this work any time after the third week of February, though in the north it is sometimes necessary to delay sowing until the end of March. Northern growers say that by late sowing the chance of getting a bad attack of the canker disease is reduced.

Where soil has to be dunged in January or February because it is on the poor side, sowing should be delayed for this reason also. This allows the ground time to settle, and gives the manure a chance of disintegrating. When the ground is in the right condition the seed should be sown in drills 1ft. apart, and when the plants are 1in. high they should be set out or thinned out to 6in. apart. The drills should be 1in. deep.

Parsnip seed has a low percentage of germination, and for this reason it may be necessary to sow at the rate of 8lb. or 9lb. to the acre. If there is any doubt about the seed it should be sent to the Cambridge Seed Testing Station for testing, and if the germination percentage is found to be too low the seed should not be sown, but returned. Two-year-old seed is definitely unreliable. Good varieties for market work are Improved Hollow Crown, Lisbonnais and Offenham. An intermediate type is generally used on the shallow soils.

Throughout the spring and summer, the land should be kept clean by horse or tractor hoeing, a certain amount of handwork being necessary in the rows themselves. It is not necessary to give any further dressings of artificial manure, nor will the farmer be greatly worried by pests and diseases—for the parsnip is particularly free of these.

The roots can be left in the ground until they are required, or they can be harvested in October to be hogged or clamped. It is said that a parsnip that has been touched by frost has a better flavour than a root dug up before this event. A sugar beet lifter has been found very useful for lifting parsnips, and where this is not available a hand fork is the right tool, providing the tines are at least 10in. long.

It is advisable to dig the roots as they are needed for market and then to sever the tops and remove any large fangy roots there may be. On the whole, for market purposes the medium-sized roots are best and they should be free from disease. Though washing is not imperative it is advisable, for the roots then arrive on the market in a far cleaner attractive condition.

The only serious disease of parsnips is the parsnip canker. The roots crack, the brown rot appears, and, finally, a black wet rot may completely destroy them. The varieties Tender and True and Large Guernsey are said to be fairly resistant. Unfortunately, no method of control is known and the damage is generally believed not to be due to any specific parasite. It is possible for parsnips to be attacked by the celery fly and carrot fly, but these pests are not, as a rule, serious when attacking this crop.

PLOUGH NOW!

...AND BEAT THE WEATHER!

Farmers! By ploughing now you can win the equivalent of a mighty naval battle! By providing food for the nation and by making your farms self-contained and independent of overseas feeding stuffs, you make both our shipping and our money available for buying munitions from abroad. Win *your* Graf Spee battle of production by ploughing up now!

Farmers! Plough now by day and night. Play your part in the fight for right.

★TO FARMERS AND WORKERS

The Prime Minister, speaking on February 28th :

"The Minister of Agriculture made a pronouncement last December, when he said : 'If the increase in home production that we want is to be obtained, then the prices must be such as would give a reasonable return to the farmer and enable the farmer to pay a fair wage to the worker.' I want to say again that the War Cabinet endorse that declaration by the Minister of Agriculture."

GROWING CARROTS FOR MARKET

Crop That May Prove Indispensable

By W. E. SHEWELL COOPER, N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

IN peace-time the carrot proved to be the most popular of all the root vegetables. From the middle of July onwards, when the normal outdoor pullings are ready, until the following spring, it is always in demand. It is true that the bunched carrots of the summer have to compete with other vegetables and so may have their ups and downs, but the larger well grown roots have the field almost to themselves when winter approaches.

The northern markets are gluttons for carrots, and one wonders how the populace is to be supplied with the quantities they will undoubtedly clamour for next winter, if the acreage of this crop is not increased very considerably. It is estimated that just prior to the war the imports of this root vegetable from abroad came to over half the tonnage consumed in this country. The pre-war acreage was probably round about 17,000 acres and if, owing to the priority of war materials, carrots do not come in from abroad, then Great Britain will need yet another 17,000 acres devoted to this crop, so as to bring the total tonnage somewhere near the required mark.

It would seem that the reason why carrots are not grown more in this country is due to the pest, the carrot fly (*Psila rosae*). The fly is small, dark and shiny, similar to an ordinary house fly, only of a deep bottle green colour. The female lays the eggs near the surface of the ground and the larvae burrows to near the base and tunnels into the roots. When attacked, large numbers of yellowish maggots may be found in each carrot. The tops wilt and fall over and growth of the plants is arrested.

Allotment holders and amateurs do not realise the possibility of controlling this pest and having lost their entire crop for a year or two give up in disgust the idea of growing this vegetable. The market gardener or farmer growing on a field scale should apply whizzed naphthaline at 3 to 4 cwt. per acre just before thinning and should give a second dressing 10 days later. Rain, rather than decreasing the value of such applications, definitely increases the benefit. It is always better to thin carrots early and to compress the soil along the rows afterwards, in an attempt to prevent egg laying and the subsequent movement of larvae. All thinned carrots should be moved from the rows and if not fit for marketing should be burnt. If left about to rot they attract the female fly.

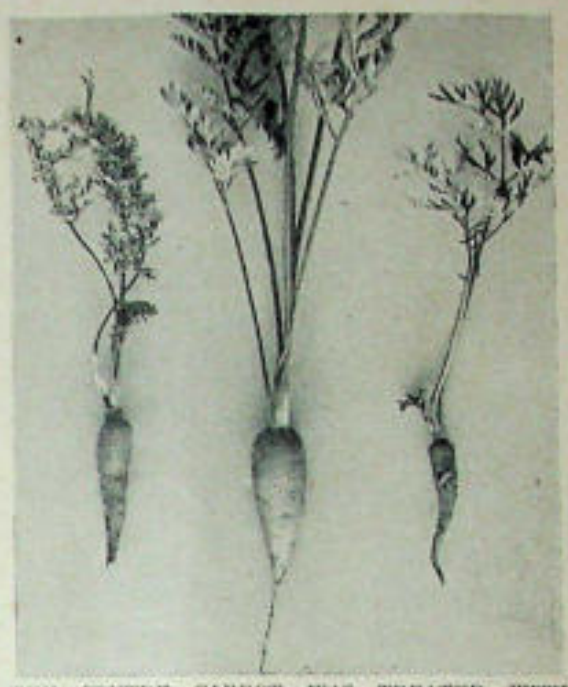
Carrots can be grown on any well cultivated soil, though it is undoubtedly the deep sandy loam that suits them best. Those who have soil of a heavy nature should confine their selection of varieties to those which are short or stump-rooted. In any case it is advisable before sowing seed to bring the land down into a well pulverised condition and to make sure that it is free from "lumps." No fresh manure should be applied to the ground nor should be allowed to become anywhere near the surface of the soil. When the soil is poor and therefore is known to be in need of manure, well decayed dung may be ploughed in 8 or 9in. deep, or a good finely divided wool shoddy used instead. It is better on the whole to try to select land which has been well treated the previous year and is in good heart. In addition to the organic manure, if necessary, some fertilising mixture with an organic base should be used at 12 to 14cwt. per acre.

A good "recipe" would seem to be 2 parts Cornish fish manure, 2 parts meat and bone meal, 2 parts hoof and horn, 2 parts steamed bone flour, 3 parts superphosphate, and 3 parts sulphate of potash. Such a dressing is quite suitable also for land that is in good heart and does not need the original organic manure. Later if growth is slow, a little "extra" in the form of sulphate of ammonia may be given, say, in two dressings with a fortnight or three weeks' interval in between.

It is usual to make a sowing about the middle of March and another at the beginning of April. It is usually necessary to allow for 50 per cent. failure in seed germination and so from 6 to 8lb. of seed per acre should be used, the drills being 9in. apart and ¾in. deep. As a help to thin sowing, ashes may be mixed with the carrot seed in equal proportions. No thinning is carried out, the roots being pulled as soon as they are ready, the largest being taken each time. The crop from a fairly large acreage often takes over a month to clear, and the rows for this purpose are gone over twice a week. Two good varieties for this bunched work are Early Market and Ideal, though a good selected strain of Early Model has its devotees. Such varieties produce a smooth orange-red root which is almost coreless. It washes easily in the carrot washing machine and further keeps its colour and looks well after washing. The reason that the black Fen soils are used or the moss lands of Cheshire and Lancashire is that the roots from these take little washing or preparing.

The main crops are not usually sown until the beginning of April. Here the drills are a foot apart and ¾in. deep, and when the plants are large enough to handle they should be thinned out to 2in. apart. They should then be allowed to grow on and a second thinning is done when the roots are large enough to bunch and market. This time the thinning is to 4 or 5in. apart. Before and after thinning, the whizzed naphthaline is applied and the soil is drawn up to the rows so as to fill up the spaces left by the removal of the carrots. During the summer, tractor cultivation or horse hoeings should be carried out in between the rows so as to keep them free from weeds and one or two hand hoeings will be necessary also. The mulch of loose soil thus produced ensures the steady growth desired and prevents the splitting of the roots, which takes place when a drought is followed by a period of wet weather.

For ordinary soils two good varieties are James's Intermediate and the New Red Intermediate, and for deep land where the larger main crops can be grown a specially selected stock of Altrincham is very suitable.



THE CENTRE CARROT WAS TREATED WITH NAPHTHALINE, AND THE OTHERS WERE FROM A ROW WHICH WAS NOT TREATED, AND SUFFERED FROM MAGGOTS

BRASSICAS TO SOW NOW

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

The author will reply to any queries in connection with this article if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

AMONGST the most important sowings this month are those of the brassicas, notably Brussels sprouts, red and white cabbages for summer use, a few of the kales, kohl-rabi and early Savoys. The varieties of Brussels sprouts to avoid are those that produce sprouts the size of cricket balls and which are coarse and flavourless. The French market growers who supply the leading hotels and restaurants grow sprouts that are barely an inch in diameter and their flavour is perfect. It is also as well to grow both early and late kinds.

Brussels sprouts to do well need a very long growing period. The earliest to mature are those planted in autumn and wintered in a cold frame. After a winter such as we have just experienced the soil is colder than usual, and, in bleak parts, those sown in the open now will probably come on just as soon as those sown earlier in the month.

In most gardens white cabbages for summer use are sown, but red cabbages do not seem so popular as formerly. Yet these cabbages are a good wartime vegetable for, properly cooked, they make very good luncheon dishes. For instance, sliced up finely with a large onion, a tablespoonful of margarine, half a pound of minced meat and a few tablespoonfuls of water, the whole stewed gently till thoroughly cooked, they are most appetising. A little vinegar or lemon juice has to be added or they turn colour. Red cabbages take longer to cook than other kinds, and they are amongst the vegetables that are best done in a haybox.

The war, combined with the wintry weather, may teach us to be more appreciative of kales. Not only are they exceptionally rich in health-giving salts but they are amongst the few brassicas that do well on poor soils, and are bone hardy. No winter seems ever too cold for these first-rate greens and we find them invaluable for winter salads. Even the coarse leaves are used raw, stripping them off the mid-ribs and then putting them through a mincer. They come through in what can only be described as a dryish puree, which is excellent if mixed with grated raw carrot or turnip and decorated with a few walnuts.

Boiled greens are not nearly so wholesome as raw greens and the latter are far more digestible if put through a mincer. The kales commonly grown are the curly kinds and it is best not to sow these for at least another three weeks, for sown too early they are apt to bolt in spring. Asparagus kale should never be transplanted but sown where it is to grow and should not be sown till mid-June. Chou de Russie, however, can be sown early.

Now that salads are steadily growing in favour the variegated kales are more appreciated. In a very cold season their exquisitely coloured and fringed leaves make a most festive salad. They are most colourful on very poor soils and the more exposed the position the better the colouring. To secure very variegated leaves cut off the tops in spring, for these tops afford a certain amount of protection and it is lack of protection, combined with poor soil, that makes for good colouring. Variegated kales do not cook well.

Kohl-rabi quickly grown is a delicious vegetable but slowly grown it is apt to be rather tough. It does better than turnips, however, on light soils. This vegetable is much appreciated on the Continent but not at present in this country. These "roots" (really swollen stem bases) are ruined if peeled before cooking. In summer we like them served sliced, cold, and with mayonnaise sauce over them. Kohl-rabi are very hardy and late sown can be left to stand the winter. They can be cooked in the same way as turnips. A good winter-dish of them can be made by either boiling or steaming them till nearly tender, slicing them fairly thickly and then, after coating with egg and breadcrumbs, frying them.

Early radishes can be sown now, but winter radishes, such as Black Spanish, Japanese Colossal and Japanese Yard Long, are best sown in early July, for sown earlier they are apt to run to seed. Seeds of the Black Spanish radish make roots the size of quite large potatoes; they store well and are very good in curries. Although the other two radishes mentioned make roots about 3in. in diameter and very long, they are very tender. I only discovered last year that radish seed pods make the most delicious sandwiches. This sounds incredible and I did not believe it till I tasted it myself, but it is perfectly true. The seeds taste more radish-like than radishes themselves, which sounds Irish, but the peppery element is mercifully lacking.

Radishes are amongst the few vegetables that have, so to speak, come up in the world. Formerly they were popular with cottagers but not with the well-to-do. Now it is the reverse. They are quite fashionable saladings but seem to have rather lost their popularity with poor folk. Radishes are amongst the oldest cultivated vegetables and even their original habitat is uncertain—possibly China. They were cultivated in Egypt in the days when the Pyramids were being built and were a favourite vegetable in ancient Rome. When they were introduced into this country is uncertain but our Saxon ancestors were perfectly familiar with them.

Many people find radishes hard and indigestible, and, if so, they might find them first-rate if grated. Skilful cooks use white radishes, when young turnips are not yet in season, for stews, etc. Winter radishes, i.e. those that make large roots, take about half an hour to cook. If radishes are to be used in curries they should be parboiled first. Winter radishes associate well with Jerusalem artichokes, onions and parsnips in a mixed vegetable curry.

WAR FARMING NOTE No. 9 MARCH 1940
issued by IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

FODDER CROPS WORTH TRYING

Kale

Kale is an ideal green winter food. It is a milk producer and there is no better crop for leafy foliage.

Rich in starch, protein, minerals, and vitamins, kale is a far better food than hay or roots, and compares favourably with pasture grass.

It is easy and cheap to grow, either sown in spring as a main crop in the 'root break', or as a catch crop by transplanting from nursery beds in July.

Few crops respond so well to manuring. Yields up to 35 tons an acre are obtained on well-dunged land receiving 3-4 cwt. of concentrated complete fertilizer (or twice that amount of a mixture), followed by nitrogenous top-dressings at singling time and during the growing season.

Each 1 cwt. of top-dressing (sulphate of ammonia or "Nitro-Chalk") used up to 6 cwt. an acre increases the yield by 1½ tons of fresh kale.

Oats and Vetches

This crop has an important role to play in continuous corn growing, besides being a valuable food.

Sown as early as possible in spring, a mixture of 2 bushels of oats and 1 of vetches (with ½ bushel beans if intended for ensiling) will soon smother out the worst weeds, and, if cut in June, leave time for a bastard fallow.

The crop makes hay better than the best meadow hay, though care must be taken in drying. Cut early, it can be made into excellent silage, rich enough to replace concentrates; cut late, it gives ordinary silage equal to hay in feeding value.

As the land will be in poor condition, a complete fertilizer should be applied at seeding time to produce a good yield and dense growth for smothering out weeds.

Beans and Peas

Scarcity of foodstuffs gives these crops a new importance, for they make, with hay, a complete ration for milk production.

If the land is in good heart, only 4 cwt. per acre basic slag or superphosphate need be applied, but on poor soils, a small dressing of complete fertilizer is required.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

FACTORIES IN THEIR PROPER PLACE

By REGINALD DAVEY

TO the countryman, slums do not seem such a far-off evil, now that he has been brought into contact with evacuated children from the towns and cities. What was to him formerly cause for a vague feeling of disquiet, is now a startling reality. He had heard of slum clearance, of re-housing in blocks of flats, which destroyed individualism and increased traffic problems. Now, perhaps for the first time, he has come into contact with slum-mindedness.

With the return of nearly half the evacuees, it is generally acknowledged that the Government's evacuation plan has failed. That it was bound to fail follows from the fact that it was based on the fallacy of the break up of the family. Success can only be secured by the evacuation of the family as a complete unit. To remove the head of the family means transporting his work also. This follows logically from the recent report of the Royal Commission on the Geological Distribution of the Industrial Population, the publication of which is far and away the most important event of the year, or of the century. To understand its full significance it is necessary to delve into the past.

In the spacious Victorian days, building was a deliberate and leisured business. Architects and planners worked to a tradition, as is shown by Bath, by London's Regents Park and Regent Street, the centre of Newcastle, and Princes Street, Edinburgh. About 1830 the bottom dropped out of English planning. The cause was the industrial revolution. The manufacturer, instead of slow hand methods, was given huge machines, and urged by economists to produce to the utmost capacity. The vast machines needed armies of men, women and children. Places to live in had to be found, and the speculator stepped in, bought land, and developed it to house the multitude. No one was to blame, but we are still suffering from the effects. Through all ages planning has been least effective when development has been rapid.

The result can be imagined. Narrow streets without lighting, scarcely paved, and totally without services. Houses in long unbroken terraces, and often back to back, so that light and air reached only one side, no through ventilation was possible, and the front garden had to serve for all domestic purposes. The overcrowding of the houses on the land matched the conditions within, and the minute back-yard was but a travesty.

About 1840, public opinion began to assert itself, and an Act was passed which but touched the fringe of the problem, but it did effect great improvements in drainage, water supply, street lighting and cleansing, and similar matters. It was not until 1875 that by-laws, as we know them to-day, were made. Under these by-laws it was insured that construction was sound, the amount of living space was controlled, so was the distance between rows of houses on two sides of a street, and at least a minimum garden was secured.

Much of this type of development can be seen in many parts of London to-day. It is typified by long terraces broken only by cross roads, by still too small back-yards, and by a complete lack of open spaces and recreation grounds. By-laws produced the cell or unit type of development, which grows house by house, instead of as a planned whole with open spaces and wide roads.

During the early part of the present century a series of Housing Acts dealt with the remedial measures of slum clearance and re-housing, generally in flats on the cleared areas. Planning, as a preventive, was not introduced as a separate method of attack until a quarter of a century ago. But planning, excellent as it is for the designing of new towns and cities, is in its present form, nearly powerless to deal with the problems of a community already in existence. Its powers are merely negative, which is to say that it sets down what may and what may not be done, but has no power to take the initiative.

All this time the future has been knocking on the door. About 1851, a certain J. S. Buckingham projected a city in which factory and farm were set apart, around which there was a green belt, and intermixed with the houses were open spaces. Growth was to take the form of satellite towns, each a complete unit. His scheme came no nearer realisation than did his plan for uniting the Ganges and the Clyde, but Sir Titus Salt did build Saltaire. It was but a small village planned for a single factory in Yorkshire, but it contained the germ of an idea which came to full maturity in Port Sunlight and Bournville. These were created by enlightened industrialists, who now benefit from the better health, stronger physique and happier outlook of their workers.

For the planning of a city, complete and *de novo*, it is necessary to consider Welwyn, the first garden city, and Letchworth, its successor, which has outgrown it. Their wide roads, open spaces, ample gardens, and the setting apart of the factories is an example of the proof of a theory. Limited in size to between 50,000 and 100,000 persons, growth will be by means of satellite towns of 50,000 persons each. This points the way to the logical solution of the problem of excessive growth of our cities. If two million persons with the industries necessary to employ them could be moved from London and settled in satellite communities within, say, a thirty mile radius, what could not be secured in the way of open spaces, green belts and wide roads in the over-crowded London areas?

But, it may be asked, "Why not let a city grow as large as it will?" Many answers can be given, vulnerability to air attack, the problem of local government, loss of pride of citizenship. But these are unimportant compared with the extreme traffic congestion that over-growth entails.

When a city expands it does so because of the formation of new industries, which are attracted by a market on the doorstep and plentiful labour. As the labour is used up, wages rise and a fresh influx of workers results in a greater demand for house-room. The city becomes an indescribable mixture of houses and factories. As land becomes scarce, a fuller use is made of it by building more and more stories, which shut out light and air.

The old bogy of the incalculable forces that govern the location of industry have been well and truly exploded. The success of the industrial estates at Jarrow and elsewhere in the distressed areas has shown how manufacturers can be attracted to new localities.

Coming at a time when the two methods of approach to the slum problem have reached a climax, the Report is deserving of the most careful study. The remedial measures of clearance and re-housing have reached the peak of what can be done to deal with the existing situation. Port Sunlight, Bournville, Welwyn, Letchworth and Jarrow have shown what can be achieved by way of prevention. The Commissioners, after hearing 29 days of expert evidence, recommend planning on a national scale, and with more than negative powers. Two minority reports differ merely in the method of attaining this desirable end.

A TWELFTH CENTURY LAY-OUT. INN AND COTTAGES GROUPED AROUND A POND AT WALTHAM ST. LAWRENCE

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service

WHILE many farmers have expressed doubts about the grading system and have called it guess work, it must be remembered that fatstock has, from time immemorial, been sold and bought as a rule on the judgment of seller and buyer of the weight of meat which will be obtained from the animal. Under control, this estimation of the dead weight of the animal is done by a certifying authority composed of a farmer, butcher and auctioneer.

Control of livestock has not been in operation long enough for any comprehensive figures to be available as to grading results, but it can be said, even at this stage, that they have, in general, been satisfactory. In the case of sheep it is thought that the total error has not exceeded 2 per cent. on an average. This error has been in the farmers' favour and can be accounted for by the fact that owing to the severe weather, sheep have not been killing out well. The error in the case of cattle has been on the average less than in the case of sheep.

This is remarkable testimony to the skill of the graders but the grading should become still more accurate as experience increases.

Very few serious errors have occurred, although there will always be isolated cases of an animal whose internal arrangements bear no relation to external appearances. But such freaks are few and far between and in the ordinary way there are no grounds for the seller of fat stock to think himself the sport of chance or the caprices of the ignorant.

A noticeable feature brought out both by live and deadweight grading is the high proportion of grade A and "super" animals. The proportion to other grades has so far been approximately the same as before the war.

PLANNING FOR 1940/41.—All over Britain in the past weeks the tractors have been going, where conditions have permitted. They have been working right through the night. Now it depends upon the weather, but if it is kind we should get our 2,000,000 acres ploughed up. The best part of a million acres of the 1,500,000 acres allotted to England and Wales is ploughed already.

While the spring ploughing is at its peak and thousands of acres are being turned over every day in the most intensive agricultural effort this country has ever known, preparations are already being made for next year's campaign. The new plans will largely depend on the experience gained by those who have had to operate the current plan: There might be modifications according to the special conditions of a particular region if that seemed the sensible thing to do. The aim of the Ministry is to make the scheme practical and flexible.

FARMING TO FEED THE COW.—Of the seven or eight million tons of feeding-stuffs that we have been importing annually, dairy cows account for perhaps one quarter. These imports cannot continue at such a level, but the milk supply must be maintained. There is only one answer to the conundrum. Dairy farmers must make their farms more self-supporting in feeding-stuffs, and start straight away.

The following crops supply green food from August to April and are generally successful on newly ploughed land:—

> Early Cabbage—transplanted in March–April, 12,000 plants per acre: ready for use August–September. Late Cabbage—transplanted in April–May, 10,000 plants per acre; ready for use October–December. Kale (Marrow Stem)—sown April–May, 3–4lb. seed in drills or 6lb. broadcast: ready for use October–January or later. Kale (Thousand Head)—sown April–July, 3–4lb. seed in drills or 6lb. broadcast: ready for use February–April.

These crops require liberal manuring, and it is desirable to apply dung at 10–20 tons per acre. In addition, a suitable dressing of artificial manures should be given at the time of planting or sowing. Quantities are 1 cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 2 cwt. superphosphate and 1 cwt. potash salts, with half as much again where only a light dressing of dung was given.

When the young plants are well-established, at least one top-dressing of 1 cwt. per acre of nitro-chalk or sulphate of ammonia should be given.

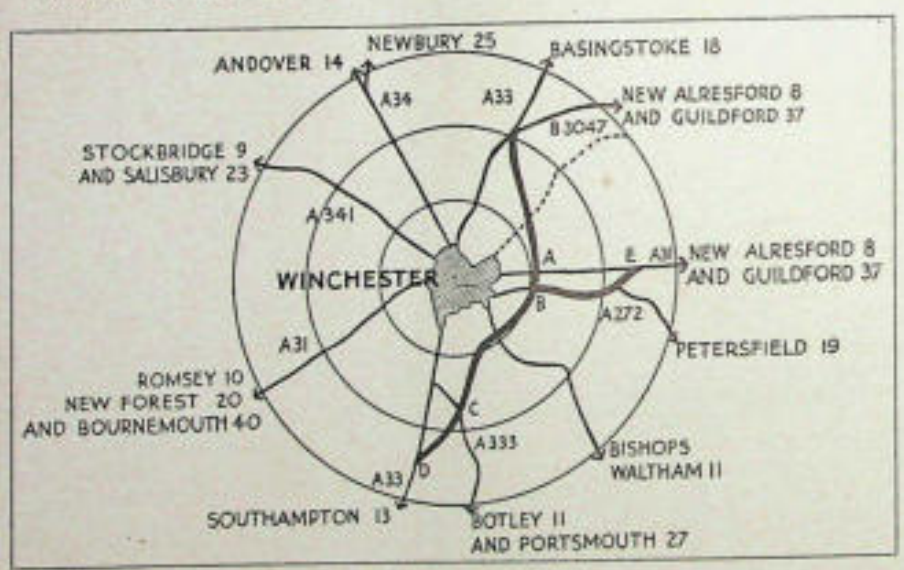
BRITAIN'S LATEST BY-PASS

New Ideas in Road Planning

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE narrow cross roads that form the focal point of Winchester provide one of the biggest obstacles to traffic flow in the south of England. For seven or eight important highways converge at this spot. As long ago, therefore, as 1928 preliminary investigations on the subject of by-passing Winchester were begun, only to be suspended owing to the economy measures of 1931. Thus it was not until 1935 that work was begun in earnest. To-day the complete 5½ miles of twin track are open to motorists and include a number of interesting features in road design and culture.

One of the first things that strikes a student in these matters is the fact that, by skirting Winchester from the south to the north-east, the road cannot relieve congestion at the city centre caused by north-south or east-west traffic. Such a state of affairs, however, is bound to apply to any place which is a focus of many roads rather than a single point on a through route. But in this particular case a great deal of the traffic that Winchester has to deal with is proceeding from London to Bournemouth and the New Forest, *i.e.*, east-west, and from the midlands to the coast, *i.e.*, north-south, and obviously only a ring road could deal with the whole of it and so eliminate the jam at the focal point.



WINCHESTER BY-PASS

Circles at one mile radius. A, High level bridge. B, Clover leaf. C, Long distance traffic lights. D, Fly-over. E, Deflection. Figures indicate miles from Winchester.

The second point of interest is the attention paid to the landscaping of the road. Viewed from an aeroplane, it looks like a great grey serpent curving across the countryside. Though long and precipitous cuttings scar the downs, time will mellow the wounds; and to reduce the effect of the road's intrusion on such a peaceful setting a comprehensive scheme of bush, tree and plant cultivation has been started along the strip that separates the twin tracks. To date, some 8,000 shrubs have been planted and a similar number remain to complete an excellent scheme prepared in conjunction with the Roads Beautifying Association. In time, the shrubs on the central strip will mass sufficiently to off-set the effect of headlamp glare from approaching vehicles. In this matter Mr. Lionel de Rothschild has taken a great personal interest and presented many hundreds of shrubs of his own growing.

The cost of the road is over £400,000 and even now men are still working on one of the new lead-ins to Winchester. Its general width is 72ft., which gives room for two double lanes each 20ft. wide, a central strip 10ft. wide, a 5ft. footpath, which seems to be omitted in certain sections, and the usual grass verges. A great deal of the work has been carried out by the well-known contractors Messrs. A. E. Farr, whose engineer in charge, Mr. W. Blake, happens to be an enthusiastic motorist, owner of veteran cars and a voyager by road from the wilds of Africa to this country.

It is not surprising, in view of the time taken to complete the road, due to the great technical difficulties encountered, not only in constructing the immense cuttings and bridging great areas of water meadows, but also in securing adequate supplies of labour and material, that the road does not possess a very homogeneous aspect. It seems to suggest that its planning and execution have been carried out in spasms rather than as part of one carefully projected whole.

Then there is the question of the kerbs. In some sections the side and central verges are protected in this way; but in the later sections there are none. Various roads and lanes lead on to the by-pass at fairly frequent intervals and, while a great deal has been done in the way of making these subsidiary approaches safe, the impression left on the motorist's mind is that a lot more could be done before it was dead safe for full speed traffic to enjoy the new link.

In certain places my view is that there are definite danger spots. The worst trap to my mind lies at the southern end, where the old road from Winchester has been given a sharp and narrow twist to the left before passing under a bridge carrying the by-pass. A small island has been inserted in the lead-in, visibility and space under the bridge are limited and the greatest care is therefore necessary. Having passed under the bridge, one discovers a deep cutting leading away to the left and, by proceeding straight on, comes up on the correct side of the by-pass leading out on the Southampton road.

At the northern junction of the by-pass at Kingsworthy the connection with the Winchester to Basingstoke and Guildford roads also needs the most careful negotiation; for, unless you are on guard, you may easily collide with traffic proceeding in one direction or another along the arms of the T, the tail of which represents the by-pass.

On the other hand there are some points which have been planned most adequately. At the point where the old Winchester to Botley road crosses the by-pass, special traffic signals have been installed to give priority to by-pass traffic. In the usual way traffic-operated signals are controlled from pads placed 90ft. from the danger point, a distance sufficient for medium speed approaches. In this case, however, the pads are placed 200ft. from the crossing, so as to give high speed approaches ample warning. Furthermore, in the absence of traffic all signals will automatically show the red, and, as they will turn instantly to green on the approach of by-pass traffic, the latter will have priority unless any vehicle on the secondary road has contacted its pad before. To enable this system to work safely the by-pass contact pads are duplicated.

The junction of the by-pass with the Winchester-Petersfield road is another example of careful safety-first planning. The by-pass crosses the Petersfield road by a fine concrete bridge, a lead off road on one side and a quarter clover leaf road on the other, forming safety-first connections whose use does not interfere with the by-pass traffic stream.

A special approach has also been built to attract traffic from New Alresford and Guildford (A.31) on to the by-pass instead of proceeding into Winchester. So a deflection has been put into A.31 to lead on to the by-pass while another bend leads off it to rejoin the old road.

The most spectacular features of the by-pass are the high-level bridge which carries A.31 over it and the fly-over at the southern end whereby the by-pass connects with the old Winchester-Southampton road (A.33). The latter involved building a loop from the old road to pass under the by-pass and connect with it at the southern end.

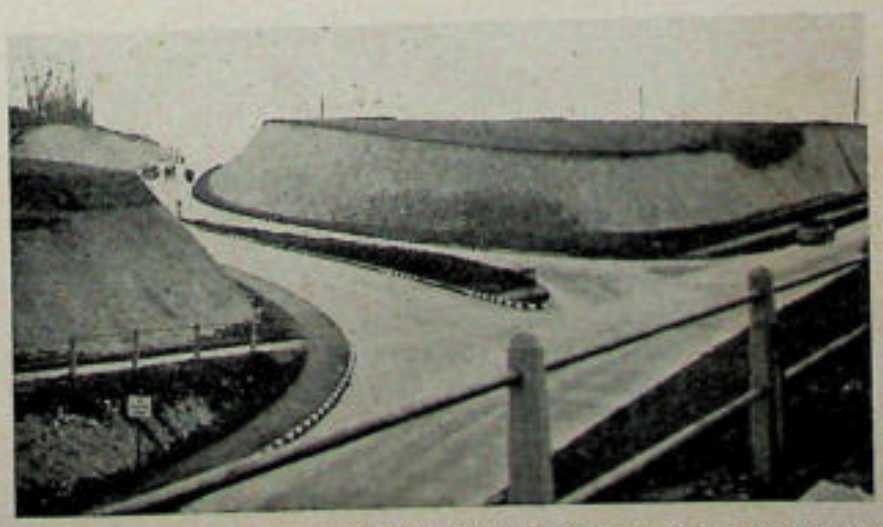
Less spectacular, but no less interesting, is the fact that in the centre section of the by-pass it was necessary, in order to allow the space required for the road beside the hill, to move a branch line of the Great Western Railway a few feet westward. There is now just enough room for the road between the line and cliff of the cutting. Some of these cuttings are very deep, and as the chalk is inclined to crumble caution is needed even though wire netting is provided to prevent the stone falling on to the road.

ANOTHER VIEW AT D SHOWING THE BY-PASS FLY-OVER CROSSING THE DIRECT WINCHESTER-SOUTHAMPTON ROAD

On the right is the Shawford Cutting. The car is one of the new 2½-litre Daimlers.

The by-pass is surfaced with concrete except on the approaches to bridges where a temporary macadam surface is used, to allow for settlement. A minimum radius of 1,000ft. has been obtained on bends which are super-elevated, although when taken fast the effect of the banking in some cases is hardly apparent either to the eye or feel of the wheel. Gradients generally are not steeper than 1 in 25 and the minimum vertical line of sight at a height of 3ft. 9in. above road level is 400ft.

If at some later date new sections were made to join the by-pass in the south to A.31 leading to Bournemouth and the New Forest and in the north to A.34 leading to Newbury and Andover, the scheme would be still more valuable. Even to-day it is possible with a small car to get from Kingsworthy out on to the Newbury and Andover road. There does not seem to be any short cut south on to the Romsey road which is a pity.



POINT D LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SOUTHERN END OF THE BY-PASS ON THE SHAWFORD CUTTING

The direct road from Winchester, on the right, leads up on to the by-pass

NORWAY'S ARCTIC PORT

Narvik and the Russian Bear

THE MIDNIGHT SUN THROWS LONG SHADOWS ACROSS NARVIK'S MAIN STREET

THE vociferous Russian bear is spreading its paws across the north of Europe. Already, and without much effort, it has straddled cumberously over the small Baltic States. Its progress has been impeded, for a while at any rate, by Finland. And whatever the outcome of their present duel, it would seem that the youthful virility of that little country has at least upset the calculations of its clumsy neighbour, a neighbour whose only virtue lies in its tremendous size.

What final goal Russia hopes to achieve, no one can say with authority. She demanded from Finland concessions which would have given her complete control over the Northern Baltic, as well as unimpeded access to her ice-free port of Murmansk. Is that all the bear wants, or are its eyes already focussed on something beyond Finland—a port on the western coast of Scandinavia, giving direct access to the north Atlantic?

BIRCHWOODS AND SNOW-STREAKED MOUNTAINS ABOVE NARVIK

Two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, on the Norwegian coast, stands Narvik. Protected from the wild Atlantic storms by the fringing Lofoten Islands, as well as by its position at the head of a long fiord, it has an excellent harbour. Ceaselessly, through the long light hours of summer, and the twilight days of an Arctic winter, tramp steamers of all descriptions—many of them British—nose their way to and from the jetties. For Narvik is a thriving port, despite its northerly position. At this point Norway is very narrow. Scarcely twenty miles inland lies the frontier, and beyond that the rich iron fields of Kiruna and Gellivare in Sweden. And Narvik, though in Norwegian territory, is by far the nearest and most convenient port for the exportation of this vast mineral wealth.

A railway line links the town with the Swedish hinterland. It is the world's most northerly railway, and possibly one of its most luxurious. Certainly third-class travel in Sweden cannot be beaten anywhere for cheapness and comfort. A day ticket for the two hundred and fifty mile return journey from Narvik to Kiruna costs five shillings and threepence. Well-upholstered carriages of the Pullman variety are furnished with all the innumerable gadgets that add so much to the passenger's comfort. Buffet cars are attached, and the toilet accommodation is palatial. The stations are in keeping with the trains; modern well-planned buildings of small, warm-looking red brick. There are gay flower beds, a pleasant trim simplicity and a scrupulous cleanliness over everything.

Coal is scarce in Norway, but electricity—generated by the mountain torrents—is cheap, and this line, like most in Scandinavia, is electrified. What an advantage that is; no sooty smuts, no belching clouds of smoke, nothing to interrupt a view of some of the finest mountain scenery in the world.

This railway is a triumph of engineering. Up and up it climbs; clinging to sheer rock faces; hanging, perilously high, over the edge of fiords; roofed in places with wooden snow sheds, proof of the severity of winter weather, winding along devious edges of great lonely lakes, set in birch wooded uplands. Long trains of wagons, piled prosperously high with iron-ore, fail to disturb the serenity of these northern hills. In constant procession they run smoothly down with their precious cargo into the maze of lines that is the Narvik terminus. Winking red and green lights guide them to jetties, where the work of loading never pauses.

Thirty years ago, before the iron fields were exploited, Narvik was but one of the tiny settlements which abound along the Norwegian coast. Farming and fishing combined served to eke out a livelihood for its simple inhabitants. But the industrial drive of the twentieth century has brought prosperity and modernity to this Arctic port. Wide streets—as yet unsurfaced—have been made. Square, detached villas, their wooden walls colour washed in the pleasant greens, reds and buffs that look so attractive in the clear northern air, stand in their own small gardens. Public parks are alive with flowers. There are shops, cafés and a market, two hotels, one typically Norwegian, the other almost aggressively cosmopolitan.

VASSIJAURE, A TYPICAL STATION ON THE NARVIK-KIRUNA RAILWAY

The college boasts a sports arena with running track and football pitch. When we first saw it, in the long, cool lightness of a summer Saturday evening, it was deserted save for a solitary figure—surely a descendant of the mighty Vikings—practising pole-jumping with serious concentration. But during the brilliant sunshine of the following afternoon young Norwegian boys played vigorous tennis on the hard courts, while a first-rate game of football (a summer game in Norway) held the attention of a crowded gallery.

But this modern urbanity has not robbed Narvik of its natural beauty. The branching fiord surrounds it with still water on three sides. Jetties and railway lie almost unnoticed under the shadow of the hills that rise immediately behind the town. There one can wander through birch woods that give pleasant relief from the hot sun, shining so fiercely during the long days of the northern summer. In a wide circle all round rise the distant mountains, peaks and gullies bound with snow that sparkles in the sun at mid-day, and shines with an ethereal beauty in the midnight lightness of an Arctic summer night.

That is Narvik, Norway's prosperous Arctic port, worthy symbol of a free nation of seafarers. Are the greedy eyes of the Russian bear already turned in that direction?

EMIL.

THE BUSY QUAY LIES SNUGLY BENEATH THE BIRCHWOOD COVERED HILLS

BRIDGE

SACRIFICE BIDDING

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

I CANNOT stress too strongly the fact that, at bridge, every deal is a separate event with no relation to any deal that has to be played or is to be played. In other words, the sole duty of a player is to consider what can be got in points, and how much his expectation of points for the game in progress can be increased, by properly bidding and playing the cards which he has in his hand at the moment.

The saving of points is every bit as good as winning points, and, to take an extreme case, it may actually pay a player to go down eleven tricks. For if a vulnerable player has bid a grand slam in a major suit he expects to win at least 2,050 points—that is 210 points for tricks, 350 points for value of the rubber game, and 1,500 points for the slam bonus—and perhaps a further 100 points or 150 points for honours. But the non-vulnerable player who goes down eleven tricks doubled cannot lose more than 2,100 points, which is a fair equivalent. This, as I say, is an extreme case, and the player who intends to make a sacrifice bid (sometimes called flag-flying) should bear in mind the following table :—

WHEN NEITHER SIDE IS VULNERABLE.

It is worth-while going down 3 tricks to save the game, 5 tricks to save the small slam, and 8 tricks to save the grand slam.

WHEN YOUR SIDE IS NOT VULNERABLE, OPPONENTS VULNERABLE.

It is worth-while going down 3 tricks to save the game, 7 tricks to save the small slam, and 11 tricks to save the grand slam.

WHEN YOUR SIDE IS VULNERABLE, OPPONENTS NOT VULNERABLE.

It is worth-while going down 2 tricks to save the game, 4 tricks to save the small slam, and 5 tricks to save the grand slam.

WHEN BOTH SIDES ARE VULNERABLE.

It is worth-while going down 2 tricks to save the game, 5 tricks to save the small slam, and 7 tricks to save the grand slam.

The foregoing table need not be learnt by heart; for it is only a matter of simple arithmetic to find out exactly how many points it is worth-while to lose to save an adverse game or slam, and the calculation can be made quite easily at the time. The main points to remember are :—

1. You must be certain that the opponents will make their contract if they are not over-bid.

2. You must be certain that you will not lose more points than the opponents can possibly get if left in their call.

3. You must remember to take into consideration that the first and second games of a rubber are each worth 350 points (half the value of a rubber won in two games), and that the third game of a rubber is worth 500 points.

The following deal—No. 72 from the Schwab Cup match of 1934—is an example of good sacrifice bidding :—

At love all A dealt.

In Room I, where the Americans sat in the A and B positions, the bidding was :—

A	Y	B	Z
One Heart	Two Spades	Three Hearts	Three Spades
Three No-Trumps	Four Spades	Five Hearts	Five Spades
Six Hearts	Double	No Bid	Six Spades
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	

B led the Jack of Clubs and the contract was made.

It is to be noted that Mr. Culbertson was sitting in the A position. His opening bid of "One Heart" is to be applauded although it lacks the two and a half honour tricks on which he insists as the minimum for an opening bid: experts, however, rarely play the system that they advocate. B's bid of "Three Hearts" was also contrary to the Culbertson system: "Four Hearts" would have been the better bid, and it would have made things difficult for Z. A's bid of "Three No-Trumps" was a bluff, which, at this stage of the bidding, was ineffective. B's bid of "Five Hearts" was another doubtful bid. Presumably it was intended as a sacrifice bid to save game: actually it compelled A to bid the slam. And B's final pass was bad; for, having committed himself so far, he should have bid "Seven Hearts" when his partner did not interfere with Z's bid of "Six Spades."

In Room II, where the English players sat in the A and B positions, the bidding was :—

A	Y	B	Z
No Bid	One Spade	Three Diamonds	Four Clubs
Four Hearts	Four No-Trumps	Five Hearts	Five Spades
No Bid	Six Spades	Seven Hearts	No Bid
No Bid	Double	No Bid	No Bid
No Bid			

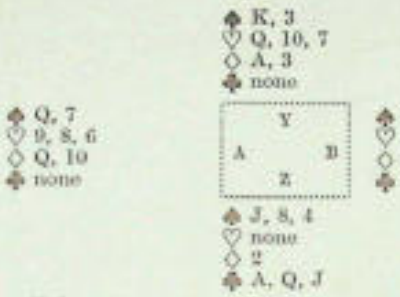
Y led the King of Clubs and A went down three tricks.

B's bid of "Three Diamonds" was a bluff, which, perhaps, the ordinary player playing with a stranger as partner, should not attempt, although there is little risk in such a bid since, if it is doubled, there is an escape to Hearts. A's bid of "Four Hearts" was sound; for on his holding, and on the bidding of Y and Z, it was a logical deduction that B held Hearts. B's final bid of "Seven Hearts" was a good sacrifice—which the American B in Room I should have made—for on the bidding of Y and Z, and since A passed initially, the small slam in Spades is almost certain to be made by Y, and after A's bid of "Four Hearts" the loss cannot be more than three or four tricks.

The sacrifice bid by the English B in Room II, and the failure of the American B in Room I to make a sacrifice bid, gave the English team a net gain of 630 points.

It should be noted that if this hand was played in rubber bridge, then, if Y is permitted to play the hand in "Six Spades," Z and Y would score 1,030 points (180 points for tricks, 350 points as the value of the first game, and 500 points as the bonus for the small slam); but if B sacrifices in "Seven Hearts, doubled" he loses only 500 points: a benefit to A and B of 530 points. Under the conditions A and B could, in fact, afford to go down five tricks. The sacrifice, therefore, is good bridge.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Clubs are trumps. Z to lead and Z and Y to win all seven tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Z leads 7♣, A plays 8♣, and Y wins with 9♣.

Y leads 2♣, B plays 4♣, Z plays Q♣, and A wins with K♣.

VARIATION I.

If A leads 7♣, Z wins and then wins K◇, on which Y discards 5♣.

Z then leads 3♣ and Y wins. B discards 8♣.

Y wins last ♣ and B is squeezed; for if he discards J♠ he makes good Y's 10♠, and if he discards a ♡ he makes good Z's 7♡ and 3♡.

VARIATION II.

If A leads 9◇, Y discards 3♠ and Z wins with K◇.

Z wins with A♠, and then leads 3♣; and play continues as in Variation I.

VARIATION III.

If A leads J♣ or 5♣, Y wins, and B discards 6♠.

Y wins best ♣, B discards J◇, and Z discards 7◇.

Y leads 5♡ and Z and Y must make remaining tricks.

CHESS

EUWE v. KERES

The fourth game of the match.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. P. Keres.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. P. Keres.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	31. Q takes R	B tks. Kt P (t)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	32. Q to K 3	Q to Q 8
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	33. Kt to B 5	B to B 6
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	34. R to R 7	R to Q B sq
5. Kt to B 3	B to K 2	35. Q to Kt 3	Q to Q 3
6. Castles	P to Q Kt 4	36. R to R 6	Q to K 2
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	37. Q to K 3	R to Q sq
8. Kt to Q 5 (a)	Kt to Q R 4 (b)	38. R to R 7	K to B sq
9. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	39. Q to B sq	Q to Q 3
10. P to Q 4	Castles (c)	40. Kt to Kt 7	Q to Q 7
11. P takes P	P takes P	41. Q takes Q	R takes Q
12. B to Kt 5	B to Kt 2	42. R to R 8, ch (j)	K to K 2
13. Q to K sq	Kt takes B	43. R to Q B 8	R takes P
14. R P takes Kt	P to B 3	44. R takes P, ch	K to B sq
15. B takes Kt	Q takes B	45. Kt to Q 6	B to Q 6
16. Q to K 3	Q to B 3 (d)	46. K to Kt 3 (k)	R to B 7 (l)
17. K R to K sq	P to B 3	47. K to Kt 4	R takes P, ch
18. P to Q Kt 4	Q to B 5 (e)	48. K to B 5	K to Kt sq (m)
19. P to B 3	K R to Q sq	49. R to B 5 (n)	P to R 4
20. Kt to Q 2	Q to B 2	50. P to B 4 (o)	P takes P
21. R to R 3	R to Q B	51. P to Kt 5	R to Kt 7
22. Kt to Kt 3	Q R to Q sq	52. K to Kt 6	R to Kt 7, ch
23. Kt to B 5	B to B sq	53. K to B 5 (p)	B to B 8
24. P to R 3	R to Q 7	54. P to Kt 6 (q)	R to Kt 7 (r)
25. R to K 2	R to Q 8, ch	55. K to Kt 6	R takes P
26. K to R 2	Q to K 4	56. K takes P	B to K 5 (s)
27. P to Q Kt 3 (f)	R to Q Kt 8 (g)	57. Kt to B 5	R takes P
28. Kt to Q 3	R to K 3	58. R to B 7	B takes Kt
29. R to Q 2	R to Q 8 (h)	59. P takes R	R to Kt 7
30. R takes P	R takes R	Resigns (i)	

(a) If 8. P to Q R 4, then 8. . . . P to Kt 5; 9. Kt to Q 5, Kt to Q R 4 (if Kt takes P, then P to Q 4 with good attacking chances for White) gives Black a satisfactory game since to 10. B to R 2 he has a good reply in the pawn-sacrifice 10. . . . P to Kt 6.

(b) Probably best. If, instead, Kt takes P, then P to Q 4.

(c) If 10. . . . P takes P, then 11. P to K 5, P takes P; 12. R to K sq with a promising game for White.

(d) A good move which gives Black time to play P to B 3. If now 17. Kt takes P, then 17. . . . Q takes K P; 18. Q takes Q, B takes Q and Black's Bishop gets a great increase in mobility.

(e) Not Q takes B P because of Q R to B sq followed by R takes P.

(f) Not 27. Kt takes P because of 27. . . . B takes Kt; 28. R takes B, R (Q sq) to Q 6.

(g) Threatening R (Q sq) to Q 8.

(h) Played to prevent Kt to B 5.

(i) Black now threatens B to B 5.

(j) Not P to B 3 because of B to B 8.

(k) P to R 4, perhaps, is to be preferred. Black cannot reply to it with B to B 8 because of K to Kt sq.

(l) A good move, preventing P to B 4. If, instead, R to B 5, then P to B 4 and White gets a passed pawn on the Queen's side and a winning advantage.

(m) A good move.

(n) An inferior move. With 49. P to B 4, P takes P; 50. P to Kt 5, R to Kt 7; 51. K to Kt 6, R to Kt 7, ch; 52. K to B 5 White can force a draw.

(o) If 50. Kt takes P, then 50. . . . R to B 7, ch; 51. K to K 6 (not 51. K to Kt 6 because of 51. . . . B takes P, ch; 52. K takes P, R to Kt 7 and wins). B takes P with the better game for Black.

(p) Not K takes P because of B to K 7, ch followed by P to Kt 4, mate.

(q) This leads to the loss of his passed pawn. Either K to K 6 or P to R 4 is better.

(r) Threatening 55. . . B takes P, ch; 56. K to Kt 6, R to Kt 7, ch; 57. K takes P, B to Kt 5, ch; 58. K to Kt 6 (if K to R 4, then P to Kt 4, mate), B to K 2, ch; 59. K to R 5, R to R 7, ch; 60. K to Kt 6, R to R 3 mate.

(s) Threatening R to R 7, ch and mate next move.

(t) If R takes P, then R to Kt 7 and White's last pawn falls.

PROBLEM No. 4058

By K. ERLIN.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K Kt 7, Queen at Q R sq, Rook at K Kt 6, Bishops at K R 4 and K 6, Knights at Q R 7 and Q R 8, Pawns at Q 2 and Q Kt 4.

BLACK (6 pieces): King at Q 3, Rook at Q sq, Bishop at K Kt sq, Knights at Q Kt sq and Q R 5, Pawn at K 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Deutsche Schkwag Bohemia*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4057

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

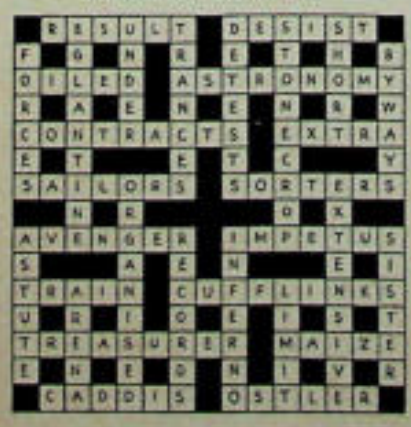
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 560

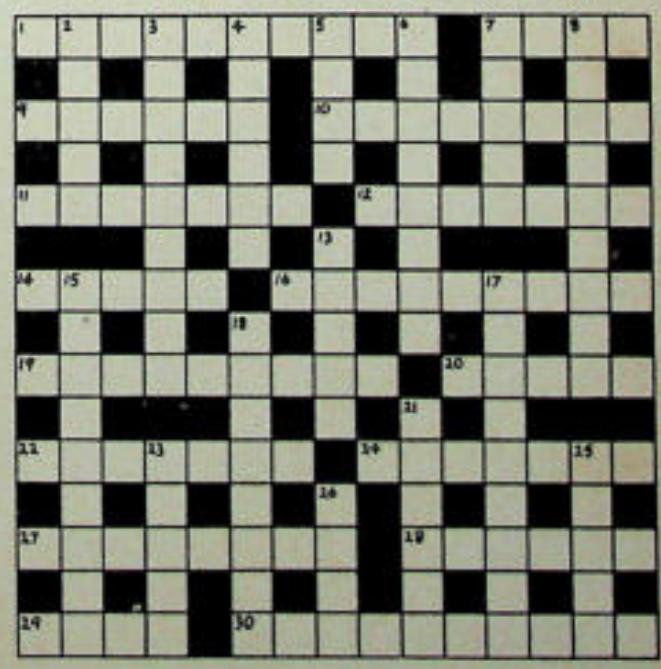
ACROSS.—1, A person with taking ways (10). 7, A corpulent letter (4). 9, This is associated with mortar (6). 10, Here a clue is unnecessary (8). 11, Red rose (anag.) (7). 12, Red head (anag.) (7). 14, Bitterly pungent (5). 16, Having lost lustre (9). 19, This animal should be impervious to affronts (9). 20, "What can ennoble sots? A noble ——!" (Campbell) (5). 22, A red rim (anag.) (7). 24, Where campers live (7). 27, In difficulties for want of resources (8). 28, Disorderly ladies (6). 29, Unrelenting (4). 30, One inclined to rebellion (10).

DOWN.—2, This means peace but begins with anger (5). 3, A playful young girl is said to be this (9). 4, This quadruped resembles a leopard (6). 5, "There's such divinity doth hedge a ——, That treason can but peep to what it would" (*Hamlet*) (4). 6, Gradient (anag.) (8). 7, "Ring out the ——, ring in the true" (Tennyson) (5). 8, Insipid (9). 13, The mother of a valuable daughter (5). 15, Moral strength (9). 17, Teatmates (anag.) (9). 18, Something to be added (8). 21, Ding (6). 23, A genuine letter (5). 25, What a long time the men are in settling their stupid dispute (hidden) (5). 26, I do like to have some nice fresh cream with my tea, Susan (hidden) (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 559

Published March 9th





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

When to Weed a Lake.—There is no definite time for cleaning weed out of a lake, that is to say, if the object is to clean out the lake and not simply to reduce the amount of weed so that it is possible to fish. Most owners clean their lakes out when the water is fairly low, in summer or early autumn, but there is no rule in regard to it. If your intention is simply to leave patches of weed so as to conserve the food supply of the fish as much as possible, it does not, in a sense, matter very much when the cutting is done in still water, as in this case a good supply of weed is left, and provided that the cut weed is not pulled out of the water for a day or two it is possible that the majority of insect life will drop off it. If, however, your lake contains coarse fish it would not be advisable to disturb it during the next few months as this is the time of year when the fish are spawning.—*L. N., Bedford.*

Country House

Recipe for Parsnip Wine.—Scrub and clean parsnips, cut into rounds, put 6lb. to one gallon of water, add 1oz. whole ginger (bruised), 2 oranges cut up. Boil altogether until parsnips are soft. Strain into large earthenware pan and put 3lb. sugar to each gallon of liquid. Add a little yeast (a piece of toast spread with yeast) and let it "work" for 36 hours, when it should be strained into a cask to finish fermenting. Then bottle. The wine can be used in one month but the longer left the better.—*A. H., Warwick.*

Garden

To Destroy Garden White Butterflies.—There are two white butterflies, the large garden white and the small garden white, which feed on cabbages and other plants of the same family. Incidentally, these are the only two butterflies in England of which the caterpillars do any damage at all. The only natural enemy of these two is an ichneumon fly, which may attack the caterpillar, laying eggs in the fatty tissue which develop into grubs when the caterpillar has become a chrysalis. But the large garden white butterfly, when it is numerous, lays so many eggs that the attack of the ichneumon fly is almost negligible, and the only remedy open to gardeners is either the destruction of the butterfly when seen on the wing (prizes are offered by the local horticultural society for the greatest number of these butterflies collected by children) or else hand-picking of the caterpillar from the cabbage plant itself.—*F. J., Lancs.*

Kennel

Chesapeake Bay Retrievers.—The principal kennel of Chesapeake Bay Retrievers is in the neighbouring county to you. Dr. Helen Ingleby, Loo Water, Heacham, Norfolk, was the first to bring them from America. We think that you ought to be able to get one at your price. If Dr. Ingleby has not one to spare, she might be able to tell you where to go. We shall be pleased to give you addresses of yellow Labrador breeders supposing you do not get suited.—*S. M. K., Felixstowe.*

Seal Houndog.—Miniature poodles are really smart little dogs. Some leading breeders are Mrs. J. Campbell Inglis, Manxerhead, 20, Parkside, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W.19; Mrs. Boyd, Piperscroft, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex; Viscountess Furness, Burrough Court, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire; Mrs. Batt, Adastra Kennels, Hookwood, near Horley, Surrey. Have you thought of a Welsh corgi? They are small without being toyish and are hardy. Keeshonds are attractive and showy, and are said to be very sensible. They have long coats, and are something like large Pomeranians. They should not be too expensive. What about a Shetland sheepdog? There again you have a small dog of delightful appearance.—*S. P., Tenby.*

Naturalist

Plant suspected of Poisoning Horses.—The tree believed to have caused the death of a horse that ate foliage blown down from it is *Thuja occidentalis*. This tree is suspected of having deleterious properties when eaten by animals, but we have no definite information as to horses or cattle being poisoned by eating the branches.—*T. K., Suffolk.*

An Unfortunate Pheasant.—Although, in the pheasant's head submitted for examination, the upper mandible looks as if it had grown right through the lower one, it was actually *forced* through when the bird came into violent collision with some obstacle, probably a telegraph wire, during flight. The splendid condition of the bird, and the presence of fresh blood around the injured parts seems to indicate that the injury was received only a short time before the bird was shot. Many similar cases have been reported in the *Field*.—*T. W., Yorks.*

Post-Mortem

Egg-binding of a Budgerigar.—A budgerigar hen was found dead in her cage. The post-mortem examination revealed egg-binding as the cause of her death. This condition is an obstruction of the egg-duct by a fully-formed egg which the hen is unable to lay. It is usually brought about by the bird being chilled during the early stages of laying through exposure to draughts or to a cold wind. The chill produces a cramp of the egg-duct. Unless the hen leaves the nest the condition may be overlooked; but sometimes the hen comes out on to a perch and sits with fluffed plumage, pendulous vent and constant straining. She should be moved beside a fire or radiator; the heat often relieves the cramp and enables the bird to pass the egg. If she is not relieved within an hour she should be gently held over a jug of boiling water so that the steam impinges upon her vent. The passing of instruments up the vent is the job of an expert under local anæsthesia. To prevent egg-binding care should be taken to separate sexes during the winter, to remove the nests from breeding-cages or aviary, and to provide as much flight exercise as possible.—*J. B., Carnarvonshire.*

Pox among Woodpigeons.—In sending the body of a woodpigeon for post-mortem examination a correspondent reported that large flocks had appeared in his district during the winter and that many of them were dying. He had picked up 10 or 12 during an afternoon, and neighbours had found from 7 to 30 during one walk. This bird, a hen, was suffering from pox, which is a contagious germ infection producing cheesy matter in the mouth and nostrils, or small wart-like growths around the eyes, at the borders of the beak and on the feet and legs. Every winter the disease appears to be introduced about December into the south-east of England by infected immigrants from the continent. The disease has been traced spreading northwards with the migrants during the months of January and February. We should be grateful if correspondents would report to this journal any woodpigeons found with the disease; in case of doubt about the diagnosis their bodies should be forwarded for post-mortem examination. Pox is transmissible to other species of birds.—*O. T. P., Hants.*

Shooting

Advice on types of gun.—We would say that some shooters find short barrels a great help in that they are enabled to get on to their birds with greater ease and rapidity. Others prefer full length barrels and so only a personal trial can decide the matter for you. From the point of view of ballistics there is no practical difference.

A long-chambered 12-bore is a splendid weapon for wildfowling and rough shooting of the wild kind where many long shots have to be taken. If you anticipate sport of this kind, we certainly advise you to go in for one. But of course the gun will weigh more—about 1lb. or 1¼lb. more than an ordinary game gun.

On the other hand if you intend to indulge more in ordinary mixed shooting, a standard 12-bore to fire 2½in. cases will undoubtedly be the most suitable weapon. Improved cylinder in the right barrel and half choke in the left will probably be the best boring as this suits the majority of shooters.

Long-chambered guns are definitely more powerful, especially when 3-in. cases are used, firing 1¼oz. of shot. They are usually fully choked and when used with ordinary 2½-in. cases give at least good modified choke results.—*L. B., Kenilworth.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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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.

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

In view of the Easter holiday, small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than the first post on Thursday, March 21st, for the issue of March 30th. 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.

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In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - - - 441
WHEN IS A FLY NOT A FLY? - - - - - - - 443
"BUT ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE" - - - - - 445
MILK PRICES AND WAR ECONOMY - - - - - - 446
HURDLERS IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP - - 448
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - - 449
HUNTING DURING THE WAR - - - - - - - 450
MARCH TROUT - - - - - - - - - - - 452
THE BUILDING OF GUILDFORD'S NEW CATHEDRAL - 453
WILDFOWLING ON THE ESTUARY - - - - - - 454
A SECRETIVE ROGUE - - - - - - - - - 455
A POLO MATCH IN NAGIR STATE - - - - - - 456
A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF COURSES - - 459
MOVING ANIMALS AT THE ZOO - - - - - - 460
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - - - 460
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - - - - 460
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - - - 461
A FAMOUS FELL HUNTSMAN - - - - - - - 465
WHEN THOUGHTS TURN TO ANNUALS - - - - - 466
CHEAP CHEERFUL CLIMBERS - - - - - - - 466
THE £ S. D. OF FORESTRY - - - - - - - 467
PRUNING ROSES AND SHRUBS - - - - - - - 467
BUSY WEEKS AHEAD FOR FARMERS - - - - - 468
QUESTIONS FARMERS ARE ASKING - - - - - - 470
FARMING IN WAR-TIME - - - - - - - - - 470
NEW BOOKS - - - - - - - - - - - - 471
MAKING THE MOST OF EASTER ON THE ROADS - 472
THE IMPORTANCE OF GREATER ROUMANIA - - 473
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - - 475
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - - - 476

FARMING AND EXCESS PROFITS

IT would appear—we feel confident that this is not generally known—that farmers are subject to the excess profits duty. That means that they can only earn, for the duration of the Act, the average earnings which they have shown over the last three years—that average being the average profit.

This may not at first sight seem unduly hard. But on examination it will be seen that it is calculated to have a deterrent effect upon agriculture generally; and, furthermore, that it is calculated to give the bad and unscrupulous farmer a very definite advantage over his conscientious neighbour.

There is no need to go into the question of what the last three years have been like for the farmer. They were, put bluntly, years of shocking depression and callous Governmental neglect. But some farmers did well. Here is a case, one, we hope, of very few :—

A farm changed hands. The former owner employed some 20 men, the new owner but two. The new man took everything out of the land and put nothing back. Every bit of straw was baled and sold, and muck for manuring purposes was non-existent. Now this farmer, in comparison with his neighbours, has done very well during the past three years, but only because he has robbed his land.

Under the present interpretation of the Excess Profits Act this farmer is at liberty to continue doing this. No pressure is brought to bear upon him, as surely it should be, to expend money upon muck either natural or artificial. He has made a good profit and can show a good average, so he can go on earning up to that average—and robbing the land. The conscientious farmer, on the other hand, has been putting his money back into the land, and has therefore shown but small profits for the past three years. Now he may only make the same amount, unless he wants the Government to take 60 per cent. of his extra earnings in excess profits duty.

We admit that this may make the good farmer remain a good farmer. But it does not seem right that an Act which was designed to protect the public against the urban trader should be applied to the farmer.

Agriculture is not so good that it would not be a great deal better if the farmers did have a little money for just a little while. The vast majority of them are first-class men, as good, or better, at their job than any in the world; men who play fair with their land; men who would see that a fair proportion of their new-found wealth would be put back to ensure even greater profits another year.

What is wanted—what every farmer and every landowner and, indeed, every countryman wants to see—is a policy which will do something, not merely to stimulate agriculture for the period of the war (we have at the moment a policy that at least attempts that), but which will put the land on a level of excellence that could be maintained when peace has come and the farmer in such a position that he is able to maintain it in that state.

That is very necessary indeed. The majority of votes, when peace comes, will still be urban votes and both sides will be out to get them. The land will be forgotten once again. This time it must be in such good heart that it can, for a while at least, stand against that forgetfulness.

A MOMENTOUS WEEK

THIS has indeed been a momentous week. We have seen the defeat of Finland after a most heroic struggle. The peace has more than imperilled her national existence, but she has given to the world, and particularly the democracies, an example that we hope will be taken to heart. She was not afraid to fight; she did not hesitate; and she faced fantastic odds with the highest courage. Her honour remains unsullied, if her territory is lost. She deserved more than smug words of sympathy. At home, in the House of Commons, the Government has been subjected to much pointed criticism from both sides of the House on its policy with regard to Food and Agriculture. Sir Samuel Hoare's speeches convince no one, save possibly himself, and nothing can hide the fact that there is grave disquiet, not only in the House, but throughout the country on these questions. The Government's attempts to stifle criticism on the ground that it is not in the best interests of the country is unworthy. Fact is sacred, opinion is free. Freedom, and that surely includes freedom of opinion and the right to criticise, is one of the things we are fighting to preserve. This criticism should spur the Government to better things—not to lame disclaimers. A Government above criticism should have no place in England. It is our strength that we may point to those things we think wrong—and point openly.

FERTILIZERS TO GROW MORE FOOD

The production of vegetables on all types of land throughout the country has raised problems for amateur gardeners, and not least important of these problems is the feeding of the soil. Good crops cannot be grown without nourishment, yet fertilizers are many and varied and it is not easy for the novice to choose what is best for general conditions. Plant Protection Limited have stepped into the breach by producing a fertilizer in accordance with an analysis approved by the Ministry of Agriculture. This fertilizer, which is primarily for vegetables, contains quick-acting plant foods and about half its weight is organic material. The feeding effect is, therefore, quickly noticeable, although the foods continue to be released gradually as the plants grow. The name of the fertilizer is P.P. Plus, and it is now available in various packages at prices that bring it within the reach of all purses.'

RATIONING AND GAME

It is bad luck that the rationing of meat should have to start just when the shooting season has come to an end. Fortunately, thanks to the hard winter, rabbits will have been eatable most of this month, and pigeons are likely to provide food for some weeks yet. While the former have been fetching high prices, pigeons were recently reported to be selling for as little as 6d. each not far from London. No doubt there had been a local farmers' shoot and something of a glut of birds on the market. But a fat woodpigeon at a tanner is good value at any time. Admittedly pigeon flesh is not everyone's taste. But for all that it is good food, as indeed it ought to be, seeing that the bird manages to get the best of everything. As a matter of fact the real reason why many people, particularly those in towns, do not eat pigeon and other spoils of the game bag is because of the little extra trouble required in preparing them for the table. Before this war is over it may well be that various "various" will be appreciated, even in suburbia. The workings of cause and effect will be interesting to watch in this as in other spheres.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY JUSTIFIED

One of the innocent pleasures of which the war has deprived us is that of team building. Obviously the man in the street cannot pit his choice against that of the Selectors when he does not know what players are available, and sporting talk is the poorer for the consequent lack of opportunities for discussion and argument. Yet there are compensations. So far the war-time representative football matches have produced play of a surprisingly good quality, and the England Rugby team that beat Wales at Cardiff by three goals and a try to two penalty goals and a try gave a display that would have done credit to any team. How far the sides may be changed for the return match, due to be played at Gloucester on April 13th, is matter for speculation. Wales will no doubt endeavour to strengthen their side or merely hope that W. Wooller, who was rarely in the picture in his usual way at Cardiff, will regain the form he showed for the British Army against the French Army. He is still at his best a match winner, though the England players know too much about him now to give him any more scope than they can.

MARCH SUN

Stark were the hedges, but the sun
Was kind as autumn sunshine is.
It coaxed the grassland winter-thin,
Caressed the calm and detached trees—
Most reluctant to emerge
From their long time of dream austere
And face the pain of growth, enlarge
Stiff branches used to being bare.

N. L. Bumpt.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 476.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

"BUT ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE"

War in the Valley

. . . the pines have caught the message
Which the wind bears from the sea,
And its voice is the voice of ocean
And its talk of Eternity.

THERE is a walk through a little Surrey valley, of which I am very fond; a walk on which I could rely to bring to me that sense of peace which is so elusive to-day.

Peace. Yes it was a haunt of Peace, with the river winding gently along its course through green fields banked by woods. Woods of pine trees covering steep banks which swell swiftly into hills; pine trees only grow on the hills, at the base are beeches, elms, hazels and willows ending in reeds before the water meadows.

Hardly a sound came from that valley that could break the harmony: an occasional country bus or tradesman's van passed along the narrow road, but they scarcely ever needed to hoot. Jays there always are, and now the abundance of chirps and tweets, heralding this tardy spring. But to-day there is a new sound; a hard metallic noise ringing down the valley which cannot be subdued.

No air raid warning could be more devastating to my senses, or give me a greater shock, than the one I felt when first I heard that noise. It grew louder and became quicker, harder, finally silenced in a deafening crack and crush. A sudden hush and cessation of life in the valley; a moment's realisation of what had taken place there—the death of a king. The woodman's axe was at work.

At first one hill only was systematically denuded (I foolishly imagined that was the limit). That hill had special charms for me: the first time that I saw it was on a misty October afternoon when clouds and ground mist almost met. Out of this sea rose my hill, but it was changed into a fortress, a fairy Hans Andersen enchanted fortress reaching to the clouds; purple and green, softly stalwart with bastions of rosy bark. Gulls glided round it, white and shining—a scene in which wars and the needs of war held no place.

To-day my hill is a battlefield: stripped of its tall straight pines, seared by grotesque stumps sticking from the needle-covered ground. The trunks have been dismembered, the corpses lie in orderly formation, neatly numbered in blue chalk across their clearly cut surface. Forty was the first number I read, a month later 243, now 437. Only three hills have been invaded as yet, but obviously the others are doomed. Soon they will be cleared and blue smoke and crackling flames be all that is left of those tufted green branches and unborn cones.

And where are these trees going? "Trench props" I heard suggested. "That is what they were used for in the last war." Yes, probably that is so; trenches are usually filled with the straightest and best, be it men or timber, and worthy "props" they certainly will be. For my trees were aristocrats (true aristocrats) among pines, scarcely a kink in their graceful trunks; not pushing their neighbours aside or askew, each proud in his rightful space. They will not disgrace their England, for their heritage was centuries old, preserved and cherished by Nature's laws. Their future now may be to lie in far off lands, to crumble into foreign earth with other English "kings"; and they will have no memorial.

By what rights will they be lying there? True we are at war, we men, but the pines have lived through many wars of ours. Generation after generation of human beings have passed beneath them and the pines have remained the same save for a ripening of their bark's colouring, and fresh carpets of needles for the sandy paths below.

It is our fault. Man with all his brains is still helpless before the force and greed of money. Wood is ready to hand and it is cheaper than steel and cement. Taxes rise and landowners are hard put to keep the wolves from their estates. Many heirlooms have already literally gone west, and the temptations of big and quick money by the work of the axe and "Government Contracts" are irresistible.

Yes, I shall remember my kingly pines, and I shall think how their long reign brought inspiration to countless humans. Their sacrifice is helping tortured humanity. Perhaps, also, they are enabling their former owners to withstand the invasion of the jerry builder. I may at least hope so.

But for me, my valley is at war. It has become a devastated land.

C. N.

Contemplating Tragedy

WHEN IS A FLY NOT A FLY?

HOW many books, I wonder, are being re-read this winter, which but for the black-out had been finally dead? I have gradually accumulated a small fishing library, which includes most of the books on trout and the catching of trout written in the last forty odd years. Of the older volumes only one has, since its consignment to the shelf, been regularly taken down from it—Grey's "Fly Fishing." That, I think, is the correct way to name the book: not "Lord Grey's" or "Sir Edward Grey's," for it must now be accepted as a classic. The rest have gradually been superseded. Yet a few still make good reading, as I have discovered during this abominable winter.

One of the latter is "The Book of the Dry Fly" by George Dewar. My copy is of a second edition, dated 1910. The book, I see, was first published in 1897, and is, therefore, two years older than "Fly Fishing." I can remember having at least one other contemporary (which does not seem to have survived), for I met the writer a few years after he had written it, and he sent me a copy.

It is not surprising that the years round about the end of the last century should have produced a masterpiece, for they coincided with the general recognition of the dry fly as a definite branch of trout fishing. And however extravagant the claims that have been made for it, there is no doubt that the new method (as it was then to the great majority of anglers) has stimulated enormously the study of angling as an art. Halford, who was principally instrumental in bringing about this recognition, treated his subject as a science. I have read his books, but not being a scientist have felt no urge to possess them. For Halford's value is in his accuracy; Grey's appeal is in his charm. And Halford's accuracy has been or will be excelled, but Grey's charm is a joy forever.

Extravagant claims are nearly always made for new methods by early exponents. Grey avoids this mistake. Clearly he did not think, much less does he suggest, that there is neither skill nor enjoyment in fishing of the older fashion. If he had written in such a strain I doubt whether he would still be read to-day. Most of his contemporaries suggested this very emphatically. And Dewar, whom I have just been reading, though he protests his open-mindedness, cannot conceal the fact that he thinks it.

The truth of the matter is that Grey had been brought up to the wet fly, whereas Dewar quite obviously knew nothing about it. His idea of the method, and that entertained by dry fly enthusiasts generally, was the dragging of a string of lures against the current over the whole of the river surface indiscriminately. At the time he wrote I knew nothing of the dry fly, but in common with many others in like case, I fished invariably upstream. At this distance of time I do not mind saying that I used consistently to kill good trout—not merely the immature simpletons which alone, in the purist's belief, are vulnerable to the wet fly, but fish old enough to know what was good for them.

My success was not due merely to the fact that I fished upstream, and, therefore, allowed my flies to travel more or less naturally with the current. Others, especially in the North, were equally successful who fished downstream. There was a farmhand on Dartmoor who used to spend his Saturday afternoons on a brook with a course of over two miles; fishing up it on the right bank nearly to its source, and then crossing over and fishing down it to his starting point. On a good day he would bring back as many trout as he could carry; and he told me that he killed no fewer on his homeward than on his outward journey. Of course, neither he nor I covered more than a fraction of the water. We presented our flies only in such places as we knew by instinct or experience to be likely to hold good trout. It is because the good wet fly man depends more on this instinct and experience than on mere sight that he is more outstandingly successful (relatively to his fellow-craftsmen) than the good dry fly man; as I have always found him to be. Hunters are more equally matched when they must needs see the whereabouts of their quarry.

I repeat what I have asserted elsewhere, that the wet fly fisher is imitating not "the drowned and submerged insect" (which exists only in the purist's imagination) but the living nymph; and that he "works" his flies downstream to represent the struggles of the nymph to surface before being swept away by the stream.

I have recently had cause to suspect, however, that this is only part of the story. Though I have always resented and discounted the contempt professed for the wet fly (except for the "upstream nymph" popularised by Skues, which is a specialised form of it) by the "southern" school of anglers, I must in spite of myself have shared it to some extent, so far as their own chalk streams are concerned.

Pepys records having supped on a "dish of fat trouts" at a Hungerford inn. I found myself instinctively wondering, when told this by the proprietor, how in Pepys' day, when dry fly fishing was unknown, a dish of fat trouts could have been procured in the Kennet Valley. My wonder was dissolved next day. I was down in "the marshes," and waited about during the morning at the bottom of the left branch of the Dun. A few fish began to move about lunch time, and I found a good one to attack within a few yards of where I sat. A minute or two later I was passed by one of the residents who has "commoner" rights in this fishery—the village cobbler, a very knowledgeable angler. I put him on to a big trout rising about 60yds. above me, and he proceeded to investigate it. A little later I noticed that he was swishing over it downstream. Arrogantly I took it for granted that he would put it down.

A moment later his rod was bent double, and presently I netted out for him something better than a two-pounder. He was using a fly much too large or solid to be taken for a nymph—a partridge and crimson, or turkey and buzzard, or something similarly named of the loch variety. He told me that his fish had been shrimping, and that others would be similarly busy during the afternoon. Soon afterwards he netted for me the trout I was after, which fell to an olive, and which proved a better fish than his.

But that was the end of my triumph. He crossed over to the right branch, which is never out of sight of the left; and whenever I happened to look his way he seemed to be playing something heavy. I ended up with a brace and a half, which I thought good enough. But he carried home nearly eleven pounds' weight of fish—the three brace which is—or was—the limit permissible.

And I no longer wonder how Pepys came by his dish of fat trouts.

DISTOFFER.

"LIVESTOCK WILL BE OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE MERELY FOR DAY TO DAY NEEDS"

MILK PRICES AND WAR ECONOMY

The relative Importance of the Dairy Industry in our Agricultural Policy

By LORD LYMINGTON

THE purpose of our war-time agriculture must be governed by experience of the past related to our especial needs at present and in the future. The war purpose of agriculture is, (1) to save shipping badly needed for other things, (2) to save foreign exchange, (3) to keep a reserve of vital necessities which cannot be stored, and to have a reserve of fertility for growing more quantity, should new enemies weaken our capacity to keep the seas, and (4) in a long struggle to guard against any belligerent's greatest enemy—disease, in adult and child alike. If the nation is exhausted by disease, and the health of the younger generation seriously impaired, the peace will be far harder to win than the war.

At the end of this war we shall be poor, and most of our foreign investments on which we have relied hitherto for imports of cheap food will have been sold. Home agriculture for survival must then be unimpaired in fertility. Livestock will be of the greatest importance merely for day to day needs. Once slaughtered, it will take years to breed up a new animal population.

How do these present and future needs relate to experience in the past? The greatest example of recent years is Germany, which being the best fed nation in Europe in 1914 was starving by 1918. In 1914 she produced 80 per cent. of her rations; more than enough for a nation which had previously over-eaten. But reading reports on German famine, we find that the German train of misery was laid by slaughtering of stock in '15 and '16. In Russia twice in the last twenty years millions have died of hunger through slaughtering livestock to make collective farming secure for bigger and better proletariats. The plight of Germany in '17, '18 and '19, and of Russia since, should be warning enough, but the history of all wars where the same question arises should clinch the matter.

Thus our policy should become clear. Cereals imports are the least wasteful of shipping and the cheapest in foreign exchange. They do not easily perish. We should grow as much cereals and potatoes as possible at home, and rightly and gradually get as much land as possible under the plough, but not at the expense of horned stock, for these produce organic manure on which ultimate fertility depends. They are the greatest live reserve of perishable food that we can carry. Most green crops which sheep and cattle eat can also be used for vegetables. Turnips, swedes, carrots, cabbages, sprouts, potatoes and even field peas can all be used for dual purposes as need arises, and these are mainly vegetables vital to the health of the poorer part of our population. This is as valuable a use for increased arable as wheat growing. For lack of fresh vegetables and proper storage we have paid dearly this Winter.

In war-time an adequate supply of milk for children has greater importance than ever before. Milk also takes on a far greater significance as a protective food for adults in these days, even when pasteurised. Thus, it is well to enquire about the prospects and needs of the dairy farmer at once before any change in war-time agriculture has taken a form which may kill milk production altogether.

Here we must look to the existing machinery to give instant encouragement to a sinking industry. That machinery for the next six months at least is merely a question of the increase in guaranteed price over last Summer's prices. I have endeavoured to set out the circumstances in the arguments which follow.

Let us take first the case for an increase in measurable costs over last Summer's prices:

1. Labour and main costs: I base costs on the usual allowance of 10 cows per man (hand milked). In cases of machine milking where labour costs are lower, experience has proved that owing to wastage in cattle and other difficulties, costs vary little on the average.

Five shillings per week per man for six months is the average present increase in wages. *This does not include wages paid above statutory wages.* The gap between statutory wages and those paid at the cowshed is continually widening.

1. Feeding stuffs are up by £2 5*s*. a ton and I have allowed for feeding 3lb. per cow during the Summer months. The delivered price per ton is often 30/- above the published price.

The average increase of rates is 2/- in the £ on a cowman's cottage.

Increase in price of coal for dairy work is about 10/- a ton for this Summer.

All these increases on working out come roughly to 1*d*. per gallon, allowing an average of 2 gallons per day per cow—a high average taking the whole Summer into consideration, and that the majority of cattle are calved for Winter milk.

2. Transport costs have been increased by 15 per cent. At 1¼*d*. pre-war charges, this increase amounts to ¼*d*. per gallon approximately.

3. There are certain measurable increases which cannot easily be worked out in detail. Petrol, for crushing cake or grain, and slicing late fed mangolds. There is a very much increased cost for milk recording, and an increased cost for disinfectants, medicines, filters, cleaning stuff, milkers' clothing, replacements of buckets, sterilising and cooling equipment, and all the hundred and one overheads for keeping buildings in order and blacked out, etc. These could not be less than ½*d*. per gallon and might be much more in certain cases.

Thus, on the measurable increases we get an incapable case for an increase of 1½*d*. per gallon. Moreover, bull calves, owing to Stalin's fifth column in the Ministry of Food, are being sold at 10/- to 15/- per head less than a year ago. The keep of bull and young stock has gone up. Bought dairy cattle are far more expensive.

Therefore, there is a case for more than 1½*d*. a gallon, even if the incalculable risks and increases are left out. Agricultural costs are nearly always based without due regard for risks of season or disease. There are no simple factory costs for farming and the cost of biological risk has gone up very considerably.

I come, therefore, to the imponderables, which may be a matter of opinion, local observation, and/or contingencies which may not arise.

1. Last year's Summer prices were far from satisfactory, partly owing to the season, but mainly to increasing wages through labour difficulties due to the attraction of aerodromes and camp building, etc. Prices last Summer to have been fair might well have been 1*d*. a gallon more. If labour difficulties were bad then, they will be worse this Summer. Short labour or inexperienced milking in the cowsheds accounts more than any other single factor for low yields, poor results and bad udders in the cattle. A 10 per cent. wastage of cattle in six months means perhaps an increased cost of anything from 2*d*. to 4*d*. per gallon. High prices for cast cattle are proportionately less than the increased cost of replacements. On labour difficulties alone, a 1*d*. per gallon could be more than justified.

2. Most of last year's hay was poor in quality. This Winter's available concentrates have not averaged more than 50 per cent. of the usual quantity on most farms, and as regards quality, have been bad and often ill-balanced; deliveries have varied, so that regular supplies were often not available. Hence, milk yield has been depressed so that cattle are less able biologically to take advantage of the Spring flush to give increasing yields. Many cows which should have been in mid-lactation are half dried off. On top of this poor keep the weather has been the last straw.

All this must mean that cattle start the Summer not fit to give good yields. There are bound, for the same reasons, to be calving difficulties, barren cows and wastage of all sorts not usually experienced. The small man has been the hardest hit for he has had the greatest difficulty in buying cattle cake.

3. The concentrates variable in quality and quantity will still have small value in relation to price.

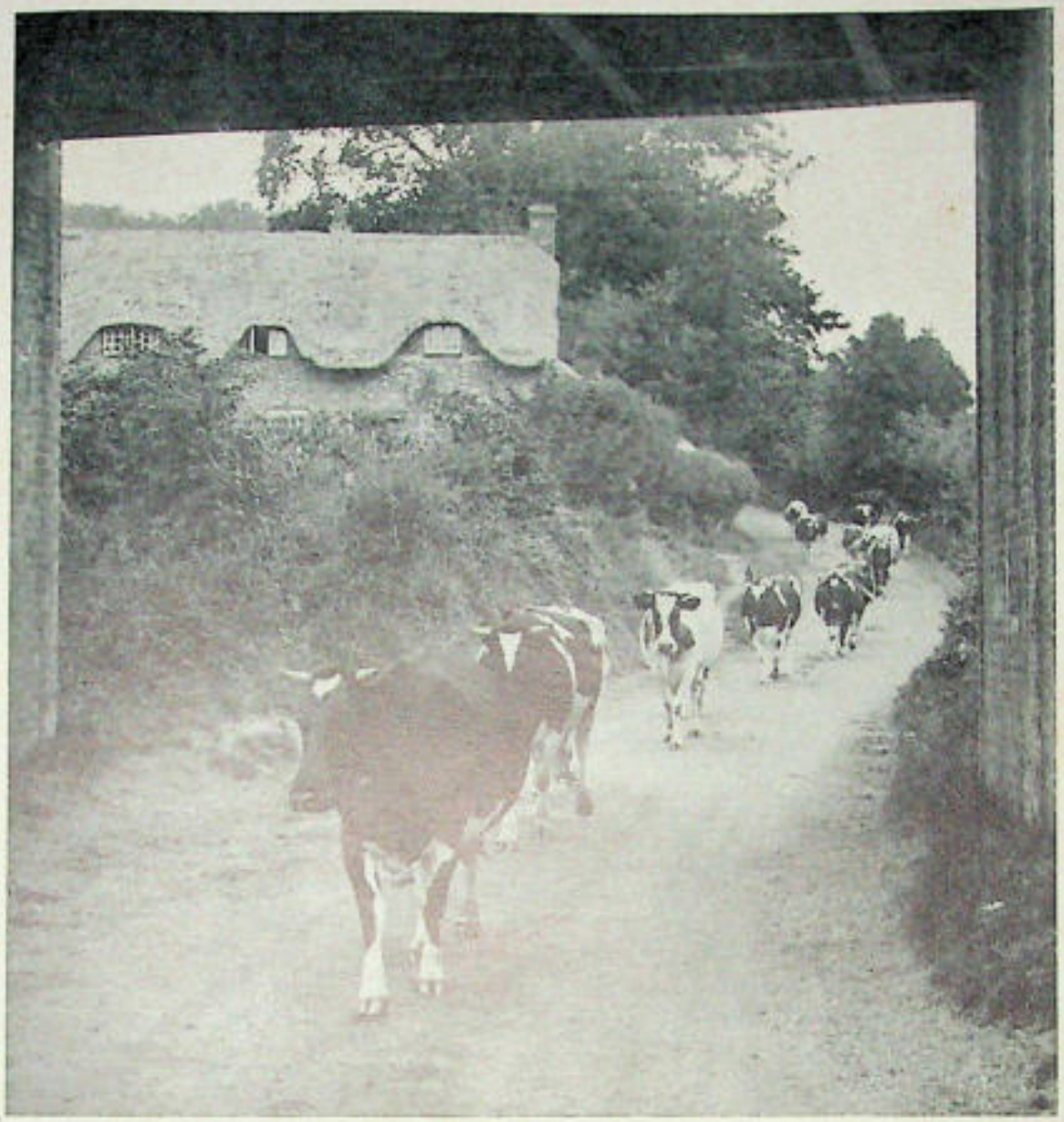
4. The ploughing-up campaign has reduced the pasture available, and if there is any drought this Summer, a far greater bill for concentrates or catch crops fed green must result. The quality of pastures will ultimately benefit from the ploughing-up campaign, but not this year or next.

5. The milk farmers, almost without exception, are voluntarily increasing plough land. But owing to the Winter's weather all arable cultivations are woefully behind-hand, and under the present cereal production drive the arable land will have first consideration. Hence, the pastures will go unmanured and unharrowed; fences will not be attended to, ditches and drains neglected. This means poor pastures and retarded grazing, no small item in the cost of Summer milk production.

For these reasons, measurable and imponderable, I consider that anything less than 3*d*. a gallon increase will seriously curtail milk production, especially since all costs are still mounting. Even 3*d*. is only about 25 to 30 per cent. above last year for accredited herds. Comparing this increase with rises in often far less risky trades and industries over the past year, it is not spectacular or even up to general trends in commerce where the risk is far less, and where the rises had begun long before September last.

Summing up in general consideration: it might well be that certain large established farmers with good credit could carry on with a 2*d*. increase and balance their books or make a small profit as last year. But large farmers with good credit are exceptional and not average. Yet it is mostly this type of farmer on whom costs and estimates are based. The majority of milk farmers have very poor credit and they have suffered far more in this Winter than the large farmer. They are already tempted to sell cattle to increase their credit for arable expansion. Many small milk farmers are barely earning the wages of a labourer, and the increased cost of living makes it necessary for them to have more than last year's profits in order to live. These hard pressed men are those on whom milk production depends.

Thousands of farmers have only kept their herds because in '38 and '39 they had none of the profitable alternatives now available. Many of them are going out of milk. Cattle are being slaughtered for beef, especially heifers. Few realise the plight of the small farmer, his credit and labour difficulties. He is patriotic and wants to help, but he will not cling on indefinitely. He will turn to cashing in fertility by cropping and realising his livestock at once, unless he can see daylight in the job of milk-producing, which requires unremitting hours, and endless forms for the Milk Board. The rubs and miseries of small cow-keepers are manifold. Always worry and always risk and never a day off. Even hens get rid of their eggs themselves, but milk has to be taken out of the cow twice daily if she is to remain a milch cow.



HERDS ON WHICH THE NATION'S HEALTH DEPENDS
" In war-time an adequate supply of milk for children has greater importance than ever before "

It would be unwise for the Government to start with a 2*d*. rise and give promises of revision later. May and June are the cheap months for production. Present inducement and stability for the future is needed to keep herds alive. Let the easy profit come in the early Summer and you will get results and save scarcity prices later. A 3*d*. increase right through would be far cheaper in the long run. The milk farmer has had a hard Winter and needs an easy May and June. There is a fair market for beef and even for old cows. There is an easy temptation to plough up the landlord's pastures and get £2 an acre for so doing, and prospects for cereal prices with none of the stock-keeper's worries and few of his hours. There is the temptation to become a wheat rancher. But it is the way to ruin the land and human health. It is the way to famine and disease.

WASHING COWS BEFORE MILKING IN A MODEL ESTABLISHMENT
" Hens get rid of their eggs themselves, but milk has to be taken out of the cow twice daily if she is to remain a milch cow "

HURDLERS IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP

FOR the first time for 27 years the flat-race season will be begun on Easter Monday. The opening meetings in 1913 were Kempton Park, Birmingham and Newcastle, and so they would have been this year but for the war. Kempton and Newcastle courses are not available. Fortunately Hurst Park is free to give Londoners their holiday racing and Birmingham has its customary fixture. On Easter Monday, too, there will be meetings under National Hunt rules at Manchester, Hereford, Huntington, Torquay, Wetherby and Taunton.

These generous racing arrangements reflect the fact that the Government departments concerned desire the public to have as much racing entertainment as conditions allow, particularly at holiday time. Those Easter Monday fixtures which originally extended to the Tuesday, notably Hurst Park and Birmingham, have had to drop their second day's programme. Tuesday will be the only day next week when there is not any racing, either under the rules of the Jockey Club or of the National Hunt Committee.

It is evidently desired to avoid any inducement a race-meeting might provide to keep people from a timely return to work after the Easter holiday, and I know the fixture list has been arranged throughout with due consideration for this matter, which is why very little racing has been provided for the middle of any week, with the exception of the Newmarket meetings, which are too far away from any industrial district to offer a serious distraction. Even so, the Newmarket Craven fixture which was to have been of the usual three days has been cut to two—April 17th and 18th. As in 1913 the Lincoln and Liverpool meetings fall in the second week of the season. Lincoln has lost its Monday, and its two-day fixture will start on April 2nd.

The Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National (April 5th) are too far ahead, as I write, to induce the expression of a definite opinion about the probable result of either race. Quartier Maitre, who has been one of the favourites for the "Lincoln," is at the moment a very uncertain factor in that connection. All I can say about him is that the market has been treating him very cautiously.

Last year's Lincolnshire Handicap winner, Squadron Castle, ran in several hurdle races in the course of his preparation for the race, and though he was the first hurdler to win it since Furious was successful in 1920, much is always said and written, somewhat tritely, about the supposed fitness of these "Lincoln" runners of recent jumping experience, and the advantage it gives them. I must admit, however, that not at any time in my experience has there seemed to be stronger reason to consider this factor for what it is worth. For the first eight weeks of this year training work was at a standstill everywhere, with the notable exception of Mablethorpe, where Jim Russell, trainer of two Lincolnshire Handicap winners, has been able to use the sea-shore sands steadily to prepare Lady Hoyle's Bannymede for the race.

There may have been time since normal training was resumed, to render fit some horses, who are not gross and who do not require much work, but, generally speaking, a race or two over hurdles has doubtless facilitated the process in several cases. In addition to Quartier Maitre and Wonersh, the following Lincolnshire Handicap horses have run recently under National Hunt rules; Faststep, Fairfax, Squadron Castle, King's Gap, Mr. Snodgrass, Aldine, Ticca Gari, and Elinca. Thus, the proportion of hurdlers in this field will be abnormally large.

Wonersh may be a horse of moods. His performance in the Gloucestershire Hurdle at Cheltenham was disappointing, but, of course, the Lincolnshire Handicap is a very different proposition. Aldine was not disgraced in the Champion Hurdle, a bad jump early in the race placing him at a disastrous disadvantage.

Aldine was fourth in the Lincolnshire race last year after making up much ground in the last quarter of a mile. He meets Squadron Castle on 5lb. better terms, and of the two I prefer Aldine, and I think that he has a very good chance. Another I like is Faststep. He was good enough over six furlongs last year to run second to Knight's Caprice for the Stewards' Cup, and third in the Stewards' Handicap at Nottingham. Several fast horses of this type have won the "Lincoln," Marmaduke Jinks, Overcoat, Jerome Fandor and Knight Error, to mention some recent winners, were regarded as six furlong horses, rather than "milers." Faststep was well placed in the straight in a hurdle race of two miles at Gatwick—a severe course—and, provided the going is not deep, I am confident that he will stay the Lincoln mile.

The Duchess of Norfolk can be hopeful of her six-year-old Ticca Gari, not only because his hurdle race at Fontwell showed that he is well, but with only 7st. 2lb. to carry he is encouragingly handicapped, judged by his best form.

If, later, there should be any encouragement to fancy Hot Bun II, it should not be disregarded lightly. Boomps-a-Daisy was one of the first to be talked into prominence in connection with this race. Such horses seldom win it and his prospects may not be as good now as his early supporters could wish. My Newmarket news of Southport is *piano* at present but it is possible that when Jack Jarvis tries Titan, he may become hopeful.

Lt.-Col. Stratton's Rosetown is a likely sort. Time Steps was selected by Jack Anthony from many of Mr. J. H. Whitney's horses in the United States as a potential jumper, but he hasn't been put to that game yet. He won his first three races on the flat last season; they were "Maiden" affairs but the high reputation so quickly accorded him was deflated when at Ascot he ran moderately and finished unplaced in the Queen Anne Stakes. The company then was of better class than that of this Lincolnshire Handicap, but if I decide to have a speculative interest in the race, my choice will probably be made from Faststep and Aldine.

YEOMAN.

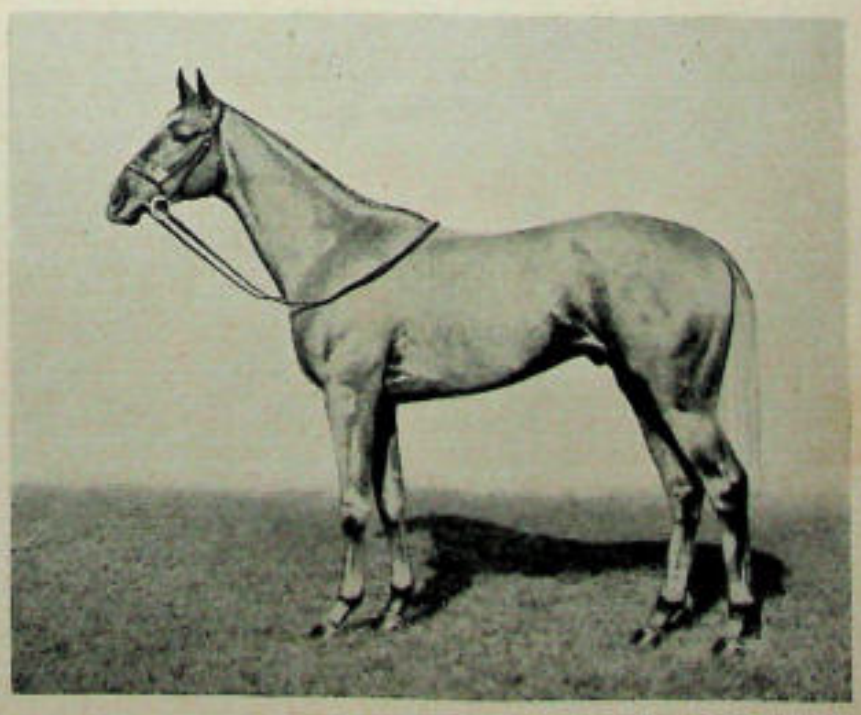
MR. H. BLAGRAVE'S HOT BUN II

"If there should be any encouragement to fancy Hot Bun II it should not be disregarded lightly"

AMERICAN RACE HORSES.—In the review of this publication we regret that the underlines to the pictures of Challedon and Challenger II were inadvertently transposed. Readers will have recognised the stallion.

LORD ROSEBERY'S TITAN BY HYPERION-PRISCILLA

"It is possible that when Jack Jarvis tries Titan he may become hopeful"



MR. PHILIP DUNNE'S MR. SNODGRASS

"One of the 'Lincolnshire' horses who has run recently under National Hunt rules"

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON—VII

He joins the guns at Stoke Castle

By GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.His.S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen-picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to an old-time hunting man if he could return to it after a lapse of a hundred years

MR. MOWBRAY had not been long at Melton before he received an invitation to shoot at Stoke Castle. In fact, he received two from different men, for the same day and place.

This puzzled him a lot, for he was aware that the owner of the Castle, Mr. C., was himself living there. Upon enquiry he was informed it was a "Syndicate."

"What's that?" he asked.

"A lot of people take a shoot together and pool the 'exes,'" said Captain N.

"But what about the owner living there?"

"He generally has a gun for nothing, and two if he provides the lunch and puts up the other guns."

"What about the game, isn't that a bit awkward?"

"Oh, no, they sell it all."

"Sell game? What an extraordinary thing. I never heard of gentlemen doing such a thing, few had enough for themselves, friends and neighbours."

Silas was in good time at the Castle. Conversation turned on the Americans hunting from Melton.

"Amusing fellow that Handheimer," said the Duke. "Makes me laugh more than any one I know."

"Possibly," said Silas dryly. "But it beats me how you grandees have people in your houses whom we would relegate to the stable yard in the States."

"Why are you Americans always knocking each other?" said Mr. F.

"We don't, unless they are Yankees. They're quite different from us," replied Silas. "You see they are descended from the Puritans or Dutch Boers, while our ancestors were English and Scottish cavaliers driven out by Cromwell and Dutch William. They had those absurd ideas about slaves, too. They formed societies to liberate them, saying that all men are equal, and it's wrong for one man to own another. I agree many of them weren't fit to own a slave, or a dog for that matter, but there are brutes in all countries. Then their religion teaches them that all amusements are wrong and they were always infringing personal liberty. They still want to do away with the independence of the States."

"But, surely your Declaration of Independence starts with 'All men are equal'?"

"Of course, but that doesn't mean niggers."

"Hang it," said the Duke. "Some of my best friends come from New York—charming people. Brose, Jimmy, Fred, to say nothing of their wives."

Mr. Handheimer was confiding his views on Mr. Mowbray to Capt. J. at the other end of the room.

"Hayseeds, that's what he is. No, he's no more bats than the rest of this crowd, just hayseeds. Because they're too darn stupid to make money those Southerners pretend they despise those who can. Why, if you were to take a bunch of 'em and shake 'em, say, they'd sow a whole field. They're just bats. If you didn't come over in the *Mayflower*, you're just dirt. They just think God made 'em and the rest of the world slid down a rainbow. But I tell you, there's more culture and education in little old New York, than the whole southern States put together. They're nothing; turtle backs, bone heads, frozen stiff from the neck upwards, like Silas P. and no more thawed out, though they haven't been in a glacier, more's the pity!"

"Well, we had better start," said Mr. C.

They moved into the courtyard.

Silas was very surprised at the number of guns. He had counted eight in the house and was astounded at finding seven more men with guns outside. They were not keepers, for they were not in plush coats and gold-braided top hats.

How could they accommodate fifteen gunners?

"You must have a very large number of beats for so many gunners," he remarked.

"The fields are rather large," said Capt. J.

"But won't we get into each other's way and disturb their birds on other beats?"

Capt. J. looked puzzled, but left it there.

"You have very few dogs," said Silas, "for so many gunners. I can only count six. Surely we will be provided with a brace each. I hate sharing dogs with another gunner. Will you introduce me to these other gentlemen who arrived as we left the house?"

"Those are loaders, not guns," said Capt. J. "You did not surely think we were fifteen guns?"

Mr. Mowbray felt that the present generation had deteriorated, not to be able to load for themselves.

Of course, it was a bit dangerous and accidents often happened.

He patted his Joe Manton, one of the last products of that great artist. It was fitted with two barrels and that wonderful invention, percussion caps, which enabled one to shoot in the wettest weather.

"What breed's that dog?" asked Silas, pointing to a yellow retriever.

"An Ilchester," replied Capt. J.

"And that?" pointing to a black dog.

"A smooth Labrador."

"And that?"

"A yellow Cocker."

"What a curious little animal."

This did not go well with Capt. J., who owned "the curious animal" and was inordinately proud of the breed.

Capt. J. looked Mr. Mowbray over carefully for the first time.

He wore a beaver-fur cap, like a woman's toque, a long coat with a very full skirt, reaching almost to his knees, and soft leather gaiters half-way up his thighs. Over each shoulder he carried a large metal flask. His gun looked ordinary, only it had hammers; still King George V always used hammer guns.

"Haven't you ever shot before, or seen shooting dogs?" Capt. J. asked.

"I have shot bears, elk and snipe by the hundred, and bison from a horse," said Silas haughtily. "And I reckon I have the best kennel of pointers and springers in Maryland, but let me opine that in that State a saloon keeper would not be seen out with such clumsy curs as these. No, Siree, we like a dog with:—

Head like a snake.
Neck like a drake.
Back like a beam.
Ribs like a bream.
Feet like a cat.
Tail like a rat.

Oh, dang! I got it all wrong, but any way they aren't fluffy door-mats on castors!"

Capt. J. moved off. Mr. C., roaring with laughter, offered Silas an ivory slip out of a gold case.

"Door-mat on castors! Oh, my God," he gasped.

"What is this?" asked Silas.

"Your place," said his host. "I warn you we won't get much to-day. We've shot the big wood twice already."

"I'm sure I will be satisfied if I bag one or two brace. But what do you mean by 'my place'?"

"Your place in each beat. No. 2 you are; we move up two each time. I must palm No. 6 on J. or he'll shoot you! Door-mat on castors, oh Lord!"

Silas began to think he had got into a lunatic asylum. Eight gunners, loaders, nothing that looked like a pointer or setter, moving two beats. What did it all mean?

They were now crossing a stubble-field.

"How do you get birds to lie in this. It looks as if it had been reaped with garden shears, like a lawn? Why they wouldn't squat even on the first of September. Hadn't we better stop and load, a rabbit might get up?"

"Oh, we drive, if we are going after partridges; they generally have a small drive after lunch, while the beaters get round Royal Copse. You can slip in a couple of cartridges, if you like, but don't let off till you get to your place and hear the whistle."

Funny idea to take a drive in the middle of a shoot. Besides Silas saw no carriages except a farm waggon, in which the loaders slung small bags, probably luncheon, though they seemed too big and heavy for that. His own lunch, a packet of sandwiches and a pocket flask, rested in his side pocket.

Upon arriving outside a wood, Silas saw a lot more men and boys and two or three more dogs, but nothing that looked like a pointer or setter.

"There's your place, sir," said a big man in a velvet coat and billy-cock hat, pointing to a stick with a card stuck in the top. Really, a castle owner should have his men properly turned out in top hats, thought Silas, as he drew his ramrod and proceeded to load his gun from the two flasks over his shoulders.

Having rammed down the second wad, he proceeded to adjust the percussion caps which he extracted from a velvet-lined case, skilfully hidden in the butt of his gun.

Silas looking down the line perceived that Mrs. C. formed part of it and was actually holding a gun. What could it mean? Surely it was exceedingly ungenteel to be there at all, and most forward of her to be touching a gun. He only hoped it wasn't loaded.

When the whistle blew, he moved forward, cursing his luck at having no dog to find for him, and feeling rather hurt that his host had not provided

"WHAT BREED'S THAT DOG?" ASKED SILAS POINTING TO A YELLOW RETRIEVER

him with one, since he had stated he had none of his own, when he accepted the invitation.

"Where are you off to?" asked Quorn.

"I thought they said we were going to beat that wood?"

"No, stand still, they are beating it to us."

Silas wondered who "they" were. He could see all the gunners, each with a loader behind him.

A rhythmic sound of wood striking wood, a cry of "Mark forward," a throb of wings and a cock pheasant sailed straight over Silas.

He raised his gun and fired; for a second, smoke obscured his view, then he saw the bird falling behind him.

He lowered his gun, removed the cap from the left nipple and proceeded to load. Having done so, he went off to collect his bird, and was very annoyed when Capt. J.'s door-mat dashed in and carried it off to his master.

"Don't trouble to pick them up till after the beat's over," called Quorn.

"But I might lose another," said Silas.

"You'll lose more if you do. Mark over!"

(To be continued)

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—On February 21st the meet was at Lew, when a Caswell Spinney fox crossed the road to Coneygars. He left the wood at the top end and, turning sharp left-handed by Grove Farm, went on past Astrop Farm, but was headed when pointing for Lew. Swinging left-handed and crossing Norton Ditch and the railway line, he was headed again. Hounds could only hunt slowly and with difficulty past Caswell House, and, although a view of their fox leaving the spinney was obtained, nothing more could be made of him.

On the following Saturday the Little Coxwell fixture was duly kept, and a busy day ensued. At Longcot Thorns a fox, breaking over the main G.W.R. line, took a line with Cowleaze Farm held on his left. Bearing left-handed to Woolstone, he went through the village and Woolstone Wells as if for the hills, hounds being stopped owing to the presence of the Craven Hounds, who were hunting a fox on the top of the hill. Going back to the vale, a line was hit off, and hounds ran nicely under Buckland, with the fox only just in front, to Carswell, where they marked to ground in the badger earths. The time was 40 minutes, a good riding line of country was crossed, and a point of 4½ miles made. One of a brace of foxes disturbed at Southmoor was sent away below Kingston Bagpuize, and through Kennel Copse to Kingston Hill, hounds being stopped from entering the pig farm. An unsuccessful attempt was made to hit off his line towards Harrowdown. J. R.

BLACKMORE VALE.—From Corton Denham, on Monday, February 26th, hounds found in Marston Thorns, but their fox went to ground under a barn near Marston Magna, and it was impossible to evict him. Finding in Wearyall, hounds ran through the Gullies almost to Castle Cary, where they divided. The main body swung left-handed into the vale through Manmead, and as far as the Lydford road, from which their fox turned back left-handed into Wheathill. Pushing him through this covert, hounds ran fast over Foddington Hill, and swung left-handed through Manmead again; then, continuing over the road and river, they were stopped in the Alford coverts, as horses had by then had more than enough.

The Tuesday fixture was cancelled owing to the funeral of the chairman, Lord Bayford, and hounds went to Mudford on Wednesday instead. A fox from Wangles was soon put to ground; then, finding in Lymington Warren, hounds ran fast by Longcroft Farm, marking to ground near Noble's Nap. From Podimore Bushes they hunted out through Podimore village to Annis Hills, where the remainder of the day was spent.

Meeting at the kennels on March 2nd, hounds chopped one fox in Tennant's Wood, then hunted another through Compton Woods and left-handed to Sigwells, where they marked to ground. From Cheriton Wood the pack ran to Maperton, bore left-handed to Tennants and Wilkinthroop, where they swung back left-handed to Cheriton Woods, marking their fox to ground in the gullies above North Cheriton village. When he had been evicted, hounds went home. This was a good hunt of an hour and 20 minutes. B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—There was a nice field out with the Cattistock when they met at Whetley Cross on Saturday, March 2nd. Potwell proved blank, but hounds found a fox in Horn Park, which gave them a short burst by Wansley's and right-handed to Dibberford Farm before they marked him to ground near the covert in which he had been found. The gorse below Horn Park House was next drawn, and the pilot which went away from there was less lucky than his neighbour, for hounds forced him over the Beaminster road, and then left-handed past Tunnel House, finally rolling him over at the end of a 20 minutes' hunt.

The Buckham coverts were blank, but the rushy field near Chapel Marsh, the start of many a good hunt in the Cattistock country, held a brace, and one of these, a stout dog fox, went away over West Axnoller Farm, and then left-handed up the hill and across the Toller Down road, as if for Corscombe Rocks. He thought better of this, however, and, bearing to the left, he threaded the Weston Gullies in an effort to beat his pursuers; but scent was good and hounds forced him to cross the Halstock road and run on over Crook Hill into The Holts. The field had a hard time to stay with hounds in the rough going which followed, but the pilot faced the open again near Wyke Farm and, running past Howe Copse, he breasted Birt's Hill in an attempt to make Pen Wood, which he did, turning back from Abbot's Hill Farm at the end of an hour and 20 minutes. Hounds were still running on, but there were fresh foxes afoot and horses had had enough, so they were stopped as soon as possible.

LINCOLN.

COTSWOLD.—Two recent good days call for special mention. From Withington on February 21st hounds put up a real good fox at Ladygrove, which took an unusual line through Upcote Farm, over the railway to Ravenswell, then bore to the left, and hounds were at fault. Welch cast wide round Clevely, but this fox knew his country and had turned short left-handed before reaching the covert. Hounds recovered the line on Northfield Farm and ran well to Foxcote Grove, through the gorse and on to Lineover. Fresh foxes were on foot here, but a good line was taken on to Chatcombe and over to Pinchley, where the hunt ended. This was a very hard day for hounds with the going so heavy.

The best day of this uncertain season was on March 4th, from Five-mile House, hounds covering a very large area. The first fox was put up on Mr. J. Barton's farm, and went away to Hinton's Gorse, then right-handed through Darlingworth to Well Hill and into Cirencester Big Woods, where scent failed. On drawing Snake's Grove hounds were quickly away through Duntisborne to Overley Lodge and across to Sapperton, where they were rightly stopped.

The third and best hunt was from Warrens Gorse, with a fast run over Bagendon Downs across to Peewits Hill, and down to Perretts Brook. Up the hill hounds checked, but soon picked the line up and streamed over the V.W.H. country to

[F. O'Brien

MISS JOY O'RORKE WHO IS LADY MASTER OF THE GALWAY BLAZERS

Eldon Wood, through Ragged Edge Covert and Shooters Hill to Hare Bushes. Here the fox had been viewed, but, though Welch tried hard, the line could not be recovered. It was a real nice hunt, with a five-mile point, over a country which the Cotswold have not been for some years. C.

CROOME.—February ended with a very hard day from Hanley Swan on the 27th, when hounds and huntsman worked like Trojans and certainly deserved to kill their fox.

After drawing the first few coverts blank, they got going with a fox from a hedgerow near Tyre Hill, and within a very short while had marked him to ground in a roadside drain at Hanley Swan. A terrier from the village was requisitioned to bolt him, which he did with great efficiency, and hounds were close behind their fox as he threaded the outskirts of Blackmore Park before recrossing the road to get to ground once more. This time he chose some impregnable earths by the side of the Mere Brook and had to be left. During this hunt a second-season bitch, Carmen, was very badly staked when an iron-spiked railing pierced her side, but "on going to Press," as they say, we learn that she is progressing satisfactorily.

It was about 1.50 p.m. when hounds embarked on the long and excellent hunt which occupied the remainder of the day. A brace of foxes got up from Mill Pond, and they settled down with one to run through Langdales to Tyre Hill Gorse, and thence over the railway to Danemore, in Ledbury territory. There are some earths behind Welland which he had tried but gone on, presently recrossing the railway to Tyre Hill and the Mere Brook. He was headed, and made for Danemore a second time; then pointed for Malvern, bore to the right towards Langdales, but, without entering the covert, turned once more for Danemore and the Welland earths.

Now he made for Tyre Hill again, but on being headed, crossed the road and railway lower down, and ran by Hanley Hall and Tuck Mill towards Hanley Castle. A right-handed turn brought him to the railway for a final time, and he reached The Boynes, beyond which some freshly-turned plough caused hounds to check. Obviously he had gone on to The Stanks, one of the Ledbury coverts, but as by this time none of the field remained, Pavitt stopped hounds at 4.30, after more than 2¼ hours' hunting. Scent had never been really good, but hounds had stuck to their fox extraordinarily well in the face of difficulties, and had covered a considerable amount of country over a circuitous route.

D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—The South Dorset had a disappointing day on Thursday, February 29th. I was not out, but Captain Wellesley-Wesley told me that scent was very poor, although he did manage to add one more nose to the tally. On Saturday, however, hounds had an excellent bye-day from Ashley Barn, where they were met by a small but keen field, which included three officers home on leave from overseas, who enjoyed the sport thoroughly. The early part of the morning was unsatisfactory, for, except for one cowardly fox, who ran hardly 300yds. before he was killed, the coverts proved blank.

However, shortly after 1 p.m. a straight-necked customer was found in the withy-beds back of Athelhampton, and, going away across the Blandford road, hounds ran hard through the pastures above Dewlish House and crossed the road to Chebbard Downs. Scent was catchy, but the Master, who was hunting hounds, wasted no time, and it was very pretty to see the way first one hound and then another would hit the line and keep the pack driving on towards Dole's Wood, evidently the pilot's point. At Dole's Wood there were two foxes afoot, and hounds, going on with one (I think a fresh fox), ran three fields towards Muston before they were at fault on the fallow. The Master picked them up and, galloping back to Dole's Wood again, hit off the line of his original pilot at the top end, hounds running well from there until they eventually marked him to ground in a man earth on Muston Eew Leaze at the end of a hunt which had lasted 80 minutes, and was ample reward for those of us who had come out merely expecting a bye-day.

The three officers of His Majesty's army on leave from their overseas duties will carry back to France happy memories of two excellent days behind the South Dorset hounds. They were out for the second time on Monday, the 4th, and, after a somewhat disappointing morning, saw as nice a hound-hunt in the afternoon as any of us are likely to witness for some time. Hounds killed their first fox, found in Wootton Wood, after a sharp burst, and then went on to find again in Hey Wood. Going away close behind their pilot, they ran to Grange Farm, where they swung left-handed by Woodsall's, and up the hill past Spring Head to Popp Mallows. Crossing the road here, they ran through Mr. Brandreth's coverts and along Ridge Hill, whence they turned back left-handed through Buckland Newton village to Popp Mallows again, and on by Duntish withy-bed to Ransome, and over the road to Broad Alders. They were close at their fox as they ran through this thick covert, and he must have know his fate was sealed, but he ran gamely up the hill and made a last bid for safety in the thick covert of Breach Wood, on the slope of Dungeon Hill. But his move was of no avail, for hounds

rolled him over on the edge of the covert, at the end of 70 minutes, after a really brilliant, if somewhat twisting, hunt.

On Thursday, the 7th, the Master himself was again in the field, hunting hounds from Chesilbourne Water. There had been a sharp frost in the morning, and scent was very catchy throughout the day. Hounds marked a fox to ground on the steep slope of Henning Hill, and killed another on the edge of Dole's Wood after another twisting hunt which lasted an hour and a half. An interesting if somewhat disappointing day. A. H. H.

QUORN.—The Quorn had a first rate day from Gaddesby on Friday, March 1st; hounds ran fast and horses had plenty to do. A fox found in Dale's Spinney left Brooksby Spinnies on the right and after crossing the Leicester-Melton main road, made his way down into Brooksby Hall Gardens, and then, doubling back, he recrossed the main road and returning to nearly where he was found, went through Gaddesby Privets and away for Sherrard's. The pace had been good up to this point, but after leaving the Privets hounds ran beautifully over the Rearsby road straight through Sherrard's without checking and pointed for Barsby. Short of the village they swung left-handed over the brook and going on by Gaddesby village were very unlucky not to have caught their fox before he was able to make his escape by getting to ground in Brooksby Spinney, after a really good 50 minutes.

Another good hunt followed when, after finding in Ashby Pastures, hounds settled down to run fast. They left Cream Gorse on the right and, just missing Rotherby Spinnies, raced on over the Melton main road to the earths above Frisby. Their fox, unable to get in, went back over the main road on to Mr. Rodwell's farm, where several fresh foxes jumped up and hounds were stopped after a most enjoyable 45 minutes.

On Monday after meeting at Upper Broughton and finding in the Curate, hounds slipped away over the Nottingham-Melton main road and pointed for Sherbrooks, then swinging right-handed hunted their fox into Upper Broughton, where they killed him in some gardens. Going back to Curate's, as invariably the case, they found again, and a real good fox he proved to be. Again crossing the main road they ran on over the Hickling Standards into the Broughton vale, once more pointing for Sherbrooks, and then, turning right three fields short of the covert, ran like smoke down wind into Belvoir country and Holwell Mouth, when their fox went to ground in the big old earths. It was a first-rate 50 minutes. Earths were all open between this point and Ella's and Willoughby, those two coverts being stopped, but as the day was well spent and it meant a long jog to either of these coverts, orders were given for home. "SCARLET RUNNER."

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—These hounds had excellent sport from their meet at Ridge Green Crossways on March 2nd, where, with a north-east wind, scent was good all day. Finding immediately in the orchard at Hale, hounds raced over Blechingly School Land to South Hale. They checked in covert, then ran out on the west side, heading for Christmas Farm, but, turning short of it, took a nice line over Pickett's and ran fast to Hatersham, scent failing at Burstow Lodge. They found again at the Monotype, where a brace of foxes were afoot. The hunted one went away over Langshott, through Woodman's, and over Weatherhill Common, setting the pace as hard as hounds could go, into Peak's Rough. The pack then drove right through the covert, and ran through Westland's and Gilchrist's to Worth, but were run out of scent in Crabbit Park, after a capital hunt, most of it very fast, with a 5½ mile point. A short burst from Lloyd's Gorse ended the day. This fox was viewed away going south, but, swinging left-handed, he ran through Brooklands into Tangle Wood and, pointing for Tilburstow Hill, ran hounds out of scent at the railway. O. S. B.

IRELAND.

CO. LIMERICK.—Sport during February has on the whole been in our favour. Thus when hounds met at Stoneville the morning opened with a fast ring from Stoneville of 30 minutes, via Ballingrane and the Workhouse, back into Stoneville. This was followed by a first class ringing hunt from Nantinan. Going away via Inchirourke and thence in a wide ring round Nantinan, hounds ran fast through Doors, and via Cappagh Chapel, before turning back into Nantinan. Not delaying here they pressed their fox into the open once more, and pulled him down at Inchirourke after a stirring 1 hour and 40 minutes.

Following on this good Friday came a Monday at Fedamore. Once again the bitches were quickly away, this time from Hobson's Gorse. Leaving Lower Fedamore close on their left, they swung right-handed over a corner at Ballinagarde, continued through Rockstown and Grange and the Caucauses, thence past Fedamore Village, to kill their fox in the open at Fedamore House. A sharp ring from Tourin ending in Istanmore finished the day.

One of the most enjoyable runs in a first class week's hunting was on a Wednesday when hounds ran fast from Ballysteen for four miles over the stonewalls, without a check, marking to ground in Castleheasen.

[F. O'Brien

ON LEAVE FOR A RUN WITH THE DUHALLOW
Mr. Livingston-Learmouth, M.F.H., one of the Joint-Masters, with Mrs. Livingston-Learmouth, who is acting as Master during his absence

On the following Friday when hounds met at Rathfreedy there was a find in Knockaderry. The fox pointed towards the Deal River, but turning back over the hill ran a wide circle towards Rathfreedy before turning back again into Knockaderry. Changing foxes here the bitch pack ran hard for 45 minutes up the valley, through Ballyallinan and Duckstown, over Ballingarry Hill, and on to the gorse covert where they were stopped at dusk.

On the day when the meet took place at Four Elms, scent was good and hounds ran fast from Cahernarvy, over Knockaines, past Ballinagarde, and through the Doon into Friarstown bog. Headed here the fox turned back past Friarstown House, and hounds running at top speed just missed catching him as he went to ground on the Doon. A sharp 15 minutes from Ballinagarde via Hannon's Hills to ground at Ballyneety ended the day. L.

TIPPERARY.—On March 2nd hounds met at the Kennels and were taken to Tullamaine. They were away almost at once and ran well, with Mr. Martley's farm on their left, nearly to the Kilbragh road and then right-handed over Coolmoyne Hill towards Ardsallagh. Short of the house they inclined to the right again and ran across Derrylusky, marking to ground a field from the main road opposite Anne's Gift. This was a bright hunt of 25 minutes over grand country. There was only a heavy vixen in Power's wood and a move was made to Rocklow. Opening at once, the pack forced a fox away over the river and ran their hardest to Flynn's gorse. Here they turned right and carried on very fast to Major Hughes' sandpit which he had effectively stopped (what hard work that must have been), straight through Power's wood and away for Knockbrit. Turning again they crossed the stiff country towards Anne's Gift screen before running out of scent after another fast hunt of 25 minutes. To end the day a Coleman fox was hunted several times round the hill before he was finally killed.

Another good day followed the Ballingarry fixture on March 4th. From Garranacole hounds ran very fast towards Coalbrook and swung right nearly to the Commons before marking to ground in Corcoran's Glen. On being bolted the fox led them back to Garranacole, escaping close to the covert. The pack was then taken to Prout's and ran fast towards Two Trees, along the King's river and back to their starting-point before being beaten.

On the 7th we met at New Inn, always a popular meet. Marlhill provided the first fox, but scent was poor and hounds could only hunt slowly in a right-handed circle towards Kelly's, across Hymenstown and into Rockwell, before finally giving up near New Inn. By the time Hackett's gorse was reached scent had very much improved and the pack unfortunately succeeded in slipping the entire field. Completely unattended they raced to Monamay, across Mayfield and towards Meldrum. Just missing the wood, they ran down into the valley, climbed the Kill hills and ultimately ran out of scent close to Tailor's wood. This was a 5½ mile point and about eight miles as hounds ran, a fine performance; they were quite alone all the way. T. C. V.

WATERFORD.—When hounds met at Newtown, they first drew Wall's Gorse blank. A fox in Graig got to ground, so the pack was taken to Flahavin's Glen, where a fox was soon found, and hounds went away. Running beside the Mahon they swung right-handed across the Few's road through Kilmagrange into Graig, where, wasting no time, they were soon racing their fox across the Newtown-Kilmacthomas road, leaving Kilmacthomas Church on their right. They killed their fox in Scrahane, beside the Waterford main road. This was a very fast 30 minutes over a grand country. Currahbaha was next drawn, and a fox soon found, hounds going away towards Kilmacthomas, then swinging left-handed across the railway into the Mahon Glen, where they ran parallel to the river. They left Currahbaha on their left and crossed the main road into Aughnalogh, where their fox got to ground, but bolted and ran back to Currahbaha. Here hounds gave him no spare time and forced a beaten fox from the covert to kill him by the side of the main road.

The weather was bitterly cold when we met at Ballylusky on February 17th, and everyone was very pleased to hear Dr. Stokes' holloa at the lower side of Morrisey's Gorse. Hounds ran well over the big banks in Lower Crohane for 20 minutes before scent failed and they were taken to Ballylusky covert. They were soon away, but the fox proved unenterprising and was ultimately lost on the Crohane road. A fast hunt then started from Priestown Hill. The pack first pointed for Kilkennybeg, and then turned back across the hill towards Ballylusky. Crossing the road, they ran across good country to the Glen, where foiled ground brought the hunt to an end.

On February 19th the meet was at Hoar Abbet, and the weather was much warmer. From Ballinamona hounds ran slowly to Mrs. Shine's farm, and then right-handed across the bog to Cashel station. Here they turned left, crossed the railway and the Dublin road, and were beaten short of the Furry Hill. A really good hunt then started from Knockroe. Hounds ran fast to Sadler's Gorse, and then right-handed to Knockroe Belt, beyond which they swung left and led us over grand country to the Dangan Dargan Hills. Failing to shake them off, the fox made for Knockroe again and, taking advantage of some plough, reached the covert with a long lead. Hounds were at fault on the foiled ground, and would have been beaten had not Dalesman hit off the line outside the covert. The pack joined him and hunted slowly to Sadler's, where the fox had waited. Right on his brush they raced to Dangan Dargan, and pulled him down in the open half-a-mile beyond after hunting brilliantly for two hours in a lovely riding country.

Wednesday the 21st found us at Garnivilla Schoolhouse, and the pack opened at once in Ballyhickey. The fox was very unwilling to leave, but was ultimately forced away towards Marlhill. Just short of the gorse he turned back to Ballyhickey, where Harlequin caught him when half-way up a tree. Knock Hill provided another, but he found a hole after a few fields and a move was made to Knockfee. Hounds were soon away on a tremendous scent in the direction of Kedrah. Running at a killing pace, they swung left towards Killenly and back through Ballylegan to Knockfee. With never a check they carried the line through the covert, across the road and towards Poulmucca, before turning right and marking to ground short of Woodroff after running for 30 minutes over a line of country which caused many falls.

MARCH TROUT *By RICHARD CLAPHAM*

Some Records from a Diary

ON referring to my diary, I find that I killed the first trout of the 1939 season on March 23rd. The day was sunny and warm, and at the end of it the creel held eight fish. Nothing to write home about as regards size, just nice little trout in quite respectable condition. They fell to a No. 2 black spinner, fished wet.

As I write, there is a cloudless blue sky and the cold air from the north is tempered by a warm sun. Patches of snow still dot the fells, but down in the meadow below the house, where the farmer's man is spreading manure, the rooks are bowing and love-making, their blue-black plumage glistening in the sunlight. Hazels sport their downy catkins, and the trees—beech, willow, and birch—are fast coming into flower. Snowdrops are up, and the crocuses are pushing their way through the grass. The beck—recently a rush of snow water—is now at normal level; and in the warm and sheltered corners, gnats are dancing. Spring is in the air again.

Some of the old calendars told us that on St. David's day, March 1st, "fly-fishing begins." To-day, in the north, the season starts on March 3rd. While this is full early, provided the month "goes out like a lamb," some good trout can be killed.

Lake Windermere usually fishes well in early spring. On March 25th, 1936, I had three trout on a small natural minnow, weighing 1lb. 8½oz., 1lb. 7oz., and 10½oz. respectively. Other trout up to 1lb. in weight were had on fly. All these fish were well fed, their stomachs being crammed with fresh-water snails.

ROUGH WATER BELOW THE DAM

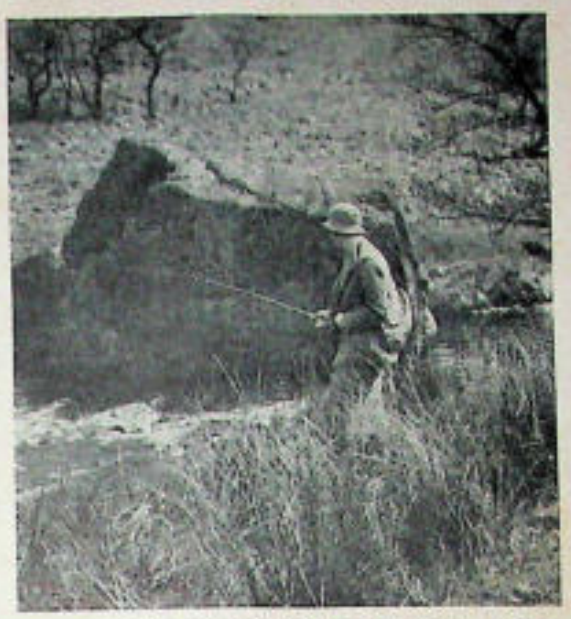
LOOKING DOWN ON THE BECK

On some waters, heavy rises of March browns occur. Even with ice in the river and snow showers, many a good basket has been had with this fly. The March brown is easily recognised, being a biggish insect. About two-thirds the size of a mayfly, its body-colour is rusty, and its wings freckled brown. Its killing power is by no means limited to March. Right through the season it will do execution on hill streams and mountain tarns.

The average fisherman usually has a well-stocked fly-book, crammed with a multiplicity of patterns on which he rings the changes. While a change of fly may temporarily alter your outlook on a day when trout are hard to move, experience leads me to believe that little or no benefit accrues. Unless atmospherical conditions are favourable—which they seldom are—you can chuck all your patterns at the trout and still go home clean. The question naturally arises, are all these flies necessary, or can you do as well with two or three patterns? After more than 40 years' experience on rivers and lakes, I most decidedly plump for the few flies as against the many.

Suppose, for example, you have the change-fly habit, and kill a thousand trout during the season. Then, to really test the efficacy of two or three patterns, you fish them religiously the following season, and again kill your thousand or more fish. Surely that is proof enough of their utility? Granted it needs a certain strength of mind to stick to, say, a couple of patterns during the entire season, but, if you do, you will find that your total is quite as large as, or even larger than, those of previous seasons. I know, because I have tried it.

For nearly 30 years I have used practically nothing but a black spinner and a black spider for



A LIKELY CORNER ON A LAKELAND BECK

brown trout, and my diary affords plenty of evidence regarding their killing power. These flies have done execution in waters as far apart as Yorkshire and Cornwall, and they have easily held their own against many of the much vaunted local patterns. Probably any other two flies would kill just as well, but I happened to have faith in my own particular choice, and faith in your flies goes a long way towards filling a basket.

A trout or two are always possible, but the real red-letter days are few and far between. Unless conditions are right, you can ring the changes of a well-stocked fly-book with no avail. Then comes a day when the fish are ravenous, and they will take any pattern you care to offer. As these red letter days only come at long intervals—perhaps you get nine or ten of them during a season—it cannot be hunger alone that brings trout to your flies. You must look further than that.

Turning to my diary I find that on April 14th, 1913, the creel held 40 trout at the end of the day. On April 25th, 41 trout were killed, and 51 came to hand on May 7th. The next decent basket was 57 fish on June 11th, followed by 86 trout on June 18th. June 30th gave 52 trout, and the July 3rd total was 61. Another 41 were killed on July 18th. A total of eight really good days out of 68 days' fishing. On each of those eight good days the trout were ravenous, and tore the flies to pieces, often rising at a practically bare hook.

Why did they rise like this, when on many of the other days it was difficult to kill a dozen or so? The barometer will, I think, supply the answer. It is the alteration of air pressure that affects the trout. A sudden increase of pressure invariably brings them to the flies, and this sudden increase occurs after a storm. When the mercury is falling, sport is invariably bad. Thunderstorms are of infrequent occurrence—despite our much maligned climate—and so are the red-letter days when the trout rise furiously from morning till night.

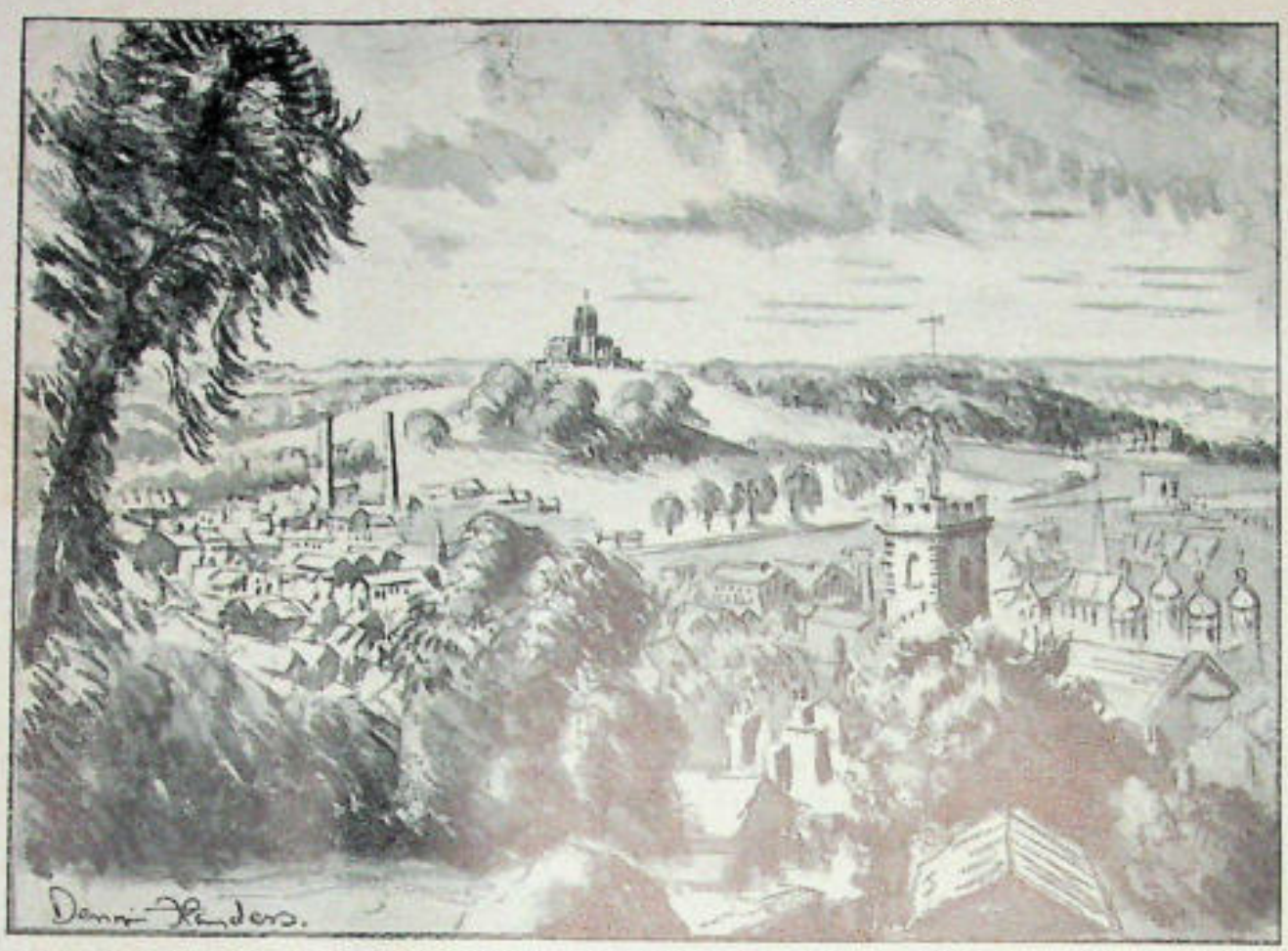
While I have no wish to convert anybody to the two-fly habit, I have found that two flies will account for quite as many trout during the season as the "hundred best patterns." When you come to think of it, half the flies in a well-stocked book are very seldom used, in fact, some of them may never be used at all. Granted an expert fly-tier does beautiful work, the most carefully tied fly is but a caricature of the ethereal insect that it is supposed to represent.

Let us, for example, start the day with two March browns on our cast. In a short time we find the trout are taking really well, and we creel fish after fish. Slowly the two brand-new March browns disintegrate. They lose their wings, and finally the greater part of their bodies. Does this make them any less desirable? No, the trout come at them as keenly as ever. There is a great difference in size and shape between a new March brown and an almost bare hook, yet the fish do not appear to notice it. People tell you that trout are sticklers for colour and detail, in fact, an artificial fly must be "just so," otherwise they will not have it.

In my experience, as long as an artificial gives an impressionistic idea of a living creature, it will kill as well or better than another which is supposedly a close imitation of a particular insect. Most of our lightly tied north-country flies—either winged or hackled—give an appearance of life. The soft hackle flickers in the current, and may well be taken for a nymph or other creature.

THE BUILDING OF GUILDFORD'S NEW CATHEDRAL

By DENNIS FLANDERS



THE SITE OF THE CATHEDRAL IS EXTRAORDINARILY FINE ON THE SUMMIT OF STAG HILL A SHORT DISTANCE FROM GUILDFORD

THE war is not being allowed to put a stop to the building of the new cathedral at Guildford —a true witness of the nation's faith in God and country, a faith made perhaps even stronger by the threats of Nazi paganism. Indeed, it is in the tradition of our great cathedrals, so many of which were built in times of constant ferment, frequent wars at home and abroad, pestilence and social change, that this new example should be going up when war is being waged against the enemies of religion.

Not since St. Paul's was completed in 1721 has a cathedral been built within 200 miles of London, and it is 600 years since Salisbury was built down in its valley, that virgin soil has been dug to provide foundations for a new cathedral. It was on May 1st, 1933, that the Diocese of Guildford was created. A competition was held, and the design of Mr. Edward Maufe, A.R.A., was chosen for the new cathedral. Mr. Maufe is one of our foremost architects and, of recent years, has done a great deal of collegiate and ecclesiastical work. The vast new additions to St. John's College at Cambridge are his, and so is the new church of St. Thomas at Hanwell.

The Archbishop of Canterbury laid the foundation stone on July 22nd, 1936, upon two other stones, from Canterbury, the mother church of England, and from Winchester, from which diocese that of Guildford has been formed. The foundations were completed on May 1st, 1937, when Queen Mary ceremoniously drove in the last of the 778 piles. Since then, the cathedral has risen, brick by brick, until now it is beginning to take recognisable shape.

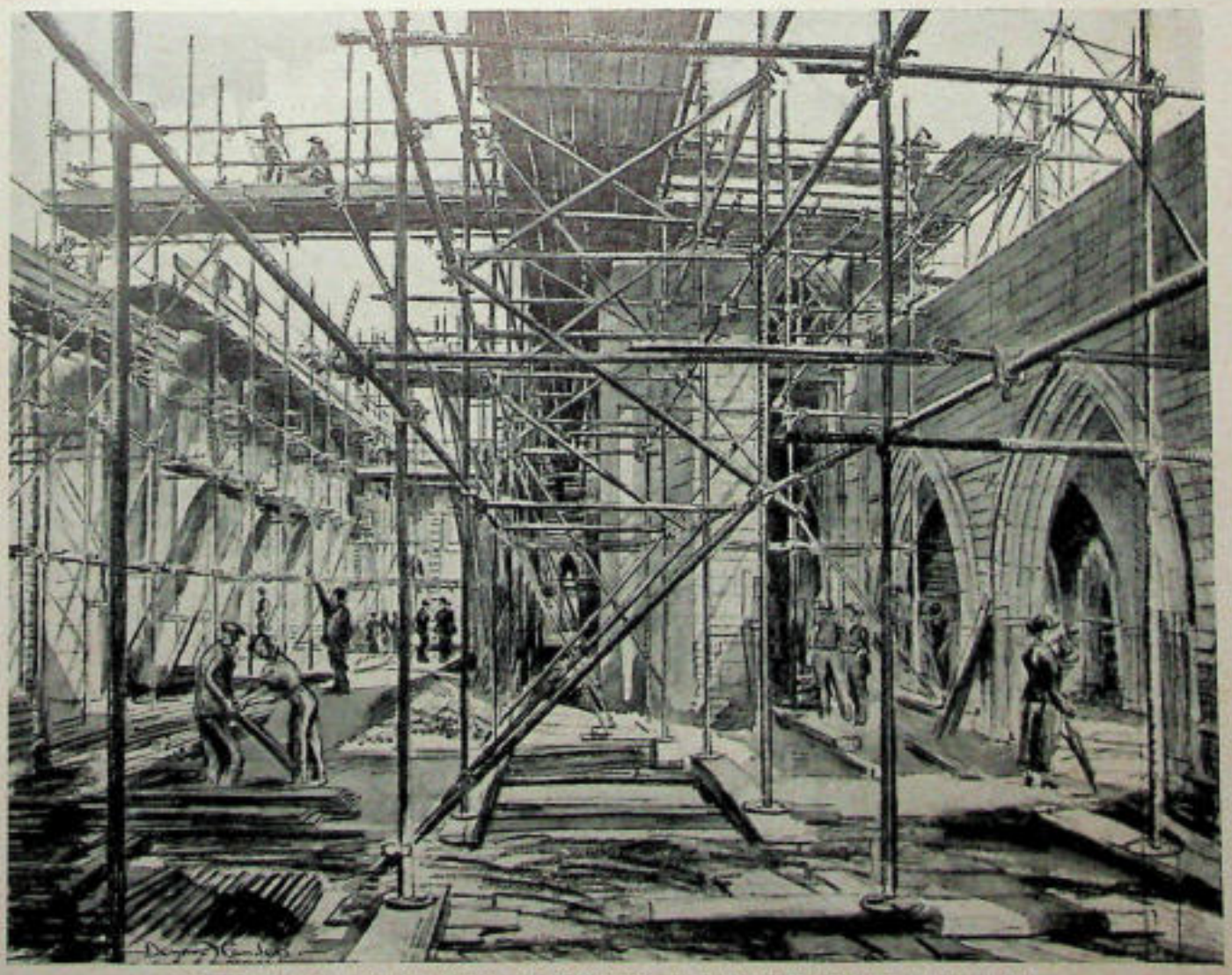
The site is extraordinarily fine, even for a cathedral. Stag Hill is an isolated hill, a short distance from the town, and when I first visited it I was reminded rather of Dartmoor, where you get great slopes with a huge crag projecting from the summit, the cathedral, in this case, being the crag. A Processional Way climbs the steep side from Guildford town, and a concrete road leads up from the by-pass from the west. The cathedral proudly stands upon the summit, and when the tower is completed it will dominate that side of the town. I think the site is as fine as any in England, ranking with Lincoln and Durham.

Mr. Maufe's design blends the traditional manner of building with certain new materials and some delightful details of his own. The crypt, long since completed, is in reinforced concrete—wonderful shapes have been created, making an almost monolithic unit of great strength and stability. Bricks for the exterior are being made by hand, from the clay of Stag Hill itself, in an old brickyard at the bottom of the hill. Stone is coming from the quarries of Cholyneh and Clipstone. As for the general size and shape of the cathedral, it will be nearly 400ft. long and will have nave, transepts, choir, chancel, aisles, chapels and central tower, which will rise to 140ft.

Various bodies of men and women are making themselves responsible for the cost of different parts. The major pillars are gifts from the Forces; there is a "Pillars of the Passer-by," and another given by motorists. It will be a truly democratic cathedral.

As a successful result of a huge appeal launched last year, it has been possible for Messrs. Dove Bros., the well-known builders, to undertake to complete the first part, consisting of the choir, chancel, transepts and chapels, by Whitsun 1941, and although the outbreak of war threatened to hold up matters for a period, it is expected that the building will most certainly be ready for use at that time.

In the words of the Bishop of Guildford, "It is not the easy times, but the difficult times that have witnessed the greatest number of such ventures."



AN IMPRESSION OF THE WORK IN PROGRESS AS THE CATHEDRAL TAKES FORM

The Chancel is due to be opened for worship at Whitsuntide, 1941. Less than £30,000 is needed to make this possible

WILDFOWLING ON THE ESTUARY

By D. HAIG-THOMAS

IN days gone by my wildfowling expeditions were usually at week-ends. It always seemed that conditions were wrong. When I could get a week-end off, that was the time when there were clear still starlit nights, when it was quite impossible to see anything after sundown, and the lack of wind kept fowl often as not far out of shot. But I promised myself that, one day when I settled down, I would live by an estuary where I could choose ideal conditions before I went out. I have kept my promise, and even improved on it, for I actually live on an island in an east coast estuary. It is quite a large island of 300 acres. At one end there is a big marsh containing little ponds and a multitude of weedy dikes, a paradise for wildfowl, and at the other end there is a large deep lagoon with steep banks, a perfect place for the ducks to shelter when the estuary is no resting place.

It was only last summer that we came here, and all our wildfowling plans have, of course, been hit on the head by the war. We had hoped to keep decoy ducks and to put food down in the ponds and dikes. We had arranged to keep it quiet and only shoot when conditions were really favourable. But, of course, the war put a stop to all that. Parts of the island had to be ploughed up and the humming of the tractor was hardly encouraging to what ducks had begun to collect in the autumn.

In August there were a great many teal, but only a few home-bred ducks. There was no rain and most of the surrounding marshes were dry. In consequence, many of the teal were flying in to drink at an old decoy pond on the end of the island, and nearly every evening I went up to watch the flight, only occasionally taking a gun, and I was amazed at the extreme irregularity of their comings and goings.

I had always imagined that if a pond was left quiet, the same number of ducks would come every night, unless weather conditions suddenly changed. But this was not the case, and even in the still warm September evenings, which followed each other in what seemed like an almost endless procession, the teal seldom came the same two nights running.

Sometimes they would come early before the sunset, at other times not till it was so dark that I could only hear the swish of their wings as they came in. Sometimes, only two or three would come, and on other evenings flocks of 20 or 30 kept dropping in, and even most indifferent shots made a good bag, for the decoy pond is very small and the long grass by its edges is a perfect covering in which to wait.

For some reason or other the teal seldom stayed long, and although before the war I threw food into the pond, they never bothered to eat it. They apparently only came to drink. I was very surprised too at how seldom we saw them flying about the estuary, although we knew there was a flock of about 800.

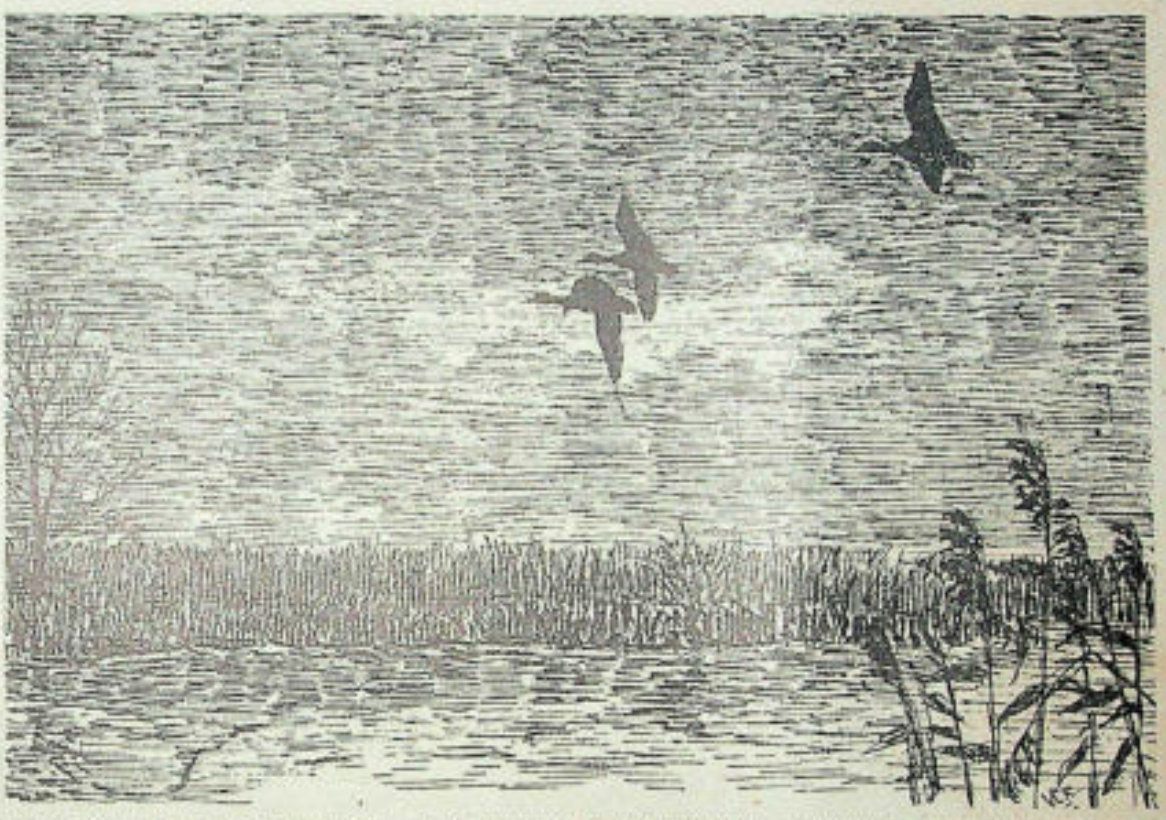
I had imagined, living right in an estuary, we would always be seeing wildfowl crossing the island, but that was not the case, and it was always a source of surprise to me, after waiting on the marsh and only seeing a few small bunches at flight time, to go out the next day in a boat and put up 1,000 or so teal, sleeping on some mudbank near the water's edge; and I thought to myself how often wildfowlers must have come flighting in an estuary like this and gone away saying that there were no birds about.

In October the ducks began to come in quite large numbers; teal, mallard, wigeon, scaup and scoters were fairly common; but November was a bad month and, except when the east wind blew, there were less ducks than there had been in August or September. In December, as we expected, big flocks of wildfowl began to come in to the estuary and every day at high tide flocks of wigeon, brent, mallard and teal could be seen everywhere round the island. They weren't disturbed very much by punts, for, owing to the shortage of petrol, none but the local fowlers could get after them. However, for the first time in the season, we could hear the shoregunners fairly regularly shooting at the evening flight.

Soon after Christmas the frosts began and grew severer until real Arctic conditions prevailed. At one time the estuary was one white sheet of sea ice and frozen lumps of snow. In many places the sea ice itself bore, although it was highly dangerous. Pools of open water were left here and there and sometimes, after there was a wind which blew the ice to one side or the other, there were stretches of open mud covered with wildfowl.

I peered into many of the pools among the ice and saw goldeneye, scaups and longtailed ducks as well as all the common surface feeders. But creeping up to a hole in the ice is not my idea of wildfowling, though it is exciting to see rare ducks.

Flighting in these conditions was very disappointing. It seemed that once the ducks and geese had found a bare patch of mud, where there was still some weed, they stayed there. Unfortunately, these bare patches of mud were seldom in the same place two tides running, and as on most days there were two or more such patches, if I hid among the blocks of ice dressed in white clothes, the ducks and geese always seemed to prefer another bare patch, and there was no one else to put them up.



"NOT UNTIL THE SUN HAD SUNK, AND THE LIGHT WAS REALLY DIFFICULT, DID THEY BEGIN TO COME IN REAL EARNEST"

Often, too, the bare patches were impossible to get at from the shore. Perhaps there would be a big expanse of ice blocks, some of them 2ft. high, through which it would be quite impossible to push a punt, then thin ice on a creek, over which the ice was not strong enough to bear, and in which the water was far too deep to wade across; for many of the creeks got dammed up by ice and the water never ran out properly when the tide was low.

However, one evening there was a fine patch of bare mud and, in the centre of it, a pool of water near the causeway which leads from the island to the shore. As soon as the tide had left the mud, I made my way down and was soon hiding among the big floes of ice. It was not an ideal place, for the mud was soft, and I had not been waiting very long before my feet had sunk almost up to my knees. The more often I pulled them out the muddier and stickier it became, and, while I was working with my feet, a flock of pintails came very low from behind. In vain I heard their wings beating the air as they saw me. In vain I swung round, with my feet stuck fast in the mud, and fired two barrels harmlessly into the air. I then got right out of the mud and lay squatting on top of an ice pan. By now my white clothes had begun to get pretty brown. Little flocks of wigeon came dribbling in, and I hoped they might mistake me for a seal, but there was no such luck, they kept on seeing me just as they got within range, and out of the six lots that came I only got one.

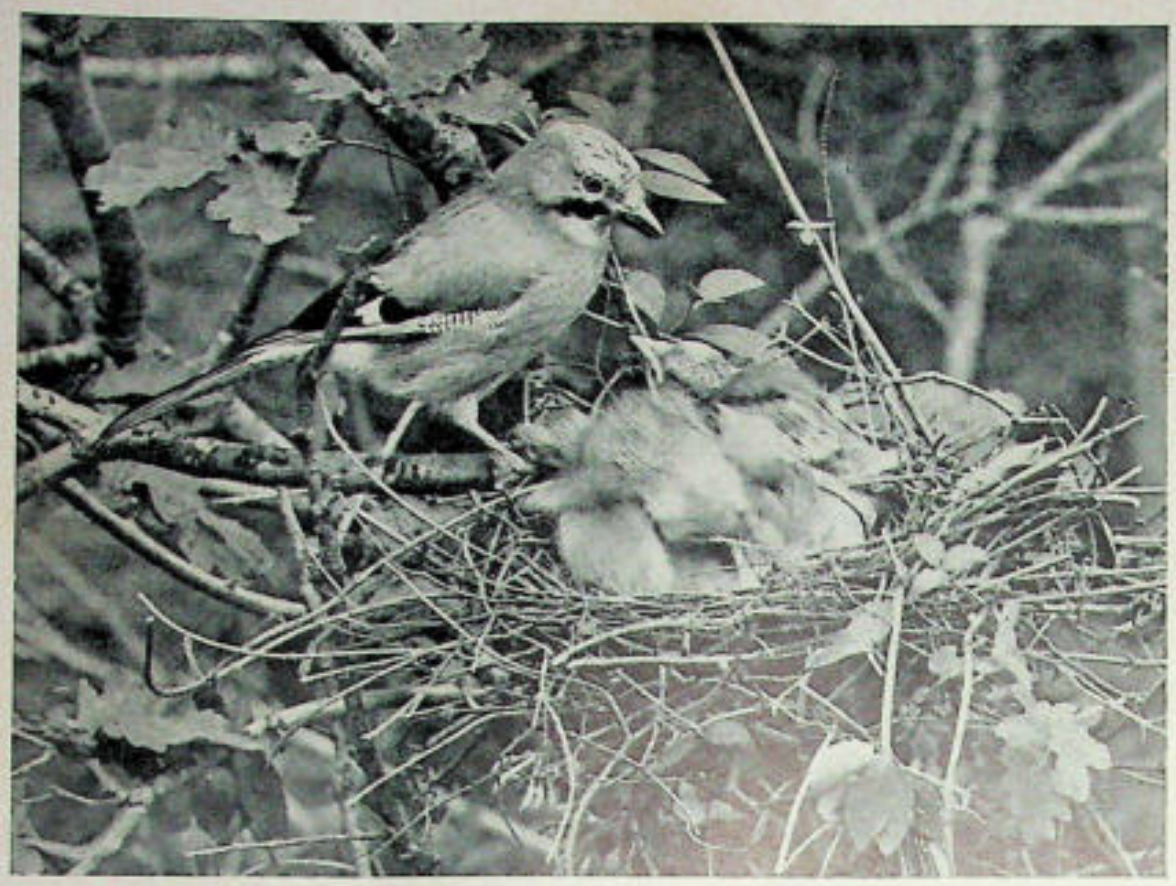
The wind died down, just as it so often does at flight time, and not till the sun had sunk and the light was really difficult, did they begin to come in real earnest. There were about 1,000 brents in the estuary. As I lay, I could hear them calling some way out to sea. Then up they got and flew in round island point and headed straight towards me. It seemed ages waiting for them to come and hearing their calls growing louder and louder. Suddenly I heard a beating of wings behind me and, looking round, I saw a little party of brents dropping down on to the mud. I heard their pinions vibrating. I half raised myself off the ice pan, threw my gun to my shoulder, and slipped at the same time as I pulled the trigger. The charge went harmlessly into the mud and the brents rose into the air and whirled back right over me.

I had just finished swearing, and once more got in an upright position, in time to get the last one fair and square as he came over, and he thumped on to the ice behind me. I opened my gun hurriedly and shoved in two more cartridges, for the big flock was still some way off and probably too far to be frightened by the shot. I closed my gun, but there was a menacing thud and not the well oiled click I had expected. I tried again, but some mud had got into the lock. Working like a madman, I took it to bits and tried to wipe the lock on my clothes, just as the big flock of brents arrived; and after circling round my head they pitched on the mud in front. I was in the unenviable position of being within a few yards of 1,000 brent geese with a gun in bits.

The brents sat silently with their heads up. Evidently they suspected danger as they stood motionless with their necks erect. In vain I tried to reassemble my gun without showing a movement, but they saw me, and the next moment there was a roar of wings, while the air rung with their cries. So close were they that I could even feel the wind from their wings. My gun still refused to shut, and once more I took it to pieces and this time licked the lock. With my tongue I felt some sandy grit, which I removed, and the gun closed with the customary click. I sat listening and could hear the brents calling on some other open patch of mud half a mile away. There was a whirl of wings and two ducks dropped out of the sky. I saw one crumble in the air with my first shot, but my second barrel missed. I picked it up, a beautiful mallard still nice and fat in spite of the hard weather.

All round I could hear the quacking of mallards and the whistling of wings. The ducks had begun to flight in real earnest, but, unfortunately, too late. The sky was a clear blue and the stars shone brightly and low down over the ice hummocks there was a slight haze. In vain I strained my ears and occasionally saw black shapes passing overhead. Then in came a big flock of teal so close and so thick that it was impossible to miss.

It was now so dark that the ducks could not see, and I stood upright on an ice floe and fired a full belt of cartridges at ducks that passed all round me. The whole air seemed full of whistling wings and, when my last cartridge had been fired, I walked back to the island to fetch my retriever which I had left tied to a post. He is a good dog at picking up, but I haven't yet taught him to keep hidden while I am flighting, and after he had picked up my birds, I walked back home with a bulging game bag: one brent, one mallard, two wigeon, two teal, a pintail and a scaup. I wondered what would have been my bag if there had been a few clouds, a moon and a wind.



THE FEMALE ARRIVES AT THE NEST

THE YOUNG RISE IN A SQUIRMING MASS TO IMPORTUNE FOOD FROM THE COCK

A SECRETIVE ROGUE.

Photographed by G. K. YEATES

Distrust of men, but no fear of the camera

WHAT a difficult bird the jay is to see well under natural conditions! A common bird—some would think too common—this mischief-maker of the woods has had the hand of the game preserver turned so hard against him that he views the very sound of men with deep distrust. A glimpse of pinky-brown as he crosses a woodland ride, a discordant cacophony of screeches from the hazel scrub, that is all many ever make of the jay. Occasionally, perhaps, he may be caught off his ever watchful guard, and perch indiscreetly in full view, but he quickly corrects such mistakes, and in a flash he is off again, careful always to keep a tree between himself and his temporary outwitter.

Apart from such erratic and unsatisfactory glimpses I must confess that until I had sat in a tree near his nest the jay was to me almost a stranger, a wandering voice rather than a bird. When, at last, therefore, I had finished my slowly-built hide in the hazel copse, it was with added excitement that I first took a session in it. Now at last, it seemed, I should see a jay as before I had never really seen it, save as a stiff carcase on a keeper's gibbet or dead and stuffed in a museum. And what a revelation it was! For the jay is indeed a lovely bird. His pinks and chestnuts are a delight, and no man could fail to be entranced by those vivid blue wing coverts which are so often made into adornments for hats.

At the nest I was most surprised at the bird's lack of fear. Caution and timidity seem such essential parts of the make-up of the jay's character, that it came as no little surprise to find that both sexes showed no fear of the hide. In fact, the first time they returned to the nest when I was in the hide, they came together. In point of fact, these secretive species are often the least suspicious of a hide, but with jay . . . well, it is a jay, and one expected the highest nervousness.

After 17 days the eggs hatched, and for a fortnight of the twenty-one days the chicks were on the nest I was constantly in my hide. For the first ten days the hen (I think, for the sexes are alike) brooded the chicks, and the cock shouldered the responsibilities of providing food. Feeding took place at intervals of about an hour, occasionally three-quarters, and the regurgitation of the food was a most laborious business, especially with the cock. It took at least two or three minutes to produce and hand out all the food. After each feed both birds were most punctilious about cleaning out the nest, the cock particularly so. Excreta was devoured on the spot and not carried away as in so many species.

THE COCK BIRD—DECIDEDLY SUSPICIOUS ON THIS OCCASION

THE FEMALE FLUFFING OUT HER BROODING PATCH BEFORE COVERING THE CHICKS

Jays are extremely cleanly in their nesting arrangements, and "wash up" after every meal

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MATCH SHOWING THE "TOUCH-LINE"

A POLO MATCH IN NAGIR STATE

By SCOTT RUSSELL

Where the game is not played under Hurlingham Rules

ALTHOUGH polo has been played in this country for barely 70 years, it originated in Persia over 15 centuries ago. It is the oldest ball game and many of the games of the western world were probably developed from it. English influence has caused great modification in the mode of play, but in Central Asia the game is still played in a form little altered by the passage of time. It is a fierce and thrilling game, played with an entire freedom from rules and little regard for the safety of the ponies.

In the summer of 1939 an expedition to the Karakoram led me through the Gilgit Agency, which lies north-west of Kashmir close to the main Asiatic watershed. Gilgit is famous for its polo. Each village has its own ground, which usually forms part of the village street. In this mountain country, flat ground is rare and the polo fields are usually long and narrow strips on the hillsides or valley floors. They are perhaps 25 yards wide and 150 yards in length, but no dimensions are specified and any available flat ground is used. On either side, the field is enclosed by stone walls or the sides of houses. Two stones at either end mark the goals. The surface of the field is often rough earth or stones, but occasionally it may be grass covered. Prowess at the game is regarded as the height of manly virtue, and nearly every able-bodied man who owns a horse is a keen player. Even the children amuse themselves with an imitation of the game, without horses and rather like hockey.

During the summer little polo is played, as the ponies are sent to the mountain nullahs where grass is more abundant. We were fortunate, however, to see a match in Nagir, a small state in the north-eastern part of the Agency, and I was able to take the photographs which accompany this article. We reached Nagir during the festival which precedes the gathering of the harvest. For several evenings the local band played monotonous dirges in the courtyard of the palace, and far into the night the sleep-banishing din floated across to the Dak Bungalow where we were staying. Perhaps I have not a very sympathetic ear, but the music sounded to me like a combination of badly played bagpipes and energetically rattled tin cans. The last day of the festival was a holiday and the celebrations culminated in a gala polo match.

The Mir, as the local ruler is called, attended the game with his court. He is a fine and dignified old gentleman, critical of all changes in the State he has ruled for 50 years. The British Government has wisely left him in full control of the internal affairs of the State. He took a keen interest in our expedition, helping us in many ways, and he invited us to be present at the match. Being the only Europeans in Nagir we were objects of some curiosity and our appearance at the polo ground aroused considerable interest. When we arrived, a "curtain raiser" was in progress and, to our embarrassment, the game was interrupted while we joined the Mir and his sons beneath a red and white canopy. Luckily I sat next to the Mir's youngest son, who has been educated in Kashmir and speaks perfect English, and I was able to learn something of the history of the game. With the exception of the Mir's heir, a grandson, none of the other members of the family speak English.

Many centuries ago polo spread eastwards from Persia to Turkistan and was from there carried southwards along the trade routes which cross the main Asiatic watershed. It is claimed that Nagir was the first place on the southern side of the watershed where polo was played and, although this is improbable, there is a long tradition of the game in this State.

This afternoon the polo ground presented an interesting sight. It lay at the bottom of a small nullah running east and west, close to the village. On the northern side of the ground steep sun-baked slopes rose to the Mir's palace, four or five hundred feet above, but on the gentler southern slope were groves of mulberry and willow trees, casting pleasant shade across the field. Here, near the centre of the ground, the Mir's canopy had been set up, and on either side a crowd of a hundred or more men and boys sat watching the game. Some of them had come specially from outlying parts of the state. They were all clad in the loose woollen *chogas* and hats which are the universal dress in Gilgit, and they followed the game with intense excitement. Facing us across the field, the band wailed intermittently throughout the afternoon.

The principal match was played for a wager of a few sheep, a considerable prize in Nagir, and excitement was added by the fact that two of the Mir's sons were on one side. Each team consisted of seven men, but I was told that much larger numbers frequently took part in informal games. Except for the Mir's sons, who had special ponies, the men were mounted on the ordinary small hill ponies typical of the country. They are not bred in the Gilgit area and the better ones come from Kashgar. Several of the ponies were adorned with brilliant trappings and many of the players wore gaily coloured shirts. It was a gay scene. The polo sticks were of primitive design and from four to five feet in length. Willow saplings served as shafts and the heads, tapering slightly towards one end, were attached obliquely to the sticks. The method of attachment seemed scarcely adequate as the heads frequently fell off during the game. A ball of the ordinary type was used.

In this form of polo there are no chukkers and the game is continued until one side has scored nine goals. After each goal has been scored the teams change ends, but the same horses are used throughout and they become very worn out before the match is over. The Nagiris are superb and fearless horsemen and the play was most exciting. Often they turned their horses at full gallop into the stone walls, stopping them within a yard or two. These feats of horsemanship roused the crowd to a high pitch of enthusiasm, which was maintained throughout the game, apparently irrespective of which side was winning. Any type of stroke was permitted and I saw men leaning right across an opponent's horse to attempt a shot. Their tactics of obstruction would astonish an English polo player. A player would frequently catch an opponent's stick in his own when he was in the act of hitting the ball. The ponies sometimes

THE BALL (IN THE AIR IN FRONT OF THE SECOND HORSEMAN FROM THE RIGHT HAS JUST BEEN HIT CLEAR OF THE MÊLÉE OF HORSES ON THE LEFT

A NOT UNUSUAL INCIDENT IN THE GAME—THE BALL HAS LODGED AT THE FOOT OF THE STONE WALL, WHICH FORMS THE TOUCHLINE TO THE GROUND

received nasty blows in these encounters, but the riders seemed miraculously to escape the whirlwind of brandished sticks.

When the teams have changed ends after a goal has been shot the man who scored is allowed an unobstructed gallop half way down the field. He carries the ball with him and tossing it in the air hits it without slackening speed. I was told that the origin of this convention was to let the purdah women in the nearby houses (for it is a Mohammedan country) see who has scored. Goals are sometimes hit direct from this free run—a proof of superb horsemanship and eye.

The most exciting part of the game was just after one of the teams had scored its eighth goal. A player was intercepted in the act of hitting the ball and in a few moments he was surrounded by almost all the other players, a seething mass of prancing horses and waving sticks. Suddenly attention seemed to be diverted from attempting to strike the ball to manhandling one of the players. The crowd roared with redoubled enthusiasm. A player had caught the ball in his hand and his opponents were entitled to attack him in any way they chose. From where we were it was impossible to follow closely what happened, but it seemed that the ball was handed rapidly from man to man. A few clothes were torn and sticks were thrown away so that their owners could engage more freely in the fight. Eventually the ball reached a man on the outskirts of the scrum, and lashing his horse with his whip he was soon heading wildly for the goal. Safely away, he turned half round in his saddle and showed the ball to his baffled pursuers, shrieking derisively the while. A moment later he passed between the goal stones to make his team's ninth score. The game was over.

TWO SONS OF THE MIR OF NAGIR (CENTRE AND RIGHT) BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE GAME

The crowd seemed loath to disperse and lingered for some time in the open space beside the palace, a favourite pastime as they could watch not only the comings and goings of the Mir's court, but also the stranger conduct of the Sahibs in the Dak Bungalow.

"WE JOINED THE MIR AND HIS FAMILY BENEATH A RED AND WHITE CANOPY"

THE MIR OF NAGIR ON HIS WAY TO THE MATCH

PLAYING A DIFFICULT SHOT

Coming out of the bungalow to take some photographs, I was surprised to see the Mir's heir riding out of the palace courtyard on a bicycle. We were over two hundred miles beyond the normal haunts of wheeled transport but he had brought the machine with him as a souvenir of life beyond the mountains, when he returned from Kashmir after completing his education. Apparently nothing so remarkable has been seen in Nagir before. We took turns at riding it round the field, the wide-eyed crowd scattering hurriedly as we approached them. When they had at last dispersed, I began to wonder if the bicycle will ever become a familiar sight in these remote valleys. Is western civilisation going to reach yet another region for which it is totally unsuited? To-day it seems unthinkable, but already Nagir is connected by telephone to Gilgit. True it is a very antiquated telephone and one is fortunate if it works, but, like the bicycle, it is a sign of the gradual infiltration of the West. We were lucky to see Nagir and its polo while the old order still survives.

A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF COURSES

Government's Assurance Regarding the Ploughing-up Scheme

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

LEAVING St. Andrews I turned my steps towards Edinburgh, where, for centuries, that inspiring stretch of golfing ground around East Lothian has played such an interesting part in the history and development of the game.

It was growing dusk as I entered Auld Reekie. In the half-light the rugged outline of the Castle seemed to brood over the city from its bare rock, whilst the mists swirled and eddied as usual in the valley below. As I drove along what ranks among the finest of thoroughfares in Europe, this rift appeared to be a natural line of demarcation between the medieval world and the twentieth century. In more ways than one the capital of Scotland is a tale of two cities.

This rubbing of shoulder-to-shoulder between past and present is also discernible in the golfing world. A little over a mile from the west end of the city can still be seen one of the earliest sites upon which golf was played. It has been claimed that golfers haunted these odd little fairways as early as 1456, and I believe that charters are in existence which show that the Golf Tavern was functioning at that date. Whenever I visit these historic sites I always think what a strange paradox it is that the game should have its oldest club in England when it is generally agreed that Scotland is the true home of golf. From the historian's point of view it is a thousand pities that golf clubs only came into existence during the eighteenth century; in fact, according to the *Golfing Annual* for 1895–6, only ten clubs were instituted prior to the nineteenth century. Among their number appears the name of the Bruntsfield Links Golfing Society, listed against the date of 1761.

The reason why I mention this particular society is that it was the first club I visited after arriving in Edinburgh. My host was Henry Sturrock, who is an extremely busy man, for, apart from business responsibilities, he acts as honorary secretary to this club and the East Lothian Golfing Association, as well as being a member of the Scottish Golf Union. We partook of an excellent lunch in the clubhouse, and the meal was made additionally enjoyable on account of the magnificent view that greeted me through the large bay-windows of the dining-room, which makes an ideal vantage-point. Immediately below lay the home green, which has recently been remodelled; along the left extended dense woods; northwards the waters of the Forth swept outward in an ever-widening expanse, broken only by the Islands of Crammond and Inchcolm, whilst in the distance the hills of Fifeshire formed a fitting background.

I often feel that too much prominence is given to the undoubtedly wonderful Forth Bridge, with the result that the temporary qualities of engineering skill are apt to overshadow and minimise the more lasting beauties of the Forth itself, which, to those who know it well, is really a picturesque stretch of water.

Compared with my last visit, the Bruntsfield clubhouse looked strangely empty and deserted, but I appreciated the reason after chatting with Sturrock, for I learned that, apart from some sixty who have resigned, roughly a hundred of the younger members are now serving in the Forces: a figure which, when the full membership is considered, represents the highest percentage I have yet encountered among the golf clubs visited during my tour. As their ranks include several whose names are familiar to golfers outside the club circle I shall mention a few of their present activities. John and George Chiene, grandsons of old Professor Chiene, and G. P. S. Macpherson, perhaps better known as a Scottish rugby international, are serving as captains in the army; J. H. Dickson is a lieutenant-commander in the R.N.V.R.; G. A. Usher is a major in the Royal Artillery; G. M. Fairbairn is a sergeant-pilot in the R.A.F.; C. D. L. Murray, the son of Lord Murray, and Ronald Carnegie, who is as keen on winter-sports as he is on golf, are both second lieutenants; whilst C. E. Thurston, the assistant secretary and treasurer, whom I automatically think of as captain, has been promoted to the rank of major.

This splendid and ready response to service on the part of the younger members has shown that they are worthy inheritors of that fine spirit which moved those whose names are recorded and memory kept fresh by the dignified simplicity of the club's war memorial, which was designed by James MacLachlan, also a member.

Among other matters, I was interested to learn that Bruntsfield have let part of their course to a grazier. During the winter months some 150 sheep have been grazing, a number that will increase to 300 in the summer. This question of grazing is a subject which is frequently being raised in various clubs, and coupled with it invariably goes the query as to whether their particular course will be affected by the ploughing-up scheme. In order to gain first-hand knowledge of the situation I had a long talk with Major Blackburn, who is the Secretary of the Agricultural Committee set up to deal with East and Middle Lothian, and the whole question was reviewed extensively, both from his viewpoint and from that of the golf clubs.

As Major Blackburn pointed out, the aim and object of such committees is to increase food production to the fullest possible extent in certain specified areas, and Scotland has been divided into forty such divisions. As we all know, farmers found, after the last war, that the growing of wheat was an uneconomical proposition, and as a result hundreds of thousands of acres were laid down to grass. The task now is to reclaim this land, and in the particular area over which Major Blackburn exercises jurisdiction an additional quota of 11,000 acres will have to be put under the plough, the proportion being 4,000 acres from the East division and 7,000 from Middle Lothian.

These figures are, of course, arbitrary. If more can be obtained so much the better, as witness the 4,380 acres already obtained in the East section. Middle Lothian, however, is not so promising. So far only some 6,000 acres have been raised, and there appears little likelihood of the full figure being realised. This particular locality happens to be singularly rich in golf courses, including as it does the Musselburgh courses, Braid Hills, Dalmahoy, Royal Burgess and Bruntsfield; but, even so, there is no immediate danger of ploughing-up.

When the Government entered upon this scheme a marked reluctance was shown towards ploughing-up any areas that were classified as sports grounds, a heading which includes golf courses. Such a view is both sensible and practical. Sports grounds, and in particular golf courses, are playing a definite role in the nation's effort. Apart from supplying means of recreation to members of the Forces at home on leave, golf courses are providing a much needed outlet to the civil population in relieving nerve strain. In times of mental stress sporting activities often act as psychological safety valves. The recognition of this fact by the Government has been shown by their assurance that golf courses will not be ploughed-up this season, but that further consideration will have to be given to the matter next year as to whether any portion of golf courses are suitable for arable cultivation. Circumstances will then determine whether it is expedient that such a step should be taken.

This, then, is the position for the immediate future, and whilst I feel that the situation would have to be very grave for such a drastic step to be taken, if the need were ever to arise the golf clubs would not be slow in making the necessary sacrifice. There is, however, a way in which the majority of clubs could assist this season, and that is by grazing as extensively as possible. Experiments have shown that sheep do thrive better and get fatter through grazing on courses than those on ordinary farming lands. The reason is simple. Courses are usually well-kept and the continual cutting allows the young grasses to come forward and enables the sheep to get an "early bite."

The committee have, therefore, taken the view, that, without introducing any material disturbance to the game, golf courses do possess a special value as grazing subjects, and by now a letter will doubtless have been sent to every secretary asking for information as to the extent to which their courses can be grazed. I might mention, here, that these committees are vested with absolute power, although I cannot imagine for one moment any secretary refusing to comply with the request. After all, apart from the feeling of satisfaction of knowing that the club is assisting, even in only a small degree, a certain amount of revenue will naturally ensue from such grazing, and in these difficult times the majority of clubs are thankful for small mercies.

THE VIEW FROM THE BRUNTSFIELD CLUBHOUSE

The home green is on the left and in the background are the Forth, Crammond Island and the hills of Fifeshire

MOVING ANIMALS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THE problem of transporting animals is one which has always interested the Zoo authorities, is one to which they have given a great deal of attention, and one which has occasionally puzzled them. Moving animals from one part of the Zoo to another is often a big and expensive job. It took about a week's work to move Felix, the great Indian rhinoceros, which weighs over 2 tons, from his den in the now dismantled Elephant House to his temporary quarters in the Tapir House. To move an elephant from Regent's Park to Whipsnade is a two or three days' job, involving the hire of expensive mechanical apparatus. Very few elephants are so manageable in motor traffic that they can be walked along the main roads from London to Whipsnade; for those who can, the journey is arranged to take two days, giving the elephant 15 miles a day.

"LIZARDS ARE PACKED IN SACKS OR IN DAMP MOSS"

To accommodate elephants for the night the Zoological Society has arrangements with farmers who have barns of a suitable height.

It may take a day or two before the elephant decides to leave a den for the doubtful pleasures of the transport box, but, when he does so, iron bars are quickly clamped into place, and the box is levered on to a low trolley. This is attached to a powerful motor tug specially hired for the purpose, and the journey to Whipsnade is made at a speed of under five miles per hour. The keepers accompany the animal on its route, comforting it with soothing words and with tasty morsels of food.

For short journeys elephants are almost invariably walked. I remember once rising at dawn to conduct a party of these animals to Euston from Regent's Park, whence they were to go by train to the new zoo at Dudley. All went well until the crossing of High Street, Camden Town. When the elephants had nearly reached the cross-roads I went on ahead, turned the corner and invited a policeman to hold up the traffic. The officer, whom I have cause to believe came from the police college at Hendon, was fervently of the opinion that I was pulling his leg, and his astonishment at my request was only equalled by his surprise when he saw the trunk of the foremost elephant appearing round the corner.

Once elephants have arrived at the station transport is fairly easy. A covered truck of the sort used for cattle will take elephants which are not more than 9ft. high—in fact, almost any female elephant used for riding.

Giraffes are a very much greater problem. The Zoo has only one giraffe box, and as this is only 15ft. high it is suitable only for female giraffes or small males. At least three animals in the collection to-day could not be moved in it.

The giraffes that were moved to Whipsnade some years ago, Peter and Rosie, were both tall animals and could not fit in the box. So they were accommodated in a crate that only reached breast height. As Peter stands 17ft. when fully erect, and as the floor of the box was another 3ft. or so from the ground, the problem of the most suitable route to take became very difficult, since the normal road to Whipsnade passes under several bridges considerably under 20ft. from the ground. However, a detour was arranged, and all went well during the transit of these animals. Peter's journey was not without its humorous side. It happened to be the time of the Jubilee of King George V, and the village of Redbourne was decorated by flags and streamers hung across its main street. As Peter's caravan passed through he was seen to be so unpatriotic as to bite off and attempt to consume large quantities of decorations.

Not all the difficulties of transport concern the larger animals. The middle-sized and small offer problems almost as great. That curious aquatic mammal, the manatee, is in nature never out of water for one instant, and has to be transported in tanks. Since a manatee is 7ft. long, it cannot be decanted, as is the custom of the Zoo with most of its fish. The last couple that arrived were dealt with ingeniously by means of tarpaulins. A large waterproof sheet was held by a gang of men round its edges, some water was poured into it, and the manatee rolled in. The squad then staggered with their burden to the special tank that had been prepared for the animals, and poured manatee, water and all, into this.

Though many people might suppose that reptiles are the most difficult animals to transport, such is by no means the case. With these creatures, advantage is taken of the fact that they are cold blooded and that, if their external temperature is reduced a little, they will not suffer harm but will become torpid and disinclined to feed. Hence, for all but the longest journeys, snakes, lizards and crocodiles are packed in sacks or in damp moss and transported in containers securely fastened. They need no food, they cannot be tampered with, and they cannot escape.

The technique of carrying birds has become very highly developed in the last few years. Birds like paradise-birds or parrots are transported in cages by themselves, and very seldom are groups of more than a dozen birds housed together. Quail and other ground birds are brought in very low but well-ventilated cages, with a roof of sacking, so that they cannot fly up and bruise their heads.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

SUNDAY, March 17th, being the last Sunday in Lent and also the feast of St. Patrick, Mrs. Smith hit upon the happy idea of giving her guests and her family some Lenten salted cod that they would not consider a penance, and here is the fare which she prepared for them on that day:

Cauliflower soup.
Salt cod pudding.
Roast pigeons.
Boiled Batavian endive.
Cheesed seakale.
Currant duff.

Cauliflower soup.—Boil a cauliflower in salted water for 20 minutes. Cut it in halves and rub one half through a coarse sieve; keep the other half warm. Chop up an onion and brown it in a little butter; add 1oz. flour and work it into a paste with the butter; stir and cook for a few minutes and then add 1 quart white stock, saved from the day before; stir thoroughly well and leave on a slow heat to simmer gently. In the meantime boil a pint of milk and mix in it the mashed cauliflower; add this to the stock on the fire and let the lot simmer another half hour. Season with pepper and salt to taste, then strain and serve hot, adding at the last moment a little fresh cream, if any available.

Salt cod pudding.—Having soaked overnight 1lb. salted cod, poach it in water just off the boil until tender; be careful not to let the water boil, as the cod will get stringy if you do. In the meantime, boil 2lb. of floury potatoes and mash them well, so that there are no lumps left. Shred the poached cod finely and mix it with the hot mashed potatoes; season with pepper and salt to taste; add three beaten eggs, two cups of hot milk and as much butter as you can spare. Blend thoroughly well and fill a pie dish with the mixture; sprinkle brown breadcrumbs on top and bake in a hot oven until crumbs are crisp.

Cheesed seakale.—Boil the seakale in salted water until tender. Cut up in thin lengths more or less like macaroni. Arrange in a baking dish and cover with thin pieces of Parmesan or Gruyère cheese; add a few pats of butter and bake in a moderate oven until *gratiné*.

Currant Duff.—Mix together ¾lb. self-raising flour, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. currants, 1 teaspoonful mixed spice, ½ teaspoonful salt and 4oz. grated suet. Add 1 well-beaten egg and just enough water to make the whole into a light paste. Place the paste into a well-greased basin, cover with greased paper and steam for two hours. Serve with golden syrup.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

HOME railway reports and dividend statements for 1939 have been published and annual meetings have been held. Usually there is no special interest in rails when the annual dividends have been announced, but interest becomes stronger as the half yearly statements draw nearer.

This year, however, the position is very different. Interest is well sustained. In fact, the home railway market was the only section to show the slightest activity during the period when the whole country was making every effort towards the successful launching of the 3 per cent. War Loan stock. Interest in rails is sustained as the result of the terms of war-time control by the Government. It is now well known that all railway receipts go into a pool. From this pool the railways draw annual net revenue under certain fixed percentages. The Government in the first place guarantees the railways minimum revenue of £40,000,000 a year.

From this point the agreed terms go along in stages. After the payment of the Guaranteed net revenue any balance in the pool up to £3,500,000 will be paid to the controlled undertakings in proportion to their respective guaranteed net revenue. This is known as Stage 2 of the agreed control terms.

There is a belief that the railways will arrive at Stage 2 of the control terms during the current year. If that proves to be the case dividends on the junior stocks of the railways for 1940 must be better than those for 1939. The guaranteed minimum of £40,000,000 a year means that dividends on London Midland and Scottish First Preference and London and North Eastern Railway First preference are assured.

Despite this, there is much discrepancy in ruling prices for the respective stocks. The Midland 4 per cent. First Preference for instance, is standing around 66½, while the North Eastern 4 per cent. First preference is under 54. In normal times there was better cover for the Midland preference than for the North Eastern preference. It is taking a considerable time for the changed situation to be recognised. If the railways arrive at the second stage of the agreement this year the London Midland and Scottish will be in a position to pay a dividend of 2.3 per cent. on its ordinary capital. The ordinary stock when standing at a price of 23 offers exactly 10 per cent. yield on a 2.3 per cent. dividend.

Southern Railway, while in the second stage of the control terms, will be in a position to pay 2.7 per cent. on its deferred stock. Southern deferred should stand at 27 to produce a return of 10 per cent. Actually Southern deferred is well below this level. The present price is roughly 21½.

In the case of the London & North-Eastern the company will be in a position to pay 2.5 per cent. a year on its 4 per cent. Second Preference stock while in Stage 2 of the control terms. The price of the Second Preference stock must stand at 25 to bring a return of 10 per cent. to a new buyer. Actually the price of the stock at present is nearer 20. Then there is the Great Western. In the case of this concern the second stage of the Government terms will mean a 4.6 per cent. dividend on the ordinary.

The price of Great Western ordinary to yield 10 per cent. on this dividend should be 46. Actually the price is over 48. The yield at 48 on a 4.6 per cent. dividend is £9 11s. 9d. per cent.

Taking the Great Western as a standard, it looks as if the junior stocks of the other three controlled companies are undervalued. Southern deferred, with a price of 21½, actually yields £12 11s. 3d. on a 2.7 per cent. dividend, while North-Eastern second preference on a 2.5 per cent. dividend yield £12 10s. per cent. at a price of 20.

It is necessary to recognise that all the railways are now on an equal footing. During the war period one company is as good as another. What will happen after the war, when control is removed, is a different matter. Activity and better prices are confidently expected in rails for some time to come.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 40 EBURY STREET, S.W.1, plead for help to provide for the expense of constant dressings and adequate nourishment for a woman who has had numerous operations for cancer. Her husband, an old pre-Great War police pensioner, can no longer earn to supplement his pension. Their eldest daughter, who could be earning, must be at home to care for her mother and three younger sisters, who are still at school. £11 would cover the assistance needed for 12 months.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE FUTURE OF FIELD SPORTS

SIR,—In reading your issue of February 10th the other day, I came across an article on the future of Field Sports over the signature of M.T.S.

In it, the author after expressing the fear "that a day may come when a cranky and faddist House of Commons may slip through a Bill forbidding killing for sport, or the preserving of birds and beasts for sport," goes on to give the following advice for preventing such a happening. He writes "If your local member appears to wobble threaten him on an unstamped post-card with the immediate withdrawal of your suffrage, and try and get everybody else you know to do likewise."

May I, as Secretary for eight years of the Private Committee of the House of Commons for safeguarding the interests of Field Sports, beg that none of your readers should adopt such an ill-mannered and disastrous course. It would be, I think, the only thing which could ensure the passage of such a measure as M.T.S. forecasts.

In the first place, Members of Parliament, as a whole, do not pay any attention to threatening post-cards. They are delegates and not representatives, and on questions outside party politics vote as they believe to be right, knowing that any vote given will offend at least some of their constituents.

In the second place, it is a futile threat because there is no constituency in England which would unseat its Member on account of his Parliamentary action in connection with Field Sports. The Members know this, and would therefore disregard these menaces.

In the third place, while any Member of Parliament is only too ready carefully to consider a courteously reasoned expression of view from any of his constituents, and such letters in defence of Field Sports, if well reasoned and decently expressed, can do nothing but good, the effect of an unstamped threatening post-card on any man is immediately to prejudice him against the sender, and if any votes were influenced at all by such a procedure, they would be to throw people whole heartedly in support of the Bill.

May I briefly explain why in any case, I think such an attack as M.T.S. fears is extremely unlikely. To get a Bill through Parliament, even if it is a Government Measure is, in peace time, a lengthy and laborious procedure, and at the best of times must take up Parliamentary time needed for departmental or popular measures. For this reason any Government is reluctant to embark on a measure unless it is (*a*) a popularly demanded part of their election programme or (*b*) urgently required by one of the administrative departments.

Anti-Sport legisation comes under neither of these headings and suffers from the additional disadvantage from the point of view of its promoters that it cuts across party lines, and is therefore detested by those in charge of the party machines, added to which, the powers still remaining to the Second Chamber are such as to hold the Bill up to the detriment of other more popular measures for a period of two years. It will, therefore, easily be seen that without a great popular outcry behind it, of which there is at present no sign, it is extremely improbable that, in these days of congested Parliamentary programmes when there are more Bills than time, any Government would embark on such a measure. There will, of course be indirect legislative attacks on Field Sports—taxation, land legislation and other similar changes are bound to have an adverse effect on Field Sports in the future—but even here with a vigilant Parliamentary Committee (which I hope still exists) and the assistance that was always given before the war by the admirable Political Organisation of the British Field Sports Society, it is possible to do much to safeguard sporting interests, and if reasonable interest and action is employed and not ill-mannered boorishness, there is no political reason why Field Sports should not last the time of the gloomiest of us.

Yours faithfully,

Wotton House, Aylesbury. M. W. BEAUMONT.

EGG COLLECTING IN CANADA

SIR,—For quite a while a voluminous correspondence on Egg Collecting has appeared in your columns: an evident desire is shown that this should in some way be controlled.

It is recognised on this Continent that Migratory Birds are International and since 1916, all shooting and scientific collecting has operated under The Migratory Birds Convention Act, a copy of which I enclose. Page 13, section 12 onwards is of special significance and may suggest to you that similar legal enactment would regularise collecting without interfering with legitimate study.

There can be no question that the passing of this Act has been all to the good, to instance bird-banding which can only be done under permit of this Act—the rings are issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C., and returns of banding and all recoveries go to the Bureau.

The information gained from the thousands of ducks Continentally banded, as to their movements to and from their breeding and wintering grounds and which particular fly-ways are used, has been of inestimable value.

To give but one example: If it can be shown that the whole supply of a certain species of duck wintering in a certain area in the United States is derived from a known breeding-ground in Canada and that owing to drought in that breeding area the supply of ducks is short, the shooting regulations for the United States area can be so formulated that the bag limit for that species is drastically reduced or perhaps prohibited.

The Act may not be infallible but it does ensure some control of both collecting and shooting.

Yours faithfully,

B. C., Canada. DENNIS ASHLEY.

[Unfortunately International relations on this Continent are extremely complicated, even when it comes to birds.—ED.]

SNIPE IN THE COLD SPELL

SIR,—An article in your instructive paper dated February 10th has just come to my notice, about snipe-shooting during the cold spell.

Mr. Byrom and his keeper, Mr. Walmsley, certainly enjoyed good sport, and no doubt many of your readers have had similar experiences where unfrozen water was to be found during the hard weather.

Near my house in Dorset there is a meadow of some 5 acres through which a gentle stream continued to run in spite of the temperatures in January and February of this year.

I went out on 16 occasions, and bagged the following: 253 snipe, 26 teal, 4 mallard, 1 pintail, 2 woodcock, 1 golden plover, 1 pigeon, and numerous redshanks and 3 dunlins, shot accidentally as snipe in the dusk.

In seven days I accounted for the following bag, just walking for an hour in the morning, and then another visit to the same place later on in the afternoon; on three occasions a friend accompanied me:—

Date 1940	Guns	Snipe	Teal	Duck	Woodcock	Total
Jan. 15th ..	1	18	2	–	–	20
„ 17th ..	1	18	5	3	–	26
„ 18th ..	1	20	1	–	–	21
„ 19th ..	1	16	3	1 (pintail)	–	20
„ 20th ..	2	47	4	–	–	51
„ 22nd ..	2	30	1	–	1	32
„ 31st ..	2	45	1	1	–	47
		194	17	5	1	217

Yours faithfully,

Greystones, Nottington, Weymouth. C. L. GORDON-STEWARD.

DEER FORESTS IN WAR-TIME

SIR,—In these days there are a few ways in which a deer forest may be kept going, and at the same time play a useful part in our struggle.

Cattle might be grazed on many forests which have straths at lower levels. Besides adding to the national food supply, they should improve the grazing for the future, and also do good to the fishing in the burns.

Highlanders, cross-Highlanders or Galloway cattle should do well, especially where there is some wood or birch scrub for shelter.

It is well known that deer will gnaw cast antlers or bones. An inexpensive way of making up the lime deficiency to the deer is to collect and put out all old heads, horns and bones from the lodge and larder. If put out on ground occupied by hinds, it will be found that they are all consumed during the latter half of May and early June, and so give the young stock a good start in life.

Burning of the flow ground will clear away the old dead grass, and so let the young grass come away.

On hard ground it is good to have a growth of heather of all ages, except the very old heather with thick stems, the latter being quite useless. Heather is eaten in large quantities by all animals during the early spring. The value of this food in early spring, when there is little grass, is often forgotten. One of the greatest dangers of over-burning heather is the ease with which bracken can grow and spread when the heather is weakened.

To help the natural food supply, a large number of deer of both sexes should be killed. Now is the change to cut down the stock, save complaints of intrusion on agricultural land and sheep grazing, and at the same time provide venison. This will stop the deterioration caused by overcrowding and the preponderance of hinds.

One plea in this reduction of stock: indiscriminate shooting and browning should be avoided—shoot to kill one animal at a time. From what one has read, it appears to be necessary to warn against thoughtlessness.

By making a considerable reduction in the stock of deer the ground will be able to carry the stock. So, when the war ends, and if we may ever enjoy sport again, the forests will have a healthy stock whose numbers can be kept under control.

Better to have too few, but of good quality, than masses of rubbish.

Yours faithfully,

N.B. D. G. MONCREIFF WRIGHT.

GROUSE MOVEMENT

SIR,—During the recent spell of snow and frost, on Sunday, February 18th, to be exact, my keeper while going his rounds saw a pack of about 40 grouse which were feeding round a potato "pie" in the centre of Creskeld Wood.

Evidently these birds had been driven by the hard weather to seek food lower down the valley, and most probably they had come from one of the Wharfedale moors, the nearest being Askwith or Denton, and the Hawksworth, Burley and Ilkley group.

The shortest distance from these moors to the place where the grouse were seen is eight miles, and Creskeld is completely off the line of flight between any of them.

That grouse do migrate we all know, but this is interesting, as it shows that they will travel a considerable distance when food becomes very scarce, even on a course which takes them right away from their natural surroundings. No doubt local migration between moors which are no great distance apart is a much more common occurrence than is usually supposed.

Yours faithfully,

Creskeld Hall, Arthington, Yorkshire. B. PARKINSON.

SAW-FLIES IN A PLUM TREE

SIR,—Last summer I saw a variety of saw-fly, which resembles a blue-bottle fly, busily at work at making a hole at one part of an old plum tree in my garden. Sawdust issued from the hole while the fly was working, and as the tree's foliage became yellow, I cut it down, and later had it sawn in segments.

The tree had been a happy home for saw-flies for many years, for tunnels made by the flies ran up the centre of the main stem, and from there up the centre of each limb, the cores of which were rotten.

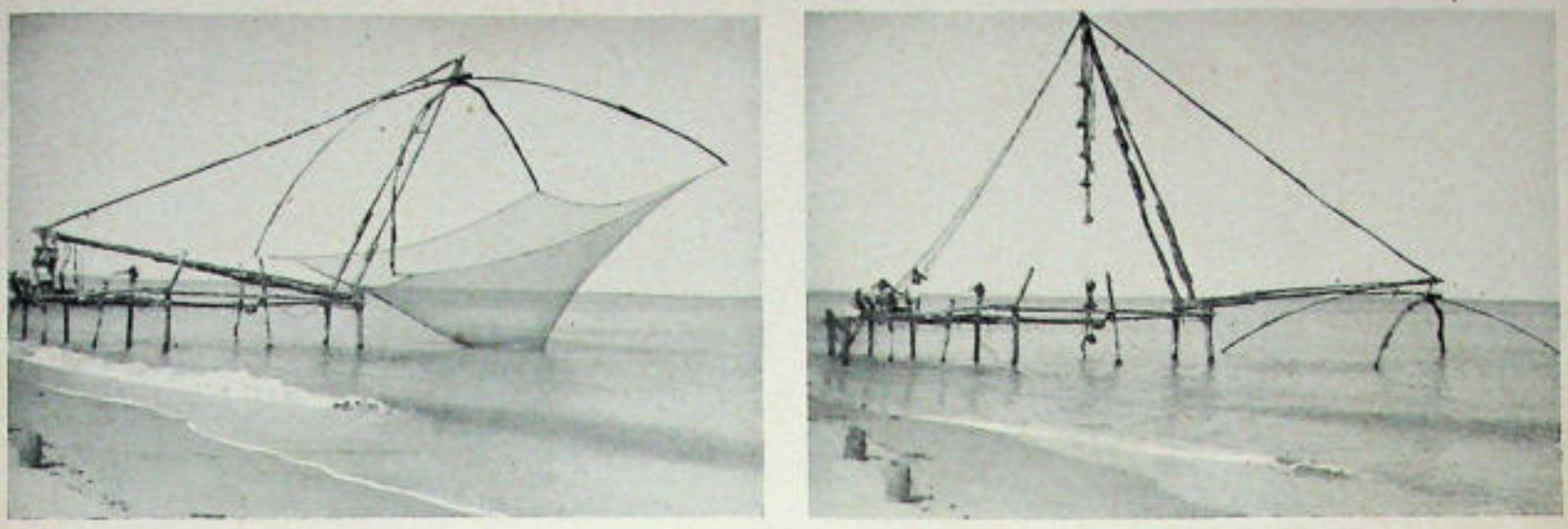
Here and there in the borings were little excavated pockets, in which were live maggots of the fly, or, in many cases, the empty shells from which the maggots had emerged. The remains of adult flies lay near the maggots, and the maggots appeared to hibernate singly.

I enclose some of the larvæ and debris of the dead flies, in the hope of further information about this saw-fly, which appears to be merely useful in hastening the final disintegration of rotten trees.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

[The cocoons contain living fully fed larvæ of what appears to be a Crabronid wasp (*Sphecoidæ*). It is not possible to tell the species of wasp until, and if, any of them emerge as adults later. The debris contain parts of various Diptera, one or two species of *Anthomyidæ* and the Stratiomyid species *Microsania polita W.* These are the remains of the food with which the Crabronid cells were stored by the mother wasp when laying her eggs.—ED.]



LOWERING A BIG NET WITH THE HOPE OF OBTAINING A BIG CATCH
(See letter "Chinese Fishing Nets in India")

CHINESE FISHING NETS IN INDIA

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of a Chinese fishing net in use on the west coast of South India. Groaning and creaking, these stationary nets are lowered into the water, while the fishermen wait patiently for a period to elapse. Then the weighted ballast of large stones at the other extremity is pulled down, the net raised, and the catch, if any, extracted. At night an oil lantern is suspended in the apex of the umbrella-shaped structure to attract fish. This ingenious though crude device is said to have been brought over from China in the days when the trade with India was extensive.

Yours faithfully,
A. D. HICKIE.

Trichinopoly,
S. India.

WOODCOCK AND THEIR HABITS

SIR,—In the *Field* of January 27th last I noticed a letter from a correspondent signing himself E. E. S. T., who mentions having seen a woodcock, while out shooting, which flew forward from the beaters and landed within a few feet of where he was standing. Hearing the beaters coming forward, the woodcock appeared to lift its body off the ground by the aid of its beak and fly away.

Now, sir, I don't wish to assume that I know more about the natural history of birds than our esteemed Editor, but I may say that I have lived all my life among birds, and have frequently seen woodcock raise their beak when rising from the ground. I have often told my under-men that they lever themselves up just like an athlete does while vaulting with the pole. Anyone who has tried to retrieve a winged woodcock can see it do this. In fact, I pointed this out to a young sportsman last season, when the bird used its beak frequently before the dog caught it. I have also seen a woodcock with her two clutches of young, the first full grown and the second only a few hours hatched.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. FORD,
Keeper.

Glenlyn,
Perthshire.

[We are still not convinced that the beak is used to help them take the wing.—ED.]

A LURE FOR WAYFARERS
(See letter "A Striking Sign")

A LOCK-UP OF OLD

SIR,—Your recent interesting article comparing the old-fashioned lock-up to the modern A.R.P. shelter—obviously not of the official Anderson pattern, but the "home-made" variety—reminded me of a photograph I took in Sark last summer.

This old lock-up in the Channel Islands has, according to tradition, only been used once. A "foreign" servant-girl from the mainland was accused of stealing some silver from her mistress. She was confined to the lock-up, but the story goes on that the island women had compassion on her and obtained permission from the "pravo," or public prosecutor (who, by the way, does the local boot repairs), to have the door left open all night. They then took it in turns to sit with her to keep her company while they got on with knitting "guernseys," as the local sweaters are called! It turned out all right in the end, however, as the following morning the mistress of the house found her missing silver under a folded tablecloth in a drawer—and so the Sark lock-up has never become a proper prison.

Yours faithfully,
L. HUGH NEWMAN.

"Butterfly Farm,"
Bexley, Kent.

ONLY USED ONCE AND THEN FOR WRONGFUL IMPRISONMENT
(See letter "A Lock-up of Old")

A STRIKING SIGN

SIR,—"Countrywoman's" letter in your issue of February 10th mentions "The Mermaid," at Rye. Here is a photograph of another inn sign of this name, but outside a typical country inn in Wiltshire, near Christian Malford. It is certainly a very striking advertisement for "the local," and probably raised some discussion when put up!

Yours faithfully,
BATHONIAN.

DAMAGE BY RABBITS

SIR,—The campaign against the wild rabbit seems to have temporarily abated, and it may be opportune to seize the opportunity to advance the plea for a little reason to be used in this matter. It is admitted at once that the wild rabbit can be, and is, a great nuisance on cultivated land where no steps are taken to keep his numbers in check. This does not excuse wasteful destruction of good food and fur, by poisoning, burying-in, and various other methods advocated. Incidentally, I wonder where all the money comes from to support this anti-rabbit campaign.

Be that as it may, many of the statements published are impossible rubbish—as to the number of rabbits and the amount of food consumed by a rabbit. I do know this from actual experience. I was told that some rough fields of mine contained hundreds of rabbits. Eventually I got this definitely stated to be 200 rabbits. One of the farmers who made this statement, a keeper, two lads, my own man, with guns, nets, ferrets, &c., practically cleared this bit of land in three separate visits. They did not get 100, and I have looked in vain for one since. The exaggeration when a lot of rabbits are seen playing about in a field is easy to understand.

With regard to the food that a rabbit eats. I wired in a piece of ground and put in 75 young rabbits. When they had eaten it bare we started to feed them, and just before they were two years old we killed them all, selling their carcases and their skins. These were big blue Beveren rabbits, and they were very well fed. I will not go into details, but the amounts often quoted as eaten by one rabbit in this country are absolutely ridiculous. I might further mention that a great deal of the food eaten by the wild rabbits in this country, on the hill-tops and common land, is not much use for anything else, and it should be quite easy to ascertain the monetary value of the British wild rabbit marketed in this country, though this is never mentioned by the exterminators at all costs. The fiercest denouncer of the wild rabbit I know is a keen fox hunter. He does not seem to understand that the extermination of the rabbit means the extermination of the fox.

Travelling on the Continent, one hardly ever sees a wild rabbit; the reason being, I suppose, that there are more days than meat dinners for the inhabitants. After this war, when our standard of living must be considerably reduced, I think our wild rabbit will be hard put to it to exist in any numbers. Already he is much reduced in this neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,
GRENE C. WYTE.

Sussex.

[The food value of the wild rabbit is questionable. The damage done to agriculture is beyond question.—Ed.]

A CURIOUS TOMBSTONE
(See letter "In Memory of an Organ Builder")

IN MEMORY OF AN ORGAN BUILDER

SIR,—Mr. Berry's interesting letter "Buried Upside Down," which appeared in the *Field* for 17th February reminded me of a curious tombstone at Kildwick, West Yorkshire, which takes the form of an organ. My photograph shows the memorial, the details of which are as clear to-day as when they were first fashioned, about seventy years ago. There are the console, stops, pedals and a fine set of pipes, all beautifully carved.

An inscription below reads: "The above is from the design of the first organ built by the said John Laycock." Not only did John Laycock install one of his instruments in the adjoining church, but he was the actual founder of a local firm of organ builders which is still in existence.

Yours faithfully,
Leeds. "NORTHCOUNTRYMAN."

PROTECTION OF LAPWINGS

SIR,—Regarding the two letters expressing opposite views in the *Field* of February 24th, the first says that the lapwing is supposed to be a friend to farmers, but gives the bird a back-hander. It is with surprise that I have read it.

Most people are in favour of the protection of the lapwing and its eggs, but I am not, to the extent advocated by the second of your correspondents, who suggests taking the subject out of the hands of the county councils and making only one law for all counties. This would, I think, be a great mistake, and, in so writing, I do not do so with the idea of injuring the lapwing but of helping it. The Act of 1928 certainly wants amending as regards the eggs. Lapwings are very fond of nesting in rough plough-land which is often in April scuffled or worked for spring sowing. What is the result? The bird has laid her four eggs and has commenced to sit; along comes the farmer and his teams, and the nest, often easily overlooked, is destroyed. Four eggs go west. Now comes a further tragedy. The bird having been sitting does not lay again that season and in consequence there are no young lapwing to be reared by that particular pair.

I well remember a ploughman in the west of England telling me many years ago that, in one field which I know well, he had destroyed something like sixteen nests, the equivalent of sixty-four young birds.

He was very sorry, but thoroughly agreed with me when I explained my solution of the problem. It would be to allow lapwings' eggs to be taken until a certain date in April and not to be exposed for sale after two days later. The date in April to be settled yearly for each county according to the season. I believe certain other countries adopt this system. Why cannot we? In view of the many thousands of additional acres that will be under the plough this spring, it is very important that such an order be framed at once. The result will provide more food in the shape of eggs and there will still be the young lapwings to carry on their good work with the wireworm. In fact, there will be more than under the present law.

With every respect to the composer of the lines quoted by your correspondent, I venture to submit some lines to which the ploughman's complaint gave rise and which were composed in the best interest of all concerned, but especially of the lapwings:

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE LAPWINGS

I do mind, said the ploughman, a scuffling yon field,
But before me, the harvest had started to yield;
T'were a crop of young lapwings—in eggs sat on hard.
Proper narked did I feel and played —— in our yard.
There were sixteen warm nesty's and four to a pair
Counts sixty-four lapwings to take to the air.
Well, the eggs got them smashed and the birds did them go,
And I thought me our laws might be termed so and so.
And I wondered why Statesmen don't ponder and think;
If they did they would keep us right side of the brink.
They would know that Dame Nature will have her own way
And t'were easy to keep birds from flying away.
If only the first clutch could go to the shop,
The lapwings would lay them a good second crop.
By the time that my work was so farmingly* clear
The lapwings are ready—the second they'd rear,
And so you will know, tho' a ploughman I be,
That my law would let sixty-four lapwings go free.

The lines only deal with one field. There are thousands more in the country.

Yours faithfully,
London. "THE GREY CHAPE."

[* Some folk say beautifully—but I be only a ploughman and I can't say that of my work—I do say it of lots of other ploughmen.]

SIR,—It is interesting to note that three Labour members, representing constituents living in three towns, were able to draw from the Minister of Agriculture, in the House of Commons on March 4th last, an assurance that the Masters of Fox Hounds Association were bringing to the notice of the hunts the desirability of the destruction of the maximum number of foxes during the remainder of the season. But what is more interesting to fox-hunters is the first part of the Minister of Agriculture's reply to the three Labour town members. The Minister said that he had received no representations, either from the County War Executive Committees or the National Farmers' Union, in regard to damage done to farming land by the continuation of hunting, and that he saw no justification for prohibiting the practice of hunting.

SCHOOLBOY PERFORMERS IN AN OLD YORKSHIRE VILLAGE PLAY
(See letter "Easter Mummers")

EASTER MUMMERS

SIR,—Although the ancient play based on St. George's triumph over such foes as the Bold Slasher, the Turkish Knight and others, and which is supposed to represent Summer's victory over death-like Winter, is usually acted as a Christmas Mumming Play in the South of England, a Northern version of this same theme is performed every Good Friday at Midgley, a moorland village near Halifax, Yorkshire. Here it is known as the "Pace Egg Play," a name coming, of course, from the old "pasche egg."

The Midgley actors are schoolboys and have been coached by their schoolmaster. Eight of the characters are dressed in coloured tunics decorated with paper rosettes and wear cardboard helmets trimmed with beads and hoops of paper flowers. A ninth character, known as "Toss Pot," wears a motley assortment of old clothes, and carries an effigy under his arm which he refers to as his "old tally-wife." Reference to these dresses appears in the local dialect, a gaudily attired person being often referred to as "donned up like a pace-egger," and one slovenly dressed as "a regular toss-pot."

The play is performed several times in the village on Good Friday and usually attracts visitors from all parts of West Yorkshire and East Lancashire.

Yours faithfully,
Blackpool. H. HAMER.

A DOG'S WAR-TIME DINNER

SIR,—The article in your issue of the 10th ult. states that Kingsley wrote that "every dog must have his day."

There is no doubt that many of your readers know a much older mention of this saying—*Hamlet* v, 1, 284/285, "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

Yours faithfully,
Warwickshire. E. B. HANDLEY.

FOX-HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

It is a pity that the Minister did not tell the three Labour town members that not only had farmers not complained about hunting in war-time, but that in many hunts in widely different parts of the country, so keen are the leading farmers that fox-hunting shall continue in war-time, they have undertaken at their own personal expense to provide forage for the hunt horses.

It would indeed be a sad irony if the country's heritages and liberties, for which so many of the younger fox-hunters are now fighting, should be taken from them by the propaganda of townsmen who have, unfortunately, not learnt to appreciate that fox-hunting is one of the many delights of the countryside which we are determined it is well worth while to preserve.

Yours faithfully,
Essex. R. C. CHESTER.

[We dealt with this point in last week's issue.—Ed.]

PITY THE POOR NATURALISTS

SIR,—The words "poor naturalist" in Hekim's letter—*Field*, February 10th—have set me to thinking hard. Between 1895 and 1924 I spent some years in Indo-China; Malaya, including Borneo, Java, and Sumatra; small parts of Australia and China; and in most of India and Assam.

Although a very poor naturalist I am keen. In addition to shooting and fishing I sometimes assisted (in the French sense only!) at the capture, in pits, traps, and snares, of all kinds of animals, from elephants to mice, peafowl to button quail, also reptiles and fishes of all sorts and sizes. The similarity in engines and methods in places as far apart as Assam and Sumatra is not surprising, for I believe the Negas and Karens are blood brothers of the non-Dravidian wild men of Borneo and Sumatra. What struck me about the people in all those countries was the fact that they are all first-rate naturalists—Malays especially so.

Now, sir, having had the extraordinary luck to experience all that, I like reading the great authorities on the subject. Buffon, Bates, Darwin, and Wallace give me keen pleasure but when I turn to our modern naturalists I am bewildered and lost.

On the strength of trivial peculiarities, such as the way the bristles grow on their tails, whether the right or left tusk shows a more worn tip, absence or presence of tusks, &c., one authority would classify Malayan, Ceylon, and Sumatran elephants as distinct from one another and from the Indian which he takes as the "type." I do not know about wild Ceylon elephants, but I am sure that there is no more difference between an Indian elephant and one from Acheh (North Sumatra) than between Acheh and Lampong elephants in South Sumatra. Another authority, on the strength of one example, thinks that a water buffalo in Assam, the horns of which vary from the typical, might be tagged *Bos bubalis macroceros*. He seems to have been somewhat taken aback by another example having been killed a thousand miles from Assam and suggests that there may be yet another sub-species. Lydekker seems to have blindly followed Temminck and Schlegel. He calls the "pyoung" of Burma a gaur, but, although there are lots of gaur in Burma, I think the pyoung is a banteng* (the sapi-utan of the Malays and kong baw rung of Annam), a very different beast, common all over south-east Asia and in some of the larger islands. I could give other examples—but enough!

It seems to me that the main cause of our trouble is that we fail to realise that wild animals are not influenced by our geographical, political, and ethnographical divisions and boundaries. They go where the going is good and the food suitable. Changes will take place in their appearance and habits, due to different food and environment, and it should not be forgotten that every individual beast in a herd has its own distinct and personal look, as have our sheep and other domestic animals. This may be hard for the uninitiated to believe but any stockman will vouch for it.

It took me over a year to be able to distinguish between an Annamite man and a woman, let alone between man and man, but after living with them for three or four years, although every mothers' son of them has black hair and eyes and a hairless face, I discovered that each man had as distinct a look and personality as have parti-coloured Europeans. Incidentally, our darkest brown head of hair looks quite red to Chinese and Annamites.

Some years ago *The Field* printed some notes on the "Orang Laut" of the east coast of Sumatra who are born, live and die, in their prahus. Their bodies, from the waist upwards, are herculean but their buttocks and legs are those of ten-year old children? This has come about through generations of them squatting on the mat-covered deck which they only leave when sleeping or when slithering over the pea-soup slime of their river estuaries, in a platter-like sledge, in search of shellfish. Suppose they go on increasing above and decreasing below, what are they going to look like in say another five centuries? Animals are changing too, and, as their extreme individual limit of life is only some four hundred years in the case of some of the reptiles, I think the tag "typicus" should be carefully and sparingly applied to any of them. Future naturalists, by the way, are likely to have an interesting problem to argue about and solve in the case of the descendants of domestic water buffs which are going back to the wild in Borneo and Sumatra.

I saw one or two of these caught in nooses in Sumatra and Borneo and I noted that, in their case, at any rate, their huge splay feet were becoming small and narrow, their horns smaller and more gaur-like, although the corrugations and triangular cross-section had not changed much. Their bodies seemed sleeker and more racy. Are those brutes becoming hill and forest-dwelling animals? I

A MEMORIAL TO LONGEVITY
(See letter "The Old Man of Yorkshire")

wonder! They are, if anything, more dangerous than their brothers which have never quitted the swamps of the Brahmaputra and Narbada basins.

The snare used to catch these brutes was a rotan slip-noose, attached by hair trigger to a bent-over tree. A snare that will hold a buff and jerk a 600-lb. sambar into the air is not to be trifled with and a blundering European needs a good local shikari to avoid these, and staked pits, as they are cleverly hidden.

I see that, now, roads, railways, cars, and even 'planes are common in my old haunts. I trust the nice wild beats will survive, also the wild men but, they, I fear, will deviate from the "typical," sooner or later.

Yours faithfully,
A. W. DUNCAN.

Overdale,
Crieff.

* The gaur in Malaya is called s'ladang.

STILL IN COMMISSION

SIR,—In view of the British navy's successes recently, readers might be interested to know that Wickham, Hampshire, has a mill that constitutes a memorial to one of the most famous ship duels in history.

A REMINDER OF A FAMOUS NAVAL ENGAGEMENT
(See letter "Still in Commission")

In 1813, the British frigate *Shannon* of 38 guns and 330 men, under the command of Captain Sir P. B. Vere Broke, challenged the American frigate, the *Chesapeake*, of 50 guns and a crew of 376 men, with Captain Lawrence in command, in Boston Harbour. Only eleven minutes from the time the battle started the *Shannon's* crew had boarded the *Chesapeake*, and only four minutes later she struck, having suffered heavy casualties.

Towed to Portsmouth, the *Chesapeake* was offered for sale. At the time a new mill was required at Wickham, and the prize was purchased and broken up and much of her timber was used in building the new structure. So that a celebrated frigate is still in "commission."

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST GRAHAME.

69, Kingsway,
Eastleigh,
Hants.

THE OLD MAN OF YORKSHIRE

SIR,—Not far from the Great North Road lies the peaceful and delightful little village of Bolton-on-Swale, famous as the last resting place of the "Old Man of Yorkshire," Henry Jenkins, said to have lived for 169 years. His birthplace was the nearby hamlet of Ellerton-on-Swale.

At the York Assizes, in 1670, he appeared as a witness in a cause between the Vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank, wherein he deposed that the tithes of wool, lamb, etc., had been paid, to his knowledge, 120 years or more. He also used to visit the last abbot of Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, and enjoy taking a glass of wine with him. He could also remember going to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows for the Battle of Flodden Field.

Inside the church can be seen a huge tablet, erected by public subscription, with a very long epitaph, of which the following are the first few lines:—

"Blush not marbles
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of Henry Jenkins,
A Person obscure in birth,
But of life truly Memorable:"

My photograph is of the tombstone, erected by public subscription, in Bolton-on-Swale churchyard, where he is buried.

Yours faithfully,
J. D. ROBINSON.

The Cottage,
Langholm Crescent, Darlington.

PHEASANT SHOOTING EXTENSION

SIR,—For many years it has been debated that the pheasant shooting season should be from November 1st to March 1st inclusive.

Now that legislation was introduced, although somewhat late, this shooting season extending the period to March 1st, it would be interesting to know what general advantage was taken of it. This might lead to something useful being brought out and the law (pheasant) being amended permanently.

Yours faithfully,
C. L. FORSTER.

Wellisford,
Somerset.

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR

SIR,—We are told on page 2, of *Sponge's Sporting Tour* that "he had fully established in his own mind that Kiddey Downey and he (Mr. Sponge) were the only men in London who knew anything about horses." Can anybody tell me who "Kiddey Downey" was?

On page 396, amongst other vehicles we are told that some of the spectators of the steeplechase arrived in "Newport Pagnells." What kind of conveyance was a Newport Pagnell? Was it built by the predecessors of the famous body builders in that pretty little town?

Yours faithfully,
THE SIDE.

Yorkshire.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

HIBERNATING COMMA BUTTERFLY.—A comma butterfly (*polygonia c-album*) was seen flying in sunshine at Nymans, Handcross, Sussex, by Lieut.-Col. L. C. R. Messel, on February 24th. This is the earliest record of a hibernating comma of which I have note.—*Eric Parker, Feathercombe, Hambledon, Godalming.*

GREEN PLOVERS.—Would Mr. H. B. Fowler be so kind as to inform us when and by whom it was "established," as he thinks, that green plovers "devour as many beneficial insects as detrimental ones."—*J. D. U. Ward, 73, Iffley Road, Oxford.*

A FAMOUS FELL HUNTSMAN

When the fire's on the hearth,
And good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman
And his Ullswater hounds,
For we ne'er shall forget
How he woke us at dawn
With the crack of his whip
And the sound of his horn.

ON Tuesday, March 5th, Joe Bowman—the most famous of all Fell huntsmen—died at Patterdale, aged 89. He became huntsman to the Ullswater in 1879, and carried the horn with only a short break until 1924. John Peel was made famous in song the world over, and, like Peel, Bowman had a song written in his honour, but he was a far greater figure in the sport of the Fells.

The foxhunting dalesmen of Lakeland have ever had a place in their hearts for "Lordy" and "Hunty," otherwise Lord Lonsdale, and Joe Bowman. Joe was born at Matterdale in 1857. His love of hunting was inherited from his mother, who before her marriage to Matthew Bowman was Miss Mary Dawson. The Dawson family had been closely connected with hunting for many generations, evidence of which lies in a horn that has been handed down for 200 years.

During his boyhood, Joe learned much from two of his uncles who hunted hounds. A period of farm service and work at the Greenside Lead Mines followed, then, on the retirement of Abe Pattinson, the Ullswater huntsman, in 1879, Bowman, succeeded him, and for a long time hunted hounds without a whipper-in. At that period Squire Hasell, of Dalemain, was Master. Mr. Hasell died in 1910, and Mr. W. H. Marshall, of Patterdale Hall, became Master.

In 1911, after hunting hounds for 32 seasons, Joe was presented with a cheque for £150, as a token of esteem from 700 friends. In this reply, Joe said that he had been told that an ancestor of his who was deaf and dumb, used to go out hunting with a man who was blind, and used to say to him "Thoo mun lissen and I'll leuk."

Joe resigned in 1911, and his whipper-in, George Salkeld, took his place, with B. Wilson as whipper-in. On the outbreak of the Great War, Joe again took charge, and with little or no help, for fields were small, he carried on with all his old keenness. In 1924, to everyone's regret, he had to finally retire owing to advancing years.

It was an education to watch Joe handle hounds. He would cast them off on a fell-side and work them like a shepherd does his dogs. In addition to his hounds, he set great store by his terriers, and in his time he owned some of the best that ever bolted a fox. One of his terriers once killed three foxes underground, the combined weights of the three being 62lb.

During his long career Joe killed well over 2,000 foxes. In 1903 the Ullswater accounted for 35 brace of old foxes, and 24 brace of cubs. His heaviest fox was a dog weighing 23lb. It was killed in Wyeop Ghyll, Cross Fell. One day in 1920, hounds accounted for three foxes that weighed 19½lb., 18lb., and 16lb. respectively. I was with Joe Bowman many years ago, when I saw my first Lakeland fox killed. During Joe's period as huntsman, the Ullswater recorded many long runs. One such took place in the season 1922-23. Hounds were in Mardale for the Shepherds' Meet, and on the Monday a fox was unkenneled at Woodford Ghyll. It was finally killed in Short Stile, Riggingdale. This run was through eight valleys, and seven parishes.

"AULD HUNTY"
The late Joe Bowman

As was only natural in a mountain country like Lakeland, Joe had many rough experiences on the fells. One of the worst was a journey back to kennels from Mardale in one of the wildest blizzards that ever broke over Westmorland. Visitors to the dale were snowed in, but Joe set off before the storm and was caught on the tops. He was over 50 years of age then, but still as hard as nails. Hounds had to battle against the storm as best they could, while Joe picked up his two terriers and carried them. Finally he became so benumbed that he had to abandon one terrier in order to save the other and himself. At last, half frozen, he reached Patterdale, where he soon recovered. Some days after the body of the dead terrier was picked up.

Joe was always good at repartee, and quick to make the most of any situation in which he found himself. Which reminds me of the day when he arrived at Howtown pier after a hunt on the fell. An official demanded that steamer tickets should be taken for each hound that was to make the trip up Ullswater Lake. Joe said no, and embarked without his pack. Half-way up the lake he pulled out his horn and awoke the echoes of the hills. Hounds answered the call, flew round by road, and when the steamer pulled in at the Ullswater pier the entire pack was there to meet it and their beloved huntsman. As Joe stepped off the boat he smilingly turned to the exacting official and remarked "Noo, then, who's won?"

Joe and his hounds were for many years regular attendants at the annual Shepherds' Meet in Mardale. From a small meeting of shepherds and foxhunters the Mardale gathering became a good second to the famous Grasmere Sports. Much of its popularity may be set down to Bowman. R. C.

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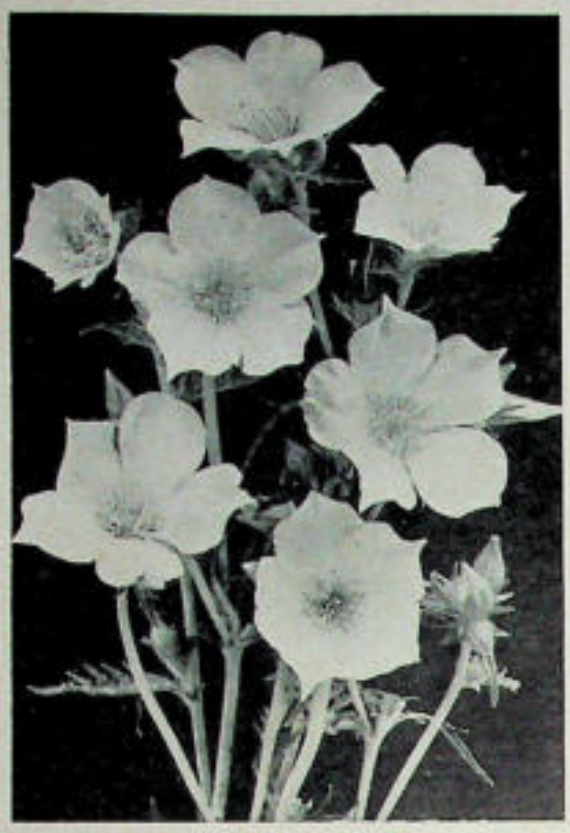


BARTONEA AUREA "THE PICK OF THE CALIFORNIAN ANNUALS"

WHEN THOUGHTS TURN TO ANNUALS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

The author will reply to any queries in connection with this article if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

AFTER a winter such as we have had the soil is so cold that it is better in most parts to defer the sowing of annuals till towards the end of this month. Seeds need a certain amount of genial warmth in the soil before they can germinate, and it does them no good to remain in a stagnant condition in cold soil.

Certain annuals are sown almost universally but others, that once were favourites, have disappeared from most gardens. I have a special liking for borage. Thickly sown and thinned late it makes a clump of mere weeds, but very thinly sown and thinned to at least fifteen inches apart it is one of the handsomest annuals, and makes a vigorous branching growth well over three feet high. The flowers, each with its prominent black "eye," are so quaint that it is small wonder they were formerly so frequently depicted in needlework.

In this part of Surrey borage, sown towards the end of March, seeds itself in summer and the seedlings, if thinned early, grow so quickly that they flower in October. Few other annuals can be counted on to behave in this attractive way. Borage seed is so large that it is easy to put in each one separately, and the results will repay this little extra trouble. We use the flowers in salads and they look most pleasing associated with golden marigold petals and scarlet bergamot flowers.

The mammoth annual sunflower comes in a very different category. This variety is, I fancy, the largest and most impressive of all annuals. The flowers measure about twenty inches across and even the stems are much larger than those of the common kind. The only drawback to sunflowers is that they drain every particle of moisture out of the soil, and are such greedy feeders that neighbouring plants suffer badly. In the days when they were grown in almost every cottage garden those gardens were liberally fed with natural manure and even the greediest feeders could fare sumptuously without injuring their neighbours.

It is always worth saving one's own seeds of sunflowers, because the finest plants are those raised from the first head to ripen. But one needs to be alert to secure these seeds, for the birds are far more appreciative of them than of the subsequent heads. I once saw a cottage garden entirely surrounded with sunflowers and hollyhocks, and the effect was amazingly good. The array of sunflowers was almost suggestive of lights catching and reflecting the full splendour of the sun.

Scabious are really better treated as annuals, in our uncertain climate. The "pin-cushion flower," really well grown, will attain four feet in good soil, with flowers about four inches across. Grown thus, they are in the first rank of picking flowers. Scabious like a well drained rich soil. The colour range is now remarkable; from pink and mauve to brilliant cherry and a rich purple almost black. Seed should be sown very thinly in the open in early April and the plants thinned at first to a foot apart and subsequently according to the growth made.

The most popular annuals, especially for picking, are larkspurs, godetias, nigellas, marigolds, annual chrysanthemums, cornflowers, mignonette and sweet sultans.

Larkspurs should never be transplanted. Sown where they are to flower they attain quite four feet. The stock-flowered sorts are undoubtedly the most effective. The old rose kind is a particularly attractive colour for indoor decoration, and looks well in artificial light. The dwarf godetias are much advertised but, in mass, the tall kinds are amongst the most striking of all annuals. The best are the cherry rose-coloured sorts, and there is a new double variety, with some petals rich cherry and others crimson.

Of the nigellas, the two most seldom grown are, I think, the best—the so-called dark blue form of nigella, Miss Jekyll, and the white form. The "dark blue" is unfortunately named, for the flowers are in reality a beautiful sapphire blue, far more attractive than the pale blue sort commonly grown. The white form with its dark anthers is charming. Nigellas are amongst the few annuals that are as pleasing in seed as in flower, for the seed vessels are most decorative and a useful addition to mixed bowls of flowers in late autumn. Last year I had the sapphire blue nigella growing with *Oenothera odorata*, in my opinion the most delightful of all the oenotheras; for it grows about two feet high (just the right height to go with nigellas) and its exquisite lemon yellow scented flowers are produced in continuous profusion from June to November.

Among the annuals that are ideal for sandy soils are *Bartonea aurea*, *limnanthes Douglasii*, the eschscholtzias and various South African annuals, notably the Swan River daisy and dimorphothecas. *Bartonea aurea* is, I think, the pick of the Californian annuals. It should be sown in April where it is to flower and thinned to nine inches apart. *Limanthes Douglasii* is a charming edging plant and sows itself year after year. It is a first-rate bee flower.

The eschscholtzias are so improved every year that the old orange kind will soon presumably disappear from cultivation. One of the best of the newer kinds is Fireglow, a very rich orange. This variety flowers earlier than most and continues till cut by frost. The double kinds are more compact than the single and the flowers stand out well above the foliage. The variety called Miniature Primrose is delightful for the rock garden.

Dimorphothecas come into flower more quickly than almost any other annuals, usually within seven weeks of being sown. In mixture they are fairly effective, but I prefer the curiously rich orange of the type to the numerous "art shades" listed in all the catalogues. To my thinking, these hybrids look washy in contrast with the striking colour of the type.

CHEAP CHEERFUL CLIMBERS

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

IT has already been stated in the daily Press that there is likely to be a glut of vegetables in the spring and early summer owing to the tremendous interest that had already been taken in the "Dig for Victory" campaign. Surely there is need for saneness in war-time as in peace-time. There is no need to rush and plant every available area of ground with cabbages, as so many people did last September.

Cheerfulness is an important asset in any national emergency and as an aid to cheerfulness there is nothing more helpful than beauty and scent. Even if much of the garden has to be devoted to utilitarian plants the walls and the fences, the posts of the veranda and pergolas and the face of the home itself can be clothed with gay climbers at little expense.

There is no need to belittle the annual climber which, though it only lasts a year, does give of its best during that period and need only cost a penny or two for a brilliant display. Take the cultivated Convolvulus, of which there are now excellent strains in all kinds of colours, and will grow in almost any soil, given a sunny position.

If one had to choose, it would certainly be that lovely variety Heavenly Blue whose blossoms make an outstandingly brave show throughout the summer. This particular kind is not one for the north though, as it needs shelter and protection. It does best, in fact, in a hot sunny position. In a sheltered warm veranda it flourishes.

There is really no reason to despise the Canary Creeper, *Tropæolum canariense*, for it is an extraordinarily quick climber and seems to train itself. The foliage is light green in colour and deeply lobed, while the flowers are bright yellow having each a green curved spur. The secret is, undoubtedly, to grow the plant in poor soil, for then it produces masses of flowers and small foliage.

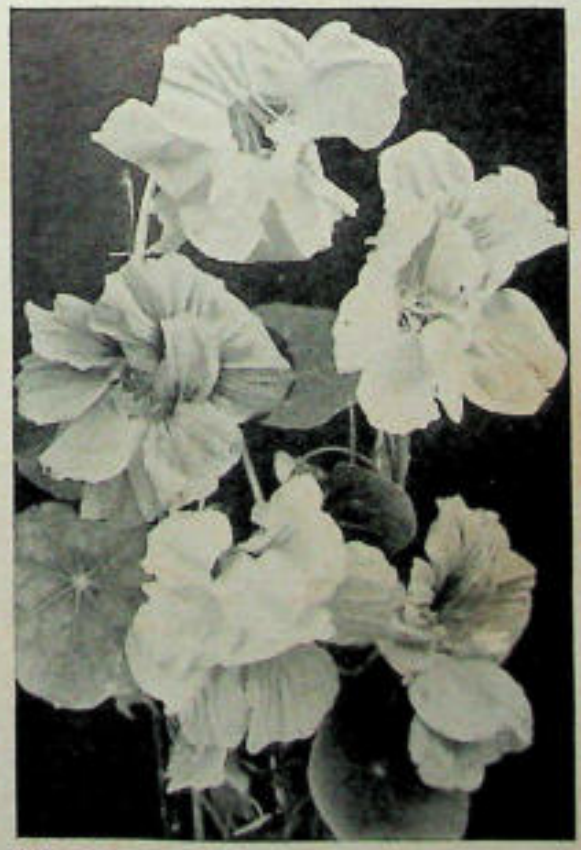
An interesting climber is the annual hop, *Humulus Japonicus*, which grows with great rapidity. The variegated type has prettily marked foliage, striped with creamy white and silver. The leaves are composed of five to seven deep lobes, and the fruits look like a loose aggregation of nutlets which do not enlarge much in maturity and never form true hops.

In the milder parts of the country there is the *Cobæa scandens*, which often climbs to a height of 25 feet and bears violet or greenish purple flowers, two inches long and one and a half inches across, on very long stalks. There is a variety called Alba, which has white flowers, and another, *purpurea*, whose blossoms are a much deeper purple.

On the whole it is best to raise the plants from seeds sown under glass in March, and plant these out early in May. They then have the opportunity of making plenty of growth and of flowering freely during the summer and autumn. If given some protection they may carry on for another season. Choose a sunny position for this climber and give it some shelter in the early stages.

The best type of nasturtium for clothing a pillar or post is the *Tropæolum peltophorum*. The leaves are round and the flowers orange red and often an inch in length. The growth is sturdy, and many of the forms have those dark hued leaves which look well against the structure up which they are climbing.

All the climbers mentioned already are annuals that can be raised from seed, either by sowing in situ or by sowing in pots or boxes, as advised in the case of the Cobæas, and planting out later. The boxes, or pots, can be placed in greenhouses, or frames, and should be grown at a temperature of about 55 deg. Fahr. No attempt should be made to force these annual climbers, nor should they be treated in any way as hot-house plants. The only advantage of sowing them in this way is to give them an early start.



THE DOUBLE NASTURTIUM IS A GOOD CLIMBER WHICH DOES WELL FOR VERANDAS OR TUBS

THE L.S.D. OF FORESTRY—I

Larch among the most profitable Timber

By REGINALD DAVEY

"DOES forestry pay?" is an oft-repeated question. Not long ago a spate of letters in *The Times* tried to show that it does. More recently a writer in the *Field* painted a very different picture. It is difficult for the layman to judge, owing to the long-term nature of the investment.

There are two different standpoints from which the question of profit or loss can be viewed. Either as a matter affecting a single plantation, or as a question of return over the whole woodland area. The first may be termed the narrow view, and will be dealt with first.

Larch is one of the most profitable species for the woodland owner, and can on a suitable site be regarded as mature at 80 years, if not sooner. It is a common occurrence for it to follow a crop of widely-spaced oaks or other hardwoods, over useless underwood. The price realised for the timber may be in the region of £30 per acre. The underwood will previously have been cleared by being given away to people to cut for faggots. The site will be bare, or clearable for about £1 per acre.

Rabbits will be a nuisance unless kept out, so the first task will be to fence against them. Assuming an area of 4 acres more or less square, 550yds. of rabbit netting will be needed, costing pre-war 1/- per yard erected. This works out at £7 per acre, and is a good illustration of the costly nature of rabbit tolerance.

The trees, planted at 5ft. apart, will amount to 1,742 per acre, and, as 2 year or 1 year transplants, cost about 40/- per 1,000, or 35/- per acre. Men planting by the modern method of notching, suitable for any soil on which larch can successfully be grown, will plant 400 trees a day each. Taking the average wages and allowances at 45/- per week, this means a wage bill of 35/- per acre.

The cost of planting thus totals £11 10s. per acre, and ranks for a Forestry Commission grant, still available to-day, of £2, which reduces costs to £9 10s. But this is not all, for during the first three summers the weed growth must be brushed off to prevent it overtopping the trees. This may average 10/- per acre per time. For the first two winters there will be dead plants needing replacement, costing, in new plants and labour, 15/- per acre for the first year, and 7/6 for the second year. The grand total of planting and cleaning costs, less grant, is £12 2s. 6d. If this sum is accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest for 80 years the result is £280, the approximate value of a larch crop of that age grown upon a first-quality site.

This might be regarded as a satisfactory result, but is not a true picture in two respects. Very few larch plantations are growing on first-quality sites. There are many more second and third-class areas, which on this basis would pay compound interest at 3¾ and 3¼ per cent. respectively. In the second place, £12 2s. 6d. is not the true planting cost. It may be that the previous crop was chargeable to death duties, in which case the replanting costs will have been deducted, entitling the new plantation to a credit of the amount of the duty saved.

In any event, the young plantation can be assessed under Schedule D of income tax, enabling the recovery of both income tax and surtax on the planting and establishment costs. These are properly deductible, and in most cases will halve the expense of planting. This will increase the compound interest figure to 5, 4¾ and 4¼ per cent. respectively for the three types of site.

It may be objected that these figures do not allow for the cost of thinning the plantation during its growing years. In the case of larch, all the thinnings will be saleable or usable on the estate, and it would be more accurate to show a credit balance in respect of this item. Taking into consideration the rapid increase of costs under a compound interest accumulation, it is clear that the early return by way of saleable thinnings is a very important factor.

On the average, thinnings will sell for £7 10s. per acre every five years, starting at the 25th year, and cost about half this to cut and extract. The accumulated total of these items is £94, which raises the compound interest rate of return by ¼ per cent. in 80 years. It is only larch that gives these profitable thinnings, and the possible return from a plantation of Scots pine, which costs the same to establish, is £189, £150, and £107 per acre respectively on the three qualities of site. The compound interest figures are 4½, 4 and 3½ per cent. respectively, that is, 1 per cent. below larch. On some estates, notably the Crown lands at Windsor, Scots pine thinnings are prized for use, well creosoted, for fencing.

Hardwoods, on the other hand, take many more years to mature, and cost a little more to establish. Take the case of an oak plantation, formed at a cost of £15 per acre, less 50 per cent. for income tax and surtax recovered. The wood might be felled at 160 years, when its value would be in the region of £500 per acre, a return of 2¾ per cent. compound interest on the outlay.

But all these calculations take no account of overheads. The plantation is, after all, but a unit in a larger woodland area, and the general running expenses will be spread over the whole area. Even though a plantation requires no attention in a particular year, it should bear its share of the wages of the head forester and the woodland staff. This is taking the broad view of the matter, and will be discussed next week.

LOGGING TIMBER IN A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE WOOD

PRUNING ROSES AND SHRUBS

FLOWERING shrubs are becoming more and more popular because they are a real economy in the garden; despite the war, and really because of it, many beautiful flowering shrubs have been planted this winter in order that shrubberies may be established which can be "kept tidy" with a minimum amount of labour.

Most people realise the importance of pruning roses, though many start such pruning too early. On the whole, the beginning of April is quite early enough in the case of the ordinary bush roses and climbing H.T's. The object of cutting the branches back hard is, of course, to keep the trees growing and to improve the size and yield of the blooms. The sturdiness of a shoot largely depends on the point from which it emanates. When it starts low down it can be strong, and when it is strong the bloom is of good quality also.

It is always advisable when pruning bush trees to keep the centre of the tree open and then to cut back last year's shoots by two-thirds. All cuts should be made to just above a bud pointing in the outward direction, and any weakly shoots may be cut out altogether. A newly planted bush, of course, should be cut back to, say, within two plump buds of the base.

Polyantha roses should be cut back to within four good eyes of their base when newly planted, but the pruning after this should consist of cutting back to one plump dormant bud below the previous season's bloom truss. Weak shoots are, of course, cut down hard, and any crossing branches which tend to overcrowd the centres are removed. Pernetianas do not want to be pruned as hard as the H.T's, and in the case of the chinas no pruning should be done except to remove the weak sappy growth.

The climbing roses (as opposed to the ramblers) should also be pruned at the beginning of April, the three strongest shoots being cut back by a third of their length and the weakest shoots cut out altogether; but it may be necessary to cut back other long shoots by about one-third so as to encourage lateral growth. It is also important, of course, in the case of climbers, to train these shoots in a horizontal position or to wind them up pillars.

In addition to roses, there are numbers of flowering shrubs that need pruning at this time of the year, and those that get the greatest benefit from such cutting back are those that bloom on the shoots that develop in the spring. The mauve buddleia is, perhaps, the commonest one in this group. All last year's branches should be cut back to within 6in. of the base. New growths then develop, which bear those lovely long sprays of flowers.

Others that need pruning this way are the various spireas, like Douglasii, arborea, Lindleyana and ariefolia. The clematis should also be cut back hard, especially the viticella and Jackmani types, which flower in the summer. They want pruning back to within, say, 10in. of their base. Then they send up plenty of new shoots. It is possible, if they have been trained over an arbour, to leave them alone. I advise hard pruning, though, for the following varieties: Snow White, Mrs. Cholmondeley, Madame E. Andre, Comtesse de Bouchard, Gipsy Queen, Ascotiensis, and Lady Betty Balfour.

In the case hydrangeas paniculata grandiflora, cut back the old shoots to within 6in. of the ground, and in the case of the hypericum calycinum cut down almost to the ground. With the winter jasmine, just prune back the side shoots by about three-quarters; and with the winter heathers prune so as to remove the faded blooms.

There are several bulbs that can be planted out in the spring—those that flower in the summer and autumn. There is a South African lapeyrousia which looks like the freesia when growing. The flowers are reddish-crimson. They like a warm spot and open soil. There are the crinums, like Moorei and Powellii, which are happy in a sheltered position. Both of them have pink flowers and are sweetly scented. There are the gladioli, the giant montbretias, numerous lilies and the giant hyacinth, Galtonia. The most brilliant of them all is perhaps the peacock flower, which can give a wonderful display. There are purple, rose-pink, lilac, yellow and streaked and flecked varieties.

C.A.

BUSY WEEKS AHEAD FOR THE FARMERS

By ANTHONY MARVAL, Farm Manager, the Lord Wandsworth College, Hants.

FOR our farmers there are busy days ahead. There are oats to be sown, winter corn to be rolled and top-dressed, barley to be drilled, pastures and leys to be harrowed, rolled and, perhaps, top-dressed for the early bite, temporary leys to be sown, potato and root ground to be prepared—and all this within the next eight weeks. It is a big programme, and for its accomplishment much will depend upon the weather; certainly, every available opportunity for land work will have to be seized.

Here, we are still sowing wheat with the press-drill, though at the end of the first week of March the temptation to complete the originally planned wheat acreage must be resisted and attention turned instead to oat sowing. To sow "Little Joss" after that time in this district would be tempting providence, while the more typical spring varieties never seem to yield well enough here to justify sowing.

Grassland is now dry enough to carry the tractor. One of our machines, drawing a two-furrow plough and wheel press, is at work on an old pasture where a mixture consisting of 2½ bushels of "Victory" oats and 1 bushel of English vetches is shortly to be broadcast. This mixture should produce a crop suitable for cutting and feeding green to the dairy herd, for hay, or for silage, as occasion may demand. Though sown on ploughed-in turf, the decaying sod is unlikely to release much nutriment for some time, and, as the land itself is not in good heart, a fairly generous application of artificials, comprising ½ cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 1 cwt. muriate of potash, and 2 cwt. supers per acre, will be applied before sowing.

The severe frosts have been of benefit, at any rate, in one respect quite apparent to the most casual observer. Land ploughed in the autumn, in preparation for spring corn, has crumbled down beautifully; in fact, it is difficult in some cases to discern the original furrow slices now. This should save much valuable time, for very little preliminary working of the soil will be necessary before sowing is possible.

For growers of oats there is a wide range to choose from, and in selecting a suitable variety local knowledge and experience is of first importance. Here we have for many years grown nothing but "Victory," a good feeding and selling oat, but one whose strength of straw is suspect under the more fertile conditions. Actually, this year we shall try a small acreage of "Eagle" oats as well. This variety has always impressed in the official crop variety trials conducted on the college farm. With grain quality similar to that of the former variety, which is, in fact, one of its parents, it has usually given a definitely better yield and has a distinctly stiffer straw.

Opinion differs among growers as to the most suitable seed rate to employ. From experience in the use of the heavier rates of 5 and 6 bushels per acre, I suggest that, provided the seed is winnowed, dressed with a mercurial dust, and sown in good time under reasonably good seed-bed conditions, such rates are extravagant, and may even encourage widespread lodging of the crop in unfavourable weather. It should be sufficient to sow 3½ bushels of such seed per acre in March, increasing the rate to 4 bushels for April sowings to compensate for the insect damage which is then much more likely to occur.

Leaching of nutrient material from the soil must have been heavy during the persistently wet period before Christmas, while the succession of severe frosts and thaw since then has badly "lifted" the surface soil, particularly on the lighter land. It is not surprising therefore to find much of the wheat sickly in appearance, and in need of early rolling and stimulant. The land has to dry much more before the former expedient will be possible, and there is little point in applying quick-acting nitrogenous dressings to the crop until growth is well under way.

In the past, controversy has raged over the question whether to top-dress early or late in the season; obviously there can be no sweeping generalisation on this point, and it is for the man on the spot to decide in the light of local conditions. This season there would seem to be an excellent case to support a claim for both early and late dressings; to stimulate a weak plant and promote tillering with the first, and to fill the sacks with the second.

There exists a choice of fertiliser, but, as usual here, we shall take advantage of the relative cheapness of sulphate of ammonia; for, generally speaking, our soil is well endowed with lime. The first application, of ¾–1 cwt. per acre, will be made as soon as signs of growth have become quite definite, and a second and similar quantity will be applied late in April.

In normal times we rely mainly upon temporary leys for our hay supply. This season, with such greatly reduced pasturage, we shall be entirely dependent upon them, and measures which will increase their output will have to be employed. The routine flat rolling will, of course, be given later this month, and a nitrogenous top-dressing applied when the foliage is dry. For this purpose nitro-chalk in 1 cwt. per acre doses is preferred to sulphate of ammonia.

Pastures will also have to work overtime this summer. Here an attempt is being made to secure some economy in grazing by the subdivision of some of the larger fields. The extent to which such work is possible at the present time is limited, for the capital outlay in fencing materials and the laying on of main water in the fields is great, while the labour necessary to carry out the work is short. About 17 acres of pasture have been shut up all the winter and, with the aid of a nitro-chalk top dressing in the middle of March there should be an early "bite" for the cows, which will save the purchased concentrates bill.

The successive top-dressing of pasture with nitrogenous artificials should be a more attractive proposition this season, though, as usual, the measure of success attained by such treatment will be greatly influenced by the weather. Unfortunately, in this district the months of May and July are often associated with prolonged drought, and no amount of fertiliser will produce rapid and abundant growth under such conditions.

Most of our half-bred ewe flock, with lambing only three weeks off, are looking extremely fit, though the severe weather has certainly left its mark on the aged and infirm. Hay has been fed since Christmas to the flock, which is on rough pasture, but the allowance has been restricted to 1lb. per head, except in the most severe weather. During this final month of pregnancy, up to 1lb. per head daily of the following mixture has been fed: 5 parts decorticated earth nut cake, 4 parts linseed cake, 2 parts flaked maize, and 3 parts crushed oats. To this mixture is added 2 per cent. of a proprietary iodised mineral mixture.

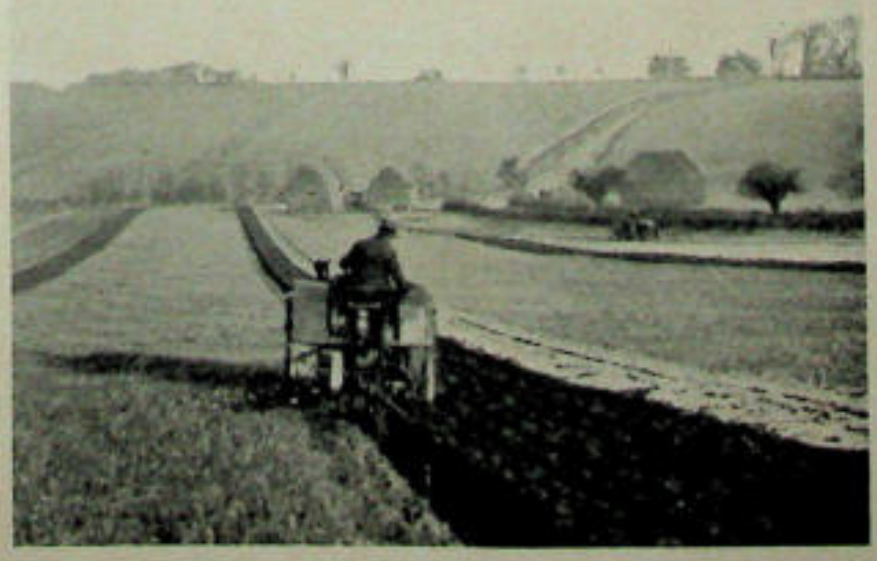
Two deaths from pregnancy toxæmia have occurred; I am inclined to blame the enforced lack of exercise for the sheep, occasioned by a heavy snowfall, for the appearance of this complaint. Incidentally, it is well named "twin lamb" disease, for post-mortem examinations on the two dead ewes revealed twins in the one and triplets in the other. Last autumn, as a shortage of concentrates was feared, mating was delayed by a month until mid-October.

ROLLING WINTER WHEAT

Finally, it may be of interest to add that our flock of these 250 grassland ewes is kept close-folded for most of the year, even on grass. This change in the conventional management of such a flock was made five or six years ago. We have found as a result that the control of foot-rot has been simplified, that stomach worms no longer give trouble in the lamb flock, that herbage is more effectively grazed, and that the land is more uniformly manured and trampled.

Contrary to expectations, the sheep took very kindly to close confinement. We use the Southdown ram as a rule, a crossing which produces a small, blocky, short-legged lamb for which a ready sale is found. Though we still suffer occasional outbreaks of foot-rot, presumably introduced with the bought-in flock replacements, it is easily kept in check by watchfulness on the part of the shepherd and by the regular use of the copper sulphate foot bath.

APPLYING A NITROGENOUS TOP DRESSING TO WINTER WHEAT



MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME: TWO TRACTORS AT WORK

SPEED THE PLOUGH!

WIN OUR GREAT PRODUCTION FIGHT

Farmers! Look at Spring with Winter in your mind—next winter, when feeding stuffs will be short unless you grow your own.

Every acre you plough now means more fodder to carry you through next winter.

★THE PRIME MINISTER TO FARMERS AND WORKERS—

The Prime Minister, speaking on February 28th:

"The Minister of Agriculture made a pronouncement last December, when he said: 'If the increase in home production that we want is to be obtained, then the prices must be such as would give a reasonable return to the farmer and enable the farmer to pay a fair wage to the worker.' I want to say again that the War Cabinet endorse that declaration by the Minister of Agriculture."

PLOUGH NOW!

QUESTIONS FARMERS ARE ASKING

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

What will the answers be?

THE more one gets about the country, and meets farmers of all descriptions, the more one begins to realise the many problems which, at the present time, perplex them, and for which they seek a solution.

It is quite easy to laugh at some of these difficulties and these varied problems . . . when they are not of personal vital importance, but to many of those who till the soil and breed and feed live-stock, of any kind, many of these problems mean just the difference between success and failure.

In some quarters it is the popular thing to do to abuse the War Agricultural Executive Committees, and to make out that they are not carrying out their job as it should be done. As one who knows from intimate experience how these Committees work, may I be allowed to say that no more practical, enthusiastic, and patriotic band of men ever gave long hours of their time to work of great national importance: men who have never grudged hours that might have been spent on work of their own, or on pleasure, in order that the great Ploughing-Up Campaign might prove a success.

The majority of farmers, all over the Kingdom, have confidence in these Committees, realising, as they do, that they are endeavouring to co-ordinate and make possible one of the greatest efforts in united food production that has ever been witnessed.

Now to a problem that not only concerns the farmer, but the consumer as well. These lines are being penned at a time when there is an admitted beef shortage, and when beef producers are seriously annoyed at the way in which supplies of the home produced article have been handled. What is concerning many feeders to-day is that they fear, owing to the shortage of certain feeding-stuffs, in June when the bullocks being fed now come to hand, they will not kill out at the expected percentage, and so will upset calculations all the way round. This would bring about another shortage of home-grown beef, just at a time when such a shortage should not occur.

Then as regards lambs, farmers want to know whether lambs should be held for tegs, or sold during the summer as lambs. There are very great differences in the outlook of the sheep farmer, for while it might pay one to hold on and bring his lambs out as tegs, yet another wants to be rid of them during the summer months, and not be compelled to think in terms of keep later on.

Sheep farming is one of the most important branches of home farming, yet, since September last, no sheep breeder to whom I have talked is at all satisfied that the importance of his branch of the industry is having the attention given it that he thinks is its due. By the present regulations the small breeds of sheep are at a serious disadvantage when compared with the larger breeds, and as, in the past, the demand has been for small joints and high quality meat. Those men who have catered for this trade in the past 25 years, and have gone all out to supply just the size of joint and quality of flesh recommended by authorities, and backed by public opinion, feel that grading and rationing have let them down.

Granted that large sheep fulfil a very useful purpose in agriculture yet it cannot be denied that, up to the outbreak of war, the small sheep and the consequent small joint was the type suggested as that to which all farmers should work. I know that many flocks of the smaller breeds will go right out of being if such unwise dictums carry away, and then if such breeds disappear, so will go a large proportion of the export trade. Yet it is to the export trade that this country looks for its credits, and that whether exports are coal and other commodities, or some of its priceless pedigree live-stock.

Recently I remarked that the Government, if it is sincere in its oft expressed wish that the land should be kept in good heart, and well tilled, should make up its mind now about the price of mutton for next year and should fix a price round about 10/8 per stone, or 1/4 per lb. for first-grade mutton. This, coming from arable flocks, would prove a little encouragement to farmers to grow turnips and catch crops, and get these fed off on the land, thus encouraging farmers to keep their land in good heart for the wheat, oat and barley crops.

Farmers have other problems too, far distant from tilling the soil and breeding live-stock, yet interlinked with these problems. I am thinking of rooks, pigeons, wild deer, rabbits, and other vermin. Perhaps I should not call deer, fallow and red, vermin, but, really, in some parts of the country they are nothing but a pest, and indeed are vermin. So often, in heavily wooded areas, and in wide open spaces, you find deer have escaped from the *bona fide* deer parks, and have gone really wild.

In their natural condition they have mated and bred, and they have then become a menace to the root and green crops on farms over a wide area. They wander far and wide, they lie up in the woods by day, coming out to feed at night, and although picked rifle shots may stalk them and kill off a few, and while well-laid snares may account for others, those are but a drop in the ocean to the many now at large. It is not much good growing swedes, kale, mangolds, turnips, clovers and the like, if deer break in and clear these crops off.

Another pest, and one always with us, is the rook, now so busily at the important business of nesting. Granted that there is a lot of real sentiment attached to ancient rookeries, where the black robbers haunt the nests built in veteran elm trees, and where their mellow cawing blends so peacefully with all that is best of song or sound in the real old English countryside, yet these birds, in corn growing areas are a tremendous menace to successful farming, and, perhaps, come only second to the wood pigeon as being the most feared and hated bird on the countryside.

This spring no thought of picturesque and historical beauty must be allowed to place a gag on the rifle or gun muzzle. Black and blue-grey, both must be destroyed as ruthlessly as possible or much of the fruits of our great Ploughing-Up Campaign will be sacrificed.

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

The following notes are extracts from the Ministry of Agriculture's Weekly News Service

AUTUMN-SOWN crops are freshening in the milder weather and it is now possible to estimate the damage done by the abnormally hard winter. Some wheat that was well established before the end of November on land in good heart seems to have taken little harm, particularly some wheat sown on broken up grassland. On land in poor condition there has been considerable thinning out. Wheat that germinated under the snow is showing a good plant. Winter oats generally have suffered rather badly and beans also have been considerably damaged.

The question arises, what to do with "brairds" obviously too thin to fill up of their own accord. With so much land, both arable and grass, still to be broken for next harvest, ploughing and re-sowing of partial failures should generally be a last resort. Certainly on heavy land it would be risky and inadvisable to bury the fine winter tilth under a furrow of intractable clay. It will usually be possible to get the drill to work, particularly a drill with disc coulters, either before or after a harrowing. Where a plant of wheat has already tillered and secured a good root-hold harrowing will not disturb many plants if the land is dry but it would certainly up-root untillered wheat.

If the re-sowing can be done soon, and there is no time to lose, it would be safer and more satisfactory to drill in seed straightaway, but cover with light seed-harrows and roll when the ground is dry enough. The same considerations apply to beans and to winter oats, if even part of a "plant" is left alive.

What to drill? Preferably wheat should be thickened with wheat, oats with oats or barley, and beans with peas, vetches, oats or barley.

A red winter wheat should be patched with a red spring wheat, *e.g.*, Red Marvel or Atle, and a white winter wheat with a white spring wheat, *e.g.*, A.1. For drilling in late March or April the variety April Bearded (red) would be the most suitable. Wheat could, of course, be patched with oats or barley but the resultant crop, while suitable for stock-feeding purposes, would not qualify for the wheat subsidy.

Winter oats and winter beans may suitably be patched by drilling in spring varieties of oats, barley or pulse. The mixed crop, if well harvested, may prove invaluable for feeding purposes.

TRACTORS ON THE ROAD.—Local transport difficulties have caused many delays recently in getting produce away from the farm and farmers must often have wished they could use their tractors to haul a load to or from the nearest railway station. So far it has been illegal to do this with the customary 5/- tractor licence. But the Treasury have now agreed to sanctioning this as a war-time concession. Such haulage, however, will be strictly confined to the produce grown on, or articles required, for the farm occupied by the tractor owner. He will not be permitted to haul any produce or requisites for a neighbour.

The position now is that a tractor licensed at the 5/- rate can be used on roads for hauling its own necessary gear, threshing appliances, farming implements, a living van for the accommodation of persons employed in connection with the vehicle, or supplies of water or fuel required for the purposes of the vehicle or for agriculture. If it only hauls these articles, it may proceed by road to another farm to plough for another farmer.

The farmer may also use his tractor for hauling his own produce and farm requisites by road from one part of his farm to another part but not to a neighbour's farm. The effect of the war concession will be to extend these facilities under the 5/- licence to hauling to a railway station.

WARBLE DRESSING COMPULSORY.—Damage caused to hides by warble fly in this country has been estimated at £500,000 per annum, but the less obvious damage suffered by stockowners, through lost condition, spoiled flesh and reduced milk yield is at least as serious.

In 1936 an Order was made requiring all cattle visibly infested with the maggot of the warble fly to be treated against it. But there is reason to believe that it has not been observed as it should be. It is in the farmers' own interests to destroy these pests. Their destruction is neither difficult nor costly. It is carried out by the application of a derris dressing at specified intervals. Up to now the alternative method of removing them by squeezing out has been permitted, but this has been found to give scope for evading the Order to destroy the maggots.

During the current dressing season, therefore (from March 15th to the end of June), all visibly infested animals must be dressed. It must be prepared in accordance with the specification laid down in the Order and stockowners are warned to refuse any product not bearing a label certifying that the dressing, when prepared in accordance with the directions, will conform with what the Order requires.

SELLING TIMBER.—When selling timber or pit-props it is often inconvenient to have to measure the crop standing to ascertain cubic contents. With material of low grade, and consequently of small value, it is permissible to accept the railway weights as the basis of volume. Most timber merchants will buy on this basis, and, of course, the weights are taken quite impartially by the company. All that the landowner or farmer need check is the number of loads leaving the wood, so as to ensure that all reach the station.

A useful doggerel, which gives the number of cubic feet of timber of each species to the ton, runs:—

> Hornbeam, holly, hickory, beach,
> 27 you give for each.
>
> Oak and walnut, apple, pear,
> 28 to ton will bear.
>
> 30 feet for elm and plane,
> Sycy (sycamore), chestnut, cherry same.
>
> A class to itself in ash you'll find,
> 32 please bear in mind.
>
> Alder, birch and poplar tree,
> Group together at 33.
>
> Nearly all firs and pine,
> At 37 come in line.
>
> Lastly, and its really time,
> Think of 40 feet for lime.

The numbers of cubic feet given are of green timber, and not, after bark allowance has been deducted. Seasoned timber will, of course, be lighter and so have a greater number of cubic feet per ton.

NEW BOOKS

THE MAJESTY OF TRAGEDY

The Power and the Glory. By GRAHAME GREENE. (Heinemann; 8/6.)

I DO not know what sort of a sale Mr. Grahame Greene enjoys. Certainly not nearly so large a one as he deserves; for he is beyond any shadow of doubt in the very forefront of contemporary novelists writing in this or any other language. And I, personally, would rather read him than almost anybody else—not because his books are pleasant—they are not—but because he always has something to say.

Mr. Greene writes novels, and he writes other novels which he calls, delightfully, entertainments. The entertainments move a little bit quicker than the novels (which themselves move quickly) and are of a somewhat slighter construction; but they, no less than the novels, have something to say, and succeed, as do the novels, in saying that something in a forceful and unforgettable way. Mr. Greene is preoccupied with the tragedy that is this life of ours in the post-Great War, ever-present slump era. He is not afraid of taking drab, mean, vicious creatures for his central characters; he is not afraid of drawing for us the back streets, the small rooms, the dirt and the ease that are present here and there and everywhere. He knows that the niceties and the conventions, to which we pay so much lip-service, are in fact no more than a veneer that is very easily wiped off. Indeed, he knows human nature, the elementals of human nature, better than any man now writing. This knowledge of his, this deep appreciation of the thoughts and longings and hungers and fears of ordinary men and women, give to his writing a poetic quality quite unusual in English writers of this age, a poetic quality pungent and soaring, the poetry of love and tragedy expressed in prose as terse, and yet as beautiful, as anything in the English language.

I think you will find those qualities—and others, among them a fearlessness in regard to the use of words and a superb appreciation of the finer meanings of words—in all his books, novels or entertainments. *Brighton Rock*, for example, is classed as a novel (I believe someone once called it a thriller; it thrills, but is much more than a thriller); and *It's a Battlefield* is an entertainment, as is *Rum for Sale*. But they all have this same quality—the tragedy of great poetry coupled with the forcefulness of a great explosion.

Not one book of Mr. Greene's could be called pleasant: by which I mean pleasant in the steady soothing manner of Mr. Brett Young or the gracefulness of Sir Hugh Walpole (to mention two other great writers). There are few, if any, pleasant characters in Mr. Greene's books. You do not make friends with any of them. But you do not forget them. You go on reading about them until the last page: you put the book down reluctantly, though you may feel (if you're built that way) that you ought to be glad it's over. Mr. Greene shakes you out of your pleasant conceits. He gives you a good hard (and, I think, healthy) jolt.

This new book of his is not concerned with London or Brighton or any other big city, but with Mexico. Now Mexico is a country few of us know anything about; it is a country few of us want to know anything about. Most of us think of it as a hot and dirty country, and of Mexicans as little, hot-tempered, dirty men. We know, vaguely, that there is some sort of dictatorship in Mexico; we know, vaguely, that there is some sort of bother about oil wells; some of us remember having heard, vaguely, that a few years ago there was some sort of religious persecution, that a few priests were shot up here and there, a few churches burnt.

It is of that period that Mr. Greene writes. And his hero is a priest, hunted by soldiers and police; a poor, rather cringing, little man with a great fondness for spirits, so that he was known as the "whisky" priest. He has any number of opportunities of escaping; he does escape, but he returns in the service of a God he never really knew, to meet the usual death—and instantly there is another priest—at the hands of men who realise, though indistinctly, the essential nobility in his character. And in every page, on every line, the heat and the dirt and the flies and the lassitude and the hopelessness that is modern Mexico lives and throbs in an electrically personal manner.

Like all Mr. Greene's books, I found it unpleasant; like all Mr. Greene's books, I could not put it down. And, like all Mr. Greene's books, I cannot forget it. Indeed I think it is his best so far. B. V.-F.

* * * *

I Loved Germany. By SIR EVELYN WRENCH. (Michael Joseph; 12/6.)

This is the story of a great disillusionment told by the founder of the Over-Seas League and the English Speaking Union who has worked unremittingly for promoting a better understanding between nations. No one could have been brought into closer contact with the German people than Sir Evelyn Wrench and if, as the result of many years of study of that race, he owns to bitter disappointment at the bad submerging the good, there is a considerable company to share his feelings. Many who served through the last war failed to see the red light and, influenced by the much advertised "injustices" of Versailles, were prepared to condone the occupation of the western bank of the Rhine and the invasion of Austria, until Munich and the subsequent rape of Czecho-Slovakia belatedly removed the scales from their eyes.

Sir Evelyn Wrench's faith in the German nation was great indeed. He had up to the eve of the Great War a profound admiration for German efficiency and way of living and a refusal to believe that the German Government would plunge Europe into war: in the post-war period the hope that Germany would have learnt her lessons, together with a genuine regret that a great opportunity had been missed and that Germany had been left with burning grievances. In the first four years of the Hitler regime despite abhorrence of the Nazi exaggerated patriotism, of the persecution of the Jews and other minorities, of the "blood bath" in June 1934, he held the belief that the Führer meant to work for European peace.

These are his own words and having been wrong in two major European crises he thinks that perhaps such a record invalidates any future prophecy! Nevertheless the idealist spirit is not dead and after making out a case for the conversion of Germany to Hitlerism he says that the Germans, if they will but turn their backs on their exaggerated nationalism, have a great and essential contribution to make to a new Europe. As he also adds that "it would seem that a demilitarised western bank of the Rhine must be part of the general settlement," such a proceeding would not have to be characterised as national degradation by the reformed Germans.

Whether agreeing or disagreeing with its reasonings or conclusions *I Loved Germany* provides much food for thought for everyone who desires to view the present struggle from all angles. The author has been in constant touch with continental thought. He has not only conversed with the high lights of the Nazi world but also with Mussolini, Admiral Horthy and statesmen of Scandinavian countries, and some of the views expressed by neutrals may come as a surprise to many readers. A visit to Russia forms one of the most amusing chapters of the book. For the Soviet, Sir Evelyn Wrench holds no brief, or respect for its cultural or material worth.

* * * *

The Louse. By P. A. BUXTON, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Arnold: 7/6.)

There are few books on entomology that could be published so opportunely as the present one. It is an unfortunate fact that whenever there are large movements and massing of people, as inevitably happens during wars, diseases of various kinds break out. Lice are chiefly responsible as the vectors of many human illnesses, they constitute one of the major scourges of armies. Therefore the publication of an authoritative and up-to-date work on the subject is one that we cannot but welcome too warmly.

At the beginning of this century lice were still extraordinarily abundant among our less fortunate classes, although to-day there are relatively few people infected in our part of Europe with these repulsive insects. There are nevertheless some who through various circumstances are compelled to crowd together and are unable to observe elementary hygiene. Such individuals can rapidly infest others; soldiers in the field lack the means of remaining apart, changing clothes, washing, and so on, with the result that general infestation, as happened in the last war, is a probability that will not be lost sight of by responsible medical officers.

There are only two species of lice that attack man and of these only one, *Pediculus humanus*, acts as a vector. Unhappily it is concerned with the transmission of more human diseases than any other insect. It can transmit typhus in three ways and is also the indirect vector of trench fever and relapsing fever.

During the last decade there has been much progress in the study of anoplura and such knowledge is scattered in the usual way in various scientific publications. The present book embodies all such new facts and it mentions too the many points to which no answers have yet been found. The author does not leave the import of a statement solely to the interpretation of his readers, but stresses the reason for bringing it to their special attention.

This book is the most complete treatise one could desire and is adequately illustrated. The magnifications are given under a greater number of the diagrams than we are accustomed to and it makes us hope that some day entomological works will give us such information for each illustration, especially so with regard to photo-micrographs. Microscopists, quite rightly, always insist on this and for a beginner it is so useful to know what power to use when inspecting slides under the microscope; he is inclined to over-magnify.

Let us hope that a disease like typhus, which, has been successfully stamped out of Western Europe, by applying the proper measures as fully given in this book, will be unable to regain a footing.

* * * *

Beagling and Otter Hunting. By R. Colville. (Messrs. A. and C. Black; 5/-.)

The publication of a book, the object of which is to initiate the beginner into the mysteries of hunting, may appear somewhat in the light of an act of faith under present circumstances, but a moment's reflection will show that there is absolutely no reason why the very marked increase in the popularity of beagling should not continue; one may almost be tempted to think that it will be accelerated. The hunting of hares with a pack of beagles provides a most unique opportunity for the study of hound work in all its phases, and the short hours and short bank balances which are all that are necessary for hare hunters provide very good argument for the continuance and even the increase of this form of sport.

Under the circumstances Mr. Colville's book can be assured of its reception. In this book the former Hunting Editor of *The Field* has addressed himself to the beginners, and, unlike many who have attempted the task before him, he has not forgotten his original object and wandered off along the tortuous by-ways of detailed knowledge, which are so much more interesting for the expert to write about, but which may so easily bemuse and befog the novice who is trying to follow him. The lay-out of the book is excellent and each chapter deals with its own particular branch of the subject without any undue overlapping; needless repetition is avoided and the pages therefore contain a maximum of information.

To call attention to errors which occur in the book is not to emphasise them, it is their very rarity that makes those that have crept in so noticeable, and it is a pity that they should be of a serious nature although they are not of vital importance from the point of view of the type of reader for whom the book is intended. Throughout the book wherever mention is made of Peter Beckford, the name is spelt Bedsford, and that famous beagler, Mr. Leslie Butcher, who is, of all Masters of beagles, of longest standing upon the active list, is stated to have retired, when such is not the case and many people can testify to the excellent sport which his hounds are now showing in their new country which corresponds roughly to that which is hunted by the Southwold foxhounds.

Another slip allows the huntsman to chastise an erring hound, and I should not be surprised to hear that the author receives many letters from huntsmen both professional and amateur, pointing out the error of this advice. However, these points need in no way affect the general usefulness of the book and the appeal which it will most certainly make to the ever-growing number of those who run and also read. The illustrations are well chosen photographs of hounds in the field.

* * * *

British and Irish Writers on Agriculture. By W. FRANK PERKINS. (Chas. King, Lymington.)

We have received the third edition of this invaluable book. The first was published only ten years ago, and the fact that a third is required so soon speaks more strongly than any words of ours for the work of Mr. Perkins. The first edition was a bibliography of some 1,300 British and Irish writers on agriculture from the earliest printed books up to and including the year 1900. This edition includes the work of 1,950 authors and also a list of serials, magazines, transactions, newspapers proceeding and journals relating to agriculture. There is also another new feature, a subject index. We find it as astonishing as did the author that up to 1900 no less than 82 books had been written on potatoes. This is a book that should be in every reference library, and on the shelves of everyone who has more than a passing interest in agriculture.

* * * *

Plain Sailin'. By DIANA ROLFE. (Jenkins; 8/6.)

If not quite so good as *Good Huntin'*, this is a good and funny book. The plot is so far-fetched that it does not matter, but some of the situations are as good and as improbable as anything that master of the ridiculous, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, has conceived. Not that Miss Rolfe is in any way Wodehousian: to attempt imitation of the master would be suicidal. Miss Rolfe is a true humorist, and we shall look forward to her next book with increased appetite.

* * * *

Messrs. Little and Ballantyne Ltd., the Royal Seed Establishment, of Carlisle, have just issued their new Farm Seed Catalogue. This is available free of charge on application; and it should be in the hands of every farmer at this time. Illustrations are given of 17 species of most useful grasses used in temporary and permanent pasture; there is a full list of new crop seeds, and much valuable information besides. The firm needs no recommendation; the catalogue lives up to its producer's reputation.

MAKING THE MOST OF EASTER ON THE ROADS

By W. G. McMINNIES

THIS year Easter Day falls on March 24th when it will be light till nearly 8 o'clock in the evening. The war-time advance of summer time is welcome to most people, farmers excepted. But although I have often asked people why farmers and their beasts apparently object to the early introduction of summer time, I have never yet received an intelligent answer. If the bodily functions of the animals operate at certain fixed times, I cannot understand why they cannot continue to do so at the same times. The fact that their human masters allot a different figure to the time should not upset the beasts' well-being.

But that is only a personal view. And as a potential motorist, when I have enough petrol, and as a gardener, householder, and modest sportsman I welcome the early arrival of summer time. And so do millions of wage earners to whom it allows a few hours' fresh air to dig their gardens or allotments after working in offices, shops or factories. This early arrival of summer time should cut down the dangers and difficulties of black-out driving enormously. The accident figures should fall, and we shall all be able to go about our business without endangering each other's lives.

On the value of the black-out several recent events shed curious angles. To begin with, it was announced a few days ago that England was so well blacked-out that a British airman, returning from a long-range reconnaissance, found himself over the Irish Sea, not having realised that he had crossed England. That story seems to bear out the value of the black-out. Then, a few days later, we read that British planes flew up and down the principal streets of Berlin during a leaflet raid and that the city was extremely well blacked-out. So that story offsets the effect of the other and makes the whole subject very difficult for mere earthworms to comprehend.

The next thing that might be done in improving the calendar is the fixing of Easter Day. At present, I believe its observance is governed by ecclesiastical decree, so many days after something. Maybe the moon, too, has an influence on the date, but whatever decides it, it is all very muddling for the ordinary folk, most of whom regard Easter as the first great national holiday. As often as not, the date arrives too early in the Spring for those who go out on the roads to appreciate the season to the full. Holiday-makers gather for sporting events, go touring, walking, climbing, and so on, and most of the time are shivering in their boots and looking forward to a roaring fireside at their hotels in the evening. But if Easter were ordained to take place, say, on May 1st, there would be some chance of holiday-makers enjoying the birds' twitterings, and the sprouting of green things all over the country.

This year a great many people will go West for Easter. If they cannot scrounge enough petrol they will go by train. Most of the West Country hotels are open and some are optimistic enough to expect practically normal trade this spring and summer. Terms have not been increased and, although many of them have staff difficulties owing to the calling up of young men, they are doing their best to carry on. And in this matter the visitor should make due allowance and not expect 100 per cent. efficiency in these strange times. On this very point I had a letter the other day from a man who opened a small but charming hotel on the main road some three years ago. It was such a human document and so true in its philosophy that it is worth quoting. The owner wrote these words:—

"One reads so often about what an hotel should be and how the proprietor (or manager) should behave that I am sometimes tempted to set out why there are shortcomings in hotel service and point out how deliberately offensive and intolerable guests can be without justification. I feel certain, though, that it would be a waste of time. There is one point, however, that has become obvious to my wife and myself, by observing the conduct of the many people who have visited this hotel. Society is not composed of different classes, as our extreme Socialists and agitators like to rave about; it is composed of two types, the pleasant and the unpleasant. There are many people of comparatively little culture whom we are always glad to see; they are Nature's gentlefolk and a most likeable type. Also there are many who by reason of upbringing and education should be pleasant, but certainly are not. If people would strive to be agreeable and not attempt to be what they can never be, this world would be a much happier one. Forgive me moralising."

True words. But to return to the road. In certain towns most of the hotels have been commandeered. That does not mean that they are in use, for if you peeped into the windows you would find the rooms deserted except for long trestle tables and forms awaiting occupants at some future date. For that reason, if you think of making a journey and plan to stay the night somewhere, it is just as well to book accommodation in advance. Otherwise you may be faced with an hour or two's black-out journey instead of a warm room, bath and a good dinner.

On the question of food during war-time I have very definite views. From reports I have received, principally from London, the smallness of helpings, I hate that word "portions," and their lack of savour is being commented upon. In my opinion, it would be more acceptable if hotels, instead of trying to keep on with pretentious-looking menus (on paper), would concentrate on one or two genuine and sufficing dishes. It would not matter how simple the fare was, provided it was well cooked, easily eaten and savoury. One would imagine, too, that a meal designed on these lines would be simpler, quicker and, in the long run, less costly to prepare than a rigmarole of bits and pieces which to the hungry traveller meant nothing.

One advantage which the war-time motorist will enjoy over his peace-time predecessor is the freedom of the road. For to-day one can travel for miles without meeting anything more than a few lorries and vans plying a purely local trade. How different is that to the normal Easter rush when, if you were bound for Bournemouth or the New Forest, you fell into a queue in Surrey and stuck to it until you reached your destination. And, as if the outward journey under these conditions were not grim enough to damp the spirits of the most ardent holiday-maker, the return journey to London would be just as complicated.

Thank goodness, too, there will be fewer coaches to block the way with their prescribed speed limit and great bulk. Which reminds me of a strange scene I came upon on Countisbury Hill, North Devon, in a holiday rush last year. I was climbing the hill out of Lynmouth and came up behind a large motor coach. This proceeded leisurely enough up the narrow one-in-seven until it met another coach coming down the hill. When fully extended the road was barely wide enough to hold a coach and a small car side by side. So that when the two coaches met the jam was complete. The opposing drivers began to gesticulate, each signing for the other to go back to one of the few road sidings or passing places. Then, as this had no effect, they began to scream at each other. Meantime a long queue of hot and bothered holiday-makers in their jolly little cars began to form up behind their respective motor coaches. It was in fact almost a case of the old-fashioned children's game "Fox and Geese." After a 20-minute debate, to put it politely, the down-coming coachman decided to reverse. That meant all his queue reversing too or else huddling themselves into any odd corner of the road they could discover. In the end, the reversing coach found a passing place and the traffic tangle sorted itself out.

How often that sort of thing occurred on Countisbury Hill in the summer I do not know. But, on a dangerous and narrow hill like that, it was surely someone's business to regulate the traffic better. Either a one-way control should have been enforced, or else the coaches should have stopped at recognised passing places to allow passageway to one or the other. Even to-day, motor coaches use and block lanes from which their bulk should exclude them. An amusing episode comes to mind on this subject. Driving down a narrow lane last year I met a motor coach proceeding in the opposite direction. It had overshot a slightly widened stretch of road and the driver, being too lazy or unskilful to reverse, attempted to bluff his way past my small car which was already hugging the near-side bank.

In all cases of this kind I find it always advisable to adopt a stationary position. Then, if there is to be any scraping of wings, the onus is on the other driver. Well, this driver did not seem to be in a helpful or accommodating mood and, although I explained that, as he already had three-quarters of the road, it was up to him to return to the wider part, he refused to budge. I was not pressed for time, so I got out and began to clean my car. That soon settled it and decided him that perhaps after all he had better acknowledge that he was in the wrong and give way. Which he did.

This year's Easter will see a certain number of new war-time models on the road. And in one respect they will be much better equipped than many of their predecessors. For in the matter not only of body but also of luggage space great strides have been made recently. To-day a car of 8 or 10h.p. such as the latest Austin, Morris, Hillman, Vauxhall, Standard, or Ford, to name a few representative makes, not only carries four people in comfort, but also makes a bold bid to take their luggage too under cover. And instead of the crude luggage grid with its exposed trappings of rope and waterproof sheets, the makers have provided really sensible containers which in many cases are fitted with doors that let down and form platforms for extra luggage. Indeed, so great has been this development that many of these small cars have more luggage accommodation than that available on some much more expensive outfits.

"ON A DANGEROUS AND NARROW HILL LIKE THAT IT WAS SURELY SOMEONE'S BUSINESS TO REGULATE THE TRAFFIC BETTER"

A DANUBIAN SCENE WITH A ROUMANIAN SETTING

THE IMPORTANCE OF GREATER ROUMANIA

By LILIAN F. GRAY

IN these days of economic realisms, the word "Roumania" is often considered to be synonymous with "oil." To those who know Roumania, however, her name conjures up memories and visions much more delightful.

Actually, although Roumania comes fifth on the list of the world's oil producing countries, the area covered is relatively not so very extensive in proportion to the rest of the land. The largest oil fields are not far north from Bucharest, and certainly, with the realisation that underneath those hundreds of derricks is the life blood of this mechanical age, no interested observers can fail to be impressed by the sight before them. Nor, viewed from afar, when all these structures appear like blunted thorns growing out of a seemingly hostile earth, is the scene without dignity and a kind of hard beauty.

But the production of Roumania's oil is only one feature of her industrial life. The western mountains are rich in iron, coal, gold, silver, lead, copper and natural gas. Transylvania also produces huge quantities of salt. Indeed, the potential mineral yield of this not inconsiderable kingdom (roughly covering an area equal to England, Scotland and Wales) can almost be considered incalculable.

Side by side with all this mineral industrialism, however, is the bounteous product from the soil. Vast fields of maize, wheat and barley in Bessarabia and the Danube Valley; vineyards in Moldavia for light and pleasant wines; dense forests of timber covering nearly a fifth of the whole land; orchards by the thousand, many specialising in the small plum from which the national spirit *tsuica* is made; swelling alpine pastures and grasslands for the sturdy cattle—these, too, help make that composite picture which represents the true economic Greater Roumania.

The Carpathians are often said to be the physical backbone of this country. The same description can aptly be applied in a psychological sense. For without the Carpathians, and the shelter they gave through warring centuries of history, the Roumanians of to-day would not be the virile, pure-blooded race they are. If the mountains had not been there to be a refuge to both their peasant and aristocratic ancestors they could not otherwise have kept their nationality in face of various invaders and conquerors; Teutons, Mongols and Slavs. The only fusion of races which they ever acknowledge is that of the Romans with the Dacians (the first inhabitants of old Roumania, on the northern bank of the Danube) from the first to the fourth century, A.D.

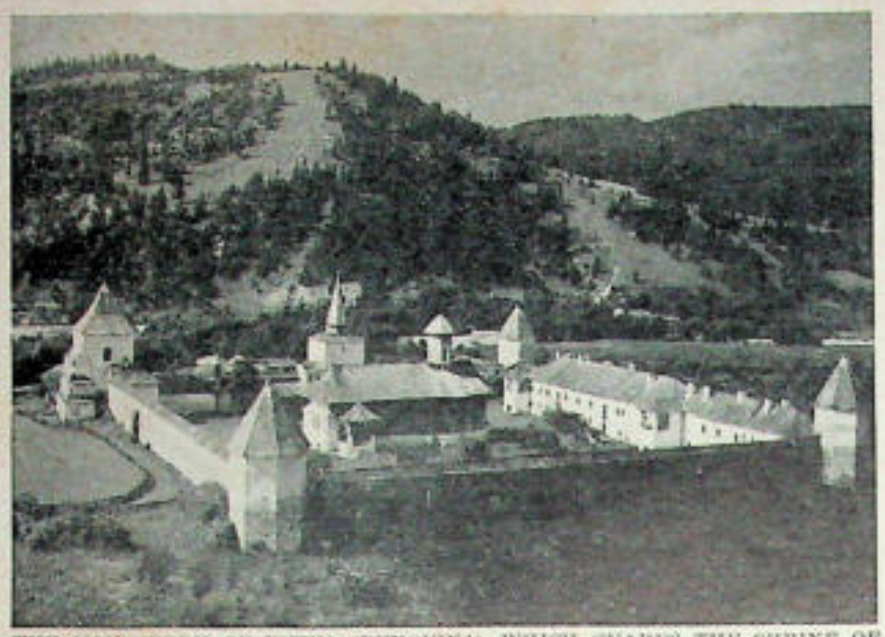
In greater or lesser degree most of present-day Roumania has been from very early times more directly or indirectly under some other ruler's control than under her own. The history of Greater Roumania is too complex to be condensed into a mere few words, but a study of it—with ambitious Polish, Hungarian, Russian, Turkish, Greek and other foreign princes crossing and re-crossing the pages—with so rarely one of their own nationality or choosing over them (Michael the Brave, 1593–1601, being a notable exception), brings understanding to their present national cohesion.

Since the end of the Great War the peasants of Roumania are among the most contented in Europe. They cultivate the land for themselves, life need not be lived too hurriedly, there are feast days for dancing, and they have implicit faith in their king. Carol II, too, encourages them to retain their old time customs and colourful dress without in any way diminishing his efforts for their educational enlightenment and freedom.

As a result of being a constant battleground through the past centuries, Roumania is unfortunately not very rich in really old buildings. Neverthe-

ROUMANIAN PEASANTS IN NATIONAL COSTUME

THE OIL FIELDS FORM ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S PRINCIPAL ASSETS



THE MONASTERY OF PUTNA (BUKOVINA) WHICH GUARDS THE SHRINE OF STEPHEN THE GREAT

less, there are enough to show the strong influence Byzantium had over the art of both professional and peasant. The fortified church of Curtea de Arges (1345) with its twisted cupolas is one of the oldest. The four "painted" churches of the Bukovina (Sucevitza, Vatra Moldovitzei, Humor and Voronetz) with their delicately frescoed outer walls, are worth travelling many weary miles to see, as well as the Bukovinian monastery of Putna which guards the shrine of Stephen the Great. Wallachia and Moldavia (the two former principalities usually referred to as the Old Kingdom) have also many monasteries and convents, magnificently situated and of great dignity and peace; Dintr' un Lemn, Cozia and the famous Hurez are but a few examples of handsome sixteenth and seventeenth century work.

Of Roumania's scenic attractions, there is bewildering choice. To some, the wooded uplands of Transylvania or the beechy glades of the Bukovina most appeal; to others, the placid landscape of the Danube valley weaves an unforgettable charm. The silvery sands of the Dobrudja call to sun-bathers, while the Fagarash heights beckon to mountain lovers.

The sportsman has the whole of Roumania to choose from. Not so long ago, at two Hunters' Exhibitions in Germany, Roumania took first place with her stag, wild goat, reindeer and wild boar trophies. Had there been a class for bear exhibits, she undoubtedly would have taken first place in that too. Moldavia and the Danube delta particularly are paradises for sportsmen and nature lovers, with their rare and shy specimens of game.

For modernity, one looks to Bucharest and the Black Sea resorts. The former is a capital which, in spite of its increasing number of new, many storied buildings and a lack—except for the Metropole and a few outstanding churches—of really mellowed architecture, is not without its own distinctive characteristics. Although the Calei Victoriei and Boulevard Bratianu give first impressions of sophisticated cosmopolitanism the city has, paradoxically enough, a pleasant countryside atmosphere in several quarters, due to the many lovely gardens, both public and private. Garden restaurants, with strains of music coming from natural arbours, are also a delightful feature of Bucharest. Incidentally, the capital could very well be called the "City for Gourmets," being unsurpassed for its variety of delectable dishes in which the choicest flavours of the East and West are so skilfully blended.

Constantza, with much justification, claims the title of "Queen of the Black Sea." This semi-military town, together with the nearby *plages* of Mamaia and Carmen Sylva, is the favourite *rendezvous* of Roumanian society. Sitting in the dusk of a summer evening and watching the smartly uniformed officers with their no less gaily clad ladies stroll along the brilliantly lighted promenades, with here and there a peasant figure wandering across one's line of vision, Shakespeare's words almost inevitably, if somewhat flippantly, come descriptively to mind—"*All the world's a stage. . . .*"

However charming and carefree this side of Roumanian life is, though, it is of the peasants, with their plaintive sounding *doinas*, their national *hora* dance, their infinitely beautiful and varied costumes, and their sturdy patriotic spirit, on which one's memory lingers longest.

ROMAN RUINS NEAR THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE

A GENERAL VIEW OF BUCHAREST WHERE MODERN STRUCTURES SERVE TO ACCENTUATE THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE OLDER BUILDINGS

BRIDGE

FINESSING

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

A FINESSE may be defined as an attempt to win a trick with a card that is not the best held nor in sequence with it. In other words, it consists in taking a chance that the previous player holds the card which is capable of winning the card played. And, because there is this element of chance, the best players always endeavour to avoid finessing whenever possible; the very fact that a finesse is a gamble, on a level with betting whether a coin will come down "heads" or "tails," makes it abhorrent to those who are skilfully inclined. Some players, however, find a peculiar fascination in finessing, and the greater the risk the more are they attracted to attempt it.

The following deal is a good example of the dangers that attend a needless finesse. And, let me add, the deal was not played by a beginner, but by an experienced player in a club where the standard of play is considered high.

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

Z's contract was "Four Spades."

A led the 9 of Diamonds, and the trick was won by dummy's Queen of Diamonds.

Z led the 2 of Spades from dummy and finessed the 9 of Spades.

The result of this play was that A won the trick with the Queen of Spades and led another Diamond for B to ruff. B led a Heart, and Z was one down on his contract, since there was no way of preventing A from making two tricks in Hearts.

Z played extremely badly. From A's initial lead of a Diamond, Z should have noted that the chief danger lay in B being short of Diamonds and the Hearts being led through the K, 7. Then, when B played the Jack of Diamonds at the first trick, the danger was obvious, since the Jack of Diamonds was almost certainly a singleton. Therefore, instead of finessing Spades, Z should have played out his Ace of Spades and King of Spades, followed by the Jack of Spades. This play would have insured the game-contract being made, since Z could then never lose more than a trick in Spades and two tricks in Hearts, no matter how the adverse Spades and Hearts were distributed.

It is to the credit of Z that he admitted his mistake, but his excuse, that if the finesse had succeeded he would have made twelve tricks, was no justification; for the small slam had not been bid and even an extra three tricks are not worth-while risking the game for.

All of this is not to say that a finesse must never be taken. Finessing is often essential, and if it is, and if two or more finesses are needed, then it is important that they should be played correctly and taken in their proper sequential order.

There is no need for me to tabulate the accepted finesses—they are well-known and can be found in any good text book—but the following example illustrates the necessity of taking finesses in their proper sequential order.

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

Z is playing a contract of "Four Spades," and A leads the King of Diamonds.

There is only one way for Z to make his contract. He must win the first trick with dummy's Ace of Diamonds and then lead a Club from dummy and finesse the Queen of Clubs. Z then wins the Ace of Clubs, ruffs the 3 of Clubs in dummy, and then leads dummy's last Spade and finesses the Jack of Spades. In this way Z makes his contract, losing only one trick in Spades and two tricks in Hearts. But if Z, on winning the first trick with dummy's Ace of Diamonds, finesses the Spades before he finesses the Clubs—and many players would do so since they are told to draw trumps at the first opportunity—he cannot make the contract, as this play leaves no way of getting back to dummy to finesse the Queen of Clubs.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ K, 7 ♡ A, J, 7 ◇ none ♣ 10, 3	
♠ Q, 10, 3 ♡ Q, 8, 6 ◇ A ♣ none	Y A B Z	♠ none ♡ 9, 5, 3 ◇ 2 ♣ K, 7, 5
	♠ 5 ♡ 4, 2 ◇ 3 ♣ A, 8, 4	

Diamonds are trumps. Z to lead and Z and Y to win six tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Z leads J ♠. A plays Q ♠ and Y wins with K ♠. Y wins Q ♡ and Z discards 4 ♠.

VARIATION I.

Y leads 10 ♡, if B ruffs, Z over-ruffs. Z leads best ♠. and A discards 7 ♠ and Y discards 3 ♠. Z leads last ♠ and squeezes both A and B.

VARIATION II.

Y leads 10 ♡, if B discards a ♠ or a ◇, Z discards 8 ♠. Y leads 3 ♠ and Z ruffs. Z leads 2 ◇ and Y wins with A ◇. With the lead in Y's hand, it is immaterial which card is led as Z must win last two tricks.

CHESS

EUWE v. KERES

The eleventh game of the match.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. P. Keres.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. P. Keres.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. Q to Kt 4	P to Q Kt 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	17. P to K 4	Q to B 3
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	18. K R to Q sq (k)	R to Q sq
4. P takes P	P takes P	19. B to Q 3	B to R 3
5. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	20. R to B 3 (l)	B to Q 2
6. B to B 4	Q to R 4 (a)	21. Kt to R 5 (m)	P to B 3 (n)
7. P to K 3	Kt to K 5	22. R to Kt 3	K to K sq
8. Q to Kt 3	P to K 3	23. Kt takes Kt P	Q takes R P (o)
9. B to Q 3	B to Kt 5	24. Kt to R 5	Q to B 4 (m)
10. B takes Kt	P takes B	25. Kt takes P	R to K B 2 (n)
11. Kt to Q 2	Castles (b)	26. B to K 5 (o)	Kt to B 3 (p)
12. Castles (K R) (c)	Q to K B 4 (d)	27. Q to Q 6	Kt takes B
13. K Kt takes P (e)	B takes Kt	28. P takes Kt	Q R to K B sq
14. Kt to Kt 2 (f)	Q to Q 4	29. P to K R 3	B to B 5
15. P takes B (g)	Kt to R 4	30. R to Q sq	B takes P
		31. Q to Q 3 (q)	Resigns.

(a) A novelty, either P to K 3 (which has the disadvantage of shutting in the Queen's Bishop) or B to B 4 being usually played. Possibly Keres feared that in reply to 6. . . . B to B 4 Dr. Euwe might play the following variation, introduced by Dr. Alekhine in the game Dr. Alekhine v. Dr. Euwe ("Avro" tournament, 1938): 7. P to K 3, P to Q R 3; 8. Kt to K 5, B to B sq; 9. P to K Kt 4, B to Q 2; 10. B to Kt 2, P to K 3; 11. Castles, P to K 3; 12. B to Kt 3, P to K R 4; 13. Kt takes B, Kt takes Kt; 14. P takes P with the better game for White.

(b) P to B 4 would leave a weakness at Black's K 4. The point of the text-move is that, if now 12. K Kt takes P, then 12. . . . P to K 4; 13. P takes P, B to K 3; 14. Q to B 2, B to K B 4; 15. P to B 3, B takes Kt; 16. P takes B, Kt takes Kt; 14. P takes P with the better game for White.

(c) White now threatens to win the pawn.

(d) Black decides to abandon the pawn. If, instead, 12. . . . P to B 4, then 13. Kt to B 4, Q to Q sq; 14. Kt to Kt 5 with the much better game for White.

(e) Not 13. Q Kt takes P because of 13. . . . B takes Kt; 14. Kt takes B, Kt takes P followed, if 15. P takes Kt, by 15. . . . Q takes B.

(f) Not Kt takes B because of Kt takes P. After the text-move Black cannot play Kt takes P because then Q takes B would win a piece.

(g) Better than 15. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 16. P takes B, B to K 3.

(h) Threatening P to Q 5.

(i) White now threatens to bring his Queen over to the King's side via K 7. If (in reply to 21. Q to K 7) 21. . . . P to B 3, then 22. Kt to R 5, K to Q 2; 23. Kt takes P, ch and wins for, if 23. . . . P takes Kt, then 24. R to Kt 3, ch and mate in two more moves.

(j) Beginning a very interesting combination. A safe move here is K to K sq to prevent B to K 7 (see note k).

(k) If Q takes K P, then R to Kt 3 with a winning game for White. The text-move, however, is not good. Black should, instead, play 21. . . . B to K 7, in reply to which White could not well play 22. R to R 3 because of 22. . . . B takes Kt; 23. R takes B, Q takes K P. White would, instead, have sacrificed a piece for two pawns and good attacking chances thus: 22. Kt to B 6, ch, P takes Kt; 23. R to Kt 3, ch, K to R sq; 24. B to R 6, B to K 4 (not 24. . . . R to K Kt sq because of 25. R takes R, ch, K takes R; 26. Q to B 8, mate); 25. B to Kt 7, ch, K to Kt sq; 26. B takes P, ch, B to Kt 3; 27. R to K sq.

(l) After this move White's attack is irresistible. Black has nothing better than to accept the offered sacrifice although after 23. . . . R takes Kt; 24. R takes R, K takes R; 25. Q to K 7, ch, K to Kt sq (if K to Kt 3, then P to K 5 and wins); 26. Q takes B P (threatening B to K 5), Kt to B 5 (if 26. . . . P to K 4, then 27. R takes P, Q takes Q; 28. B takes Q); 27. B to R 6 White has more than sufficient compensation in pawns and position for the piece sacrificed.

(m) If R to K B 2, then B to R 6.

(n) If 25. . . . Kt to B 3, then 26. Kt takes R, Kt takes Q; 27. B to K 5, ch.

(o) Threatening Kt to Kt 4, ch followed, if K to Kt sq, by Kt to R 6, mate.

(p) If 26. . . . R takes Kt, then 27. Q to K 7, Q takes P, ch; 28. K to R sq and wins.

(q) Threatening R to Kt 8; ch and mate next move. If now 31. . . . R takes Kt, then 32. P takes R and wins for, if 32. . . . R takes Q, then 33. R takes R, mate, if 32. . . . Q takes P, then 33. Q takes Q, ch and mate in two more moves, or, if 32. . . . Q to B 4, then 33. Q to Q 7.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from last year's American Chess Federation Championship Tournament, shows a strong attack by White.

(*King's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. W. W. Adams.	BLACK. B. Blumin.	WHITE. W. W. Adams.	BLACK. B. Blumin.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. K to B sq	B takes Kt
2. B to B 4	Kt to K B 3	17. Q to K sq	Q to B 3, ch (e)
3. P to Q 3	B to B 4	18. K to Kt 2	P takes P
4. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to B 3	19. R to B sq (f)	Q to Kt 2
5. P to B 4	P to Q 3	20. K to R 2	Q R to Q sq
6. Kt to B 3 (a)	Castles (b)	21. Q to R 4	R to Q 3 (g)
7. P to B 5	P to K R 3	22. B takes P	Q to R 2
8. P to K R 3	R to K sq	23. R to B 6 (h)	R (K sq) to Q sq
9. P to K Kt 4	Kt to Q 5	24. Q R to K B sq	R (Q sq) to Q 2
10. P to Kt 5	P to Q 4 (c)	25. R takes R	R takes R
11. Kt takes Q P	Kt takes Kt	26. Q to K 7	Q takes B
12. B takes Kt	B takes P	27. B takes P, ch	K to R sq (i)
13. P takes P	P to B 3	28. Q to K 8, ch	Resigns.
14. B to Kt 3	B to K Kt 3 (d)		
15. Kt takes Kt	Q to R 5, ch		

(a) A position in the King's Gambit Declined has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) Black should play B to K 3 here.

(c) His only way of getting some freedom for his pieces.

(d) He should, instead, play Kt takes B.

(e) Black must avoid the exchange of Queens.

(f) Not B takes P because of the reply B takes P, ch.

(g) The alternative P to K R 4 is not very inviting.

(h) A strong move. If now 23. . . . R takes R; 24. Q takes R, Q takes B, then 25. B takes P, ch followed, if 25. . . . B takes B, by 26. Q takes Q, if 25. . . . K to B sq, by 26. B takes B, ch, or, if 25. . . . K to R 2, by 26. B takes R.

(i) If 27. . . . B takes B, then 28. Q takes B, ch, K to R sq; 29. Q to K 8, ch and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4059

By C. MANSFIELD.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K R 6, Queen at Q B sq, Rooks at Q 2 and Q Kt 7, Bishop at Q R 8, Knights at K B 3 and Q B 4, Pawn at K 5.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at Q B 5, Rooks at K R sq and Q R 6, Bishops at K R 2 and Q B 4, Knights at Q R 3 and Q Kt 4, Pawns at K B 3, K Kt 3 and Q R 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Observer*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4058

1. Q to R 3, Any move; 2. Q, R, Kt or P mates.

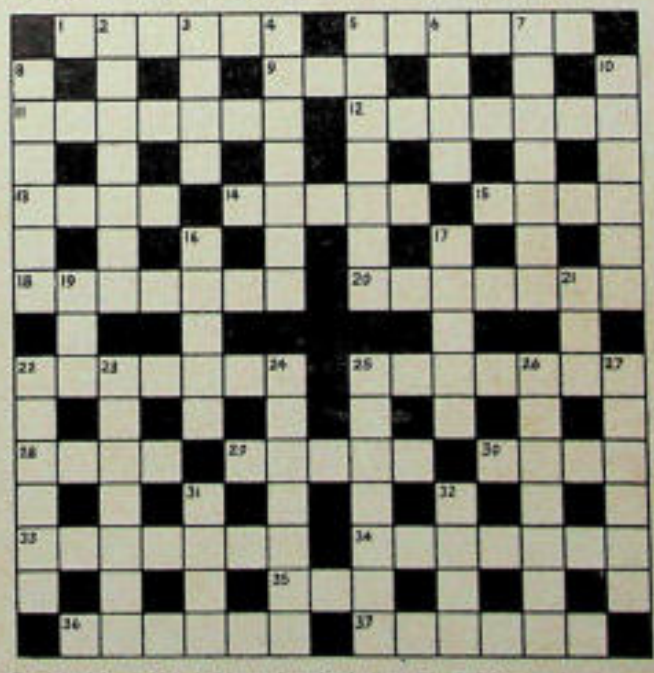
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 561

ACROSS.—1. Probably all you can get out of a horse (6). 5. They work for firms and not only in the Midlands (6). 9. She's a splendid climber (3). 11. Erroneously defined by Dr. Johnson as the knee of a horse (7). 12. Turn the old marshal out of the brake! (7). 13. May D. rest in peace (4). 14. Would he become exhausted if he got out? (5). 15. A famous playwright probably has it when changing (4). 18. It sounds like giving up this term (7). 20. A healthier term for a herd of swine (7). 22. They trap the ball but 2 may help you out (7). 25. Of course regarded with affection by the cricket-loving Australians (7). 28. Their return is often screened (4). 29. Story-tellers are not necessarily doing this (5). 30. Ought we to drop this season? (4). 33. Town with no wealthy folk in the suburbs? (7). 34. Poison; but an expert airman can get about on it (7). 35. Where chiropodists should look for the corn but seldom do (3). 36. They're often inclined to be used in carpentry (6). 37. German children are not so cruel (6).

DOWN.—2. Soft pulpy clubs? (7). 3. Continued enjoyment of a right (4). 4. Noted abbey; largely shut up (7). 5. Disordered swine pens with manuscript (7). 6. China is found here and other porcelain (4). 7. A country of note, mostly remote from the sea? (7). 8. A dark suit (6). 10. Code word for nothing? (6). 16. Languishes (5). 17. What a donkey, to lose the direction of the rabbit hole! (5). 19. Old crossword friend of the musical world (3). 21. There's nothing in it but it will take a long time (3). 22. Beefy peers? (6). 24. An idiot, as might be expected (7). 24. They're used in sweeps but sweeps don't use them (7). 25. Not the only land where men get confused in the black-out (7). 26. Fancy abusing somehow to reach the Orient! (7). 27. Offers room for the cook to show his craft perhaps (6). 31. Native of 7 (4). 32. A well-known lizard is found in this wall (4).

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. 560
Published March 16th

P	I	C	K	P	O	C	K	E	T		F	A	T	E
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P	E	S	T	L	E		N	E	E	D	L	E	S	S
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A	C	R	I	D		T	A	R	N	I	S	H	E	D
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G	R	I	M		M	A	L	C	O	N	T	E	N	T

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

Do Trout Eat Tadpoles?—In most waters they are certainly not a normal food for trout, though we should not be prepared to say that trout never eat them. It is a common experience that in some waters trout will stuff themselves with a form of food which on other waters they seem to ignore entirely. A trout's apparent indifference to or even active dislike of tadpoles is curious since they take frogs readily. You could probably solve your conundrum by netting out a few fish and examining their contents.—*R. E., Herefordshire.*

Cards

Bidding.—N.'s bid was correct: an immediate overcall in the suit bid by opponent guarantees Ace or a void in the suit bid and strength in the other suits. The bid is forcing and partner must respond. S., therefore, should have bid "One Heart," and N. and S. reach an easy slam.

The result of S.'s pass must have been most galling to N. and S., and although N.'s bid was correct he was, I think, partly to blame for the disaster; for, at the score, the overcall in the suit bid by opponent was liable to be (though should not be) misunderstood by S. N. would have been better advised to have made an informatory double, which achieves the same result as the overcall in the suit bid by opponent, and, at the score, could not have been left in by S.—*P. C. B., Hatfield.*

Country House

Derogation from Grant.—In the circumstances you mention there is no right to ask for a remission of rent. The landlord may, however, have "derogated from his grant"—as it is termed—and so have given you a right to sue for damages, &c. Where a lessee of sporting rights is granted over farm lands, the lessor may do what is reasonably required in the ordinary management of the land, without giving the tenant a right to sue for damages; but he must not fundamentally alter the character of the land, *e.g.*, by changing farming land into building land, or cutting down all timber. In a recent case—*Peck* v. *Best* (1931)—a lessee of shooting rights was restrained from erecting racing stables on the land. It is a question of degree.—*I. B.*

Fireproofing Thatch.—A thatched roof *in situ* cannot be fireproofed with Faspos by spraying. For treating thatching reed or straw, ¼ cwt. Faspos No. 1 is required for every cwt. of material. The Faspos is added to water to make a 20–25 per cent. solution; the reed or straw is immersed in this solution, then drained and dried. Faspos No. 1 costs 17/6 per cwt. in small quantities or £15 10s. per ton for one ton lots. Faspos compounds are used for fireproofing timber—hardwood, scantling, plywood, wallboards, &c.—*S. F. E., Lyme Regis.*

Rats in Old Farmhouse.—We think that the best way to rid yourself of what you describe as a "plague of rats" would be to buy a number of tins of Dak. Dak is non-poisonous and Dak sticky rat traps, as we know from personal experience, are most effective. A 2/6 tin makes three traps; a 4/6 tin six traps, and a 14/6 tin twenty traps. They can be bought from any ironmonger or direct from Kay Brothers of Stockport.—*L. J., Frensham.*

Farm

Poor-coloured Milk.—The dead-white colour is due to lack of the constituent carotin in the cows' ration. This can be made good by feeding greenstuff, such as kale, and more certainly by feeding a few carrots to each cow daily. Dried alfa-alfa meal also has a reputation for giving a rich colour to milk. Summer grass provides all the carotin necessary, and it is only in winter feeds that the deficiency is liable to occur.—*O. L., Northants.*

Gardening

Lentils.—These are not grown in this country presumably because they need the heat of a continental summer. They are grown in parts of France.—*I. C. B., Sherborne.*

Tree Onion.—*Salvia uliginosa and S. coccinea*, obtainable from Messrs. Notcutt, Woodbridge, Suffolk. Cocktail or Tree Onion from E. Sinclair Rohde, Cranham Lodge, Reigate, Surrey.—*G. G., Killyleagh.*

Kennel

Sporting Dogs.—Your school seems to have embarked on an ambitious scheme in writing a book on sporting and useful dogs. *About Our Dogs* (Ward, Lock & Co.) has chapters on all breeds which should be helpful to you. Then there is *Sporting Dogs* (*Country Life*), but that does not include the sheepdogs.—*P. W., Old Southgate.*

Alsatian Wanted.—You should have no difficulty in finding an Alsatian in these times. A bitch would be cheaper than a dog. Possibly Captain J. Radcliffe, Tective Kennels, Manningsheath, Horsham, Sussex, might have one partially trained. Breeders not far from you are Miss M. Homan, "Hendra," Rook Lane, Chaldon, Surrey; Miss M. Langer, Printafilo Place, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Akerman, Hillside Cottage, Whyteleafe, Surrey. Mrs. Leslie Thornton, Trunk House, Cove, Farnborough, Hants, has a very fine strain.—*P. G., Keadby.*

Unruly Spaniel.—Your spaniel certainly seems to be very tiresome, but at his age he should not be past praying for. At any rate, it should be possible to teach him to be obedient. Preventing him trying to nip men and boys may be more difficult. We should advise you to communicate with Captain J. Ratcliffe, Tective Kennels, Manningsheath, Horsham, Sussex, who has had a wide experience in training Alsatians for working trials.—*Lady L., Surrey.*

Rheumatism.—The dog is affected with rheumatism of the muscles of the loin, and, as in the human subject, the attacks are liable to recur at varying intervals. When an attack occurs, give him a 5-grain aspirin tablet every three hours, and gently but firmly massage the affected muscles. Ensure the proper action of the bowels, which are liable to become constipated owing to the pain inflicted during defæcation, by a daily dose of medicinal paraffin, a dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful for a dog of his size.—*A. H.*

Naturalist

Supposed Hybrid Duck.—Examination of the head, feet and wings you enclosed shows that the bird thought to be a hybrid between gadwall and tufted duck was a female wigeon. Distinctive features are the short, bluish-black bill, the reddish-brown head and neck profusely speckled with darker colour, the brown back and white underparts, and the green and black speculum (or "mirror") bordered with white. In flight the female wigeon, intermediate in size between mallard and teal, appears more slender and shows a conspicuous double white wing bar.—*H. B., Flint.*

What is the Snake "Coronella"?—The reptile you have heard referred to as the "Coronella" is obviously the smooth snake (*Coronella austriaca*), the rarest of the three kinds found in Britain. It is practically confined to the three counties of Surrey, Hampshire and Dorset, usually being found only in those localities where the sand lizard, upon which it principally preys, is numerous. The smooth snake is quite harmless, but is sometimes confused with the venomous adder or viper, although the two rows of black spots on its grey, or reddish-brown body are really quite different from the adder's zig-zag marking.—*I. S., Hants.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Grouse found in Weak Condition.—The post-mortem findings indicate that the bird's poor condition was due to strongylosis.—*L. V., Devon.*

Poison suspected as cause of Pheasant's Death.—The presence of poison can only be definitely ascertained by chemical analysis, which we regret we cannot undertake. No sign of disease was detected.—*K. U., Durham.*

Pneumonia in Partridge.—The post-mortem findings indicate pneumonia as the cause of the bird's death. A microscopic examination of the contents of the intestines failed to show any evidence of partridge disease.—*R. N., Chelsea.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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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 morning 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.

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To (Newsagent's name)_____

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(Signed)_____

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Lyyon Poole, Dublin

MR. R. C. PRIOR-WANDESFORDE, MASTER OF THE WESTMEATH, AND HIS WIFE

Last season Mr. Prior-Wandesforde was joint Master (with the Marquess of Kildare) of the North Kilkenny Hounds. He has offered his services to the British Army, and is "carrying-on" until required. Mrs. Prior-Wandesforde is a keen rider to hounds.

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CONTENTS

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS - - - - - - 482
HERETICAL THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE ANGLER - 487
IF SHOOTING WAS ONLY SHOOTING - - - 487
SOME PROBLEMS OF THE WAR-TIME SHOOT—I - 488
CREEPER FISHING IN THE NORTH - - - - 489
WILDFOWL AND WADERS IN NORTH DAKOTA - 490
WHAT WILL WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL? - - 492
SEA TROUT WAYS AND DAYS - - - - - 494
MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON - 495
HUNTING DURING THE WAR - - - - - 496
WILD LIFE OF AN INDIAN SWAMP—I - - - 498
A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS - 501
"THE BUBBLE REPUTATION" - - - - - 502
BIRDS' NESTS AT THE ZOO - - - - - 504
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING - - - - - - 504
IN THE CITY - - - - - - - - - 504
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - - - - - - 505
SOWING CROPS IN THE APRIL KITCHEN GARDEN 509
FRAME-WORKING FOR CONVERSION - - - - 511
WASTE ON THE FARM AND IN THE FARMHOUSE 512
PLAYING THEIR PART - - - - - - - 514
THE L. S. D. OF FORESTRY—II - - - - 514
THE SCOPE OF THE DIESEL ENGINE - - - 515
A JOURNEY THROUGH GREECE - - - - 516
CARDS, CHESS, "FIELD" CROSSWORD - - - 517
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS - - - - 518

BE KIND TO THE GERMANS

FOR over seventy years this country has deceived itself concerning the Germans and their rulers. In face of a diplomacy which over and over again has been exposed as having for its sole object the cultivation of the victim's confidence in order to effect his undoing, Britain has always refused to believe the truth about its enemy. When we are fighting for existence for the second time within a quarter of a century there are Britons to be found still ready to pin their faith to pacts and guarantees; who are ready to accept Hitler's version of the Treaty of Versailles (how well the Germans have spread their propaganda!) and to insist that if the German race were treated with kindness it would respond in surprising fashion. The surprise might well be ours! Had our statesmen been able to weigh up the present situation in the light of past experiences we could have been spared the wastage of the nation's youth and treasure to meet events which were clearly indicated, for the second time in his life, by the man the Germans most fear.

Putting aside the mistakes, mis-calculations and wilful self-deceptions of the past twenty years, far graver than those preceding 1914 in view of the terrible lessons of the last war, it is strange how little the German character is understood. Every day we are furnished with instances of the utter ruthlessness with which the German is prepared to wage war should his opponent not be able to retaliate in kind. Possibly we are so inured to tales of bloodthirsty terrorism to-day that the fate of train-loads of deported Polish women and children, sinkings at sight, bombings and shootings and worse, machine-gunning of fishermen in open boats, and horrors of prison camps do not arouse those just feelings of anger and resentment they would have done twenty-five years ago. In any case there are those possessed of sentiments which would excuse the murderer, give him another chance, and blame the victim. Unfortunately, we have given the German another chance.

In the last war the *Field* performed a national service in exposing the treachery and brutality of the people we were fighting, as Mr. Denis Lyell has so opportunely reminded its readers. Then, in no uncertain language, the late Sir Theodore Cook gave authenticated details of the fate of the Belgians and French in occupied territory, of slaughterings by order of the German High Command as it has ordered in Poland to-day. Those who are in command to-day in Germany have no more delicate feelings than the incendiaries of Louvain and it is well that, when they have to fight, our troops should know this and not be left to gain their knowledge from bitter experience, as happened to their forbears.

H. G. Wells has a charming passage in *Homo Sapiens*. "Because," he says, "of the peculiar filthiness and malignity of the Nazi concentration camps, because of the sheer horrors of the stories told by the more or less broken creatures who have escaped from them, there is a widespread disposition to assert that Germans are particularly cruel, that they are indeed a specially evil-spirited variety of human being." But Wells does not believe the Nazi is a born tough but only "inspired by a hysterical desire to be utterly tough." These Germans are "a sensitive people who seek to sustain and fix themselves by outrages." This is far too deep, we believe, for the humble matter-of-fact individual, who might conclude that the sooner they were made to "unfix" themselves the better.

Kindness is taken by Germans to signify weakness or cowardice. If we are ever to be subjected to tactics Germany has employed elsewhere let us hope there will be no hesitation to repay in full measure. It is the only language Germans understand and obey.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE *Field* is now printed in the country and the Editorial Offices have been removed to **41, Southgate Street, Winchester** (Tel. Winchester 1852). All communications to the Editor, contributions and photographs should be sent to this address in future.

A London Office is established at 114, Fleet Street (Tel. Central 8641), and all enquiries regarding advertisements should be directed, as in the past, to that address, as well as orders for book publications.

Appointments to see the Editor may be made with the editorial representatives at the London Office. The Editor hopes to be able to be in town on at least one day in the week.

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 518.)

The most acceptable present (and particularly acceptable at this time of strain) for the lover of country life and country pursuits whether he or she be serving in the Royal Navy, the Army or the Royal Air Force at home or abroad is a subscription to the *Field*.

BUTTER AND EGGS

THE butter ration has been doubled; and eggs may now be preserved for domestic use. Indeed the Ministry of Food wishes to encourage housewives to preserve eggs. Under the Acquisition of Food (Excessive Quantities) Order it was made an offence for anyone to buy more than a week's supply of any kind of food. A General Licence made by the Minister of Food under the above Order removes this restriction in the case of eggs purchased for preservation for household use. There is direct encouragement. Obviously the egg situation has greatly improved—there must be sufficient eggs left over or there could be no preservation—but the price remains very high; far too high for the vast majority of people to dream of putting any eggs down. Similarly with butter: it is most gratifying to hear that the position has improved so remarkably. But butter still remains at a price that makes the additional ration unattainable for the majority of English people. What is going to happen to the surplus? Are all the surplus eggs going to be preserved by the fortunate? Is all the surplus butter going to be eaten by those to whom the shilling is not yet a coin of vast importance? It will be odd indeed if that is so for we are all, no matter what the varying extent of our purses, in this war together. We do not pretend to know as much about the matter as Mr. Morrison, but we do wonder. Could not the prices have been reduced? That method usually eats up a surplus.

GRAND NATIONAL DAY

Aintree on a sunny "National" day furnishes one of the finest spectacles in the world. Long before the racing the crowds start flocking on to the course, everyone anxious to secure his favourite spot for viewing the great event. All can secure a good vantage point, from the plutocrats in the stands to those seated on benches on the canal barges or the picnickers assembled on the banks; indeed the latter situated near the turn have the best view of the jumping as the horses come round from Becher's to Valentine's. It is an intimate affair held in a holiday atmosphere. With such a wide circumference there is room for all and none of the massed humanity and stickiness of Epsom on Derby day. For anyone who desires to stretch a leg there is opportunity to inspect the formidable obstacles their "fancy" has to surmount. This year Aintree will wear a different garb. Gone will be the green fields in the centre on which the mad March hares disported themselves, for the plough has been busy. But the spectators, next Friday, though carrying gas masks, will be able to forget the war for a day.

A PLEA FOR THE KEEPER

Now that the calling-up of men in the various age-groups is being expedited, it is likely that on many an estate there will be a shortage of essential workers. For it must be realised that, apart from purely agricultural work the importance of which needs no stressing, there are many other jobs that should be kept going and for which not everybody is suited. Forestry work and the cutting of pit props, for instance. And in the case of those owners who can afford it, there may be vacancies too of a less vital nature. It is, perhaps, natural to think of gamekeepers rather in terms of the luxury side of sport. But it is no exaggeration to say that as a class, they are both versatile and adaptable. In view of their training, there are few jobs about an estate to which they cannot turn and handle with success. There are to-day many excellent keepers beyond military age who are out of a berth or who, if already retired, would be ready and fit to return to any responsible post connected with country life. Owners might well bear this in mind when in need of future help and seek the services of men whose efforts have meant much in happier times.

THE PLOUGHMEN

The furrows that our fathers ploughed
Show yet where they went slow and bowed,
Tearing, field by stubborn field,
Their conquests from the virgin weald.

Wave upon wave their ridges flowed
Across the meadows where I rode,
To show what tides had run where now
The miles go by without a plough.

How many generations passed
To leave no mark but this at last,
Grainings as faint as rings in trees,
Yet frontiers through the centuries.

We till a narrower realm to-day,
But deeper score the servile clay.
Weeds hold the fields our fathers won,
But see how deep our trenches run!

UNA BROADBENT.

HERETICAL THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE ANGLER

THE tow-path needed repairing after the severe weather of January and early February. But otherwise the river looked just the same as usual. Just the same, I fancy, as it looked to old Izaak; just the same certainly as it looked to Lord Grey, that great Northumbrian with Hampshire in his heart.

I have walked along this stretch of the river for more years than I care to remember. To say that I know every stick and stone along the path, every eddy and glide in the stream, would be an exaggeration. But I do know the stream well. That bush will hold a blackbird's nest a little later on (but never in March); there I will find a grey wagtail; there (or so I hope: I have for many years) a kingfisher; here the redshank nests, and here they are already; and here the snipe. Moorhen nest along this stretch; and below this bridge a pair of coot. That bed of reeds holds buntings and warblers; here the year round the heron fishes; and below this bridge Daubenton's bat hawks in the quiet June twilight. Once by that stunted thorn I found a baby otter; once by this stone I killed a huge rat. There in that pool a great trout lies; and here below the run the trout feed greedily when in the mood.

But on this afternoon there was no great trout in the pool, and, indeed, in all the walk I saw few fish; but I did see one large pike, magnified by the water of course, but still a big fish. And I thought of the horror there would be when his presence became known. And, lighting a pipe and thinking so, I fell to thinking also of the fish and of the stream and of the countless men who have fished the stream for countless years, and so to fishing generally.

Now I am no expert fisherman. I enjoy angling, and I enjoy catching fish; but I am no expert. I am as happy when I do not catch as when I do, happy in the quiet country, happy with the sound of running water and singing birds, and the soft hum of minute life. Some might call me an idle angler. Myself I prefer the word contemplative.

And is not that as it should be? Should not angling be a contemplative sport? Was Izaak an energetic angler? I think not. He was a quiet man and a thoughtful, and angling was for him as much a means of expression as a sport. And was not Lord Grey a man of similar leaning, a man who contemplated life as he fished, a man who did not just fish? Angling, I think, should be undertaken with contemplation. The business of catching fish is not the whole of angling. It is, of course, the whole of fishing. And that is the difference between the angler and the fisherman. The former should be a dilettante; the latter an expert, for by his art must he earn his living.

Izaak was most definitely a dilettante. And I wondered what would he think of the modern angler with his vast assortment of flies, his "hundred best patterns," his countless accoutrements. What would he think? Yes, and what would those who fished Itchen before Izaak think?

One wonders, if it is all necessary, if the catching of fish is more difficult than it used to be. I find it hard to believe that the fish have altered, become more cunning with the passing of years. Indeed I do not believe it. Any more than I believe that anglers have become more skilful. I do not believe that the best exponent of the art in the Houghton Club of to-day is any the more skilful than the best exponent of the art of, say, three hundred years ago. Moreover, I doubt very much if he, despite all his gadgets and all his flies, gets any more fun out of it than did the angler of Tudor times. But then, you see, I do not bow down to the dry-fly god. I do not believe that dry-fly is the highest form of the art any more than I believe fly-fishing to be more skilful than pole-fishing for roach; any more than I think salmon harder to catch than trout, or for that matter trout than some other fish.

Izaak, I know, would be amazed could he but revisit Itchen or Test in the best of all months. He would be amazed, and I think a little horrified, if he could but know the divisions into which we have chopped the noble art and the creatures that make that art.

I like fishing for pike (one dare not use the word angling—that is reserved for the game fish) and I like eating pike. And fishing for coarse fish gives more opportunities for contemplation than does fly-fishing for game fish, and therefore is, truly speaking, a higher form of the art. And therefore I suppose the man who sits and watches a float, the while he smokes a pipe and meditates upon the madness of this world is the truest angler.

MICHAEL KEOGH.

IF SHOOTING MEANT MERELY SHOOTING

I ALWAYS feel that most of the terms used to refer to the shooting man are unsatisfactory, in that they only succeed in conveying a fraction of what is generally meant. A shooting man may be called a shooter, a gunner or a gun. Now these names give no implication of anything more than the mere act of using a firearm. In my opinion, the popular American expression, hunter, gives a better idea than any of the former, just as hunting man in our language is more descriptive than shooting man. In relation to shooting we only use the word hunter, when referring to sport with big game. There can be no better way of describing a man of the Selous type than by using the words, big game hunter; whereas to have called him a big game shot would have been insufficient. If ever there were a hunter in the truest and fullest meaning of the word, it was F. C. Selous.

It is common enough to hear references made about the type of person who is merely concerned with marksmanship. Undoubtedly he exists and possibly since the last war his sort has tended to increase. After all, things have been none too easy for many a would-be field sportsman during the last 20 years. Many sons, whose fathers were born and bred in the country and thus enjoyed first-class opportunities of imbibing the fuller life of the woods and fields, have never had a similar chance. They have only known the country at holiday time, which has meant that before they have had a chance to read, mark and learn, they have had to start on the return journey. Just enough to whet the appetite.

Shooting for these fellows has usually meant practice at a shooting school—in itself an excellent experience—and then hurried descents upon some place for a bit of the real thing and equally hurried departures. Can it be wondered that shooting to them has meant merely shooting? But even so, this would not be the case for all time. For though the process might be slow, a wider appreciation of the sport would gradually begin to make itself felt. After all, it is perhaps but natural for an aspiring Nimrod to take more interest in his actual scoring in his early days than in woodcraft and natural history. Until he can learn to use his gun effectively and add his quota to the bag, he is almost bound to be preoccupied with his marksmanship or lack of it. Human nature being what it is, a novice can hardly be expected to derive a great measure of satisfaction from a day by the covert-side when he only accounts for 5 or 10 per cent. of game fired at. His primary ambition is to learn to do as well as his neighbour. Not until he has succeeded in this is he likely to find time to look around and study the hundred and one other matters of interest.

But there is a type of man who thinks only of the bag and his contribution towards it. If he is unfortunate enough to get little shooting on a particular day, he goes home bored. If he shoots below his average, he is equally bored. His shooting season is just a matter of figures and percentages. As soon as the close season comes, his interest closes. Nor does he pay any attention to the life of the land until August comes again, except that he will probably put in some practice at clay targets in July. A very wise procedure admittedly and one that we are all the better for, but in his case it amounts to his sole activity. Such a man is to be pitied, because he never extracts half the potential enjoyment from his contact with the field. He is, too, a source of worry to many a host, who is in a constant state of worry lest his guest may go away disappointed.

"It's an ill wind indeed that blows nobody any good" and one of the results of this war will be, I think, to bring people into closer unison with the land. Field sport will survive, but there will be less of the type of person who is content to snatch the thrills of the chase without a thought for the inner life which makes those thrills possible. In other words, shooting, and hunting too, will become again the sports of those who understand the life of the country and of those whose living is directly extracted from the soil. Nevertheless, all of us are dependent in the long run on the soil for our living. This is a truism whose vital importance is coming only too forcibly home at the present juncture!

But there is little doubt that the average man who shoots gleans a lot of pleasure from his actual contact with the scene of his sport. Probably the rough shooter enjoys the best chance of all to study the ways and habits of wild creatures. Independent of others, he can linger over any scene, drink in its details and observe its inhabitants. He may stop to admire a skein of geese winging their superb way, like some aerial phalanx, across the estuary. Truly one of the most inspiring sights in all nature! He may watch the erratic gyrations of some wild-rising snipe until it begins to straighten out and is lost as a speck on the far horizon. Or he may tarry over a pastoral setting, content to see the ubiquitous rabbit and placid cattle browsing in lush meadows on a high summer's day.

Who has not at times longed for a little breathing space during a big day's shooting, so that he may take in some fresh scene? Or should he find himself at a quiet stand, who can fail to take interest in his immediate surroundings? There is always something to study—the shape of a covert, the type of its timber, the way the hedge is made or the small bird life. By concentrating on just one point it is amazing what can be observed. And then it is that one realises how much of what is worth while is missed in the wild hurry and scurry of what is called life.

It is because of what he sees and feels that a shooter may return with little to show for long hours afield and yet be content. A frame of mind that in many a quarter can never be understood.

SCOLOPAX.

THREE HANGING WOODS CUT OUT TO GIVE A VALLEY RISE

SOME PROBLEMS OF THE WAR-TIME SHOOT—I

Planning the Coverts means more Pheasants

IF rough shoots are a gamble at the best of times, they are doubly so when few of us have much to spare for upkeep, though we may be thankful that in these days of rural desecration and "development" there are still some unspoilt bits of country which yield a fair return upon a modest outlay. The trouble is, of course, to find them, since petrol rationing effectually precludes adventure far afield. Virtually, where you live, there or thereabouts you must shoot and make the best of what there is. And, undoubtedly, the chief problem on ground with no pronounced amenities of any kind is to decide on what lines it will pay best to proceed.

What I mean is this. Lacking the wherewithal to employ a full-time keeper, it is almost useless to take a shoot at all, unless you have the leisure and inclination to work like a navvy yourself in the close season. It is just as useless in many of the wilder areas to give much thought to partridges; in the palmiest days of game preservation they have never been a success on heavy soils and in areas with excessive rainfall. Then, rearing pheasants is not a job at which the man-of-all-work is likely to succeed in any area when his neighbours do not trouble to keep vermin down. In any case, apart from the acute difficulty of procuring adequate artificial foods in present circumstances, taxation is so heavy as to put intensive preservation out of reach of most of us. To my mind the most promising ventures on more or less isolated shoots are such as come of the studied care of marshlands and the propagation of wild pheasants.

Though, in the latter undertaking, many people put the cart before the horse; that is to say, they go in for purchasing expensive stock birds, and put them down on ground from which it is tolerably certain they will make their escape in next to no time. In a sense, the pheasant is a paradox; his two most striking characteristics are a love of wandering and an appreciation of congenial surroundings. Wherefore it is only by the provision of the latter that the former tendency can be countered. In other words, the first condition of building up successfully a nucleus of stock is to assure to the birds such comfortable quarters that, however strong is the wanderlust, the call of home will always be a little stronger. Of course, there are places in which to attempt to establish an adequate stock would be complete waste of time and money. One would not suggest, for example, that anyone with a shoot in an exposed position with little woodland cover should put his trust in pheasants in the vain hope that he could overcome natural disadvantages, or that he should prospect in any district which, however favourable it might be to the actual nesting of the birds, falls short of their requirements later in the year.

Wild birds do most undoubtedly breed successfully in open country, where there is little more in the way of cover than a few bushy hedgerows and the field crops; but without woods to retire to later on, when grass and harvest are lifted, when nights become cold and food supplies scarce, pheasants will inevitably make a bee line for the nearest quarters which afford them reasonable comfort. One's neighbours may be highly appreciative in such cases, but it is small satisfaction to anyone to encourage

"ONCE UPON A TIME"—OR A HOPE FOR NEXT TIME?

birds—however fine a show they may make during the summer—which, before the legitimate time for their sacrifice falls due, have wandered away to offer sport to someone else.

It is to these points attention must be directed, in order to counteract the natural disadvantage under which wild birds labour, before turning to render them that assistance in the upbringing of their broods to which they undoubtedly respond. In other words, the home must not only be built, but suitably furnished, before the family is introduced to it, and the choice of furniture depends largely upon environment and soil. Obviously, the poor man can no more change the fundamental outline of his coverts than he can afford to plant in such wise that posterity may reap the benefit. What he wants, in brief, is to build up within a season or two such a stock as will give him reasonably good shooting, consonant with a decent margin every year for breeding. While the number to be aimed at must depend on the size and layout of existing coverts, it is also measured very largely by their constituent shrubs. For it stands to reason that more birds can be concentrated in a wood where everything is to their liking than in one whose natural food supplies are somewhat at a discount.

The best pheasant timber undoubtedly consists of trees of horizontal branches and foliage, like the Douglas fir, which affords the birds a roosting pitch and roof in one. But such as these are not found everywhere, nor do they grow up in many seasons, and it is rather to the undercover that it pays to give attention. For in his waking hours the pheasant wants plenty of room to roam and scratch for food. Outside the wood one may give him a strip or two of barley or buck-wheat, but, within, he likes sunny patches where he can also pick a bit. Nothing is better than snowberry, which, incidentally, is not attractive to rabbits, while the cotoneasters, young beech, and almost any kind of berry-bearing shrubs make first-rate undercover.

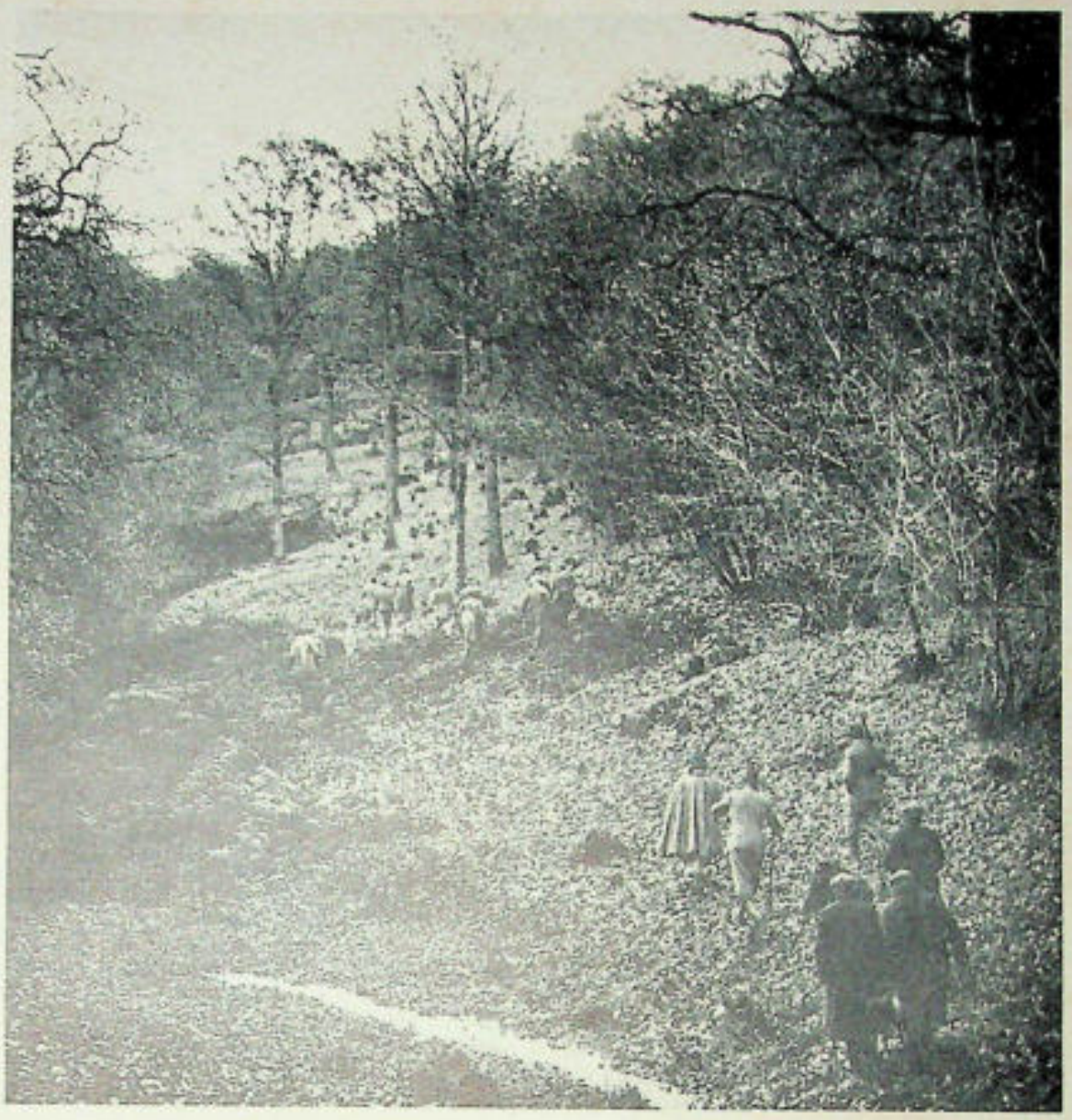
Why so many of our coverts fail to hold birds is, I think, because they are choked with rhododendron and bracken, both of which, when overgrown, shut out all sun and simply reek with damp. The ground underneath quickly becomes completely sodden from the constant drip, and any covert which is overstocked with holly, laurel, etc., in addition, assumes more or less permanently the condition of a morass in wet weather. I know a number of woods to which this description applies, and although in summer they may be cheerful enough abodes, it is a very different story later on. Yet pheasants are put down in them, and no attempt is made from year's end to year's end even to thin out the tangled mass, with the inevitable result that such birds as

do show up in autumn are next to impossible to eject with any satisfaction to the guns.

In the ideal covert you may notice that undergrowth is planted in clumps not too closely spaced. Since also a judicious blending of deciduous and evergreen timber of varying density combines further to its attractiveness, it follows that woods should really be trimmed in strips each year. In point of expense, however, this may be a counsel of perfection because trimming, in so far as flushing areas and the layout of rides are concerned, is also determined largely by the situation of adjacent coverts. Big woods, as less liable to disturbance, may be better holding areas than small ones, but they have grave disadvantages also. They are more expensive of upkeep as well as of beating and stopping, and happy hunting grounds for vermin of all species. It is no exaggeration to say that a higher percentage of pheasants can be shown to advantage out of ten to fifteen acre coverts.

Probably the best way to deal with a really big wood on a moderate sized shoot is to split it into two or three sectors. This may involve initial expense, but is, I think, a saving in the long run, in that many birds, which in an extensive "jungle" would fall to vermin and foxes in adolescence and manage to elude the beaters at maturity, will be preserved. For instance, if an eighty acre wood is split (by sacrificing say one-fifth of it) into three small coverts, you may so dispose your birds that they can always be driven from one to the other. And in one sense all these coverts will be "home," so that you will not only get better flyers but also make pretty certain of seeing all your birds on each day out. Of course, the ideal wood for bisecting in this fashion is one that covers a valley. Cut out the low ground clean, and you have two hanging woods facing one another from which you may drive birds at any height you like until "the cows come home."

But that solution of the problem is not of much assistance if your big wood happens to be situate in in a flat country. Moreover, a great deal depends on whether you are owner or tenant of the land you shoot, for the most accommodating landlord may not be disposed to the sacrifice of such an amount of more or less valuable timber as will allow of wide glades, as distinct from rides, being cut in order to separate two or three portions of a wood. So, as a tenant, probably the best course is to observe where on the outsides of your coverts the undergrowth flourishes in greatest abundance, and then to encourage its further growth by planting. Then thin out on the inner side of the belt so formed, so that when the latter is beaten the birds will rise above the clearing. The point is that, whereas pheasants will always run through thick covert, they will invariably take to wing over barer spaces. Therefore, if you can succeed in making three or four of such belts wide enough, you will not only have an admirable holding covert, with underwood at every stage of growth into which sun and air penetrate the whole year round, but also from each belt you may bring back the birds towards the centre of the wood, where most likely you are in the habit of feeding them.



INSIDE THE WOOD THE PHEASANT LIKES SUNNY PATCHES WHERE HE CAN PICK A BIT

Since thus you will be working on the sound principle of driving the birds out in order to bring them home again, this method of planting should conduce to the encouragement of high pheasants. And if channels are left connecting the various thickets with the main wood in the centre, so that birds can run up and down, the expense of cutting numerous rides through a big acreage is obviated. It may be emphasised that these belts must be pretty deep. Narrow thickets may serve as temporary cover for the wary pheasant, but they are useless as holding ground for any length of time.

BARTRAGH.

CREEPER FISHING IN THE NORTH

On Northern rivers the creeper probably stands first among the several sidelines which attract trout, and, if one is to judge by complaints one hears, this spanner, hurled by Nature into the piscatorial machinery, effectively dispels the illusion harboured by not a few visiting anglers, that the month of May and the North Country are synonymous for "high spot" in fly-fishing.

Many anglers are reluctant to handle this repulsive-looking but quite harmless bait (ladies will not tolerate it at any price). Others are at a loss to find sufficient creeper with which to fish. An oft-described method advises the would-be creeper fisherman to stand in the water facing downstream, thrust his landing-net into the current, and shuffle his feet. It is suggested that the creepers so disturbed will be found clinging in considerable numbers to the mesh of the net. That may be a fine way to create a miniature spate; but, taking it by and large, the writer's experience goes to show that one could shuffle through a rendering of all the refrains attributed to "Dixie," and the net result—no pun—would scarcely excite the interest of a minnow.

Fortunately, the large and not so agile yellow-tinted female is the better bait, and, if the trout have been showing a seasonable lack of interest in other lures, it is reasonably certain that almost every stone with a trickle of water round it will harbour one or more specimens of the current attraction. Turn the stones over gently to avoid disturbing the bottom, ignore the sombre-hued jacks which run like blazes, and grab the big juicy ones before they disappear into the murk. By this method from 30 to 50 can be collected in a few minutes, with the resultant saving of valuable fishing time.

To be effective, the creeper must swim and crawl; but how can it accomplish these movements if it is pinioned by a two-hook straight-jacket which adds insult to injury by elevating its tail? What then is the alternative? Simply this: use a No. 14 "model perfect" hook to gut.

There is no need to study the anatomy of your insect when baiting with this tackle. Just insert the hook at the second segment behind the head and bring the point out at the next one. It is thus suspended on an even keel and will do its stuff, unwillingly it is true, but nevertheless in a thoroughly efficient manner. Remember, any attempt to conceal the point of the hook will curb the activity of the insect and affect adversely the advantages previously mentioned.

One might well think the bait would be flicked off, or that the trout (admittedly adept at this practice with a worm) would remove the insect without arousing the suspicion of the angler. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not only is the hook anchored beneath a tough belt of skin, but it affords a minimum of inconvenience and distress to the unfortunate recipient.

As to the fish. There is nothing finicky about his approach. It is the writer's experience that when a trout wants a creeper he wants it badly. If the bait looks natural, he takes it naturally—that is to say, with a smashing strike that shatters the insect—and leaves himself well and truly hooked.

From that it will be gathered that the one important thing—apart from natural presentation—is that the creeper is "on." That time of day and weather conditions are of secondary importance will be borne out by the following extracts from the writer's diary:—

May 23rd, 1933: 16 trout, 6lb. 2oz., dull and warm, wind south; 7–9 a.m.

May 25th, 1933: 18 trout, 6lb. 5oz., cold, heavy showers, wind north; 7–9.30 a.m.

May 27th, 1934: 16 trout, 5lb. 10oz., cold and dull, wind east; 7–9.15 a.m.

May 5th, 1935: 4 trout, 2lb. 1oz., bright and hot, wind S.E.; 10–12 noon.

May 13th, 1936: 5 trout, 3lb. 1oz., westerly gale; 6.45–9.30 p.m.

May 2nd, 1937: 8 trout, 4lb. 2oz., bright and cool, wind N.E.

It is not suggested that the baskets herein mentioned are outstanding, or that they have any special claim to be referred to as red-letter days. As stated previously, the interest lies in the varied weather conditions, and—if a tribute to the rig described in this article is permissible—the fact that, including all six excursions to some very ordinary ticket water on the Westmorland Eden, the number of trout lost in play could be counted on the fingers of one hand. On each occasion bait was collected before commencing to fish, and, if it is of any interest to readers, upstream worming tactics were invariably used.

The prospects of 1940? you may ask. With temperatures below zero and rivers ice-bound for weeks on end, it is almost safe to predict that the creeper hatch will be greatly retarded, and where numbers are concerned—well, a little thin.

STONEFLY.

PART OF A HUGE FLOCK OF SCAUP ON RED ROCK LAKES, MONTANA *By courtesy U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey*

WILDFOWL AND WADERS IN NORTH DAKOTA

By A. H. HIGGINSON

AS Spring returns each year it brings with it a certain restlessness, and at such times, difficult as it may be for the business or professional man to leave his work, there are always some who, under normal conditions, can snatch a long week-end in which to observe the birds which are often to be seen at that time of year. Now, with war conditions upon us, such delights are barred, but it may be that even the description of such a trip, which was taken not in England but on the prairies of North Western America some years ago, will bring back memories of days gone by, and hopes of happier ones in the future.

I have never, myself, watched the wildfowl and waders in England, but I have been fascinated by the descriptions written by those who have had the good fortune to be able to do so, and it has occurred to me that perhaps a brief narrative dealing with the observations taken on a trip made to North Dakota, where thousands of wildfowl were passing through on their annual migration to their northern breeding grounds, might be of interest. Some of these migrants from the south stopped to make their nests and raise their broods in the region in which I was camped; others continued their journey farther north, and it will perhaps be interesting to anyone familiar with British wildfowl to know the names of those birds which passed through, and those which stopped to nest.

The following list will indicate this; those which are starred being the ones whose nests I discovered in the vicinity.

GEESE

Blue Goose (*Chen cærulescens*).
Lesser Snow Goose (*Chen hyperborea*).
Greater Snow Goose (*Chen hyperborea nivalis*).
Ross' Snow Goose (*Exanthemops Rossii*).
White-fronted Goose (*Anser albifrons*).
*Canada Goose (*Branta Canadensis*).
Hutchins' Goose (*Branta Canadensis Hutchinsii*).
Black Brant (*Branta nigricans*).

DUCKS

*Mallard (*Anas boschas*).
*Gadwall (*Chaulelasmus streperus*).
*Wigeon (*Mareca Americana*).
*Pintail (*Dafila acuta*).
*Blue Wing Teal (*Querquedula discors*).
*Green Wing Teal (*Nettion Carolinensis*).
*Shoveler (*Spatula clypeata*).
*Canvasback (*Aristonetta vallisneria*).
*Red Head (Pochard) (*Aethya Americana*).
Lesser Scaup Duck (*Fuligula affinis*).
*Goldeneye (*Clangula clangula*).
*Barrow's Goldeneye (*Clangula Islandica*).
*Buffle Head Duck (*Charitonetta albeola*).
*Ruddy Duck (*Erismatura Jamaicensis*).
Red-breasted Merganser (*Merganser serrator*).
Hooded Merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*).

WADERS (SHORE BIRDS)

*Wilson's Phalarope (*Steganopus tricolor*).
American Avocet (*Recurvirostra americana*).
Black-necked Stilt (*Himantopus Mexicanus*).
Long-billed Dowitcher (*Macrorhamphus scolopaceus*).
Least Sandpiper (*Tringa minutilla*).
Western Semipalmated Sandpiper (*Ereunetes occidentalis*).
Sanderling (*Calidris arenaria*).
Marbled Godwit (*Limosa fedoa*).
Hudsonian Godwit (*Limosa hæmastica*).
Greater Yellow-legs (*Totanus melanoleucus*).
Lesser Yellow-legs (*Totanus flavipes*).
Western Willet (*Symphemia semipalmata eurysiflora*).
Bartram's Sandpiper (Upland Plover) (*Bartramia longicauda*).
Buff-breasted Sandpiper (*Tryngites subruficollis*).
*Spotted Sandpiper (*Actitis macularia*).
Long-billed Curlew (*Numenius longirostris*).
Black-bellied Plover (*Charadrius squatarola*).
American Golden Plover (*Charadrius dominicus*).
Killdeer Plover (*Aegialites vocifera*).
Semipalmated Plover (Ringneck) (*Aegialites semipalmata*).
Snowy Plover (*Aegialites nivosa*).
Mountain Plover (*Aegialites montana*).
Turnstone (*Arenaria interpres*).

There were undoubtedly several other varieties which nested in the region in which I was, but I did not myself find the nests or see any young birds, and I can therefore only suppose that they must have gone elsewhere for their domestic arrangements. Because I was employed on Government business, I had a permit to shoot whatever specimens I deemed necessary for identification purposes and for the records of the Smithsonian Institute, but I was naturally very careful not to kill any more than was absolutely necessary, particularly in the case of those birds which were breeding in the vicinity.

On a certain April morning I awoke in my stateroom on the "Great Northern Flyer" to find that we were skimming over level prairies. I had left Minneapolis, Minnesota, the evening before, and I judged that we must be somewhere in North Dakota. I rang for the porter, and when he came I asked him where we were, and his answer told me that I had been correct in my surmise, and would be at my destination, Church's Ferry, at about 10 o'clock. I had my breakfast, packed my bags, and sat looking out of the window. What a dull, uninteresting country it was! As flat as a board, stretching out for miles in every direction. Presently the train pulled up at a typical little North Western town, with its hotel and bar-room and a few stores. My taxidermist met me at the station—a raw-boned, sad-looking individual by the name of Mummery, who, I was to find out later, was an excellent shot, a real student of Natural History, and, I think, the best field taxidermist I have ever known.

We piled my luggage into the back of a buckboard and started on a ten-mile drive to the little cabin on the shore of Lac aux Morts, which he had made ready for our reception. What a drive that was! It began to rain and the horse spattered up the black Dakota mud which stains everything with which it comes in contact like ink. On the way out we saw several flocks of shore birds and ducks, many of them passing within easy range, and at last, after a drive which seemed twenty miles long, instead of ten, we came to the edge of a wet, boggy meadow, on the other side of which my companion pointed out a speck which he cheerfully informed me was "home."

"Home!"—I thought of my wife sitting cosily in front of a bright log fire in my little New England country house, and shivered.

"How," said I, "are we to cross that bog?" I was informed that it was not a bog, but one of the best hay-fields in the country. Again my thoughts wandered back to New England and my own hay-fields did not suffer much in the mental comparison.

To make a long story short, we drove through that bog, hay-field, call it what you will, with the water up to the hubs of the wheels all the time, and sometimes over the wagon floor, and at last, about one o'clock, we reached the cabin. Standing on a slightly-raised patch of ground, it was at least dry. Mummery produced the key, and I went in and started a fire, while he unharnessed the horse. Inside it was cramped, but neat and warm, and when the fire was roaring in the little sheet-iron stove, it became positively home-like; and I, who had been somewhat discouraged on the drive out, began to think North Dakota not such a bad place after all. The cabin was perhaps a quarter of a mile away from the shore of the lake, but there was a little creek which ran back to within fifty yards of our door-step—the spring at its source was our water supply—and by using our little portable canvas folding boat as a means of transportation, we could reach the open water of the lake in a few minutes.

A glance at my list will show that there were sixteen varieties of duck in the vicinity, and of these we discovered the nests of thirteen. The two varieties of goldeneye and the buffle head nest, however, in hollow trees and, although the birds came frequently to the lake, those whose nests we discovered were near another body of water, some

twenty miles away. Of the remaining ten varieties of ducks which nested in the vicinity, seven chose sites for their habitations at least fifty feet from the water, while of the three remaining, the ruddy and the pochard always seemed to prefer to be close to its edge, and the canvasback domiciles were invariably built of coarse reeds, lined with down and floated on the water itself. The number of ducks which nested in the neighbourhood of our cabin was almost inconceivable, and one could not walk along the edge of any of the little creeks which made inland from the lake, without stumbling on a nest of some sort every few yards.

All the nests were most beautifully made and lined with the softest down from the breasts of the parent birds and, although differing somewhat in construction, they were of the same general character, except as specified above. There was one peculiarity which perhaps is worthy of note, and that was the not uncommon occurrence of finding two, and even three, varieties of eggs in the same nest. The shoveler and the pintail were the breeds most frequently involved, and when one remembers that we often found twenty nests, of different varieties, within a hundred square yards, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the birds sometimes made mistakes. I shot several birds whose plumage denoted that they were the result of a cross.

But I have wandered away from my story. Mummery told me that although the geese were still in the vicinity, they were, except in the case of the Canada geese, among the migrants, and pointed out that if we were to obtain specimens for record, we had no time to waste, as they might leave for the north at short notice. They used to spend the nights on the lake and then come up to the meadows to feed during the days. We could see them through our glasses in the distance like lines of soldiers on parade, but it was impossible to identify them to a certainty, and it was for this reason that we shot even as many as we did. I shall never forget our first morning there. Long before daylight, we were up, and after drinking a hasty cup of hot coffee, we filled our pockets with shells, took our guns and went out. It was still dark, but the stars were bright and it looked like a fair day.

We walked along silently till we came to a big haystack where I remained while Mummery went to another stand about a quarter of a mile away. I looked at my watch. It was just a quarter past three. The air was full of noises; the ceaseless quacking of the ducks in the marshes being predominant. Presently it began to grow grey in the east; the stars faded, and a faint breeze blew against my cheek. It was very cold with the chill that comes at sunrise, and I lit my pipe and moved about to keep warm. Suddenly a sound caught my ear—the distant honking of geese. I kept quite still and waited. It was still too dark to shoot, but I could see the dim forms as they hurtled past me overhead—a large flock, forty at least. Would it never grow light? A faint dash of yellow showed in the east; it grew, widened, and spread until the whole sky was alight.

Morning had come. Away to the south, Lac aux Morts stretched out beyond the rushes, the mist rising from its surface. To the north, east and west, were the low-lying fields, and the birds which fed in these great wet meadows all day were already gathering there and coming up from the south. The light increased rapidly, and as I stood watching the objects that took on definite shapes, I became aware of a dark mass approaching from the lake. Soon this mass came near enough for me to see that it was a flock of geese, ten of which were coming my way. Would they keep on? No, they swerved to the right, and I could see Mummery getting his gun ready behind his haystack. They passed directly over him, and as he fired I saw a bird turn over in his flight and fall, almost before the report of the gun reached me. He fired his second barrel but missed and the flock, having swept far to the west, went on at an increased speed, minus one of their number.

CANADA GEESE PHOTOGRAPHED ON A SURREY POND

By courtesy Department of the Interior, Ontario

A BLUE GOOSE AT HER NEST FAR NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

By courtesy O. V. Saynsger and U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

A MALLARD AT HER NEST IN A HOLLOW TREE

While I was watching this scene, another flock had almost reached me, and it was not until I heard the beat of their wings overhead, that I was fully aware of their presence. It was too late. I fired, but missed my shot, and turned back just in time to see Mummery drop another. I had learned my lesson, and from then on I paid attention to my side of the flight. I did not have to wait very long, for soon a large flock of snow geese came across the lake and flew directly over me, and I dropped one with each barrel. Then they began to come thick and fast, snow geese, white-fronted geese, Hutchins, blue, and every now and then a Ross's goose, looking little larger than a mallard duck. We only shot for about half an hour, picking out the scarcer varieties as well as we could, and then we picked up our birds—fourteen in all, among them several white-fronted geese, known in Dakota as speckled brant. How many we could have shot, I do not know, but we had all we could attend to that morning, and enough left over to eat. They were in beautiful condition both as to plumage and otherwise, being indeed so fat that, in one or two cases, the skin of the breast had split open from the force of the fall. A fat wild goose is a very tender bird, and we fared sumptuously. Every evening, all the birds that had been feeding during the day in the meadows returned to the lake by much the same route that they had used in the morning, and I was never tired of watching these flights through my field-glasses, or in trying to get as near them as I could.

On May 14th, my notes tell me, all the geese departed for the north, except a few pairs of Canada geese, which bred on the little rushy islands in the small lakes which were dotted around the prairies. Their nests, which looked like large editions of those made by the canvasbacks, were often in the rushes that grew far out from the shore, and we could only get to them in our canvas boat. We shot very few ducks, as they were very tame, and it was easy to watch them with glasses from the shore, or from the canvas boat. Shore birds began to come by May 1st, and by May 10th all the larger ones were plentiful. Golden and black-bellied plover ran about the lake shore and the ploughed fields, while the yellow-legs, willet, stilt, avocet, curlew and godwit were in the wet sloughs. Far up on the old flax fields the plaintive whistle of the upland plover could be heard, though these birds were timid and not easy to observe.

Great flocks of the little-known buff-breasted sandpiper stayed with us for ten days and then vanished as suddenly as they had come. They are very beautiful birds, whose exquisitely-pencilled wings are evidently used as a sex lure, for they had a habit of holding them up in the air for an instant or two on alighting, as if to display their beautiful markings. Most of these waders were migrants, although, since several of them have been known to breed in this locality, it may be that I did not stay there long enough to observe their nesting habits.

I think I enjoyed my lonely tramps on the undulating prairie, with a black retriever as my sole companion and the low whistle of the upland plover for a marching tune, more than anything else, for to me the shore birds, as we call them in America, are a peculiarly fascinating family. Often, too, at twilight, I would sit and watch the plover feeding near me, while on some stone near by the western meadowlark would pour out his wonderful song.

But all things have an ending, and that song of the meadowlark made me very homesick, for it called to my mind the vision of the New England fields at dusk, with the song of the hermit thrush floating out of the deep recesses of the woods. For the meadowlark is the bird of the western prairies, and the hermit thrush of the eastern woods, and each reminds one strongly of his native haunts. There are thrushes in Dakota, but they seem out of place, just as the meadowlark seems cramped among the stone walls of New England. And so presently, when the ducks had built their nests and the plover and geese had gone north, I left Dakota and went back east again to that New England where I lived in those bygone days.

WHAT WILL WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL?

I CAN never agree with those who say that the Grand National is an absolute lottery and a forbidding betting medium. Five times out of six it is won by a popular, well-backed fancy, and I believe the bookmakers, when they say that they profit by the Lincolnshire Handicap far more frequently than they win over the big steeplechase.

One explanation for this is that whereas the public has a whole season's form to guide them in their choice for the Grand National, all the runners for the "Lincoln" have to be judged on their flat-race form of the previous year, which for practical purposes is of little help. A considerable proportion of these horses are neither fit nor seriously fancied when they run for the "Lincoln," whereas every Grand National starter is specially trained for the race, and his public appearances in the course of his preparation are likely to assist an experienced judge of steeplechasing to sound conclusions which may be applied profitably at Liverpool with fair frequency.

Moreover, the bookmakers usually bet on the National in an exceptionally open manner, and at odds which gives the backer fair encouragement to support several horses. My own practice has been to "go for the stuff" over one or two, and to have smaller "saving" bets on three or four others. I don't intend to boast, and will only say that I would far rather lay out a "tenner" in this way on the "National" than I would speculate a similar sum on any of the popular flat-race handicaps.

A modern Grand National is a handicap only in a restricted sense. The range of weights is definitely limited, and a large proportion of the horses entered cannot, therefore, receive a fair chance. The character of the handicap favours, generally, those whose public performances have been good enough to place them in the top half. From these, one's judgment must effect discards, for better or worse. I, for one, doubt if Royal Mail is good enough to win the Grand National a second time, and I shall believe in the ability of the short-necked Airgead Sios to dash successfully round the full Grand National course when I see it, though he has won brilliantly at Aintree more than once. Royal Danieli, The Professor II and The Uplifter are three I like.

Danny Morgan, to whom a Grand National triumph would be justly due, has chosen to ride The Uplifter in preference to Milano, though I have seen the latter run two good races recently. Workman has been in trouble this winter, and his stable companion Sterling Duke, second to Jack Chaucer in the Red Cross Chase of over four miles, seems the more hopeful. Rockquilla is preferable in this connection to either Dunhill Castle, or Jovial Judge. Kilstar had bad luck in the race last year when he finished third, and his recent success at Cheltenham showed that he is at least as good as he was then.

There are stronger possibilities in Dominick's Cross than I can see in Away, or Timber Wolf. Venturesome Knight did not do himself any good when he fell at Cheltenham and his rider, Mr. Tweedie, fractured a collar bone. Miss Paget is more likely to win the race with Kilstar than Le Cygne. I recognise the chances of Symacthis, and Bogskar but must leave them out. I suggest that the winner may be found among The Uplifter, The Professor II, Rockquilla, Kilstar, MacMoffat and Milano.

In all parts of the country, people are taking any convenient opportunity for a day's racing in surprising numbers. Nearly everywhere, since National Hunt meetings were resumed after the long frost, attendances and gate receipts have been considerably larger than they were for the corresponding occasions last year.

At Haydock Park the receipts were about £300 up compared with 12 months ago. The attendance at the first day of the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham was also good, though doubtless fewer enthusiasts than usual made their annual visit from afar. It is now very much of the past, but the full story of the venture of one hunting enthusiast at Cheltenham is still worth telling.

Mr. P. Clapp, a farmer of Sparkford, near Yeovil, hunts with the local harriers and sometimes with the Blackmore Vale, and has occasionally had a horse whose point-to-point performances have induced Mr. Clapp to "go" for small steeplechases. Among his happy recollections of ventures in this direction are seven races won at the local Wincanton meeting, one at more important Newbury, and one as far afield as Lingfield. He shares, with all enthusiasts of his kind, the desire to win a steeplechase at Cheltenham's National Hunt meeting. He had made almost annually, many unsuccessful attempts until this time, when he saw his Golden Knight, winner of three point-to-points, finish first in the Broadway Novice's Steeplechase of 300 sovereigns.

He was so pleased, and the congratulations he received from his neighbours and other friends so hearty, that one spectator at least who had not had any particular interest in the race found himself, hoping against hope that the objection which was duly lodged against Golden Knight would not be sustained. Having jumped the last fence in front of Iceberg II, owned by Lord Sefton, a steward of the Jockey Club and a member of the National Hunt Committee, he edged to the left and crossed the other horse. I do not think that this accident had any effect on the placings, but a rule had been broken and Golden Knight was disqualified. "And now," said Mr. Clapp to me, "I suppose I get nothing," which, of course, is the drastic effect of disqualification in this country, though in some other countries a horse who offends as did Golden Knight may be relegated to second, or third place at the discretion of the stewards.

The disappointment of D. Quirke, the rider of Golden Knight, was quite as deep as that of his owner. This was not only the first mount which had been offered to Quirke, since racing was resumed but he had been unable to secure any opportunity to ride out at exercise during the same period. He had not, in fact, thrown a leg across a horse for several weeks.

Mr. Clapp bought Golden Knight as a yearling at the Ascot Sales for a small sum from Sir William Cooke who bred him.

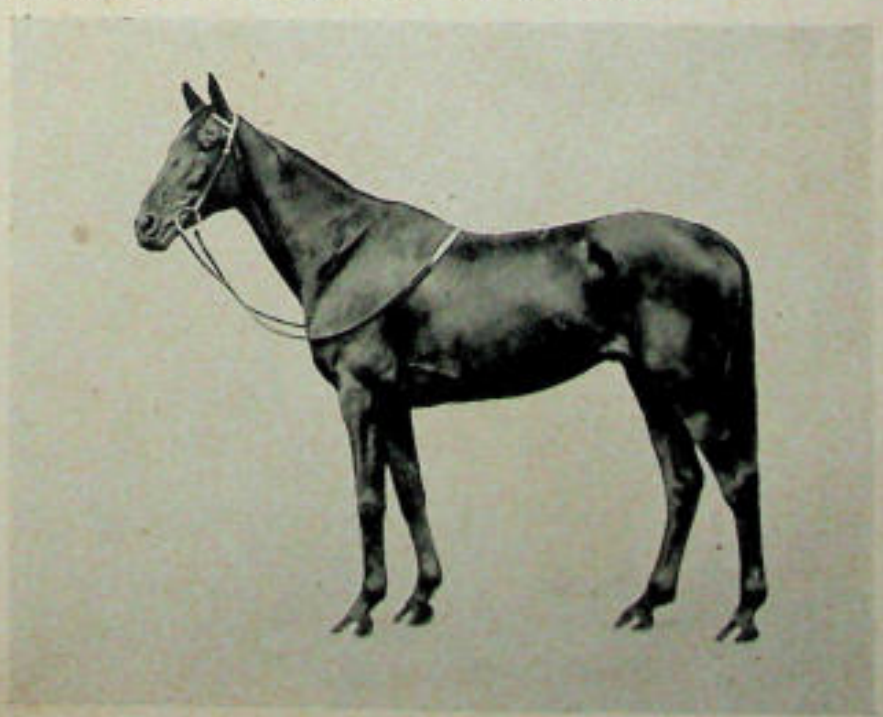
Since the war, most race-course executives have ceased to give pedigrees on the race-cards, and this omission was much criticised at Cheltenham. Golden Knight is by Golden Orb out Dark Past.

YEOMAN.

Since the above was written Airgead Sios has gone lame and it is now certain that he will not start for the Grand National. He broke down two fences from home in the Compton Steeplechase and was beaten easily by The Professor II, who was for a while favourite in the early betting on the National. The Professor II was going very well throughout the race and might well have won in any case, but it remains to be seen if he can last the four and a half miles at Aintree. In the meanwhile Royal Danieli, who was only beaten by the shortest of short heads two years ago, has carried 12st. 7lb. to victory in Ireland, finishing comfortably ahead of both Sterling Duke and Workman. His performance was most convincing, and he will have to be reckoned with seriously on the great day.

BOGSKAR SHOWED REALLY GOOD FORM AT GATWICK, BUT HAS SINCE FALLEN. HE, PERHAPS, STILL NEEDS EXPERIENCE

WORKMAN WAS THIRD IN 1938 AND WON IN 1939. THIS YEAR REPORTS ON HIS PROGRESS HAVE VARIED, BUT HE KNOWS AINTREE AND ALL ITS TERRORS AS WELL AS ANY HORSE IN THE RACE



STERLING DUKE FINISHED SECOND IN THE RED CROSS STEEPLECHASE AND IS HIGHLY THOUGHT OF IN IRELAND. HE IS CERTAINLY WORTHY OF SERIOUS CONSIDERATION

A CHOICE OF POSSIBLES FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

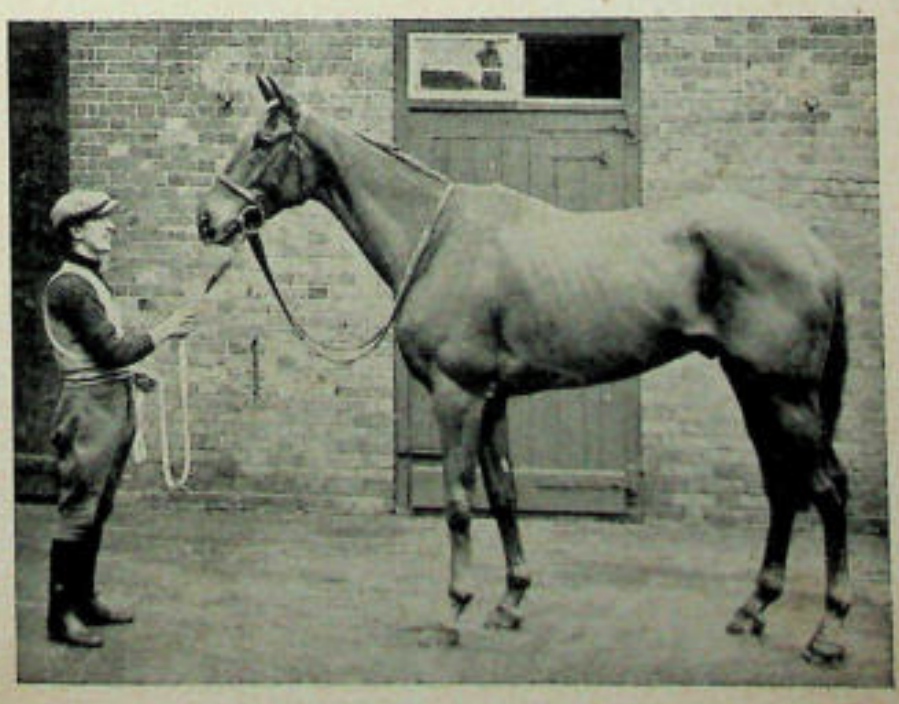
ROYAL DANIELI WAS A SOMEWHAT UNLUCKY SECOND TWO YEARS AGO. A MAGNIFICENT JUMPER, HE HAS BEEN SHOWING EXCELLENT FORM IN IRELAND THIS SEASON. KILSTAR *(on the right)* WILL NO DOUBT START FAVOURITE AND MAY GIVE MISS PAGET HER SECOND GRAND NATIONAL

MACMOFFAT WAS SECOND TO WORKMAN LAST YEAR, AND IS IN GOOD FORM THIS. HE HAS MORE THAN AN OUTSIDE CHANCE

MISS PAGET'S NEW IRISH PURCHASE, LE CYGNE, HAS WON RECENTLY IN THIS COUNTRY AND IS A VERY FINE JUMPER

TAKVOR PASHA HAS FLATTERED BEFORE ONLY TO DECEIVE. HE HAS MANY FIRM FRIENDS, HOWEVER

SYMAETHIS FINISHED FIFTH LAST YEAR, AND WAS FAVOURITE IN THE EARLY BETTING. AINTREE HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR HER, AND HER TRAINER IS VERY WELL SATISFIED WITH HER PROGRESS



ROCKQUILLA IS AS GOOD A HORSE OVER STIFF OBSTACLES AS ANY IN THE RACE, BUT MORE THAN THAT IS NEEDED AT AINTREE AND HE IS NOT, PERHAPS, A LUCKY HORSE

SEA TROUT WAYS AND DAYS

By RICHARD CLAPHAM

A GOOD CHANNEL ON THE LEVEN

AT one time I thought I knew something about sea trout, but subsequent encounters with these hard fighting fish have merely served to explode my theories. My hunting ground for sea trout is the tidal length of the river Leven which runs out of Windermere Lake, and after a tortuous course of some four-and-a-half miles flows through the estuary and enters Morecambe Bay. Starting at the village of Greenodd—which was once a thriving port, but can now no longer be reached by shipping—the fishing extends for about two miles. An average tide affects this length for about a mile-and-a-half.

The banks consist of sand, and as this is a movable quantity, easily shifted by big tides and floods, the course of the river is subject to frequent alteration. You may fish a channel to-day and then, if you visit it after several 20-foot tides have come and gone, you will probably find that it has departed to the other side, leaving a wide expanse of sand in its place. Such a contretemps is decidedly annoying, for sea trout have their favourite channels and when these are destroyed, sport naturally suffers.

As a rule you find fish in certain narrow channels where the current is strong, and the water fairly shallow. The beds of such channels have been washed out until the stones are exposed, and it is amongst the latter that the sea trout and salmon prefer to lie. A channel of this sort may be only fifty yards long, or it may be two hundred and fifty. Sea trout and whitling—or in Lakeland parlance "morts and spreds"—run with the tides. If the river is low, some of them may stop in the pools and channels, or they may drop back and hang about in the tidal water. Should the river be high, however, they run on to the non-tidal reaches.

In my experience the most likely time to kill fish is when the river is running down after a flood and there is no tide. The sand is then settling, and the fish can see a spinning bait. On the other hand, if the river is low and there are few fish in the channels and pools, some sport may be had by spinning when the tide begins to ebb. I prefer to spin, however, when the river is fairly high and there is no tide, for fish are then continually moving up. Even with low water and no tide there is a possibility of sport, despite the fact that such conditions do not sound too favourable.

Sport of course depends on the fish being there, and whether you happen to strike the right day.

All my fishing in the tidal reaches is done with a fixed spool reel and gut substitute line. In my experience by far the most killing bait is a natural minnow in celluloid scarab tackle. As the channels are comparatively shallow, small baits are preferable. I have tried various artificial minnows on many occasions, but they killed next to nothing compared with the natural minnow. Plugs, too, such as the Pal-o-Mine and the River Runt Spook have been well tested, but I have not killed a fish on one of them yet. Such baits are too big and too heavily armoured for shallow water. There is something about a natural minnow—even when in a celluloid envelope—that makes it a deadly killer when sea trout are really taking. I have often wondered whether the smell has anything to do with it.

The season for sea trout starts on April 3rd, and ends on October 31st. For salmon it ends on the same date, but begins on March 3rd. Although some sea trout run up the river in May and June, the best months are August, September, and October. When fishing for sea trout there is always the chance of getting into a salmon. As far as sport is concerned, the tidal length may be described as "hard," for blank days are not uncommon.

SPINNING FOR SEA TROUT IN TIDAL WATERS

As showing the luck of the game I have picked out a few days from my diary. On August 3rd, in 1938, my wife and I went down and found a beautiful water dropping after a flood. It was a fine hot day with an intermittent north-west breeze, and no tide. I killed seven fish—sea trout and whitling—and lost two others, one of which looked to be 4 lb. or 5 lb. It was my lucky day, for though my wife had one or two pulls she failed to connect. Thinking to repeat the performance next day we went down again, and both of us drew blank. The water had dropped about 18 inches, and there was little or no breeze. I only had one pull—a feeble touch—although I fished hard.

On August 7th, there was a nice water, a strong breeze, and no tide. Conditions looked ideal. Result, we had one or two pulls but hooked nothing.

On October 17th, there was again a nice water and no tide. Wind west south-west, with gleams of sun. My wife killed three good sea trout and one whitling, and I had five whitling. Last season (1939), on October 18th, there was just a fair water and no tide. Day sunny, with intermittent north-west breeze. My wife killed eight sea trout and whitling, and lost three others, while I had three pulls but failed to connect. The eight fish were all killed in a channel about forty yards long.

When the water is on the low side, and there is no tide, a good breeze is a great help, in fact the harder it blows the better. Even when the fish are there and continually showing themselves it does not mean to say that they will take. On August 14th, the river was low, so we fished the tide. The water was alive with morts and spreds, plus several salmon. Beyond touching two fish we did nothing. Two other anglers likewise drew blank. All the fish in the tidal length—or at any rate a majority of them—are fresh run with sea lice still on them. Occasional heavy sea trout are caught. My brother-in-law killed a 10lb. 1oz. fish on October 18th, 1934, which proved to be 6½ years old, with three spawning marks.

Sea trout fishing in tidal water can be pretty well summed up in the words of the old keeper, who said that some of the unlikeliest days are often more likely than the most likeliest.

It makes a pleasant change to leave the hills behind and visit the estuary in search of sea trout. Down there you are in a land of low-lying sandy reaches, and the air holds the tang of the sea. Flora and fauna are different too. Sea pinks grow in profusion, and gulls drift overhead or squabble for some tit-bit washed up by the tide. Shore birds drop in as the water recedes and lays the sandbanks bare, and gaunt herons stand like sentinels on the grassy points. You see curlews and green plover, mallard and teal, as well as those handsome birds the sheld-ducks. In the sand are innumerable tracks, amongst them those of rats and the five-toed imprints of an otter. A kingfisher flashes upstream like a swiftly moving jewel, and a flock of pigeons circles about the nearby woods. Then, where the breeze breaks the current into wavelets there is a flash of silver as a sea trout springs into the air and falls back with a resounding smack.

AN 8-LB. SALMON FROM TIDAL WATERS

A CATCH OF SEA TROUT AND WHITLING

FISHING THE TIDAL REACH OF THE RIVER LEVEN

MR. SILAS P. MOWBRAY RETURNS TO MELTON—VIII

He profits by a little mistake at the shoot

By GUY PAGET D.L., F.R. Hist. S.

In this and subsequent articles the author paints a pen-picture of pre-war Leicestershire as it would appear to an old-time hunting man if he could return to it after a lapse of a hundred years

BIRDS were coming over so fast and high that Silas found it better to wait till he had discharged both barrels before reloading.

He had never seen so many birds in his life. He bagged at least six himself, and most of the others must have got as many.

Silas noticed that the game was collected quickly and quietly by the funny-looking dogs.

The next beat was inside the wood, which seemed alive with rabbits, and Silas, not being used to so many people about, peppered Capt. J. slightly in the leg.

What Capt. J. had to say about it took quite a long time and could be distinctly heard a long way off.

Silas, having expressed his regret, stood silent for some time, but at last lost patience.

"Say, don't cry any more, and Mammy will give you a lollypop," he said. "It's only bird shot anyway, and on the prairie I've seen many a man get a full charge of buckshot and it never got more than a 'damn' out of 'em."

After a couple more beats in the wood, Capt. C. said they had better have the drive before lunch, and leave out Simon Hase as hounds had run through it the day before.

The twenty beaters went off one way with the keepers and C. led the guns in the opposite direction, towards the road.

Still Silas saw no carriages.

After going about half a mile, he was directed to stand behind a high hedge. He began to think they must have meant a walk when they said a "drive." For the life of him he could not imagine, why they had left the wood, where there remained at least twenty or thirty pheasants and lots of rabbits, to trapse across country, not even carrying their guns, or why they should sit thirty yards apart to eat their luncheon.

Silas was just round the corner, and could not see the other guns, but he had noticed, as he passed, that their loaders produced stools for them to sit on and put their lunch bags at their feet.

Silas, having no stool, sat on the bank and proceeded to eat his luncheon.

In the distance, he heard cries of men scaring birds, but took no notice. Suddenly, a big covey flew just on his right, and Silas marked them down in some roots. Pity they had no dogs, he thought, then two of them could have had some pretty sport, but with such a crowd they'd never lie.

"Over you, over right," he heard an excited voice shout, and another covey followed after the first.

A minute or two later a regular fusillade broke out on his left and he saw birds falling.

"His Lordship's compliments," said a face through the fence, "and are you all right?"

"Yes," said Silas, "tell his Lordship I'm having my luncheon."

"But, sir, they've started the drive," replied the face. "They're coming fast."

"Where from?" asked Silas.

"Over this fence. Mind his Lordship, he's just on your left," and the face disappeared.

Silas got out of his ditch and picked up his gun, but the next covey had passed before he realised they were coming; the next he saluted as they vanished in the distance, but managed to bag a couple out of a covey, which flew down the line.

Then a duck came over at a terrific height, swerving towards him; the two guns on his left missed it, all four barrels; a third left it alone.

Silas raised his gun, there was a terrific explosion, he went flat on his back, and from that position, to his joy, saw the bird collapse.

In his hurry he had put a double charge of powder in his right barrel.

"Guns this way!"

And with his duck and brace of partridges, he clambered through the fence and followed the other guns towards a farmhouse.

As he got to it, he noticed that Quorn's gun was broken, the barrels hanging from the stock at an angle of 45 degrees.

"Bad luck, how did it happen?" he asked.

"Happen? What?" asked Quorn.

"Your gun, how did you break it?" said Silas, pointing at it.

"Haven't you ever seen a breech-loader before?" asked Quorn, shutting and opening his Purdey. Silas was enthralled.

"But how do you load it, and where are the hammers?"

"Inside; and you just slip in a cartridge."

By the time Silas had mastered the action of the hammerless, central fire, ejector gun, C. was shouting, "Dinner, dogs, dinner," from the front parlour window. Silas unloaded his own gun by removing the stopper of his ramrod which concealed a double corkscrew. Then holding the gun upside down he drew the wads and shook out the powder.

"That duck was a corker," said Capt. J. "Never saw a higher shot in my life. No wonder you stung me up so."

"I am indeed sorry for my carelessness and beg you will pardon my hasty expressions," said Silas.

"SILAS RAISED HIS GUN, THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, HE WENT FLAT ON HIS BACK AND, TO HIS JOY, SAW THE BIRD COLLAPSE"

"And me, too," said Capt. J. "That's a wonderful gun of yours. I'm sure it out-ranges all ours."

Silas kept quiet about his mistake, but he hoped there'd be no more shooting. He was not sure he had not broken his collar bone.

On entering the farmhouse, he did not know which astounded him most, the presence of four or five more ladies or the sumptuous repast he saw on a table, which nearly filled the room. Pies, tarts, tongues, ham, round of beef, pickles, roast potatoes, cheese, celery, sausage rolls, cake, beer, whisky, soda, port and sherry; while a steaming hot-pot stood in a corner presided over by the Castle butler, in a bowler hat.

"Venison pasty, or hot-pot?" he asked Silas, as he squeezed himself round the door into a chair.

"Help yourself to drinks and for God's sake hurry, we're half an hour late and it will be dark at four," urged C.

"We always are," said the Duke, "but if you think you will get the beaters out under an hour you ought to know by this time you're mistaken. It ain't goostom. I'm sorry we haven't had a better day, Mr. Mowbray, I'm afraid you didn't get much shooting."

"I got as much as I had time for. I have nearly exhausted all my powder and shot. This is all so different from when I shot with your father, or was it grandfather? We started at nine, you know, just he and I, with a couple of keepers and two handlers. He used setters and pointers. He was very proud of his three pointers. They worked in one team, while each brace of setters was handled separately, two brace at a time, but they never crossed. All four backed and if they stood on our outside, only that gunner moved in, but if between us we both did. I never saw better dogs or handlers in my life. I rather think His Grace handled the pointers himself. We had a grand day, 22½ brace and 47 hares.

"The keepers followed us with spaniels to pick up the birds. Some people had a groom on horseback to gallop the grasslands, but your ancestor would have none of it. The stubbles came up to your knees. Irish reapers came over every year, first for the hay and then the corn. They were very skilful with the hooks, but your stubbles look as if they had been mown with razors.

"Every two hours boys brought up fresh dogs, and about mid-day we had our luncheon, not a feast of Lucullus like this, but a modest packet of sandwiches and a nip of Madeira. If there were more than three guns, they shot different beats, out of earshot of each other."

"How did you manage the pheasants?" asked C.

"We had springers and cockers, who hunted them out of brambles and we shot them as they rose."

"Sometimes the keepers would beat a small coppice or shaw, but I never saw an army as you have here. I was always told you left such things to the Germans, and I remember the Duke saying that he hoped Prince Albert, who was about to marry your young Queen, would not introduce his German ways here."*

The butler handed Mr. C. a card.

"One hundred and eighty pheasants, 20 partridges, 234 rabbits, 4 woodcock and 1 duck," he read out.

"And you call that a small day," said Silas, "why Osbaldeston thought 100 birds a record."

"But that was to his own gun," said the Duke.

"I'm sure he was not a better shot than you, Mary," said Capt. J. to Mrs. C.

"Shut up, Billy, you always talk such rot about my shooting. I can't stand you," she replied, but her looks belied her words.

"I agree," said Silas, "how could you be, although you do carry your husband's gun. I am sure you would not willingly hurt a fly."

Silas had been too busy replenishing his muzzle loader to notice what the rest of the guns were doing or he would have seen Mrs. C. pulling them down with the best.

"I don't know which of you is the silliest," she said. Silas could not understand why everyone laughed except Mrs. C. who addressed herself to Major B. opposite.

(To be continued)

* Battue shooting was just beginning in Norfolk in 1840. Partridge driving consisted of putting the birds into roots and then walking them up.

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

During the season the Editor will be glad to publish any details of Hunt changes and information received from Masters of Hounds and Secretaries of Hunts. While it is realised that the War will affect the usual hunting arrangements, we will welcome accounts of the best sport enjoyed and also photographs of meets and incidents in the hunting field. Correspondents are requested to put their names and addresses on their accounts.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—March was heralded by cold, drying winds and a full ration of sunshine. Sport has been good, but scent poor on most days. Oliver Moss fell a victim to the influenza epidemic, and Tom Barnes deputised for him on two occasions. He handled hounds well, and those followers out on Saturday, March 2nd, enjoyed two gallops in the vale.

A fox holloaed away from Stainswick went past Bourton village to V.W.H. (Cricklade) country near Mount Pleasant, then, doubling back, beat hounds by Bourton. The pace had been fast and the fences in the vale emptied several saddles.

At Featherbed Lane a fox was found as usual. He set his mask for Stainswick and, going through the covert, went as far as Bourton, whence he crossed the vale to Idstone, and hounds were stopped on the Ridgeway after a good gallop.

Oliver Moss was back in the saddle on the Saturday, when hounds put in a busy day from Badbury Hill. Coxwell Wood was full of foxes, and the one selected went away over the west side of Badbury Hill, along the bottom, and so into Coleshill, where nothing more could be made of him. A fox had gone from Devil's Corner before hounds reached there, and later news of a "holloa away" from Watchfield Common, not heard at the time, brought the pack to the brookside at Warneford Place and their next find. This fox crossed the brook into V.W.H. (Cricklade) country, and, going across the park to Sevenhampton Church, doubled back through Dog Kennel Wood, over the brook, past Friar's Farm, through Swan's Nest, over Pennyhooke Farm to Ducksmill, and on nearly to Shrivenham. He turned up-wind on the outskirts of the village, and hounds raced him back through Warneford Place, out by the Lodge Gates, across Rags Farm, and to ground in Cricklade territory at Redlands. The time taken was about 60 minutes.

J. R.

BLACKMORE VALE.—From Alford, on February 5th, we had one of the best hunts this season. Finding in the Alford coverts hounds ran fast to Manmead, and crossing the brook held on through North Barrow village to Ilchester's Gorse. Driving their fox through this covert they continued by Nightingale Copse to Yarcombe then, swinging left-handed, hunted through Hazelgrove Park back to Ilchester's Gorse. On a failing scent they were only able, however, to continue slowly through South Barrow village and Yarcombe to Hazelgrove Park where they were defeated. This was an enjoyable hunt, during which hounds must have covered at least 10 miles over the best of the Sparkford Vale.

Scenting conditions were bad when hounds met at Stockbridge Oak on the Thursday, and a fox from Holme Bushes could only be hunted slowly through Burns Shrubbery and Six Acre Copse to Leweston Woods, where he was lost. The remainder of the day was spent in Whitfield and the Leweston Woods, where little could be done owing to the lack of scent.

Having been hospitably entertained at Cucklington, followers proceeded to Cucklington Wood, but scent was poor and the pack hunted a fox with difficulty to Frith, killing him in Stoke Trister. Then from Rodgrove, hounds crossed the Wincanton road and Cale river, and ran fast by Sutor Farm to Grove withybed, over a nice line of country. Stowell Wood provided the next fox. He ran by Stowell village and Hangman's to Charlton Gorse, where he went to ground.

After meeting at Crackmore Lodge on March 11th, these hounds spent a useful and pleasant day in Sherborne Park, when they accounted for two brace of foxes.

On the Tuesday another enjoyable day was spent in the Sparkford Vale. After meeting at North Cadbury, hounds were taken to Wheathill where a brace of foxes was afoot, one of which was chopped in covert and the other hunted out by Wheathill Church. With a good scent hounds ran fast by Mr. Humphrey's farm before crossing the railway, and continued as though for Fosse Wood, until the fox, on reaching the River Brue, turned right along the southern bank to Lovington. Swinging to the right again by Alford Halt he gained a few minutes' respite in Manmead, but hounds did not let him dwell in this covert long, and hunted on at a good pace to Ilchester's Gorse. Driving through the Gorse they continued almost to Nightingale Copse, near which they swung right-handed over Foddington Hill to Wheathill, where their fox went to ground.

A bye-day at Honeycombe on the Wednesday added another brace to the total, most of the day being spent in Honeycombe woods and Sherborne Park.

From Stock Lodge on the Saturday, hounds found immediately in the withybed, and crossing the main road ran fast to Warry's Plantation. After hunting for some time in and around this covert they marked their fox to ground in Nowhere: he was evicted and accounted for. Another from Ranksborough led through Warry's Plantation before turning left-handed to Pulham Village, and entering South Dorset country, he went to ground on Duntish Hill.

B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—The Cattistock field has played in hard luck during the past 10 days, for Gosden, who has served the Hunt well, was ill in bed, and hounds were hunted by several different people, to the great detriment of sport. No pack in the world can stand up under such conditions, and everyone was glad to see the regular huntsman out again at Upsloders on Tuesday, the 12th. On this occasion a stable-boy was doing his best to turn hounds; but unluckily, he got lost in the fog, and poor Gosden had to take hounds home alone, as best he could, after a disappointing day.

Wednesday, at Stockwood Common, told a different story, for, although the professional whipper-in was still out of the saddle, scenting conditions were excellent and hounds were able to show a capital day's sport. The fixture was Stockwood Common, and, after Chetnole Withybed, Briar's Wood and Caswell's proved blank, a fox was finally found in the gorse near the keeper's cottage. Hounds got away on good terms with this customer, who ran over Cuckoo Hill and then swung back left-handed towards Ryme, where they checked on a newly-sown field. Held forward, hounds hit off the line across the Yeovil road, and bore left-handed past Holt Mill to Anstey's, where they may have changed foxes, for scent seemed to improve greatly at this point, and they drove on through Ragg, running past Baker's Wood and Lewcombe Cliffe and, crossing the Evershot road into Slough, ran on to Witcham's Farm, finally marking their fox to ground in an earth just beyond at the end of 70 minutes. It was an excellent "hound hunt," some of it very fast, and, though the point was not over five miles, hounds must have run more than twice that distance.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams entertained the Cattistock field at Bridehead House, when hounds met there on Friday, the 15th. It was a beautiful day, but for some reason foxes were not to be found in their usual haunts, and it was not until they had drawn on through Foxholes that they finally found a pilot at Gorwell. He ran as if for Portisham, but scent was catchy for the first mile, and it was only when they had crossed the Portisham road that hounds could drive on at a good pace. On the hills above the village they raced on over the stone-wall country, leaving Venicky Wood on their left and crossing over Bronkham, past Pen Barn Farm, to the crest of the hill overlooking Steepleton Water. They had run very fast to here, and there were only three followers beside the huntsman with hounds when they checked above Martinstown; but just as Gosden hit off the line the stragglers came up, and everyone enjoyed a good gallop by Duke's Gorse and on to the hills above Friar Waddon, where hounds were finally beaten. The Laurel's produced the next pilot, but he was an unenterprising beggar and was marked to ground in a few minutes, after a short scurry round the bracken on the "Monument." Above the Bridehead Home Farm there is a thick bit of covert, scarcely 2 acres in extent, which is known as "The Round Covert," and it was from here that the last hunt of the afternoon started. Well away from here hounds ran past Gorwell and over the Portisham road to Blackdown, finally killing a fox which had been fairly "burst" in a small fir plantation which overlooks Steepleton Water after a fast 35 minutes. This ended an excellent day's sport.

LINCOLN.

CHIDDINGFOLD.—On March 9th these hounds met at Dunsfold Common when the weather was bright and sunny, and scent fair. A fox found in Roundalls ran into Sachel Court and Sydney Wood, where as usual several foxes were afoot. Hounds divided into three or more lots and were eventually collected and stopped.

Another fox put up in Farnhurst ran again to Sydney Wood, but hounds were stopped before entering this fastness of foxes, and went away to Wild Wood to draw again. Here a fox, found at once, ran towards Great Wild Wood Farm, and leaving it on his left circled back to Stony Copse, Lipscombe's Piece and Kiln Copse, which he left for Waterlands. Running on through Bridge Farm he encountered the Guildford and Shere Beagles at Holdhurst Farm, and the Chiddingfold were given a timely holloa by their Master.

The fox had naturally refused to face the beagles, and their huntsman obligingly held up his pack as the foxhounds streamed by not 200yds. away, running back via Lipscombe's Piece to Wild Wood again. Leaving here for Highfield Wood the fox crossed into Lord Leconfield's country and ran through Pallinghurst garden, thoughtfully crossing part of the point-to-point course to Tismans. Here, after trying all the drains he knew, which in view of the fact that Lord Leconfield's hounds had been here a few days previously were still stopped, the fox ran into the garden at Tismans and there hounds killed him.

On the Wednesday, hounds met at White Beeches and found in Pignuts. Running across Blacknest Farm to Barbins Rew and the Forestry they divided into several lots and were stopped.

A fox roused again in Eves' Copse ran through Otterlands to Lower Woods, swinging left-handed along Stonehurst Hanger to College Copse. He crossed into the Hurst and went on through Vann Copse to the lane at Hascklens. Here he was headed back to Vann, whence he retraced his steps via Stonehurst Gorse to Otterlands, where he went to ground in the breeding earth. Though a circular hunt this was quite fast at times and lasted about 1¼ hours. Scent was fair, but hounds could never really drive on.

The next fox was found in Vann Copse, just before 3 o'clock. He ran out to Prest Wood, through Godalming Copse, Standages and Hook House, making straight for the hills behind Park Hatch. From Park Hatch Hill he crossed to Nore Hill, and then dropped down to Scotsland Brook crossing Selhurst Common and Grafham to Run Common. The fox now turned back to Whipley and made a short circle, crossing the railway to Run Common again, and running on through Upper House to Willinghurst. Here he found he could not face the hills, and was viewed by a keeper crossing the corner of a field as hounds entered at the far end.

According to this man the fox was tiring. Nevertheless he returned to Upper House and Rushett Common, when he was beginning to turn very short, crossing the railway three times in 200yds. He went on to Grafham, but returned to Whipley, crossed the line again to Rowly Farm, swung left-handed to East Whipley, came back over the railway to Whipley, and again crossed Grafham to Gate Street. The fox then climed the hill to Wintershall Hanger and ran along the crest to Hare's Knob, when, as it was now 7 p.m., hounds were stopped.

This was a four-hour hunt with a 6 mile point. Unfortunately most of the field had gone home, before the run developed, so that the last part was seen only by the Hunt servants, the Master, the Secretary and one member of the field. All their horses, who had done the whole day, were reduced to a trot by the end, even Goddard, who had changed on to the horse of the second whipper-in, was in little better plight. Hounds hunted very well indeed, and with a better scent would undoubtedly have caught their fox.

SEMPSTRESS.

CROOME.—There is always a sporting chance of finding a travelling dog fox at this time of year, and fortune favoured us on March 9th, when we met at Egdon cross-roads. He was disturbed from his slumbers in Low Hill, where he escaped hounds literally by the skin of his teeth as he slipped clear of the wire-netting of the adjacent poultry pens and set his mask for Worcestershire territory. Hounds were held up by the wire, but eight couple got away ahead of the rest and must have raced without a check through the Marshes and over the boundary road to Churchill Wood. Here the remainder of the pack joined forces, crossing the brook to skirt Crowle Thrift as they kept down-wind towards the Worcestershire point-to-point course.

Cattle and sheep had foiled the line frequently, but each time hounds worked it out beyond, hitting

off the scent again as they continued their way as if for the Trenches. Presumably their fox had been headed, for, after going over Climer's Hill and by Brickhills, they wheeled sharply to the right and turned south-east for Bow Wood. They came to a check at the brookside under Froxmere Court, and after this could only run a very faint line which soon gave out altogether, and a remarkably good hunt of an hour came to an end.

Subsequently a long blank draw followed before at length a fox was found in Deerfold. He crossed the road into Blatthorn, but little more of note occurred. D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—When hounds met at Lower Revels on Monday, the 11th, your correspondent was not present, and the account of the day, which was apparently not a very good one, was given to him by a distinguished general who was out. He said that, although no foxes were killed, they had quite a busy morning after twisting a pilot from Wootton Wood, who finally saved his brush at the end of 50 minutes by getting to ground.

On Thursday, the 14th, hounds met at the Came Down Golf Club, on one of the most disagreeable mornings on which I can remember being out as the going was treacherous. The cold wind which swept over the Came Down hills made it very trying until a fox, found in the gorse, broke away over Bincombe Down and ran on past the village; but, once we were moving, all thought of numbed fingers and toes was forgotten as the pack streamed away towards the sea, finally marking their fox to ground at the end of 35 minutes.

On Saturday, the 16th, the Master came home on leave, and promptly sent word out to "the faithful," among whom I hope I may be numbered, "that there would be a bye-day from Stafford Green." There were perhaps 10 people at the meet, among them two officers of His Majesty's Army, who it is always pleasant to see in the field. Hounds found their first fox at Osmand's and, running left-handed up the hill, they ran on towards the sea, but presently swung right-handed back to Came Wood, where their pilot evidently hoped to beat his pursuers, as he ran the length of the covert before breaking into the open of Came Park. Scent up to this point had been somewhat catchy, but on the sound old turf of the park it improved greatly and hounds were able to run at racing pace past the house and then, bearing slightly left-handed, on towards the golf links. One could have wished that our pilot had kept on, but something headed him, and he swung back near Came Farm and beat hounds on the fallows beyond after a nice hunt which lasted just under the hour and was very fast at times.

The Master's "bye-days"—especially when he has a small but keen field out—are apt to be longish days, and it was no surprise to any of us when he announced his intention of drawing the gorse on the Came Down Golf Course, in the hope of adding a brace to the "tally," which, by the way, is better than that of the Cattistock for the first time in many years. My golf is very rudimentary, and the good lady who presides over my board, and sometimes deigns to play with me, tells me that I'd better stick to hunting; but I claim to be able to enjoy a good fox-hunt on golf links with any man, and we had as nice a 40 minutes' hunt behind a fox which was holloaed away from the third green as anyone could wish for. Hounds had just chopped a fox outside a neighbouring gorse, and the Master was off his horse when the "holloa" came, but in less than a minute hounds were on the line and away towards the Club House. Crossing the fence which divides the links from the neighbouring farm, they swung in a great left-handed circle towards the Weymouth road and, entering the club property at the eleventh green, they raced down the course almost to the Club House before recrossing the boundary fence and turning left towards Ridgeway Hill again. This time the pilot steered a straight course, crossed the road at the top of the course and, swinging right on Bincombe Down, made another attempt to invade Cattistock territory. He turned back from the main road, however, and just managed to get to an open earth a few yards in front of the leading hounds after a very good hunt of 40 minutes, much of it very fast. An excellent ending to a week's sport. A. H. H.

GARTH.—From the meet at "The Foresters," Drift Road, on March 11th, these hounds had an excellent day. A fox was soon on foot in Chawridge Gorse and, after a circle or two round the covert, hounds ran fast over Major Fox's farm and Foliejohn Park towards Tally Ho Gorse. Turning left-handed, they went on through Nobb's brook, pointing for Windsor Forest, where the mysterious disappearance of the fox brought this enjoyable burst to an end.

Whistler Gorse provided a good fox, which, leaving the covert on the lane side, headed as if for Teallotts Hill. It was obvious that scent was good, for, turning slightly left-handed short of the race-course, hounds flew over Mr. Smith's farm, where his well-kept fences were much appreciated, to Brick Bridge cross roads. Crossing the Drift Road, they swung to the right for Paley Street, then over the road and Mr. Headington's farm; the pace became fast over the grass into Skippetts.

Here hounds checked for the first time, but a holloa at the top end soon put them right and, running on more slowly by Hawes Hill, they once broke at the lower side and ran very fast to Curraghchen. Here they swung right, testing the cleverness of our horses over some big blind banks as they ran down to the road below Kylenagurrana, where they checked for the first time. A cast revealed that the fox had not crossed the road, but had turned back towards Spike before running to Drangan, where he found an open shore. He was easily bolted and hounds raced back to Burke's Firs, where they were beaten on the foiled ground after hunting hard for 55 minutes. A short-running fox was quickly killed in Spike, and a move was made to Coolmore, always a sure find. Hounds were soon away towards Poppardstown, but short of the brook they turned back and were defeated on the Killonaule road after running well for 15 minutes.

WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE IN PRAE WOOD
Major T. A. Motion, the master, watching the draw

again went with a great cry over the Braywood road, as if for the Forest. Turning sharp right-handed, however, into New Lodge and over Foliejohn Park, the pack marked the fox to ground in the lake bank. This fast hunt, of 50 minutes, with a 3¼ mile point and nearly eight miles covered as hounds ran, over a line of grass country was excellent. Grateful thanks are due to the farmers in the Hawthorn Hill country, who, in spite of having many lambing ewes, made the hunt welcome over their land. G.

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—This pack had a good hunt from their meet at Newchapel Green on March 16th. After a woodland hunt in Golard's and Baker's Wood hounds accounted for a brace of foxes, then drew Imberhorn. A fox was holloaed away almost before hounds had been put into covert, and with a good scent they raced south left-handed of Saint Hill, to mark to ground in Spanden, after a fast 45 minutes without a check. O. S. B.

IRELAND

TIPPERARY.—On March 9th the meet was at Cloneen, and that good covert Burke's Firs was once more the starting-point of a grand hunt. Hounds

I was not out at Garnavilla Schoolhouse on March 11th, but hear that they had a sharp hunt from Knock Hill, and two rather slower but enjoyable circles from Knockfee. On the 13th we were at Camas Bridge, and Clewan failed for the first time this season. However, there was an outlier near the Bridge, and the pack worked well on a catchy scent as they hunted him towards Clewan and then across the railway and Cashel Old Race-course to Thurlesbeg, where all trace of him vanished on the main road. Scent had improved by the time Ballinamona Bog was drawn, and the field had a great gallop as hounds ran towards Mantlehill, right-handed nearly to the Suir, up to Ballinamona House and back over the Castlelake boreen to the bog. They forced their fox away again over the Tipperary road and up the hill to Knockroe. Hunting with a grand cry, they made several turns of the big covert before marking at a rabbit-hole. They were duly rewarded. The day ended with another sharp burst from Sadler's Gorse, towards Dangan Dargan and then over the big enclosures to Knockroe, where the fox again went to ground. T. C. V.

A GOND STAG—"NO SHOT TO-DAY THANK YOU!"

WILD LIFE OF AN INDIAN SWAMP—I

By LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY

A LONG dull yellowish line of rippling ten-foot grass, backed by a dark green wall of sal forest, and behind this again the hazy purple of the foothills of Nepal with a line of snowy crests floating delicately above them.

We rode towards the swamp along the bank of a wide clear stream, cluttered with weed and lined with high reeds, and as we plunged into the grass and made for a bit of higher ground where two banyan trees showed above the marsh, a herd of antelope fled towards the open country behind us. Paddling through a foot or so of water in several dips we reached our goal and started burning operations. The three men with us lit bundles of dry grass and, walking away from each other, thrust them into the denser clumps every few yards. The flame crept, softly crackling, through the dry stems; there came a puff of wind heralding a light breeze, and, in a second, there sprang up a fifty-yard line had one swoop and peck at the head of my spaniel when out shooting; yet they are not as big as a starling.

Eventually the burning left a mile-long flat dotted with ant-hills and sprinkled all over with the smoking butts of grass tussocks, at the same time giving us a view of the swamp; the gleam of lanes of water showing amongst the blackish tangled *khaga* grass, and here and there tall and feathery *narkhal* waving emerald green as a warning to all and sundry of the presence of quaking bog—that terror of elephants.

A mile to the west, two more banyans and a pepul indicated our camping ground and, as we rode there, lighting fires as we went, hog deer went off in humane bounds, their long seats making them look like giant rabbits. Just before we rode down to cross a channel, a furlong short of the camping ground, a herd of swamp deer appeared away on our right, three good stags with them, stared their fill, then went back into the grass. Lunch, and the bullock carts came creaking in, and once again we pitched camp in this delectable spot by the side of the wide clear channel along which we first entered the swamp.

LAKHSMI EQUIPPED WITH THE *KATOLA*, A FLAT PLATFORM OF BROAD TAPES WITH BOARDS HUNG ON SHORT CHAINS ALONG EACH SIDE ON WHICH TO REST ONE'S FEET

of fire, roaring as it ate its way onward until stopped by a water-channel.

It had hardly begun to burn before the birds arrived, snapping up insects driven out by the fire, wheeling amidst the flame and smoke and even, in the case of the king crows, perching on stems already alight at their bases. It is amazing what heat these birds can endure; for they were busy close up to the fire, at places where we could not approach within five yards without acute discomfort. Fork-tailed black birds are these king crows, or drongos, who get their name from being the only birds which domineer over the rascally Indian house crow, and bully anything else, up to eagles. I have

Much of the burning was always done before we arrived, sometimes rather prematurely, so as to burn off only the dry top half of the grass, leaving many patches of breast-high piebald stems which streaked face, hands and clothes with soot when working through them, until one presented a most bizarre appearance. The first burning is done as early in January as the Christmas rains permit, and is continued as the higher ground dries out. About a fortnight later the new green grass begins to show and the swamp deer, there called *gond*, come out to graze on it. Even before the new grass appears they will emerge from the marsh to eat the charcoal left by half-burnt bushes and will lie out in the sun at any hour of the day; their usual mud hillocks in the marsh are then too cold for them.

The little para, as the hog deer are called locally, do not feed much in the early morning but come out about one o'clock and graze until the evening, the older bucks appearing later in the day. Tiger, leopard and pig are other big game of the swamp and the small game is amazing in its variety.

Camp is pitched, firewood gathered and a deck-chair brought to the turf by the edge of the water. The sun sets and the noises increase in volume and variety. Swamp partridge fly out to roost on the swaying *narkhal*, where deep water protects them from enemies, and utter their strident ringing call before settling to sleep. The gently paddling water-hens are almost invisible in the dusk, when there is a rush and a swirl and a little party flees scuttering and shrieking, two short of its number as the mugger sinks back contentedly into the depths. Duck fly swiftly in small parties across the glow of sunset, and there is but a trace of red left in the western sky, low beneath a long strip of sombre cloud, when a gond stag begins his droning bray, rising and falling, then dying away, as if the air were giving out from Highland pipes. As dinner is brought, a tiger roars from the edge of the sal forest a mile away, and is answered by a chorus of barks from sambar hinds.

The first time I visited the swamp, by the kindness of its owner, a grandson of a famous Mutiny general, I was collecting groups for museums, and, being new to the game, used an elephant almost exclusively from which to shoot my specimens. It is fun but does not provide such sport as hunting on foot, and is apt to pall after a bit. Still, pushing through the high grass, watching for the movement of the feathery tops which tells of swamp deer underneath, sometimes surrounded by little paddling noises as a herd moves carefully away, and then working the animals towards shorter cover, so that a glimpse is had of a pair of horns, can be quite fascinating. Once the horns are seen and approved, the elephant's pace is increased, to cut off the stag from thicker cover, and he is gradually forced to cross some open patch or lane of water, so that his size can be estimated and a shot taken.

This is the usual method by which game is shot in that part of India and, at first, I believed when I was told that no other was feasible, but soon found that this was not the case, so that on my last two visits I never used an elephant at all. A howdah I found very uncomfortable; for, being very tall, the edge of it took me about half way up the thigh, so that I was in imminent danger of toppling out whenever I stood up, and I have found the same difficulty in the cockpit of a service aeroplane, at a period when harness and parachutes were not.

The *katola*, which is a flat platform of broad tapes, with boards hung on short chains along each side on which to rest one's feet, is comfortable to sit on, and, not being so high above the elephant's back, does not accentuate the swaying. Its disadvantages are that it is hard to change over quickly from one side to the other when an animal breaks away behind one; also there is not much command in high grass. Still old Lakhsmi provided many pleasant days, and squelching through the swamp

A QUARTETTE OF YOUNG GOND STAGS

on her back was a great way of seeing its inhabitants. The big game go to cover immediately on sight of an elephant, being always hunted from them, but she put out many of the dwellers in thick stuff which would otherwise not have been seen, while she was a good retriever of small game except when feeling temperamental, when she would sometimes tread a bird into the mud.

The real pleasure of the swamp was only to be had on foot; for each day, from the start in the nearly freezing dawn to the trudge home after the evening shoot, was full of interest, often of excitement, and no two days were alike. Gond were the principal objects of rifle and camera and never failed to show sport. There were two beats where the big stags were to be found, but not necessarily to be shot or photographed. The first was at the end of the long flat where we had begun our burning operations, where an arm of the swamp ran up towards a little village, whose fields could thus be raided by the deer, as well as the new grass coming up for the village cattle, the old stuff being burnt a full fortnight before the swamp. Here one might intercept the gond coming back at daybreak, but there was often a low mist, and all that could be seen would be a string of antlered heads passing disembodied.

If there were no mist there was little other cover, and as the deer never kept to the same line on two consecutive days and there were always several little herds which held no shootable stag, it was little better than on misty days. Also there were plenty of hog deer feeding along the edge of the main swamp or half hidden in the low grass at the edge of any damp dip which had escaped the burning, and they would bound away to the main cover, warning everything along the length of the swamp. Only once did I shoot a gond on this beat and never did I get a photograph of one. Hog deer I both shot and photographed, but usually near sunset; in the early morning the light was too poor, and there were too many deer and pig scattered about to make the picking of a good stag anything but most difficult.

The beat at the western end of the swamp was a constant delight. It was called the Sanctuary, for the dark *khaga* grass grew high and tangled in marsh which never dried and could not be burnt, while the bright green of the lofty *narkhal* clumps were a warning to elephants which could not wisely be ignored. Consequently some wonderfully fine stags lived in this corner, emerging at night to feed on the new grass of the burnt areas nearest, then returning to the marsh so early in the morning as to make a shot most difficult and photography a strong improbability.

There was a glorious 18-pointer, which I saw many times, and I have one photograph which just shows what a grand head he carried; but I never got a real picture, though I got one of his companions, a stag so old that he was going back in horn and had only three points on top of each horn instead of the usual five or more. For a gond gets his full twelve points (counting the brows) very early in life, increasing in length of beam, and then losing his tops one by one until he has only two aside, like a sambar.

Scientifically speaking, the most interesting

HOG DEER STAG COMING OUT OF THE HIGH GRASS OF A SWAMP FOR HIS EVENING FEED

THE VILLAIN OF THE SWAMP JUST FAILS TO REACH SAFETY

mammal was the hispid hare, which was not uncommon at the north end of the marsh. They are about the size of a three-quarter grown rabbit and have dense soft grey fur, tipped yellowish-rufous; their ears are half the length of a rabbit's and rounded like those of a mouse. I saw them frequently when after bigger animals. When faring home one day, I saw a little reddish beast dodging amongst the stubs of burnt grass, which, on being pressed, took to the water and swam like an otter. I shot it on landing and tried to skin it for museum purposes; but the skin was terribly tender, tearing like wet blotting paper, and I made a dreadful mess of it.

The birds of the swamp gave as much fun as the larger game, to both gun and camera; for they were of land and water, game birds and non-game birds, hunters and hunted. Of game birds the swamp partridges and black partridges may be classed as the most important, for they were with us all day; often a ringing challenge close to camp would send me rushing from the tent, gun in hand and Bruce, the labrador, at heel, to try and fill the pot. Without Bruce I would seldom have bagged a partridge; they lay so close and usually fell into grass so high that it seemed a miracle that he could note, as he almost invariably did, the direction of a bird's fall. Twice he brought me an uninjured swamp partridge which he caught while retrieving another. I could rarely indulge his chief delight, retrieving duck, on account of muggers, and three times he brought my heart into my mouth by escaping and speeding to the sound of the gun, and swimming a big water channel on his way.

Retrieving partridges was by no means without its dangers, for there were leopards and many pig in the grass. One day I shot a black partridge which fell on the far side of a waist-deep patch, and Bruce galloped in, emerged on the far side, picked up the bird and started back. He got half way through the grass when there was a savage grunt and a rush, a bristly back showed for a moment, and Bruce came to me without the bird and streaming blood from under the angle of his jawbone. He had been tusked between tongue and throat, but fortunately the boar had not ripped him, and, after I had stitched him up, he soon recovered. It was a marvellous escape and I think the bird in his mouth must have saved him from worse injury. The pig must have deliberately lain up for him, for my shot must have been fired over his back; he had let Bruce go unmolested on the outward journey, then charged him on the return.

One amusing incident occurred close to this same place. H. (my host) and I were having a morning ramble on Lakhsmi and came to a long inlet from the main channel where I had shot a mugger two days before and left it on the bank. I remarked that we were getting near the spot and I would show it to him; we had turned for home and I was drowsy in the sun. Suddenly the mahout stopped Lakhsmi, and I woke up to see my mugger lying on the far bank and pointed it out to H. There seemed to be something peculiar about it, and I remarked that somebody had turned it round. Suddenly I realised that I was looking at a different one and was just in time to kill it before it got back into the water. My first was still lying twenty yards farther along, where I had shot it.

Muggers, repulsive brutes though they are, can provide quite a lot of fun. When returning to camp in the morning I would keep a look-out for any place on the bank where a mugger might be accustomed to bask between 10 and 4 o'clock, the hours of the day when the sun was warmer than the water. They were usually well concealed by high grass, or on a ledge below a rise of ground, not easily perceptible to the eye, but almost invariably more than perceptible to the nose. If it were after 10 o'clock the mugger might be at home, but would be thoroughly awake until midday; so that all I would see would be a swirl and a widening ripple in the water. But, having marked the place, I would return next day and, approaching Agag-like, would be unlucky if I could not get within five yards and break the loathsome reptile's back between the shoulders.

These swamp muggers were not very big, averaging about nine feet, not in the same class with the enormous 20-footers to be seen basking on the sandbanks of the Sarda River, some score of miles away. The Sarda held even bigger specimens of the long-snouted gavial, which is reputed to live on fish; but which I would, after seeing the evidence of several post-mortems, trust no more than his blunt-nosed relative; I do not propose bathing in the company of either.

There was good flighting for duck about a hundred yards from camp in two directions. The best was on the far side of the main stream and could only be reached in the punt which I brought down from Kashmir on my last visit. It had the disadvantage that many birds were lost; only those killed stone dead and falling on open water could be recovered; the muggers got the rest. The other place was downstream and a little inland, where a little dyke flowed in from the marsh to the north. Here I could shoot standing on my own flat feet instead of wearing out my trousers on the boards of the punt. Bruce could work in safety, for the dyke was too shallow for muggers and, although there were not quite so many duck, there was more variety.

Mallard, white-eye, common and red-headed pochard were the commonest, with teal, pintail and spotbill frequent additions to the bag. The red-headed pochard rubbed in the saying that "circumstances alter cases." I shot a good many on my first visit and found their crops packed with a stringy waterweed which made them quite uneatable, owing to the rank flavour engendered in their flesh. The second time I shot some more and, at first, gave them away to the servants, who like their birds full-flavoured; then, having kept one by mistake when sorting the bag by lamplight, it was cooked and found excellent. I then discovered that, owing to the level of the water in the swamp being lower, the weed which had made them so unpalatable was no longer their staple food. The servants did not get so many of them after this discovery.

Immense swarms of wigeon, pintail and mallard used to fly over camp every morning towards the end of January, but too high to shoot. It was curious that, while I frequently bagged gadwall on the far side of the main stream, their line of flight seemed so restricted that I never got one on the camp side. When tired of duck and partridge it was easy to walk over to the edge of the forest and shoot peafowl or junglefowl, while there were numbers of beautiful chital there, though I never saw a good stag out of velvet at that season.

Only one sambar stag did I see, and I put him up suddenly at the edge of the trees when walking back to camp; then, jumping on an ant-hill, I put a bullet into his back as he bolted. He fell in the scrub, but there was nothing there but a blood trail when I arrived, and several hours of weary tracking failed to bring me up to him. He was found next day by a ranger in the Government forest and the horns brought to me; they had already been gnawed by a porcupine, which beasts have a curious partiality for eating shed horns. The sambar heads were very poor; it is always a mystery why the chital of the same district should carry exceptionally fine trophies while the larger animal can produce so little to boast about.

(To be continued)

Left: A FINE GOND OR SWAMP DEER STAG. *Right:* AN OLD GOND STAG WHOSE HORNS HAVE ALMOST REVERTED TO SAMBAR TYPE THOUGH THREE TOPS REMAIN ON THE LEFT HORN

COMMON SANDPIPER IN THE WATERS OF THE SWAMP

A WAR-TIME TOUR OF BRITISH GOLF CLUBS

In and About Three of the Oldest Golf Clubs in the World

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

FROM Bruntsfield to the Royal Burgess Golfing Society is but a stone's throw, and in keeping with their close proximity have been their respective histories, the early chapters of both clubs being so inter-connected that it is almost impossible to tell the story of one without the other.

Needless to say I always anticipate with pleasure my visits to what is one of the oldest clubs in the world. Almost a year had passed since I last entered the clubhouse, but, whenever I do, I invariably think of the late Lord Rosebery who, upon declaring this palatial-looking enclosure open, was presented with what he described long afterwards as "a parcel of radiant clubs, their brightness untarnished by any use, which exists as an honoured heirloom in my hall."

Finding that Stanley Graham, the secretary and a very useful golfer, had been called away, I improved the shining hour by renewing my acquaintanceship with the course. Considering the time of year it proved to be in excellent condition. At one hole—I think it was the ninth—men were busy remodelling the green, whilst the fairways were pleasantly

W. B. TORRANCE, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL BURGESS, ONE OF SCOTLAND'S MOST STYLISH STRIKERS

covered with golfers all keen to get the benefit of the early spring sun. By the time I returned Graham had completed his business and was back at the clubhouse. Over tea I learned that, like other clubs, they have been affected through their younger members joining the Forces, although nothing like to the extent of the neighbouring Bruntsfield.

Of these the best known is perhaps R. G. Stephenson, whom I remember as playing sound golf in an exhibition match with Henry Cotton and James Adams a couple of seasons ago. Their young professional, Hugh Watts, has been affected by the latest registration, but his place for the duration will be taken by a younger brother who ordinarily acts as assistant. Watts has not been at Barnton very long, being previously assistant to Adams, but even in those days I prophesied that he would make rapid progress. That early promise has borne fruit, for not only is he an excellent teacher, as any Burgess member will affirm, but he has the makings of a first-class player. Given a little extra weight and greater length from the tee he will soon rank high in the Scottish professional world when peace returns.

The most outstanding player the society can claim is, of course, W. B. Torrance, whom I would unhesitatingly rank as being one of the most stylish strikers of the ball that Scottish golf has produced. He was a member of the 1922 Walker Cup team when the match was played at Long Island, New Jersey; represented Scotland on seven occasions against England, and was also a member of that most successful Walker Cup Committee which strove so valiantly to bring about a long-overdue British victory.

Another golfer whom I was delighted to meet again was Arthur Whitelaw, the most enthusiastic secretary of the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club. The last time I saw him was after the official opening of their reconstructed course when a party of us, including Alfred Padgham and Bobby Locke, the South African Champion, celebrated the occasion with a dinner at an Edinburgh hotel.

As usual Arthur Whitelaw was frightfully busy, his worry this time being that a considerable portion of the course would have to be fenced off so as to permit grazing, but, knowing his usual enthusiasm, I am sure the problem was soon solved.

The Royal Musselburgh Golf Club has a delightful history, and I never tire of reading through extracts taken from their old minute books. As an instance, the entry for a day in May, 1798, is particularly amusing, recording that it was put to the vote whether the funds should be drunk or part of them taken to give their mite to the voluntary subscription in aid of the Government; also, how in 1791 the club, taking a member's card of resignation into consideration, resolved that "since he has put himself to death, they did not chuse to try their hands at his resurrection." In those far-off days club records were indeed human documents.

One name that will always be associated with Musselburgh is that of Park. For over four hundred years this famous old golfing family has been connected with the district. In 1860, Willie Park had the distinction of winning the inaugural meeting of the Open Championship at Prestwick. Willie Park, jnr., won the same title in 1887, and again in 1889, whilst his daughter, Doris, is to-day one of Scotland's leading lady players, although for a time she never did herself full justice in major events.

Yet another member of the Park family is Mungo Park, now approaching the veteran stage, but looking remarkably fit. His extensive experience and ready advice were of tremendous assistance to the Musselburgh Club when the members tackled the job of reconstructing the course, for all the work was done entirely on their own, no contractors being employed. Those concerned have every reason to be satisfied with the result of their labours, for thirteen new holes were made and eight new greens, each smaller than before. I saw the course in the old form and in its present altered state, and there is no comparison with those old six holes which used to lie outside the policies and were so depressingly flat and uninteresting.

Having concentrated at first on golf clubs in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh, I decided to visit the more remote corner of the Lothian coast which rejoices under the name of North Berwick. So, at an indecently early hour, I drove along a refreshingly empty Prince's Street one morning; through Portobello, with its somewhat ostentatious swimming-pool, into Musselburgh, with the historic nine-holes course and Mrs. Foreman's bouff of golfing fame on the left; then out into the open country. The scenery onwards was pleasantly varied, with a note of wildness about everything, whilst objects in the distance were still half-hidden by the early morning haar. Soon Kilspindie came into sight, and I recalled having tea in its homely little clubhouse, where everything seems to be presided over by a large photograph of the late A. J. Balfour, the golfing Premier, which hangs in a place of honour in the lounge.

A little further on were the courses of Gullane, which the local inhabitants delight in calling "Gillane." That, of course, is the old, and no doubt correct, pronunciation, and is the one which Robert Louis Stevenson used in his apt description of this locality . . . "Gillane is a small place on the far side of the Ness; the folk of Dirleton go to their business in the inland fields, and those of North Berwick go straight to the fishing from their haven; so that few parts of the coast are lonelier."

That is its real charm. It matters not which of the Gullane courses you decide to play over, they are all excellent, you will be rewarded time and again with memorable vistas of rolling expanses of lovely solitary wastes, which give the impression

STANLEY GRAHAM, POPULAR SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL BURGESS GOLFING SOCIETY

that you are the sole survivor in a world given over to curlews and larks.

Close at hand was the championship course of Muirfield, which is also the home of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. I shall not attempt to describe here the undeniable golfing virtues of its many fine holes, but will content myself by terming it as championship golf at its best; although at one time, like Sandwich, it passed through a period of unpopularity among a section of the golfing world. Andrew Kirkaldy referred to it as "an auld water meadie," and that reputation lingered a long time.

Looking back, however, I think this attitude can be traced to several outside causes. The old Scottish professionals of that time, being unaccustomed to change, were annoyed that their championship had been moved from the old Musselburgh course; moreover, Muirfield was too new and the greens were rather rough; but the final blow to their pride came when the title was won, not only by an Englishman, but by an amateur in the person of Harold Hilton, who started the day before the championship by having three practice rounds immediately following an all-night journey.

THE FINE CLUBHOUSE OF THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF EDINBURGH GOLFERS, AT MUIRFIELD

THE MUMP, ISLE OF ATHELNEY, SOMERSET

The mound is obviously artificial and is thought to be the site of Alfred's fort. The ruins are of a fourteenth century Chapel destroyed during the Civil War

"THE BUBBLE REPUTATION"

By M. LOVETT TURNER

FROM the days when prehistoric man had to fight with wild beasts and marauding tribes for every inch of his land, until to-day when brave men are fighting for the possession of the air above us, Englishmen have dearly loved a battle. We proudly place stones to commemorate our so-called glorious victories, but it is often due to a legendary or irrelevant incident that the memory of its hero is fixed in our minds—a bubble reputation in very truth!

Boadicea and her losing battles against the Romans might have been forgotten were it not for her dramatic entry on the field of battle. With her outraged daughters in her chariot, she addressed her warriors, then, letting loose a frightened hare from her robes, she pointed to it and exclaimed: "In a like manner will the enemy flee before you." For a time the brave, but undisciplined, Britons pursued the invaders, but finally this valiant queen was vanquished. Sooner than be taken prisoner, she took poison and perished on the field of battle.

Alfred the Great is another brave soldier whose reputation rests on the bubble of legend and story. Unfortunately he is remembered mostly as an absent-minded man who burnt the griddle cakes and fought a losing battle with his hostess' tongue in consequence! And yet he accomplished so much in his life-time. For seven years he waged a losing struggle with the Danes, being finally forced to take refuge in the Isle of Athelney. Hearing that the Earl of Devon had gained a slight victory he called together his army and marched towards his enemy. In order to discover the strength and plans of the Danish army, Alfred disguised himself as a harpist and spent several days in the camp of the enemy, making himself master of their defences. He defeated them at the battle of Eddington in 878. Even then he did not receive the credit for the victory, for the Danes blamed their defeat on the loss of their "Raven" standard which had been taken when Hubba, their leader, fell. The raven was truly a magic bird, for he appears to have been capable of raising or lowering his wings, according to how the battle waged!

Apart from his victories and subsequent treaties with the Danes, Alfred built a fleet of ships to protect the coast, reorganised his militia and framed many wise laws for the benefit of his people, and, what is more important, compelled his courts of law to see that they were carried out! He translated books of travel, history and philosophy, and presumably played the harp.

As a thank-offering for his victory over the Danes he founded a monastery at Athelney, where a monument stands to-day in solitary state to mark the site; and yet there are many who proudly point to it and say, "This is where the cottage stood where Alfred burnt the cakes." A bubble reputation indeed!

Robert Bruce might have been dropped from notice had it not been for the spider that has woven its web around his reputation. After Bruce had been defeated by the English and was in exile on the Isle of Rachine, on the north coast of Ireland, he, according to the story, gave way to melancholy. He had lost everything; his army was defeated and scattered, his wife and daughters captive, and his brother and friends either prisoners or killed. It was then that the spider entered on the scene. Finding encouragement from the perseverance of the spider in making good after several unsuccessful efforts, Bruce ceased to despair and sallied forth once more, this time to victory, though it was not until 1314 that the Battle of Bannockburn gave the Scots their independence.

In spite of the flagstaff and prosaic seats that have been provided on its site, even this important battle might have been forgotten were it not for the absurd climax that caused the rout of the enemy. Bruce had arranged his army with the gillies in charge of the baggage well to the rear. These men, getting weary of waiting, decided to advance and see for themselves how the battle fared. The English, seeing a large company of men advancing from the distance, mistook them for reinforcements and fled. Whether it was luck, or a clever stratagem on the part of Robert Bruce is a matter for argument, but it saved the day for the Scots and added just one more bubble to the reputation of the Scotch hero.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT, SOMERSET

Representing the old Waterloo bayonet. There is a staircase inside. The monument is now in the care of the National Trust

THE OBELISK AT ATHELNEY

Marks the spot where Alfred founded his monastery in 879 after defeating the Danes. There is a legend that this is where the King burnt the cakes

MONMOUTH'S STONE, SEDGEMOOR, SOMERSET
The commemoration stone to Monmouth's men who fell in 1685

There is little of the bubble about the famous Borestone in which Bruce placed his standard before the battle. Care and thought have been given to its preservation. Iron clamps and bars make doubly sure that this stone will not be taken away by souvenir hunters—either piecemeal or in bulk.

The Civil War is connected more in our minds with the earnest, but misguided, verger who, pointing to any damaged portion of his church, says in a shocked voice: "That was done by Cromwell," or "Cromwell stabled his horses in here;" statements as greatly exaggerated as the number of beds Queen Elizabeth is reputed to have slept in.

The obelisk commemorating the battle of Naseby,

NASEBY, NORTHAMPTON
The obelisk marking the site of June 14*th*, 1645

in Northamptonshire, is one of the most dignified battlefield memorials that we have. It was at Naseby that King Charles met a greatly superior force under Cromwell and was defeated. Unfortunately, amongst the treasure-trove taken by the Parliamentarians was a number of letters proving that the king had been playing a double game with them. It was this act that finally cost him his life.

To many the most romantic of historical figures is James, Duke of Monmouth. He was the natural son of Charles II and Lucy Walters, a Welsh girl. Young, handsome, a favourite with the king and court, he became an important pawn in the hands of the Protestant party. When his father died he was easily persuaded to proclaim himself king in the place of his uncle, James II. With the battle cry "Monmouth and the Protestant Religion" he set out to take the West Country by storm, as he had done five years before when his visit had developed into a royal progress.

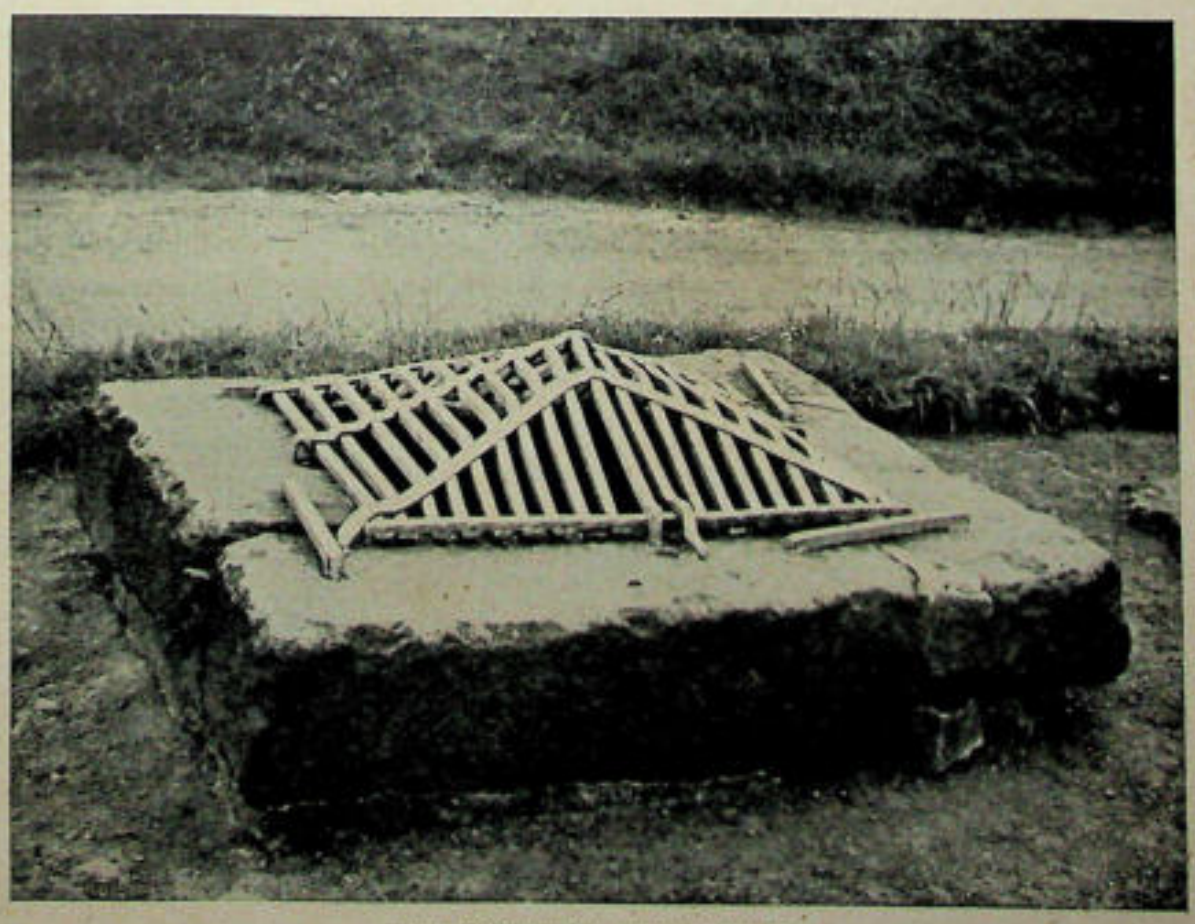
Thousands of peasants and farmers flocked to join his army as he marched towards Taunton, but the well-to-do gentry stood aside. Monmouth was well received both at Taunton and Bridgwater, and, hearing that Feversham's troops were stationed on Sedgemoor, he decided to make a surprise attack in the darkness. This might have been successful but for the accidental discharge of a pistol that roused the enemy. They had reached the Bussex Rhine, behind which the king's troops were camped, but were not able to cross it before they were surrounded. Those unfortunate country folk who escaped the slaughter of the night were taken prisoner, only to fall into the hands of that "butcher in ermine," Judge Jefferies, and suffer death or banishment after judgment at the infamous Bloody Assizes. Monmouth was found four days later hiding in a ditch with a few dried peas in his pocket. He was executed in July, 1685.

The tragedy of Sedgemoor had been foretold by a fortune-teller who had told the young duke to "beware the Rhine." As he had no intention of going anywhere near the River Rhine, he was not as concerned as he might have been had he known that the wide ditches that drain the moor are called rhines, or rens. As a number of charms and spells were found on his person when captured, proving his superstitious belief, had he known of these rhines, he might have hesitated, and the history of England would doubtless have been different.

There is a monument erected on Sedgemoor but off the beaten track. The Church at Chedzoy, however, shares the interest with the battlefield and is much easier to reach. In the village of Chedzoy, Feversham, the royalist general had posted his infantry, and on the buttresses of the church are to be seen the cuts where the men are said to have sharpened their weapons before setting out to battle.

CHEDZOY, SOMERSET
Marks on the corner of the church wall made by the scythes and knives of Monmouth's army

There is a fine obelisk at Wellington, also in Somerset. Though not on a battlefield, it was erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington and his famous victory at Waterloo. It was originally designed to carry an equestrian statue of the duke, but funds running low and the duke dying meanwhile, it was abandoned. Instead the height was increased, and it now reaches 175 feet. Never had a nation lavished honours upon a hero than England did on Wellington. Even clothes became military-minded. There were Wellington hats and bonnets, Wellington cloaks and jackets, but the only article of clothing to retain his name after all these years is the Wellington boot—another lingering example of a bubble reputation!



THE BORESTONE, BANNOCKBURN
The stone in which Bruce planted his standard before the great battle

BIRDS' NESTS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

QUITE a formidable list of birds have reared offspring at Regent's Park, and even more have succeeded in doing so at Whipsnade. In fact, the Zoo has had good fortune in breeding birds of practically every group save the birds of prey. In the last year or two, many species of pheasant, including the rare Rheinhardt's Argus, have hatched young in the pheasantries, where also budgerigars, love birds and macaws have bred; Stanley cranes have reared healthy young on the

NUTHATCH BRINGING GRUBS FOR THE YOUNG

north bank; sacred ibises and several species of gulls have bred in the great and southern aviaries; in the Bird House young doves, pigeons and glossy starlings are among those which have been successfully brought to maturity.

Of all the breeding records, those in the Bird House are perhaps the most remarkable. None of the aviaries attached to this building, which is really a converted reptile house, are designed as breeding flights, nor are any of the indoor cages, large or small, designed for more than comfortable housing and efficient showmanship. Most birds need a fair space and well-chosen neighbours before they can breed successfully, and both the doves and glossy starlings have managed to rear young in aviaries where they have been forced, by the requirements of space, to live in close association with perhaps half-a-dozen other species.

In the last three years at Regent's Park and Whipsnade the public has been able to see two o the most remarkable exercises in nest building performed by any members of the animal kingdom —the nidification of the trumpeter hornbill at Regent's Park, and that of the brush turkey at Whipsnade. Few people realise that the majority of forest- and wood-living birds are hole-nesters, though such as have witnessed the nest-building of the nuthatch must realise to what high degree the art of hole-nesting can be brought.

But the hornbills outstrip the nuthatch in the art of nest-making, and of all the woodland birds have the most complicated and fantastic breeding habits. In most hornbills the female is literally walled up in her hole for a period of several months. In many species this period is over a hundred days, and in some may be as much as 175. The male bird supplies mud to the female, who receives it and does her own plastering. When the wall is complete, only a vertical slit remains for her beak. While in the nest, the female lays, incubates, feeds the young on supplies brought by the male, and herself goes through a complete moult. She seldom leaves until the young are nearly able to fly, and, when she does, the young may sometimes plaster themselves in for a further period.

During the last three years at the Zoo a pair of trumpeter hornbills, provided with a nest-box, went through part of their breeding cycle, and the female underwent voluntary imprisonment for well over two months. Mud was supplied by the keepers and brought to the female by the male in the usual manner. Unfortunately, in no year was the cycle entirely completed, and, though eggs were seen in 1939, no young were hatched.

Of all birds, the members of the brush turkey family show what is perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most curious type of nesting. There are several genera and species of birds in this family, and their method of nest-building is of varying degrees of primitiveness. That of the mallee is the simplest. These birds simply bury their eggs in sandy ground, where they are hatched by the sun. The mallee fowl makes a mound of leaves, sand, sticks and stones, which may be 3ft. high and as much as 14ft. in diameter.

In this mound the eggs are laid, and are hatched not so much by the sun as by the heat of fermentation of the vegetable matter. The mound of the brush turkey is larger and contains more leaves and less sand than that of the mallee fowl; it may be up to 6ft. high and at least 15ft. in diameter. The largest mounds of all are built by the scrub fowl; these may reach 8ft. in height and 25ft. in diameter, and may weigh several tons.

At Whipsnade a male brush turkey with his two or three wives has lived in the bird sanctuary for some years, and in that time has scratched up several mounds with his powerful feet, working backwards through the rides in the wood. The 1937 mound was by no means unusual in size, but weighed 5 tons and took a whole morning to cart away. The male does all the work in building the mound, and the females merely scratch holes in it in which they lay their eggs, usually pointed end downwards. After seven weeks or more the eggs hatch and, though they may be helped out of the mound by one or other of the parents, the young are immediately independent and have such highly developed primaries that they can leave the ground on the day on which they are hatched. There can be no other bird which can fly as soon as it is hatched.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

And if the high swolne Medway faile thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay you tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps, that runne into the net.
And pikes, now weary their owne kinde to eat.

BEN JONSON'S *Forrest.*

AT a time when the sea is full not only of perils but of deadly horrors would it not be wise to pay a little more attention than we do to the fish which live at peace in English ponds and rivers? There was a time when every garden of any size and importance had its own reserve pond for freshwater fish always available on abstinence days. But even after the Reformation, when abstinence days fell into disrepute, English eels had a great reputation, and they even enjoy it to this day. Unfortunately, instead of the eels which are still largely consumed in the poorest parts of large cities coming from English waters, they are mostly imported from Holland. The carp has become almost forgotten and yet many English visitors to Hungary before the war greatly enjoyed the carps which they had to eat in all the restaurants. That small member of the carp family, the tench, can be delicious, and there are even good judges who prefer the tench to the trout. The pike is a noble fish and responds excellently to proper culinary treatment. Yet there has been for so long such an abundance of cheap fish from the sea in England that most, if not all the freshwater fishes, if we except the trout, are hardly ever seen on the fishmongers' slabs.

There is a prejudice against freshwater fish. It is to a large extent a matter of name. Whoever invented the name "mud fish" is responsible for the unpopularity of pike, tench, carp, eel, gurnard and other excellent freshwater fishes. What is perhaps even more deplorable than the present unpopularity of freshwater fish is that the art of smoking fish appears to have been lost. There is no doubt about the excellence of smoked eel. It is of far finer texture and flavour than smoked salmon. But it is far more difficult to get, even in the most luxurious London hotels, and when you can get it it costs more than smoked salmon. The same applies to smoked trout which can be delicious when properly smoked and not dried in the process. Now is the time to revive the art of smoking freshwater fish, and now is the time to turn to rivers and ponds for the many good fishes awaiting our pleasure therein.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

ANNUAL reports coming from industrial companies show very clearly the heavy burden of extra taxation imposed under the last Emergency Budget. There are other heavy expenses such as Air Raid Precautionary measures which make inroads into available profits. Despite this most companies are able to show remarkably good results for last year.

This situation means considerable interest on the part of investors in industrial equities. There is one very important point in connection with this market. There are virtually no new issues of capital. Some concerns receive Treasury sanction to issue bonus shares. There is, however, a very strict ban on new capital issues of every description. The result is that market supplies of stocks and shares are becoming particularly short. Any buying movement, therefore, has a pronounced effect upon share values.

It is rather surprising to find investors directing attention almost exclusively to the better class equities. Many shares can be bought in markets now to give yields of 10 per cent. and more. They are, however, mainly in companies which are benefiting materially as a direct result of war-time contracts. The position of such concerns may be totally different when the war is over.

It is accepted that tobacco issues are a favourable investment during the war period, although there is a danger of still further taxation. It is pointed out, however, that extra tax is immediately passed on to the consumer. Tobacco concerns are, of course, faced with increase in operating costs. Raw materials are more expensive to buy. On the other hand the cigarette manufacturers are undoubtedly saving by the removal of picture cards and tinfoil from cigarette packets. Imperial Tobacco ordinary £1 units are in persistent investment demand with a price around 6½.

There is comparatively little interest in iron and steels. That is rather surprising. The companies are doing well and should be in a position to earn substantial profits even when the war is over. Most of the concerns in the iron and steel trades are now in a good financial position. Many have reorganised and reduced their capital in recent years. A security such as Dorman Long ordinary around 25/6 should be very useful, while Vickers ordinary 10/- around 20/9 are regarded by many as well worth consideration from an investment angle. Shipbuilding concerns are, of course, extremely busy. The position here is that contracts will undoubtedly be coming for some considerable time after the war is over.

It is, of course, true that the margin of profit on Government shipping contracts is small. Taxation, as in the case of other concerns, is particularly heavy, but concerns in the shipbuilding industry are publishing most encouraging annual reports.

In this section Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson £1 ordinary seem to offer definite possibilities at a price of 34/9. There is also John Brown, whose 10/- ordinary shares are valued at 33/3. This company has many activities in addition to shipbuilding. It pays tax-free dividends. There is a belief that a higher price level is warranted for the shares and that this will come when more interest is taken in the section as a whole.

Cammell Laird is another successful shipbuilding firm. The 5/- units standing around 7/9 ex dividend are quite a good proposition. The units are regarded in most quarters as well worth consideration at their present price for putting away for a year or two.

A WELL-KNOWN CORPS COMMANDER

Many soldiers who saw service in France and Gallipoli during the Great War will have heard with regret of the sad death of Lieutenant-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston. He fought in the South African War and on the North-West Frontier, and took part in the Dongola campaign. His nickname of "Hunter Bunter" was known throughout the Army, and around no general can so many good-humoured stories have centred. He was a stickler for "the maintenance of good order and military discipline" and the tale of the unshaven cook who was placed on the firestep of a trench, hastily covered by a groundsheet, and saluted with reverence by the general has become a chestnut among army yarns. One of the best stories concerns a sentry who on being asked "What are you?" recited all his instructions and duties. Asked again, "And what are you besides this?" the non-plussed man answered "I don't know, sir, that's all, that's all I've been told." "You are more than that," was the surprising reply. "You are an outpost of our great and glorious empire."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HENRY GEORGE—INDIVIDUALIST

SIR,—Mr. H. J. Massingham's tribute to Henry George as a social philosopher and social reformer, and one who predicted what would happen if social justice were not done, will be appreciated by many who have themselves been impressed by *Progress and Poverty*. It should also stimulate many who do not know that remarkable book to take up its study. There is, however, a strange lack of appreciation of certain very important matters on the part of Mr. Massingham. Why does he call Henry George a Socialist, whether if "an extremely old-fashioned type" or not? The term "Socialist" or "Socialism" is so often used vaguely to mean anything you like so far as policy is concerned. In the widest sense it embraces all protest against social conditions as they are, and all effort to bring about the better distribution of wealth and opportunity. But the strict or scientific definition of Socialism is that state of affairs in which the Government will own and control all land, factories, farms, buildings, plant and machinery, &c., and place business generally in the care of appointed officials.

It is just because George made such a fundamental distinction between property in land and property in *things* that he has been regarded and scolded as well, by the State Socialists, as the most intractable individualist that ever wrote or preached. He drew this distinction—that what the community created through its presence and activities, namely, the economic rent of land, belonged to the community, and that what the individual produced by his application of labour and capital belonged to the individual. That is, in a word, the George philosophy.

It is therefore astonishing to see Mr. Massingham, in spite of his acquaintance with *Progress and Poverty*, charging George with the proposal to "abolish private property." On the contrary, George held sacred the property in things produced. That he would secure to the individual, and that he would prevent the State from appropriating, by making illegal any taxation on the results of work on buildings, improvements and commodities bought and sold. He was the complete and logical Free Trader, who would liberate all private enterprise from monopoly and privilege and fiscal burdens, which was to be done by "abolishing all taxation save that upon land values."

Of course, one cannot in a letter expound this principle and policy any further; but I do take Mr. Massingham to task for not observing, in the first place, that when George was referring to the medieval age he was pointing out that the landholders held their land subject to the feudal dues, and that stage by stage they had contrived to repudiate their dues and the over-lordship of the sovereign, so that stage by stage taxation in so many vicious and injurious forms has been thrown upon production and exchange. Fiscally, if the feudal system of the dues required from landholders was modernised, we would have the taxation of land values to-day and Free Trade in its fullness. State management, interference and regimentation would be a thing unheard of because absolutely unnecessary.

Secondly, the fault running through Mr. Massingham's statement is common enough, unfortunately, in thinking and speaking of land only in agricultural terms. This is to forget all about high rents in towns and cities, the speculation in land values in their midst and surroundings; and not to recognise that the question of the price of land for all purposes in both town and country *is* "the land question" and the industrial question, too, which is basically, as George saw it, the relationship of rent to wages. "To see human beings in the most abject, the most helpless and hopeless condition, you must go, not to the unfenced prairies and the log cabins of new clearings in the backwoods, where man single-handed is commencing the struggle with Nature and land is yet worth nothing, but to the great cities, where the ownership of a little patch of ground is a fortune."

Yours faithfully,

34 Knightrider Street, A. W. MADSEN.
St. Paul's, London, E.C.4.

STOAT MESMERISING RABBITS

SIR,—The following may be of interest to your readers and to prove the mesmeric powers of the stoat: "One day last week about 9.30 in the morning my butler noticed a rabbit hopping slowly towards the house followed by a stoat. The rabbit seemed to be mesmerised and when my butler went out it squatted and he picked it up, rung its neck and hung it in the larder. About 15 minutes later another member of the staff observed another rabbit acting in the same manner followed by the stoat. Again my butler went out and the rabbit let him pick it up and the same operation was performed. It seems incredible but the same thing happened for the third time and the three rabbits were hung in the larder! There is a small spinney near the house and I think the stoat had found the rabbits lying up in a large wood pile and had gone back on each occasion to find another one. The part that seems to me unusual is, that the rabbits could be picked up in this manner!"

This was witnessed by three or four members of my staff. I was away at the time myself.

Yours faithfully,

Goldicote, GEORGE BOYANT.
Near Stratford-on-Avon.

THE CUCKOO QUESTION AGAIN

SIR,—I have long been of the opinion that there are some aspects of the "cuckoo question," which even those who are supposed to be authorities on the subject have failed to clear up. Principal among these is the method by which the female cuckoo deposits her egg in certain fosterers' nests. Mr. Edgar Chance was the first to approach the question in a scientific way, and established the fact that she "sits on" a meadow-pipit's nest, but does not offer any opinion as to where her feet are placed when she is laying the egg. During seven weeks' watching in 1939, I consider I discovered how she does this.

As to how she gets her eggs into redstart's, wren's and other enclosed and domed nests, these are nothing but guesses on the part of the authorities. They have now discarded the old theory that she places it in with her beak. Nothing has been done scientifically to show what are the true facts. I would much appreciate any help I can get to do this.

Mr. Chance proved that one can speculate with fair certainty in which nest a cuckoo will place her next egg. If any reader of this letter, during the coming breeding season, observes a cuckoo haunting a certain area where she seems to be interested in any enclosed or domed nest, possibly including a pied wagtail's, I would be grateful for the earliest information, so that I could get at once to the spot with a cine camera. "Guessing" would then be avoided.

Yours faithfully,

Dungeness, NORMAN H. JOY.
Kent.

FOOD FOR SNIPE

SIR,—I saw an enquiry *re* food for snipe in your edition of February 17th last. May I suggest that your correspondent Mr. Oates might try the little tiny, wee red worms (found curled up in circular form when startled) which are found *underneath* cow turds (even in frost these would still survive)? I suggest these worms because it is always stated by experienced gamekeepers—or gillies in Scotland—in my county—and I have heard it said also in Eire—that "where there are cattle there will be snipe. Remove the cattle altogether and most of the snipe will disappear, because they especially love the wee red worms found *underneath* the droppings of kine." I know of a farm of 600 acres of very boggy land which used to produce 100 brace of snipe annually. In those days it held 100 head of cattle; now it has been depastured and holds 10 cattle. The annual bag of snipe is from five to eight birds.

Yours faithfully,

Barcaldine House, H. STEWART-RANKING, Bt.
Connel, Argyll.

GREY SQUIRRELS IN HEREFORDSHIRE—AN OASIS IN SNOW

SIR,—Mr. Frank H. Blakely, in your issue of March 2nd, would like to know the nearest place to Leominster where grey squirrels are common. In the adjoining county of Gloucestershire, especially where the beech trees flourish on the western Cotswold escarpment, these squirrels are seen very frequently. This is at a distance of approximately 30 miles from Leominster in a straight line across the Severn Plain.

In the same issue, Mr. T. Hyatt is at a loss to explain why a certain piece of his land remains immune from snow and ice, and also why it stays devoid of vegetation. I would suggest, in the first place, that the surface rocks are composed of carboniferous limestone—as opposed to the layers of oolitic limestone prevalent in Mr. Hyatt's district; secondly, that the sub-soil is of an extremely loose and porous nature. Snow or rain falling on this piece of land would immediately percolate to the sub-soil and be drained away. It is quite possible that there exists some kind of reservoir at a depth too great to influence or encourage the growth of vegetation.

But, in any case, carboniferous limestone is noted for its lack of vegetation. As a point of interest I would say that I have lived many years in Yorkshire—the great county for this type of limestone. It is an impressive sight to see the naked outcrops of limestone there, when all the rest of the country is covered with deep snow.

Yours faithfully,

J. ST. CLAIR ROSS.

Cotswold Guest House,
Cranham, Gloucestershire.

SIR,—With regard to Mr. Hyatt's letter in the *Field* of March 2nd, barren patches of that kind seem to be common. In my own experience they were due to seepage of petroleum (liquid or gas) or to chemical salts (salt-licks). Analysis of the soil will settle the question for Mr. Hyatt.

Yours faithfully,

Crieff. A. W. D.

THE TRUMPETER SWAN

SIR,—My copy of *The Field*, January 20th just to hand, not so very late thanks to the Navy.

In Mr. Caminita's article, the caption under the photograph of the Trumpeter Swan reads "Only 199 of them are now known to be in North America"—a mistake has arisen in some manner—this number refers only to the birds in the United States of America, all concentrated in the Red Rocks Migratory Waterfowl Refuge, Lakeview, Montana; and in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, some 30 miles east.

A copy herewith of a recent letter received from the Canadian Federal Authority speaks for itself.

Okaragan Landing, B. C.
November 27th, 1939.

"Dear Mr. Ashby,—This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 22nd, and replying to your specific enquiries I would advise that: The Trumpeter Swan population of British Columbia has probably increased somewhat during the past 20 years. The total number is estimated at approximately 400. The following additional information might be of use to you. This department employs part-time wardens in three localities where Trumpeter Swans winter. Other bands are looked after by interested residents. In one particular locality the department has fed the birds regularly for the past four years.

"No information is given out concerning the location of these bands. It would appear that the protection that has been afforded since the special warden service was established 15 years ago has been fairly successful.

"Your co-operation in giving publicity to the facts and to the law will be greatly appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. A. MUNRO,
Chief Federal Migratory Bird Officer,
British Columbia."

This tends to show that to-day on the North American Continent there are known to be approximately 600 Trumpeters; unfortunately a certain number are shot by irresponsible people each season and it was in connection with this that the above correspondence took place. Until the numbers of this species increase to at least several thousands their perpetuation will always be in doubt.

Yours faithfully,

Duncan, DENNIS ASHBY.
Vancouver Island,
British Columbia, Canada.

IMMUNITY FROM RAT BITES

SIR,—I have been much interested in the letters of Captain Luck and Mr. Ivor Symes in your issues of January 13th and February 24th.

It may interest them to know that I was born (many years ago) in the village of Doneraile, Co. Cork, with two teeth in the centre of the front of my lower jaw. I remember my mother often spoke of them. They were normal teeth, and, as in the case of Mr. Symes's son, an exact match to the others, and fell out when they did. My mother always kept them. I do not think we ever heard that people born with teeth were said to be immune to the bites of rats, and I cannot say whether I am immune, no experiments having ever been made.

Yours faithfully,

St. Ann's Hill Hydro, ELIZABETH HOMAN.
Co. Cork.

SCAUP IN REGENT'S PARK

SIR,—London ornithologists will no doubt be interested to know that on Monday, March 4th, a male scaup was on the lake in Regent's Park. He was in full plumage and among a collection of tufted duck and mallard.

When food was thrown to the commoner birds he sheered off, but was otherwise not as shy as one would have expected, though he kept rather apart from the tufted duck.

Soon afterwards he left, which was to be expected as the scaup is, except during the breeding season, a purely marine species and rare on inland waters and reservoirs.

Hoping that you also may be interested in this unusual record.

Yours faithfully,
22 Elm Tree Road, H. RAFF KERR.
St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8.

THE WOODLARK'S EGGS

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Guy Farrar's illustrated article on the above, but would like to comment on the statement contained therein, that this bird usually lays four eggs.

This applies only to the March nest, whereas the June one always has five; four in a June nest are the exception and not the rule.

My experience of this bird is fairly considerable, and on referring to my natural history diary I find I have examined nearly 50 nests during the last 35 years.

On two occasions I have found nests containing the egg of a cuckoo, but this is rare.

When the first nest is ready in March, no cuckoos are in this country, and when the June nest is ready the cuckoo has already selected her fosterer, and has probably laid half her eggs.

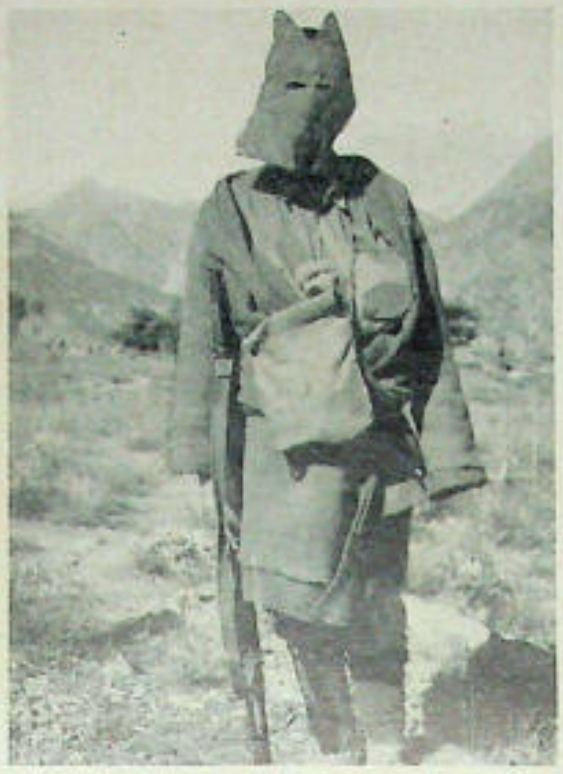
I have two or three pairs nesting within sight of my house.

Yours faithfully,
Parkend, LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence,
Near Gloucester.

CINNAMON MALLARD

SIR,—Referring to the uncommon variety, cinnamon-coloured mallard, which appears in "answers to correspondents" of *The Field's* issue, February 24th, I may mention that I shot one of exactly the same description, February 1st, 1939, on the River Adour, Basses Pyrénées, France.

Yours faithfully,
Chalet Violette, C. H. DE AMÉZAGA.
Avenue de Verdun,
Biarritz.



TAKEN FOR A PANTHER
(See letter "Stalking Chukor")

QUEER TOPIARY DESIGNS

SIR,—As a topiarist myself I was very interested in the photograph recently published of the peacock design at Caerwent, and enclose a print of another design which may interest your readers.

This example can be seen on the roadside at Warmington, near Oundle, and is known locally as the "Cuckoo's Seat." It is designed as a huge chair, fully 10ft. high, and has been trimmed from a hawthorn bush.

Many years of patient and careful clipping is necessary to achieve any measure of success in topiary work, and to the expert neither of these mentioned are perfect specimens; the design at Caerwent appears to me to have been neglected somewhat of late as the tail has become rather ragged, whilst the designer of the "Cuckoo's Seat" was rather handicapped by choosing the wrong material to work from, for a much closer texture would have been produced had privet or box been utilised instead of hawthorn.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W.17. L.T.B.

LIMBS BROKEN OFF BY THE WEIGHT OF SNOW
(See letter "Suffering Cedars")

SUFFERING CEDARS

SIR,—For over 200 years the famous Lebanon cedars at Wollaton Park have successfully braved the foreign elements of the English climate, but recent semi-Arctic conditions have proved too much even for these giants, whose lower boughs have suffered cruelly from the enormous weight of snow which piled up on the fan-like branches.

In the photograph can be seen one of the larger trees where an especially thick bough—over 18in. across—has split centrally for about 9ft. The wood is perfectly sound and there is no sign of the rot or insect attack so common to trees transplanted from their native terrain.

No doubt this winter has been exceptionally severe, but, if it were only more generally realised that the resistance to longitudinal shear stress of cedar timber is very low, simple precautions might have saved many beautiful trees.

As an example, in an adjacent estate also possessing some venerable cedars, the owner has had the forethought to support, unobtrusively, the heavy low boughs, sometimes using steel wire stays to the main trunk. If carefully done, this is practically undetectable except at very close quarters. In no case has any of these trees so treated suffered any damage, although the branches held as much snow as those in Wollaton Park.

Yours faithfully,
Wollaton, RONALD BARRAUD.
Nottingham.

STALKING CHUKOR

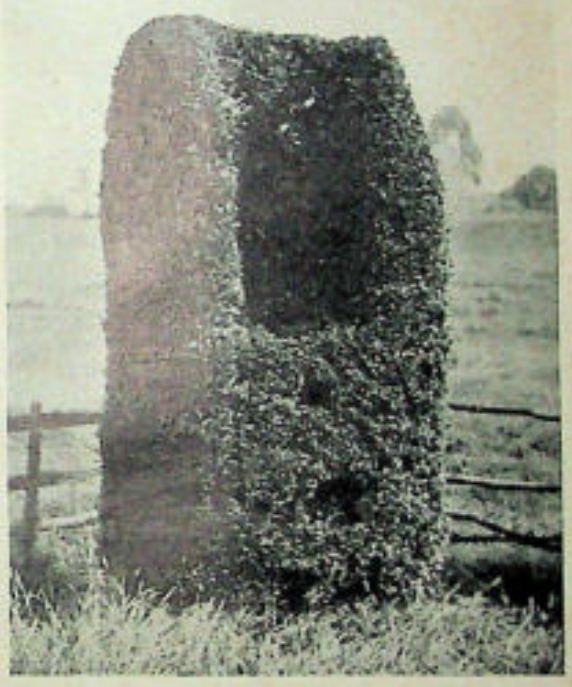
SIR,—I think this photograph may be of interest to some of your readers. It shows the mask worn by men of this State when they are stalking chukor. First they have to locate a covey of these birds after which the mask is put on and the stalk commences. Sooner or later the covey spot their enemy but imagining it to be a panther, hence the cut of the mask, they become petrified and are unable to move. When close enough the shikari takes careful aim and, if lucky, has several dead chukor to pick up afterwards. I have heard it said that a good shikari can sometimes get right up to a covey, and seize a bird or two with his hands before the rest fly away, but I cannot guarantee the truth of this statement.

Yours faithfully,
Chitral State, CRAFT.
N.W.F.P., India.

CONNEMARA PONIES

SIR,—There is nothing to beat the above pony or at least this was the case 35 years ago, until (I am not sure how long ago) the Hackney was introduced. This cross was a failure, and it took many years for the breed to get back to type. The Connemara pony is a miniature hunter (weight carrier). It is a marvellous jumper, and a dealer once told me the best hunters he ever had, were out of Connemara mares by thoroughbred stallions.

Yours faithfully,
53, Drayton Gardens, WILFRED TIGHE.
London.



THE CUCKOO'S SEAT
(See letter "Queer Topiary Designs")

MOTHER LOVE

SIR,—A short time ago, when walking along the bank of the Wye on the beat owned by the Beaufort Hotel, Tintern, I came across a flock of about 40 ewes and lambs grazing. Fifty yards or so beyond was a single ewe, which as soon as I appeared broke into a run and, coming right through the others approached within 2yds. of me, bleating all the time. As I moved on, so did she, always two to three yards ahead, stopping when I stopped and going forward when I did. She led me through the others in this manner and on half a mile upstream until we came to a deep and wide ditch feeding into the river.

Here she ran forward, looked down and came back within my reach, then led me to a point on the ditch edge, below which was her lamb (about 10 days old), leaning against the bottom of the bank, 8ft. below ground, in 6in. of water. With some difficulty—and at the expense of a reasonably good pair of trousers—I managed to get it out, but it was so cold and distressed that it was unable to stand. While I was massaging its legs the ewe came right up and nuzzled it, and after 10 minutes or so I held the lamb under her and it started to suck. The ewe stood steady the whole time. Inside half-an-hour from its rescue the lamb appeared none the worse and trotted off with its mother.

Like many other people, I used to think sheep stupid. I have changed my mind.

Yours faithfully,
"Gowrie," J. H. HUMPHREYES.
Bickley, Kent.

SANCTUARY RELICS

SIR,—Your recent correspondence on sanctuary knockers prompts me to send two photographs which serve to illustrate the old law of sanctuary as practised at Beverley Minster, Yorkshire.

One photograph shows the ancient "freed stool," or sanctuary chair, in which many offenders against the civil law have found refuge. The criminals included horse and cattle thieves, coiners, murderers, and traitors to the realm. According to an old record, which I consulted some time ago, no fewer than 495 persons took sanctuary-oath—after having reached the "chair of peace"—between the years 1478 and 1539. From these figures it is possible, therefore, to form a rough estimate of the number of people who must have sat as refugees in this chair since sanctuary privileges were first granted to Beverley Minster by King Athelstane just over 1,000 years ago. Unfortunately—from an antiquary's point of view—the initials inscribed at various places on the stool are those of vandals, not refugees!

Hewn in stone, the stool is situated at the near end of the aisle shown in my second photograph; the door seen at the farther end is still known as "the open door," because, night or day, it was always left open so as to provide ready access to the chair for anybody seeking sanctuary. I do not suppose any of the refugees had time or the inclination to perceive the glorious architecture of this aisle, but visitors to the chair to-day should pause to admire the Chapter House steps (seen on the right of the photograph), one of the features which have prompted certain authorities to proclaim Beverley Minster as "the most beautiful building in England."

Leeds. NORTHCOUNTRYMAN.

THE "FREED STOOL" OR SANCTUARY CHAIR AND THE CHAPTER HOUSE STEPS AT BEVERLEY MINSTER

(See letter "Sanctuary Relics")

AN OLD TRACK WHICH IS TO RUN BESIDE A SUBURBAN ROAD

(See letter "Ancient Highways in Cheshire")

ANCIENT HIGHWAYS IN CHESHIRE

SIR,—Apropos the recent photographs and letters describing old roads, may I enclose two pictures of ancient highways in Cheshire that may interest your readers? One of the photographs shows two of three narrow pack-horse bridges that span the Gowy and its tributaries not four miles from Chester. To reach them, from the Whitchurch road turn left at the second milestone into Christleton, and in the village turn right. At the next fork keep left, and then it is straight on. There is no through way for a car, although it is possible to drive to within a short walk of the bridges.

The lane narrows and, after being cobbled, its surface becomes a single line of concave paving stones, worn to an appreciable curve with the passing of centuries and the clip-clop of countless feet. Nowhere else in Britain, I understand, are three pack-horse bridges to be seen in such close company. Local lore avers that these ancient spans are Roman, but this seems unlikely, as Watling Street is less than one mile away. What is probable is that these bridges and the lane are all that remain of a medieval packway that threaded across England centuries ago.

A map of Cheshire, published by Philip Lea, *circa* 1660, shows much interest in this respect. This venerable highway is given greater significance than the famous Watling Street, and, after curving to include Tarvin, the road runs southward towards Tarporley, Nantwich, Woore and, according to the map, "to London." Were these bridges on the pre-coach road from Chester to London?

The other picture is of another medieval trackway in Cheshire, a line of those large well-worn stones to be seen near Storeton, in Wirral. The land through which the trackway runs has been scheduled for development, but the builder has given an undertaking that this ancient line of stones shall be undisturbed by his operations, and that they shall run aside of a suburban road. Near Port Sunlight a similar pathway was swallowed by a housing estate, and a builder, giving similar guarantees, let it remain bordered by its ancient trees. But the stones were soon uprooted, and frequently broken, for use in rockeries and the like. Will the same happen again, or could something be done to prevent such depredations with the beautiful pathway that I depict here?

Yours faithfully,

Birkenhead. F. MARRIOTT.

KILLED BY THE CAR

SIR,—I have read the correspondence on carrion crows and rabbits and agree with Mr. Mortimer Batten that the rabbits and hares have probably been paralysed or injured by stoats before being attacked by crows. However, I think many people will agree with me in saying that 95 per cent. of animal road deaths are caused by motor cars, especially during night running. The writer has come across numerous flattened out carcases all over the country, including rabbits, hares, hedgehogs and rats, and, of course, these furnish ready-made food for both crows and gulls.

Even the stoat with all his cunning care makes a mistake at times, as I have come across his flattened remains more than once. The only animals I really try to run down by car are the stoat and rat and while I have managed a few rats I have yet to kill a stoat, although I have nearly ditched my car a few times trying it.

It is surprising the speed a hare can attain when running in front of a car at night. I have had hares several times in front of the car head-lights with the speedometer needle wavering on 40 m.p.h. and they did not seem to be all out even at this speed.

I have had a pheasant strike the windscreen of my car twice, and when on a business tour in Sutherland two years ago, on July 12th, a cock grouse rose from the roadside and, hovering slightly in the wind, crashed into the car radiator.

Consequently I bagged my first grouse exactly a month before the opening date but do not think I was liable to prosecution in the circumstances.

Yours faithfully,

1 Morrison Place, Edinburgh. DAVID BROTHERSTON.

TWO PACK-HORSE BRIDGES ON A MEDIEVAL PACKWAY THAT THREADED ACROSS ENGLAND

(See letter "Ancient Highways in Cheshire")

HAS THE LEOPARD A SENSE OF SMELL?

SIR,—When I lived in leopard infested countries for about a quarter of a century, I heard this argued and debated until I was sick of it. From the varying points of view it seemed certain some leopards had a sense of smell and some not. This depended on the circumstances governing the narrator's meeting with the leopard he was, in a manner of speaking, quoting from. My own experiences were indefinite, but, considering how often one found oneself too close to a leopard, the deduction was, it did not own a good nose. As the years passed I became indifferent.

It was during the last war my interest was aroused again. On a fine summer's evening, near St. Chris, I met Clogstoun. Besides having been an Indian policeman, he was once a tutor in Ulwar, and, the Jodhpur Horse being near, he had been to call on some of the Singhs. "Come along with me," said he, "and we will go and find the Maharajah." We padded along to a couple of shabby Armstrong huts, and near them saw His Highness on one of the ponies knocking a polo ball about. He dismounted and came beaming, and it was a joyous greeting the Maharajah gave his old friend. I was introduced. "Call me General," he remarked. He liked this better than Sir Pertab, or Highness, and truly it was better suited to the surroundings. There was much untidiness near the hut, and a humble domestic utensil was conspicuous amidst a litter of harness, buckets, polo sticks and camp gear. We had drinks, and these two old friends talked of bygone days.

Then Clogstoun asked the General to tell me of the manner of catching hunting leopards in Rajputana. "It is simple" he said. "The shikaris track a leopard with cubs to its cave and on a pitch black night they enter the cave. One creeps against the leopard, and pretends to be one of the cubs nuzzling her tits. Then he seizes a cub, smothers its chance to cry out, and passes it behind to his mate who bags it. Then they go home." We had been speaking in English. "How dangerous," I said. The General was quick. "How do you mean? Not at all. Leopard can't see, can't smell: no danger. She thinks the shikari is a cub. That's all." And to me this seemed conclusive and argument unnecessary.

Yours faithfully,

Lonaig, R. G. BLACK.
Lee-on-Solent.

A BITTERN BITES

SIR,—Some 10 days ago I saw in the dusk a large brown bird in a small field at Gogar Bank, seven miles West of Edinburgh, through which a small burn runs.

On the 11th the bird was feeding in the burn about 60yds. from the house, during a thaw. It was caught by the gardener in an exhausted condition on the 16th, and attacked him and bit him twice in the face. It proved to be a bittern.

I put the bird in a large kennel and took it to the Scottish Zoological Society at Murrayfield. It again bit the keeper, and refused to feed but in a day or two recovered and is now doing well.

Yours faithfully,

Pitchford Hall, CHARLES GRANT.
Shrewsbury.

THE DOMESDAY OAK

SIR,—Mr. J. Denton Robinson's pictures of unique trees interested me very much. This photograph is of the Domesday Oak on the Ashton Court estate, Bristol. It is reputed to have been here in 1085, when the Domesday survey was made, and its

MARKING WHITE LINES IN WESTMINSTER. THE MACHINE IS MADE BY THE R.M.B. ENGINEERING CO.
(See letter "White Lines for Safety")

hole shows senile decay, but it is still alive. Iron bands and props are now necessary for its preservation.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. S. G. BERNARD.

WHITE LINES FOR SAFETY

SIR,—In these days of "black-out"—which creates so many difficulties, not only for motorists, but also for pedestrians, it surely behoves all county and borough surveyors to keep roads and kerbs clearly defined with a bright, white outline.

I travel a great deal throughout the country, and I can speak from experience when I say that on really dark nights, when the clouds are low, these white lines are a great safeguard, and make the difficult task of driving somewhat easier.

Apart from this, a broad white line down the middle of the road and another at the top and at the side of the kerb, subconsciously influences drivers to keep to the correct side of the road, and thus eliminates the chances of collision, particularly when going round bends, with on-coming vehicles.

I find that due to the recent "freeze-up," white lines throughout this country are practically obliterated. Furthermore since the thaw, county and borough surveyors are being somewhat tardy in repainting the lines on the roads.

I was recently very interested to see a small machine automatically painting the white lines in the Borough of Westminster. I asked the man who was operating it what length of line he could put down in one day, and to my great surprise, he told me 16 miles, whereas when he painted with a hand-brush, he could formerly only do less than 200yds. per day.

It seems evident that these small mechanical roadmarkers must be a great boon to borough and county surveyors all over the country, and I think the matter is so important that the Ministry of Transport should insist upon these mechanical roadmarkers being utilised, and the somewhat archaic hand-painting method dropped.

Yours faithfully,

"SAFETY MOTORIST."

REPUTED TO DATE FROM THE TIME OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST
(See letter "The Domesday Oak")

ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD

SIR,—While walking, on January 4th, across the Dublin mountains with a few friends I was astonished to see a large bronze bird, with a cream head, wheeling in small circles high above the heather. The bird had the same heavy appearance as a heron with wings approximately the same size, but on closer inspection it could have been nothing else but a rough-legged buzzard. It soared for about five minutes, all the time gaining altitude. Then it appeared to become restless, for it made off southwards with huge clumsy wing beats. Are these birds frequently seen in the British Isles? I should also be interested to know if any other people saw this bird.

Yours faithfully,

College of St. Columba, W. L. MACDOUGALD.
Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

SIR,—Maybe its because I was always bottom of my class at school, but, despite Mr. Russell's obvious assertions, I must admit that I always thought that the party, numbering eight or more, rode to Widdicombe Fair on the Grey Mare, and furthermore I still think so. There is too much cold logic in Mr. Russell's letter—he might as well point out that the Danube isn't really blue. Anyway I console myself with the thought that I am not alone in my erroneous thinkings—*vide* the very signpost itself.

I never believe anything unless it can be proved to me, so can you prove "Old Uncle Russell" that they had a cart and for that matter can you prove that the story is true anyway? Your letter did annoy me "Old Uncle Russell."

Yours faithfully,

Cardiff. 'ARF AND 'ARF.

CATS AND RATS

SIR,—Your correspondent "Black Gnat" alleges that cats do not keep away rats.

He says that his village is "full of cats" and still the place is alive with rats.

This may be so but, if the cats are not full of food they will catch rats. A well fed cat is no good as a ratter or mouser; but give a cat two saucers of milk, one first thing in the morning and one last thing at night and you'll have a good ratter. Also do not let a cat you want to be a good ratter ever come indoors.

There is only one thing that will spoil a cat on this treatment and that is a diet of rabbits—a cat that once tastes rabbits is finished as a ratter.

Yours faithfully,

The Farmers Club, R. H. BENSLY.
2, Whitehall Court,
S.W.1.

MONTAGU'S HARRIER IN THE NEW FOREST

SIR,—On March 16th, I saw a male bird of Montagu's Harrier, quartering a stretch of heath at Brockenhurst.

Yours faithfully,

Oaklands, E. E. JOHNSON.
Brockenhurst.

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SOWING CROPS IN THE APRIL KITCHEN GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

The author will reply to any queries in connection with this article if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

APART from the routine jobs of keeping the hoe going continually (left to seed now, there would be a fine crop of weeds in autumn), thinning seedlings as soon as possible, sticking early peas, etc., some of the most important root crops have to be sown now, notably carrot and beet.

Carrots are an especially important crop; for normally we import £2,000,000 worth of them yearly, and this has to be reduced to the minimum during the war. In many parts of the country carrots during February were 6d. a pound. It is useless to sow this crop on hastily prepared soil. Ground dug in autumn and exposed to the incalculable benefits of frost should be in prime condition now. It is customary to manure heavy soil in autumn and lime it in very early spring, and lime light soil in autumn and manure it in very early spring. Manured in autumn, the heavy autumn rains are apt on light soils to wash the goodness of the manure below the level of most vegetable roots.

Lime is essential and wood ash is invaluable. The wild carrot grows on very sandy soil and the cultivated varieties need a good sandy loam. The pests that infest the top spit of soil are particularly appreciative of carrots, hence the importance of thorough digging in autumn to expose the top spit to the elements.

On heavy soils it is best to sow stump rooted and intermediate varieties. The Long Red Surrey is suitable only for thoroughly cultivated well-drained soils. Carrot seed is so small that it is advisable to mix it with four times its bulk of white sand or hydrated lime. The seeds show up well against the lime or sand and it is possible to see whether it is properly mixed. Carrots are nearly always too thickly sown, and the method of sowing in drills involves an immense amount of thinning out.

It is less laborious in the long run to put in a diminutive pinch of sand, and sow at stations 3in. apart and subsequently to take out all but the largest seedling. When large enough, every alternate carrot can be pulled and ultimately, in the case of the largest sorts, thinned to 9in. to a foot apart. Thinning carrots has to be most carefully done, for the soil disturbance involved invites the carrot fly.

Some old-fashioned gardeners used to mix radish with carrot seed. The radishes were pulled first, and the oncoming carrots then obtained sufficient room. But this rough and ready way is not ideal, even though it secures two crops from the soil. Like carrot, beet (*B. vulgaris*) needs a well-drained soil, and on heavy soils the growth is coarse and the flavour apt to be poor. But seakale beet and spinach beet do particularly well on rather heavy soils and, unlike the common beet, they can do with any amount of manure.

On shallow soils it is best to grow the globe varieties of the common beet. In any case, these varieties are more convenient for cooking and they bake to perfection. When the seedlings are about 4in. high, salt may be given at the rate of 2ozs. to the square yard. Excess of salt makes for coarse leaf growth at the expense of the roots. Beet is very often sown too deeply and it is as well to take a lesson from the fields of beet. These are properly sown, with the result that the plants "sit" on the soil. The seed should be put in at not more than twice its own breadth and, as with carrots, it saves time to sow so thinly that subsequent thinning is reduced to the minimum.

Beet seed is large enough to handle separately and, in the long run, it saves time to put in each seed separately. Tender young beet thinnings, *i.e.*, the leaves, are an excellent addition to early summer salads, but they are usually wasted. It is indeed surprising that seakale beet is not more commonly grown. Sown now, the leaves with their huge delicious mid-ribs, which should be cooked separately like seakale, are ready for use in autumn and, sown in early August, the plants stand the winter well, and come in for use the following season when the choicer vegetables are still scarce.

Seakale beet varies greatly. I grow a first-rate Italian kind, with magnificent leaves well over 2ft. long and mid-ribs over 2in. across. The larger the mid-ribs the more tender they are. The small, commoner kinds are almost worthless. It is useless to grow this beet in poor soil, for it needs rich, but well drained, ground. Last year I obtained Mr. Burbank's new hybrid, rainbow beet, a cross between *Beta vulgaris* and seakale beet (*B. sicla*). The great American hybridist launched this last season, and I fancy it will soon be popular in this country. The leaves make delicious greens when cooked like spinach but the mid-ribs (most attractively coloured) are not so good as those of seakale beet.

Spinach beet or perpetual spinach, a grand standby in early spring, can be picked continually till it runs to seed in June. Sown in early May, the thinnings can be used in late summer and early autumn and can be picked continually all through a mild winter, anyhow in the south. Even after a severe winter it produces leaves abundantly with the first mild spell. This beet needs continual picking to encourage abundant young growths, otherwise the outer leaves grow coarse and the young leaves produced are small and poor in flavour.

BUSY AMONG THE VEGETABLES ON A LONDON ALLOTMENT AT WIMBLEDON

DWARF PLANTS MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE EDGING TO A WINDING BORDER

EDGINGS TO HERBACEOUS BORDERS

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THE front of a herbaceous border is always apt to be "difficult." There are plenty of medium-sized plants, and numerous selections of "talls," but if one is not careful the front of the border may look bare, and this bareness needs a deal of looking after.

Annuals can, of course, be sown, but these ask for a fair amount of care and attention, and what is wanted in the war-time garden is the type of plant that will provide an edging and a carpet that takes little looking after. Pansies are a possibility and so are violets.

Among the pansies there is little to beat Engelmann's Special, for the plants grow compactly and the flowers are of great size and substance. They usually flower from the beginning of the year to the end of the season; each petal has a distinct edge of a different colour from the centre. The flowers seem to grow and blend with any group behind them, for they are produced in many bright shades of yellow, bronze and blue.

They do best in a sunny situation but are quite happy in any ordinary garden soil. It is possible to raise the plants cheaply from seed or to purchase plants from a seed bed for five or six shillings a hundred.

The bedding violas are more suitable than the exhibition kinds because they are dwarf in habit and are free bloomers. Barbara is a delightful variety, the top petals being mauvy blue, the side petals pinkish mauve, and the bottom petals yellow edged and suffused pinkish mauve. This variety is delightfully scented, too. Bellefield is an unusual blood red which flowers continuously. Irish Molly is a yellow, with a copper centre. It does not straggle like some of the others. Another good yellow is Moseley Perfection. For those who like blues there is the very dwarf Buxton Blue, a real blue with a dark centre. Pickering Blue is a sky blue with a delightful double centre, while W. H. Woodgate is a lavender blue. Maggie Mott is a great favourite.

Heaths are always attractive, and perhaps the simplest of them to grow is the Erica Carnea which does not mind lime. It only grows about 6 inches high and is a mass of pink flowers in the spring, but even in the summer it is not unattractive, because of its dark green feathery foliage. The gentians should be grown more, and will be when people get over the idea that they are difficult. *Gentiana acaulis* is an ideal blue edger, and one of the secrets of success is to see that it is pressed well down into the soil at least twice a year. A less distinguished plant is *Saxifraga umbrosa* or to give its ordinary name, London Pride. It needs to be kept in its place and then it is useful not only in the summer but its rosette like leaves are pleasant in the winter.

Pinks are useful because of their scent and because of their long flowering period. Most people know Mrs. Sinkins and Her Majesty, but the rose-coloured pink Gloriosa is a pleasant alternative.

There are large numbers of other plants to choose from, for instance the aubrietias, perennial alyssum, the baby Michaelmas daisies for the autumn, the baby campanulas, the feathery grasses, the compact Crimean irises, and the many saxifrages, the spring flowering crocuses, scillas and chionodoxas.

FRAME-WORKING FOR IMMEDIATE CONVERSION

Changing The Variety of Fruit

By JOHNSON MONRO

THE Ministry of Agriculture are most anxious that the derelict orchards of the land should be grubbed so that the ground can be released for the production of essential foodstuffs. There are, however, orchards to which it would be difficult to apply the term "derelict," but which are, by no means, a commercial success. There is the problem, too, of the orchard or plantation that in the main is quite satisfactory, but which contains for some reason or another a fair proportion of some unsuitable variety.

No one would attempt to top graft a tree that was past its best. It is always better in such cases to grub, and if the National Farmers' Union's recommendations are carried out, an acreage grant will be available to all farmers who scrap their useless orchards. It should be possible, however, to convert varieties known to be unsuitable into profitable trees by what are known as the frame-working methods.

Such trees should be in almost full crop again in two years' time. A Wellington, for instance, which was frame-worked with Ellison's Orange, produced two years later over 200 pounds of first-class fruit. It took 150 grafts to ensure the complete change-over. It is advisable, of course, to select for the top grafting varieties which are known to do well in the district and which are popular on the market. Farmers who want further advice on this matter should consult immediately their county horticultural adviser. Not only can apples be treated, but cherries, plums and pears as well. These methods have been adopted in various parts of the world and have proved their worth. The work is best carried out in April, for it is then that the rind or bark seems to lift and run more easily.

Perhaps the simplest method is the one known as stub grafting. Here the tree to be frame-worked is cleared of all side growths except the smaller laterals which vary from ¼ to 1in. in diameter. Pieces of well ripened one year old wood, which have been cut off during the winter's pruning and heeled in the ground to keep fresh, are selected and cut (as shown in figure 2) in the form of a wedge, one side being slightly longer than the other. The lateral branch that is to receive this prepared scion should then be cut on its upper side, commencing ½in. away from the main branch and reaching down almost to the centre of the lateral. This cut is then opened by bending down the lateral, the wedge of the scion being inserted in the open cut. The lateral should then be allowed to spring back and it will grip the scion in position. It should then be cut off above the point where the graft has been inserted (as in drawing No. 3) and this is best done, perhaps, with a pair of secateurs. All the cut surfaces should then be sealed with some grafting wax.

A good formula for a grafting wax consists of 5lb. resin, 2lb. Burgundy pitch, 1½lb. tallow, 1½lb. paraffin wax, and 1½lb. Venetian red. The pitch and resin should be melted together first and the wax and 1lb. of the tallow then added, the whole being heated again and stirred. When just boiling, the saucepan should be taken off and the Venetian red should be mixed in thoroughly. The hands should then be greased with the ½lb. of tallow over, and a portion of the mixture should be poured into a basin of cold water. As it cools, it should be moulded and "kneaded" so as to ensure that all the materials are properly mixed.

Another frame-working method is that known as the porcupine or side graft. Here the grafts are prepared (as shown in figure 1) with one long cut and a short one. These grafts are not "fixed" into laterals, but are placed direct into the young branches. Therefore, when the initial preparation is taking place, all the laterals can be removed instead of certain ones being left, as advised in the case of stub grafting. The principle behind the porcupine method is to make an inverted L-shaped cut in the branches that form the frame-work and then to open up the cut thus made with the bone handle of a budding knife and push in the graft up to the end of its longest cut surface. A brad should then be driven through the flap of the bark and the scion, through to the stem, thus holding the graft firmly in position.

The brad is really a flat headed nail of 19 gauge S.W.G. and ¾in. in length. If the bark is abnormally thick, a ¾in. nail can be used instead. Brads any stouter than this should not be used because they tend to split the scion. Such a graft should be sealed with grafting wax as advised in the case of stub grafting, for it is important to prevent water from entering between the cut surface of the scion and the branch itself. To ensure that the scion does not lie along the branch at an unnatural angle and so as to make certain that it stands away from the surface of the branch, the inverted L should be made more at an angle of 150 deg. than at 90 deg. It should also be cut obliquely into the bark and thus will allow the scion to enter more easily and fit more comfortably into its new position. Drawing No. 4 shows how this cut should be made.

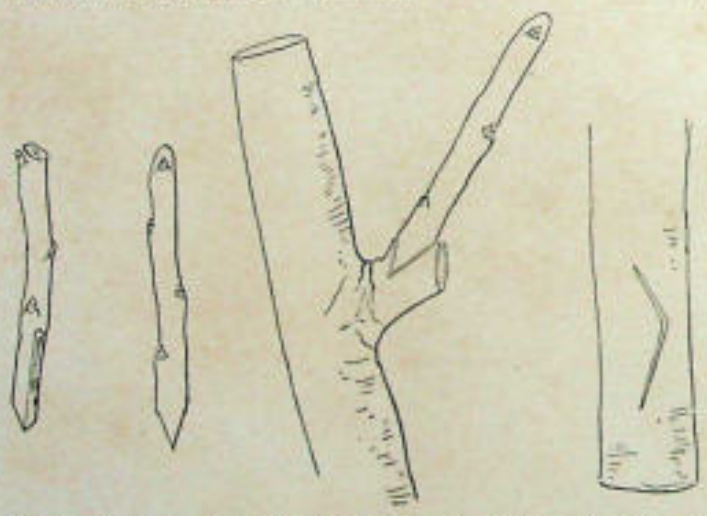


Fig. 1 *and Fig.* 2. PORCUPINE GRAFT AND STUB GRAFT PREPARED. *Fig.* 3. STUB GRAFT IN POSITION. *Fig.* 4. THE CORRECT WAY OF MAKING THE L CUT

PORCUPINE AND STUB GRAFTS BEING WAXED OVER; THE QUICKEST WAY OF CONVERTING AN ESPALIER TREE

VIRUS DISEASES IN SEED POTATOES

CERTIFICATES granted for seed potatoes in 1940 will cover virus diseases. Arrangements are now being made for the inspection of this year's crops and growers who intend to sell potatoes for planting next season are invited to apply for the inspection of their crops.

Definite identification of potato varieties can be undertaken only when the plants are in full growth, and it is essential, therefore, that applications be submitted in time for inspection before the foliage has died down. Applications in respect of early varieties should be made not later than May 15th and those for later varieties before May 31st.

Growers are recommended to adopt the following practices to secure pure and healthy stocks, but they will not be insisted upon in the initial year of the extended scheme.

1. The crops should be separated from other potato crops and from all brassica crops by a hedge, or a tall crop such as oats or beans; alternatively by a distance of at least 50yds. Nor should they be grown within 50yds. of an over-wintered brassica crop.

2. The crops should not be grown on land which has been under potatoes during the previous two years or on which potatoes have been clamped within the previous three years.

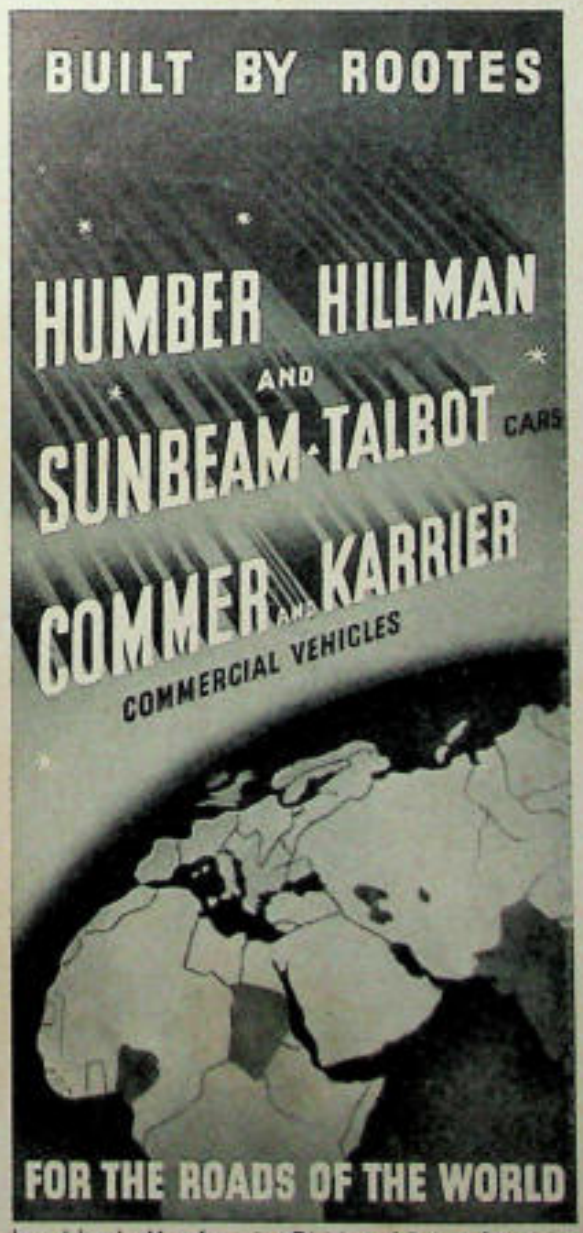
3. Rogue potatoes should be removed by digging and not by pulling.

No certificate will be issued in respect of stocks of early varieties in which bolter types predominate over the normal type, or for maincrop and late varieties in which bolter types are considered excessive.

FAT STOCK CONTROL CHANGES

A GENERAL increase of 3/- per live cwt. has been made in the prices of fat cows. New grades have also been introduced for well-finished young cows and young bulls yielding first quality beef, so that producers of these animals will obtain better prices for them. A third grade for veal calves has been introduced, at 9d. per lb. dressed carcase weight, to give the producer a fairer price for "bobbie" calves too good for manufacture and fit for the retail trade. New classes of sheep and lambs have been provided.

These readjustments of prices and grades take into account representations from fat stock sellers and should go far to meet the points raised by them. The question of bobbie calves is a difficult one because the term is often used rather loosely to denote age rather than quality, but it is hoped that the introduction of a third quality grade will meet the case. If it does not, further action could no doubt be taken.



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WASTE ON THE FARM AND IN THE FARMHOUSE

By H. C. LONG

A LETTER recently received from a Midland county inquired whether the losses from farmyard manure stored in a "heap" in the field would justify a capital expenditure of £250 in erecting a covered dung shed with liquid tank and pump. It was cheering to realise the obvious determination behind the question—that any serious loss, that would mean equivalent loss of crops and profit, must be stopped at once. If the opinion tendered leads to a building contract, one hopes that the farmer concerned will reap a good harvest for his bold handling of the problem.

Last November the Ministry of Supply issued a circular (Salvage Circular No. 1) to local authorities inviting co-operation in collecting for use certain waste or dormant materials—waste foodstuffs, bones, paper, metals, textiles, bottles and jars, broken glass, rubber materials, leather, bagging, even string and corks.

ANOTHER FORM OF WASTE: BUSHES INDICATING POOR PASTURE

In *The Times* of January 22nd it was reported that the Winchester Rural District Council had appointed a salvage committee for the collection of all waste material in the 40 parishes under its control; and it was observed that "the only articles that really are 'waste,' as nobody wants them, are discarded safety razor blades, burnt-out electric light bulbs, grease-proof paper, and coloured glass." Coloured glass, however, can be used.

It is, just now, well worth the while of all farmers and their households to devote careful attention to the prevention of waste, which in normal times prevails far more than is healthy for the pocket. There are also often items lying around that could be turned into cash without their absence being unduly felt! Looking back over the years, one remembers seeing signs of waste on farm after farm—and to some of these a few words may be devoted.

FARMYARD MANURE AND FERTILISERS.—Manure is too often merely thrown into a rough and very scattered heap, over a wide area, the edges trodden down by stock, and the wastage is heavy, owing to constituents being lost by exposure and washing. This means throwing away fertility for which the farmer has paid in hard cash in the form of crops grown and feeding stuffs purchased. An open-air dung heap should be kept compact, well formed, with levelled sloped edges, and a minimum surface exposed to washing by rain. The best plan of all, where it can possibly be arranged, is the use of a covered dung-shed, in which the material can be kept "tidy" and free from rain-washing, while the seeping liquid can be trapped in a tank for cartage to the land after dilution, or pumped over the manure as occasion demands. The liquid is rich in potash and nitrogen but contains little phosphate.

Loss of artificials may occur owing to damp storage conditions leading to waste by solution, while there is often waste of labour owing to "setting" and the need to break down lumps before distributing.

BUILDINGS.—Loss may occur owing to buildings getting into disrepair. Hay and feeding stuffs may get damp and be spoiled, and stock may suffer from cold and draughts. Low prices and farm losses have led to some buildings becoming really derelict; and this is waste on the grand scale. (See photo.). Deterioration of this kind must be averted, while derelict buildings might often be made good to serve the land around anew.

HAY, STRAW, CHAFF AND CAVINGS.—Too often in good times—and sometimes, alas, in bad times—there has been much waste of hay and cereal fodders and litter, commonly owing to the feeling that the stock "must have plenty." Hay given to stock, either under cover or in the open, should be in racks, to prevent waste. Straw, chaff and cavings must not be left long unprotected after threshing, or they will suffer great injury from the weather.

CORN, FEEDING STUFFS, ROOTS, POTATOES, FRUIT.—All these items may be wasted in ways that are preventable. Grain and feeding stuffs may sometimes suffer loss from wet, if badly stored; while rats and mice may destroy them under cover, or, as all know, when grain is in stack. Roots and potatoes are at times badly stored in the grave or pie, and may be injured by wet or frost; they also need regular oversight to prevent rat infestation. Stored apples also are readily lost unless they are in a dry place protected from frost.

METAL WASTE, &C.—On farms everywhere may be seen dumps of "old iron"—horseshoes, plough parts, broken hoes and forks, worn-out parts of machinery, even old implements and machinery not regarded as any longer serviceable. This old iron must not be left unused—it can all be collected and re-converted, as the Director of Salvage suggested in a recent broadcast, into tools, implements, machinery, tractors, tanks, guns and shells. In the aggregate the quantity lying unused must be enormous, and it should go to the factories again.

Metal waste other than iron should be kept separate. A trial collection is being made in two counties. Incidentally, in one instance in Yorkshire, expert advice led to the scrapping of an ancient horizontal engine that consumed fuel at an alarmingly uneconomic rate, and its replacement by a modern engine, properly installed, to drive the barn machinery. The "old iron" brought in £50, and there was considerably improved efficiency, even on a capital expenditure of £700 or more.

CARE OF MACHINERY.—Too often there is excessive and needless depreciation of machinery owing to neglect. Machinery that is used at a special time of year only—hay making, root cleaning, harvest—should be well cleaned, oiled and greased before storage, which should be under cover, dry and clean. Breakages and replacements should not be left until the last moment before the machinery is next required, or there may be added waste—of time, and perhaps a crop, while waiting. Binder twine should be kept dry, and where rats and mice will not damage it. Horses, as well as tractors and some other machinery, should be kept fully employed by the owner or on neighbouring land; that is the most economic and least wasteful method of use.

DISEASE OF CROPS AND STOCK.—Neglect is still frequently the cause of extensive loss of animals, although, for many years past, the Veterinary Department of the Ministry of Agriculture has waged a war of prevention against disease throughout the land, just as the plant pathological service has been concerned in the campaign against injurious insects and fungi. Farmers may prevent much waste from these causes by acting quickly when first symptoms appear.

DRAINAGE.—Labour and seed may easily be wasted because land is badly drained, the crop being small or even ruined. It has been officially estimated that "there are over 200,000 acres of land urgently in need of land drainage for which there is no drainage authority at all, or none but a Catchment Board," while "many thousands of acres are in need of mole drainage to put them into good heart." Further provision is to be made to assist land drainage, and farmers should take full advantage of any help they can secure, through their county agricultural committee.

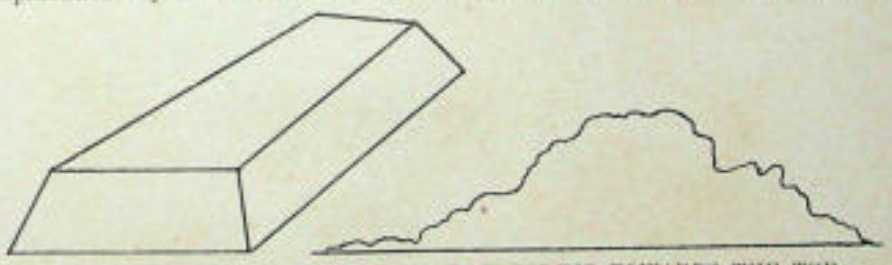
CORNERS OF FIELDS.—On thousands of farms there are untended and uncultivated "awkward corners" of fields that should now be made to contribute to the national larder—and the farmer's pocket. If need be, they might become allotments, or be "straightened out" with the next field.

WEEDS.—Excess of weeds may cause a loss of 25 to 75 or even 100 per cent. of a crop. Every possible step should be taken to avoid waste in this way.

FOXES AND PHEASANTS.—It is specially necessary to guard against losses of poultry from the depredations of foxes; and loss due to pheasants has been recognised by the provision that the birds may be shot this year until February 29th instead of January 31st.

WHAT THE FARMHOUSE CAN DO.—The household itself can do quite valuable work in preventing waste. Since it has been said that some 10,000 tons of paper are used in connection with Christmas alone, it is obvious that there is scope for preventing the waste of this material—the supply of which is now to be reduced generally by 40 per cent. Newspapers should be in separate bundles, and all other clean waste paper, cardboard, cartons and cardboard boxes—even cigarette cartons—can go together into sacks for reconversion.

Tins may go as scrap metal; tin-foil from all sources is very valuable; all broken metal utensils should be saved; as also bottles and jars of all kinds; cotton and woollen waste materials; bones may be picked over by poultry; but should be retained for collection and conversion into glue, fats and phosphatic fertiliser; and sacks of all sizes and kinds should be put to proper use or be passed elsewhere.



Left: A WELL-MADE MANURE HEAP, TAPERING TOWARDS THE TOP.
Right: ROUGH AND UNTIDY HEAP WITH LARGE SURFACE EXPOSED TO RAIN

It is hardly necessary to note that on most farms all household vegetable and food waste goes to pigs or poultry—but "wash" containing salt or soda should not be used in this way. Garden trimmings should go into the manure heap, or be converted into compost. Firewood, coal and coke should be used without waste of cinders, whilst old rubber tyres, broken or discarded furniture, broken glass, wooden boxes and cases, left-off clothing—all may be utilised in one way or another.

DERELICT FARM BUILDINGS ARE AN OBVIOUS WASTE

WAR FARMING NOTE No. 10 MARCH 1940

issued by IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

WE MUST AIM FOR GOOD HAY CROPS

The hay crop is always important, but never more so than this year when stocks are low, feeding stuffs are scarce and dear, and there is a smaller acreage under grass. If good yields of hay can be secured in sound condition, we shall be able to face next winter's feeding with far greater confidence.

It is easy to obtain high yields of hay by manuring, but that is not everything. We must also aim to get "very good" instead of "average" hay.

Very good hay will supply enough food to produce a gallon of milk or add 1 lb. live-weight per day to a fattening beast, but average hay can only be used for maintenance—it has not sufficient feeding value to yield milk or meat.

This difference in quality of hay can mean a saving of up to 7 tons of concentrated food in the winter feeding of a herd of 30, or of £2 to £3 on each cow.

In order to get high yields, only one thing remains to be done—apply fertilizers in April. Except where land has been dunged or is in really good heart, use a fertilizer containing nitrogen and phosphates, such as a mixture of 1½ cwt. sulphate of ammonia and 4 cwt. superphosphate per acre. Even though the land has been dunged or is already in good heart, apply 1½-2 cwt. sulphate of ammonia or "Nitro-Chalk."

This treatment will not only increase yields on the average by about 14 cwt. an acre, but it will produce very good hay of far better feeding value, providing the crop can be cut before becoming too ripe.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

PLAYING THEIR PART

Farmers Deserve Well of the Country

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

ALTHOUGH many townsfolk seem to think that the Government is lavishing money on the agricultural community regardlessly, and that each guaranteed price, each subsidy and each improvement, such as grants for mole drainage and the agricultural requisites, spell big profits for the farming industry, those who live by, with and from the land know only too well that such is not the case.

Only those who have farmed—especially those who have farmed in time of war—can realise the trials, disappointments and difficulties that beset the average tiller of the soil or the live stock breeder and feeder. I maintain emphatically that farmers are playing their part, and are doing for their country work as noble and as searching (so far as trials are concerned) as any other part of His Majesty's Defence Forces.

There has been a lot of loose talk about the ease with which grassland can be broken up and a paying crop sown. Granted that an experienced arable farmer knows full well how to plough up grassland, and how to cultivate it and grow a crop, yet how many of the men called upon to plough their pastures have had any experience of such work? Very few; for grass, and still more grass, has been the order of the day well-nigh ever since 1922.

It is one thing to break up land, and quite another to grow a crop on it. So many, not accustomed to arable land cultivation, have either tried to do the work themselves or have employed contractors of great or less skill in cultivations. Thus, anyone who is well experienced in the cultivation of land can tell at a glance whether land has been ploughed correctly or whether it has not. All too often the advice to get the turf well buried has been neglected, with the result that, when the cereal crop had been sown and had come up, plenty of grass growing up through the furrows could be seen.

Correct depths of ploughing, the use of the skim coulter, the furrow presser, and the after-harrowing and rolling of the land are all skilled operations, not so much in their doing as in the knowing *when* to do them, and in what order, with thought for future weather. You can easily spoil a crop by rolling when harrowing was necessary, or vice versa, and only experience and knowledge of the land can help here.

To-day everything, apparently, hinges on the plough, and whether farmers can grow sufficient feeding stuffs for their live stock to make them to a much greater degree independent of imported feeding stuffs. And this is the right policy; but at the same time, when making orders to plough, the individual case of each farm must be assessed, if the best is to be got out of the programme. Some pasture must be preserved, and it is to be hoped sincerely that reason will prevail as regards the ultimate values of grass and arable land to provide the food for man and beast, which is the aim of the Government.

Now is the chance to balance agriculture, and it should be seized, and a lasting programme of building up a really profitable agriculture must be our aim.

Meanwhile oat sowing is going on apace, and as I pen these lines I can see, on the horizon, a tractor plough ploughing in good farmyard dung for the sugar beet crop. Harrows are rattling merrily in a field not so far away, and here, after a quaguire of mud following on folding sheep on roots, a good tilth is being established in preparation for barley. I don't think the control of ordinary feeding oats and the leaving out of seed oats has pleased many farmers, or corn merchants for that matter, and the difference between prices has caused a lot of heart-burning. On the other side of the picture, some merchants who have bought up seed oats at high prices may get left with them on their hands, and so be compelled to sell at feeding oat prices.

I was talking to a farmer recently who has a good-sized dairy herd, and he told me that he was disappointed at the prices he received for his "bobby" calves under the grading scheme. He reckoned that he only got just about half the price he had obtained for them before control came on, and, as he was in the habit of breeding really good class calves, he was now holding on to his heifer calves and only selling his bull "bobbies." Calves kept a few weeks and fed reasonably well were fetching just about as much as they used to do, but the majority of dairy farmers were accustomed to sell their bobbies very soon after birth, and getting quite a good price too. Some weeks ago I mentioned that farmers were far from satisfied with the calf position, and I find it is just the same to-day.

Just one more grouse. Farmers tell me that while they get paid in good time for bullocks and sheep they sell, for some unaccountable reason they have to wait a very long time for any money due to them on pigs, and they do not consider this very good business, especially as most of them think the pig industry has been very hardly let down.

So far as I can gather, lambing this season has been like the curate's egg—good in parts. In the same county I have heard of flocks that have an exceptional number of twins, and others where the flockmaster will not come out of the yard with a lamb to a ewe. Chief losses have been in the arable flocks, and I, who have been an apostle of arable sheep for over 35 years, commencing with Hampshire Downs on Salisbury Plain, to Southdowns and Dorset Horns in Sussex and Dorset, am beginning to wonder what will be the future of these sheep.

True, we cannot ever hope, adequately, to replace them as fertilising agents on the land, but, after all, the cost of providing keep, the expense of shepherding and folding them, and the lambing experiences of this year, although exceptional, make one wonder what the future will bring forth. The control and rationing schemes are all against small breeds, yet these were the breeds that flourished in normal times, so reflecting the taste of the average consumer.

Yes, these are most difficult times, and it takes a vigorous mind and grim determination to carry on. Still, there are compensations, and I shall always remember the saying of an old downland shepherd to me after he had been complaining of all his hard work. "Well, master," he said, "when I gets out on they Downs early in the morning, with the dew lying white on 'em, an' the lark a-singing 'way up in the blue sky, and you can smell the good land under your feet, and the wind is a-playing in the grasses, I thinks God must be very near I then."

THE L.S.D. OF FORESTRY—II

By REGINALD DAVEY

IN most cases it is small comfort to an owner to be told that, when sold in 80 or 160 years' time, a plantation will return the cost of planting plus 5½ or 2½ per cent. compound interest. What the owner desires to know is the effect within his own lifetime. Does he gain in any way, financially or otherwise, by planting?

So far as finance is concerned, the previous crop will in most cases realise at least £30 per acre, which will provide a fund for paying for the planting. But it is a fund that can be diverted to other uses, and will be, if the owner is not sure that planting is sound finance.

On the cost side, it was explained last week that, if death duties are payable, the cost of planting is a permitted deduction; that, in any case, by placing the plantation under Schedule D of income tax, the owner can recover income tax and surtax on the planting cost. In addition, the Forestry Commission still give grants of £3 per acre for oak and ash, and £2 per acre for other approved species. So that the cost of planting can at least be divided by two.

But the owner will desire to see some immediate benefit. Supposing he undertook no planting, and so did not manage his woods in a commercial manner, but merely as amenity and coverts for pheasants. In the case of a 1,000-acre estate with 300 acres of woodland he would have perhaps a single woodman, who would keep the place tidy and the rides trimmed out, for the sake of appearances and the shooting.

The outlay each year for wages and sundries would be in the region of £150, and timber sales might repay the odd £50, leaving a deficit of £100 each year. Supposing commercial forestry is to be undertaken, the staff would be increased to three men, possibly two permanent, and the equivalent of one man in casual labour during the rush periods. With young trees and tools the annual outlay would be increased to £350 per annum. If a 60-year conifer rotation is decided upon, the owner might aim to clear fell and replant 5 acres a year. To meet expenses, it is obvious that the average crop of timber in the woods must exceed £70 per acre.

From what was said last week, it is clear that this value is about half or one-quarter of what can be anticipated in future years, but it is on the high side of private woodlands generally. On one estate of this size the crops standing averaged £50 per acre, so that a debit balance of £100 would be expected each year, until the first planted areas reached maturity. Then, assuming an average crop of £150 per acre, the net income would be £400 a year.

For the present, the owner is not, in this example, out of pocket. He is in exactly the same position as if he had neglected the woods. But is he? In the first example his annual running costs were £100, and there is the end of it. Under commercial forestry he can elect to place the whole woodlands under Schedule D, and recover income tax and surtax on the loss of £100, thereby dividing it, in most cases, at least by two.

That is a very satisfactory result, showing, as it does, that the expense of planting may be an investment reducing the present running costs of the woodlands. And the principle can be applied to any woodlands, almost invariably with a similar result. It is only necessary to reduce the scale of operations so as to bring the expenses within the influence of the value of the standing crop of timber.

This is not the only benefit of planting. Coverts lose their value if allowed to get overgrown. A dense growth of trees tends to suppress the desired ground vegetation. Over-maturing of coppice has the same result, leading to a bare and draughty floor.

From an amenity point of view, planting is essential. If the crop is cleared for replanting when it is mature, and not allowed to waste, then both the owner's pocket and the appearance of the estate will benefit.

HOME GROWN TIMBER INCREASES IN IMPORTANCE IN VIEW OF RESTRICTED IMPORTS

THE SCOPE OF THE DIESEL ENGINE IN ROAD TRANSPORT

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE other day a reader of the *Field* asked me to give him the address of a manufacturer who might be able to fit a Diesel engine into his 16 h.p. car. I told him that F. Perkins, Ltd., Queen Street, Peterborough, might be able to do the job, but I did not add that in my opinion the cost and trouble entailed by the changeover would not be worthwhile. For presumably the motorist imagined that he would effect some economy in fuel by using a Diesel engine. True, the price of fuel oil is 1/5 a gallon in England, but, as the ration is only two-thirds of that allowed for petrol, the net gain is negligible from a motoring point of view. That does not mean, however, that the Diesel-engined private car will never be a popular proposition, and, indeed, had not this war broken out, the pioneer record-breaking feats of Captain G. E. T. Eyston on a car of this type would have directed much more attention to its possibilities, advantages and admitted economy.

The Diesel or compression ignition engine (C.I. for short) is already firmly established as the power unit used on many commercial vehicles, motor buses and railcars. It is also standard equipment on submarines, and even on largish ships. Experiments, too, have been made with a view to its use on aircraft, where the comparative immunity of the oil fuel from fire is an important consideration. But it is the Diesel's much greater thermal efficiency, when compared with that of the petrol engine, that has seen its successful invasion of the above-named spheres of activity. Especially is this the case where commercial vehicles are concerned. Their annual mileage is not only much greater than that of the average private car, but the total weight they carry is also much higher. As both these factors have a direct bearing on fuel consumption, the superior economy of the Diesel is of the greatest importance.

The working of a Diesel engine is not very different from that of its petrol-driven rival. In the latter an electric spark is used to ignite the compressed mixture of petrol and air aspirated from the carburettor. In the Diesel a carefully metered and minute quantity of fuel oil is injected by a pump into a very highly compressed volume of air at a moment when the piston is near the top of the stroke, and the air is so hot owing to its compression that the fuel oil is ignited and thus provides the power stroke. So in the four-stroke type it means that the carburettor and ignition apparatus of the petrol engine are replaced by a fuel pump and nozzle on the Diesel. Both types of engine are otherwise generally similar, and employ inlet and exhaust valves as well as pistons of normal design; but, owing to the greater pressures necessary in the Diesel design, this type of engine is somewhat heavier than its petrol counterpart.

Diesel engines also run on the two-stroke principle, a practice that, as far as the petrol engine is concerned, is generally confined to small power units varying from 1 to 10 h.p. Incidentally, most of the lowest-powered types of motor bicycle are fitted with two-stroke engines of about a tenth of a litre in capacity, the most popular engine of this type being the Villiers. Now, in a two-stroke engine every down stroke of the piston is a power stroke, whereas in a four-stroke unit only every other down stroke delivers power. It might, therefore, be imagined that a two-stroke, giving twice the number of impulses as a four-stroke, would provide twice the power; but in practice, owing to certain losses inherent to the design, this is not the case.

A two-stroke engine takes its mixture into the crankcase, which is made airtight, and on the downward, *i.e.*, power stroke of the piston transfers it into the cylinder by ports in the walls uncovered by the piston. At the same time the exhaust gas is passed out of the cylinder by ports in the walls also uncovered by the piston. To prevent, as far as is possible, the mixing of the clean incoming charge with the spent exhaust gases, the head of the piston is provided with a deflector plate, the function of which is to keep the used and unused gases apart.

In a two-stroke engine employing the Diesel principle the admission of air and the exhausting of the used charge may be controlled by a sleeve valve, and the air may be taken direct into the cylinder instead of into the crankcase. Towards the end of the air-compression period, on the up stroke of the piston the fuel oil is injected into the head, where it is fired as on the four-stroke type by the heat of the highly-compressed air. And here, by way of a simple illustration, the example of the heat generated in the end of an ordinary bicycle pump when the pressure increases may be quoted.

In the Diesel two-stroke it is easier to provide efficient scavenging of the spent gas by means of fresh air discharged from a rotary blower or scavenge pump, in which case it does not make any difference if some of the air is lost through the exhaust ports. Another point in favour of this design, when compared with the petrol-driven two-stroke, is that, as ignition does not take place until the air is compressed in the combustion chamber, no fuel can be lost.

A point that will naturally occur to the petrol-minded motorist is how to start up the Diesel. It has been stated already that a very high compression is used with this type of engine, and as a matter of fact compressions of 15 or 16 to 1 are as common as the 5 to 6 to 1 ratio of the petrol engine. Starting up, however, has been facilitated in a number of ways. There is the electric starter employing two 12-volt batteries in series in conjunction with an automatic switch which, when the engine starts, disconnects the starter motor and connects the batteries in parallel, so that they can be used for the lamps and charging the 12-volt dynamo.

In some cases, too, provision is made for starting by hand. Here a decompressor is used after the manner of the fitting often found on motor bicycles. Its effect is to raise the exhaust valve off its seat and thus, by reducing the compression, to allow the engine to be rotated more rapidly and easily. As soon as the engine fires, the compression release is put out of action. Other methods of starting up use compressed air, a device called an impulse starter, which is also employed on aero engines, and another fitting termed a heater plug.

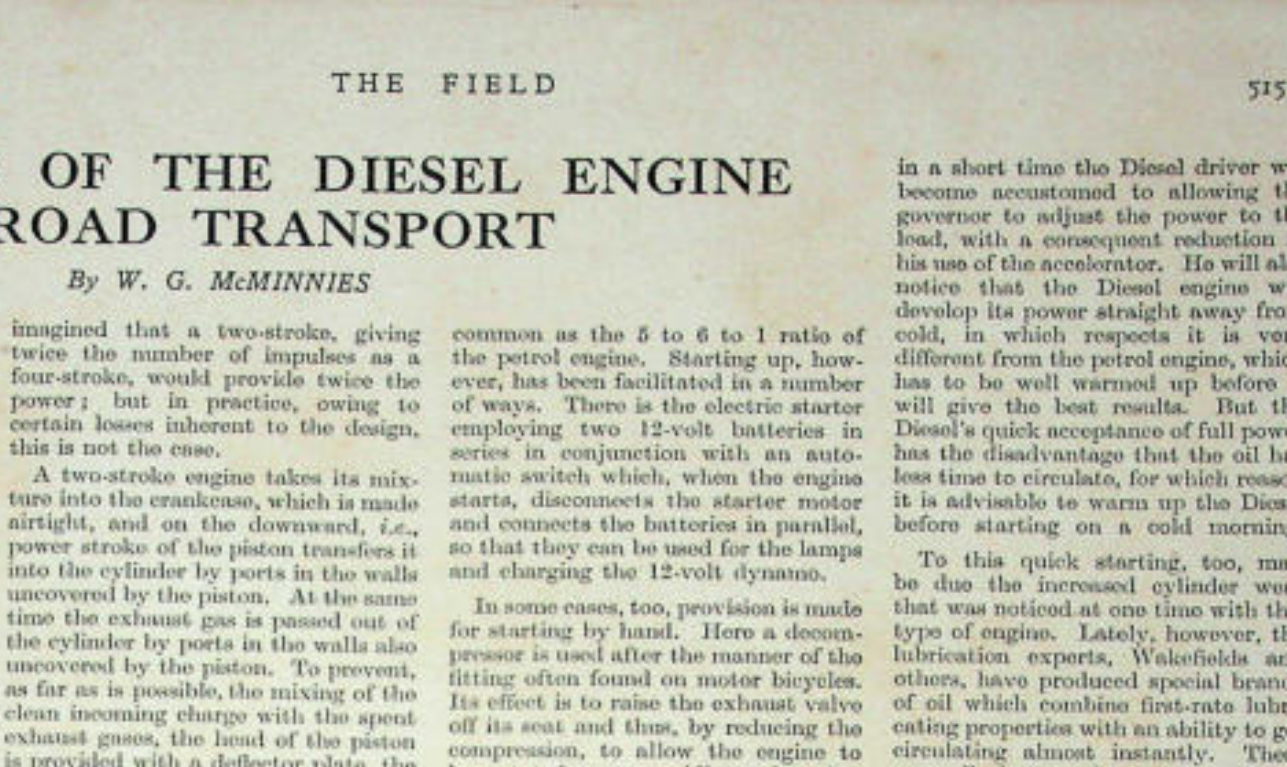
The driving of a Diesel-engined vehicle presents no special difficulties. While it is not as responsive or lively as a petrol-engined machine, it possesses the power to "hang on" to a much greater degree, and in this respect more closely resembles the flexibility associated with steam propulsion. A Diesel engine also runs and develops its power at a much lower number of revolutions than a petrol engine, 1,000–2,000 r.p.m. being a fair figure for the former, which compares with 4,000, 5,000 or even more on some of the most efficient types of petrol-engined cars. For these reasons gear changes on a Diesel-engined vehicle are made at a lower engine speed, and there is no need to rev up the engine during the operation.

Another difference in driving technique is caused by the fact that the Diesel engine is fitted with a governor. Should the driver let in the clutch suddenly the governor instantly adjusts the fuel supply to meet with the unexpected overload, thus obviating any tendency of the engine to labour as would occur under similar conditions were the driver of a petrol engine to keep his throttle too far open. Thus in a short time the Diesel driver will become accustomed to allowing the governor to adjust the power to the load, with a consequent reduction in his use of the accelerator. He will also notice that the Diesel engine will develop its power straight away from cold, in which respects it is very different from the petrol engine, which has to be well warmed up before it will give the best results. But the Diesel's quick acceptance of full power has the disadvantage that the oil has less time to circulate, for which reason it is advisable to warm up the Diesel before starting on a cold morning.

To this quick starting, too, may be due the increased cylinder wear that was noticed at one time with this type of engine. Lately, however, the lubrication experts, Wakefields and others, have produced special brands of oil which combine first-rate lubricating properties with an ability to get circulating almost instantly. These new oils have reduced cylinder and bearing wear very considerably, besides achieving a higher degree of oil-consumption economy.

The most important unit on a Diesel engine is the fuel pump and its metering arrangements. They require care in maintenance and the greatest accuracy in manufacture, for it is their function to inject at the correct moment a tiny blob of oil into the engine many hundreds of times every minute. And then it must be remembered that each cylinder must have its equal share. The pressure at which the oil is injected through the nozzle or sprayer, which takes the place of the ordinary sparking plug, varies from 1,000lb.–7,000lb. in some engines. The fuel is thus divided into the finest particles, and by mixture with the air and evaporisation forms the explosive charge.

With so much in its favour, it may be asked why the Diesel engine has not been developed more for use on private motor cars. On the Continent several Diesel-engined cars, and even a Diesel-engined motor bicycle, have made their appearance, while in this country a few cars using this system have appeared from time to time in motoring competitions. It is quite possible that when normal times return the undoubted fuel economy and high thermal efficiency peculiar to the type will focus attention again on its possibilities in connection with private motor cars.



TRANSPORT CONTRAST: A VAUXHALL CAR AND A "ONE-DONKEY POWER" MODEL ON A BYWAY IN IRELAND

THE BYZANTINE CHURCH AT MISTRIA, THE MONASTERY ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE SPARTA

A JOURNEY THROUGH GREECE

By A. HYATT KING

TWO principal ways of reaching Greece in normal times are by sea from the west or by train from the north. The voyage from Brindisi down the coast of Epirus, past the islands of Corfu and Zante and through the Corinth canal to the Pireus is full of interest and takes about two days. The train journey is not so long. The line branches off at Nish, in Yugoslavia, from the main Simplon-Orient route to Istanbul, and from Larissa southwards runs through magnificent scenery. It winds down the valley of Tempé, and crosses the mountains round the plains of Boeotia by some fine pieces of engineering. But somehow it is more exciting to step off a boat at the Pireus than to get out of the train in the rather dingy station at Athens.

The Pireus is the largest port and the second largest town in Greece. It is as symmetrically laid out as Turin, or Munich, and its three spacious harbours are up to date in their equipment. But the streets round the quays are ancient and narrow, filled all day with a clamorous, jostling crowd of idlers, sailors, touts, beggars and merchants. Many are the hucksters who try to sell goods to travellers: beads, rugs, antiques, stamps, gaudy slippers, sponges, and scores of other articles. The sponges are usually good and cheap, the rest are neither.

Nearly every street contains a stall market. The food displayed always includes quantities of black pudding, dried cuttle-fish and small octopi—delicacies of the Greeks from time mnemorial—from which the aroma permeates neighbouring stalls and shops. Not even Marseilles can equal the din and odours of the streets in the Pireus.

It is a sudden change indeed to step out of this almost medieval atmosphere into the electric train, clean and efficient, which runs up to Athens in a few minutes. All over the city one finds that meeting of East and West which makes this part of the Mediterranean so colourful and interesting. Among edifices of bright marble with strictly classical porticoes and pediments, run very noisy trams and taxis directed by excitable policemen who stand on little wooden boxes and blow piercing whistles. Their uniform is grey and drab, and looks rather insignificant beside the gay blouses and white frilly skirts of the tall Evzones, the guards posted at the Royal palace and other State buildings.

The fashionable streets and squares are thronged with a remarkable variety of types and nationalities. In the Zappeion, a very pleasant open-air concert hall with fine public gardens, Greeks rub elbows with Turks, Syrians and Armenians, the flowing robes of Jews and Albanians stand out against the more sober attire of many Western Europeans. The babel of tongues that greets the ears is as diverse as the styles of architecture that delight the eye. For in the course of centuries Greeks, Romans, of the Republic and the Empire, Byzantines, Venetians and Turks have all lavished their art on the city. In many odd corners, and especially round the Acropolis, one comes across surviving fragments ingeniously built in to newer structures.

Yet nature has given Athens one unifying feature, so beautiful that no words can do it justice—the violet light that floods the plain of Attica at sunset, on many a clear evening throughout the year. The slanting rays fall on the deep blue waters of the Bay of Salamis, and are reflected on to the purple slopes of Mount Hymettus. Softened and purified, the light suffuses the stately temples on the Acropolis, the Byzantine churches, the white walls and roofs of the great city, and for a brief space everything is bathed in a rich unity of colour. This violet light is, and always will be, one of the most entrancing sights in Athens, even as it was in the days of Pindar, who sang of "glorious Athens, violet crowned."

It is in keeping with the paradoxical character of modern Greece that motor travel should be so cheap and so much used on roads that are, save in and around the few big cities, shockingly bad. In Athens, where the cost of living on the choicest of Greek wine and food is low, a good car can be hired for about £1 a day to visit any place within forty miles. One of the most repaying journeys is that to Cape Sunium, the southernmost point of Attica.

From the slag-heaps of the famous silver mines of Laurium, a mile or so from the coast, one can see fourteen white columns, rising gaunt against the sky. They stand on a lofty promontory, and are all that remains of a temple of Poseidon, at which Athenian sailors used to make offerings for safe voyaging. The view across the Aegean to the shadowy hills of the Peloponnese is most attractive. Up past the narrows of the Euripus rise the wooded slopes of the mountains in Euboea, and westwards the sea is dotted with many green islands, the outer part of the Cyclades.

Further north along the coast of Attica is Marathon, another very beautiful district and easily reached by car from Athens. The famous battlefield is now a great marsh, bright with patches of tamarisk bushes. In the hills behind lies the Marathon dam, recently built to ensure Attica's water supply. Its dazzling walls are of the same Pentelic marble as the columns of the Parthenon, and all round in the spring the air is fragrant with perfume from the blossoms of many shrubs.

A long journey by car in the remoter parts of Greece is often an adventurous affair, for garages are few on the rough roads, which are often flooded early in the year, and this makes necessary a detour over ploughed fields and ditches. From Athens to Delphi, for instance, it is little over a hundred miles, but it takes from ten to twelve hours. The road becomes really interesting when it leaves the coast and climbs northwards over the range of Cithæron. From the summit of the pass the snows of Mount Olympus are visible far away in Thessaly. Giddy hairpin bends lead down over the plain of Platea to Thebes, and beyond Chæronea the country becomes very lonely.

The surface of the road is so full of potholes that any speed over fifteen miles per hour is dangerous. And it is not unusual for a car to be attacked by fierce dogs or eagles, which regard it as some strange animal invading their domain. The road has to run along the whole length of Mount Parnassus, for there are no passes over the snow and rocks, and only after passing Levadia (reputed to be the wettest town in Greece), is it possible to turn south and join the road which British troops made in 1917 up to Thessalonika from Itea on the Corinthian Gulf.

The way to Delphi branches off a few miles from the coast. More hairpin bends wind up to the modern village of Kastri, with its excellent hotel of the Pythian Apollo, perched on a shelf 2,000ft. high, and overlooking the sea of olive groves in the Pleistus valley below. It is a place unmatched for grandeur in all Greece. When the French excavated the site, they had the whole village which concealed it rebuilt round a bend in the road, leaving the theatre, the stadium, the sacred way with its fallen shrines, in peace and seclusion beneath the great mountain wall.

Away to the south in the Peloponnese roads are still worse, but a strong walker who hires a good guide with a mule for carrying food and camping equipment, can reach many beautiful and otherwise almost inaccessible spots, such as the falls of the Styx on the black precipices of Mount Chelmus, or the limestone plateau in the mountains of Arcadia, with its mysterious underground rivers. It is well worth a little discomfort to sleep, where possible, in humble inns, and be welcomed in peasants' cottages and share their potent wines and cheeses. For in this way one can visit many splendid monuments of a past civilisation which present so great a contrast to the primitive simplicity of the present. On the fertile alluvial plain of the River Eurotas slow oxen draw ploughs of the same pattern which has been used for countless generations.

The ghostly asphodel grows plentifully bordering the fields here where Sparta lies, dominated by the snow range of Taygetus. At last, after centuries of decay, the little town is beginning to grow rapidly and prosper. Through eucalyptus trees and citrus groves a path leads up to the monastery of Mistra, on the mountain-side where the domes of Byzantine churches lie half-hidden by tall grasses in the shade of cypresses. Here are some very fine wall paintings and mosaics of the best period of Byzantine art. To the north east, nearer the sea, is Epidaurus, in a region rich in shrubs and wild flowers, especially the oleander and varieties of orchis. The latter grow all over the grass in the stadium and in the orchestra of the great theatre; the cracks in the soaring tiers of seats are full of other exquisite blooms.

This valley is as fertile as a nearby one is barren, the stony, sombre glens where the kings of Mycenæ and Tiryns built their huge fortresses and beehive tombs, looking towards the gulf of Nauplia.

Bands of gipsies can sometimes be found camping near the massive postems or in the shelter of the outer ramparts. They huddle round their smoky fires at the ruined hearths of palaces whose walls, plated with silver and burnished gold, shone with the light of festal torches thirty-five centuries ago. In several of the lower hills nearby the kings of Mycenæ built magnificent tombs for themselves. Passage ways lined with stone blocks lead up to domed chambers, the biggest of which, in the so-called tomb of Agamemnon, is nearly 40ft. high. The slab above its doorway weighs over one hundred tons. Under it, golden crested hoopoes (the king of Greek birds) flash in and out, while high up in the dark dome an invisible swarm of bees drones an incessant dirge for the shade of Agamemnon, "King of Men."

The modern traveller finds the names of this Royal line perpetuated in an hotel not far away, called "Belle Hélène," kept by one Menelaus, whose son is named Orestes. And so it is all over Greece. Past history, whether of the Heroic Age, the age of Pericles, or the long rule of the Mussulmans, is linked with the present in many unexpected ways. Even in lonely monasteries, where the benighted wayfarer is always welcome, the rites of the Church have grown out of an adaptation of some local legends of classical antiquity.

Yet a wide knowledge of history and archæology is not necessary for the enjoyment of a holiday in Greece, although they can be a source of pleasure for a mind and eye attracted by such associations. Nor is it essential to speak modern Greek, for French is widely understood. The country is at its best in the spring, before the end of May, when the heat is not excessive, and there are few clouds to mar the beauty of this land of radiant colour and light.

BRIDGE

COVERING AN HONOUR

By GEORGE F. HERVEY

"COVER an honour with an honour" is a maxim that has been derived from whist. At whist where there is no exposed dummy, the maxim is sound, although even then there are exceptions; but at bridge, where there is an exposed dummy—so that the player can always see what lies behind the honour when it is led from dummy, and what lies in front of it when it is led from declarer's hand—the maxim must be modified to read: "Cover an honour with an honour only when you can see an advantage to be gained by so doing."

Now the question of covering with an Ace need not concern us; for this resolves itself into a question of whether it is necessary to win the trick or not. Again, it never pays to cover a 10; for there is no possible distribution whereby covering a 10 can gain an advantage. In any case the maxim was never intended to apply to the 10, since, at whist, the 10 is not an honour. Therefore, the only question to discuss is whether to cover a Queen with a King, or a Jack with a Queen or King.

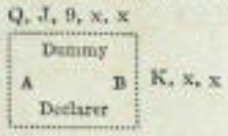
By far the most effective way to learn when and when not to cover is to lay out the cards of a suit and try out the various combinations that can be held. It is, however, a laborious process, and for those who, like the present writer, are lazy, the easiest way is to learn the following rules.

1. *Don't cover when you hold more cards in the suit than dummy.*

This rule needs no explanation.

2. *Don't cover when the lead is from a sequence.*

If, for example, the distribution of a suit is:—



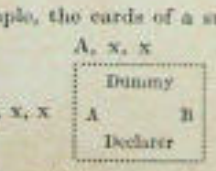
and dummy leads the Queen, then B should not cover with the King; for there is no way of distributing the other cards of the suit between declarer and A whereby playing the King on the Queen will gain an advantage. But, of course, if dummy's Queen wins, and the Jack is then led, B should cover with the King, because then the lead is no longer from a sequence.

If, however, B holds K, x only, the rule should be broken and the Queen covered; for in this case the danger of not covering is that, at the next trick, the Jack may not be led, but a low card, and the declarer will then make every trick in the suit.

The rule applies with equal force if A holds K, x, x and declarer leads the Queen; for no good player leads the Queen unless supported by the Jack, and, therefore, it may be assumed that the declarer has led from a sequence.

3. *Don't cover a Jack when third player holds only one honour.*

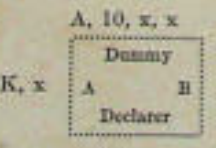
If, for example, the cards of a suit lie:—



and declarer leads the Jack, A should not cover. It is impossible to place the remaining cards of the suit so that covering with the Queen will be advantageous. And if A holds Q, x only, there is still no advantage to be gained by covering, since the Queen is doomed and covering will not assist partner.

The principle remains unchanged if A holds K, x, x or K, x. There is nothing to be gained by covering the Jack. If B holds the Queen nothing can prevent A and B from making a trick in the suit, and if B does not hold the Queen the King is doomed.

This rule applies only when third player holds one honour and one honour only. But if, for example, the cards lie:—



and declarer leads the Jack, then, as the third player (dummy) holds more than one honour, A should cover with the King; for, unless declarer is false-carding, B holds the Queen and the play of the King will establish that card. If declarer is making a false lead then A's King is doomed. Therefore A must cover and hope for the best.

The rule applies with equal force if the Jack is led from dummy and B has to decide whether to cover or not. B should cover if the play indicates that the declarer (third player) holds more than one honour.

There remains for consideration the question of covering partner's honour. This applies when partner has led an honour, when dummy has played low, and when you, as third player hold a higher honour. The general rule is to play your honour in order not to block partner's suit. For example: If partner leads the Queen, dummy holds x, x, and you hold A, x, x; then you should play the Ace on partner's Queen. The King is with the declarer, and, therefore, it must win, and by playing the Ace you unblock for partner, who has led either from Q, J, 10, &c., or Q, J, 9, &c.

There are, however, five exceptions to covering the honour led by partner:—

1. If partner leads King, dummy holds J, x, x, and you hold A, x, x or more.

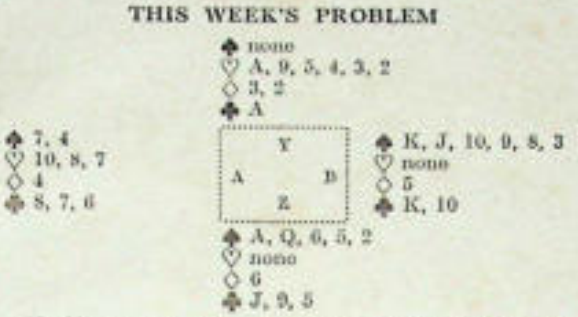
2. If partner leads Queen, dummy holds 10, x, x, and you hold K, x, x or more.

3. If partner leads Queen, dummy holds K, x, x, and you hold A, x, x or more.

4 and 5. If partner leads Jack, dummy holds Q, x, x, and you hold K, x, x, or more, or A, x, x or more.

In these five cases, if dummy plays low, you should not cover your partner's honour, since, by so doing, a trick would be sacrificed to no purpose. But in all other cases you should play your honour on partner's led honour.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



No Trumps. Z to lead and Z and Y to win seven tricks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Z leads 3 ◇, A wins with A ◇, and Y discards 10 ♣.

VARIATION I.

If A leads a ♣, Y wins and B discards 3 ♡.

Y leads 3 ♣, and Z wins two tricks in the suit. On the second round of ♣ A is squeezed; for if he discards a ♠ he establishes Y's 7 ♠, and if he discards a ♡ he establishes Y's three ♡'s.

VARIATION II.

If A leads a ♡, Y wins.

Y wins K ♣, and B discards 5 ♡.

Y leads 3 ♣, and play continues as in Variation I.

CHESS

A POWERFUL ATTACK

The following game, from the match between Dr. Euwe and Dr. Landau last October, shows a powerful attack by the former.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	13. Q takes P, ch	K to Q sq (g)
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	14. P to K 5	R to K sq (h)
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	15. Q to R 3	B takes Kt (i)
4. Kt to B 3	P takes P	16. P takes Kt	B to Kt 5 (j)
5. P to Q R 4	B to B 4	17. P takes P	B to Q 3 (k)
6. P to K 3 (a)	P to K 3	18. Kt to K 5	B takes Kt (l)
7. B takes P	B to Q Kt 5	19. P takes B	B to B 2 (m)
8. Castles	Q Kt to Q 2 (b)	20. R to Q sq	B to Q 4 (n)
9. Q to Kt 3 (c)	Q to Kt 3	21. P to K 6	Kt to B 3 (o)
10. P to K 4	B to Kt 3 (d)	22. B to Kt 5	K to K 2 (p)
11. B takes P (e)	P takes B	23. Q to Q B 3	Resigns.
12. P to R 5 (f)	B takes R P		

(a) This is considered to be stronger than the alternative Kt to K 5.
(b) Castles is probably safer.
(c) In two games of his last match with Dr. Alekhine Dr. Euwe played here Q to K 2. The text-move is an innovation.
(d) Not 10. . . . Kt takes P because of 11. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 12. B takes P. B to Kt 5 is, however, better than the text-move.
(e) A promising sacrifice which gives White a strong attack.
(f) A good move, played to force Black's King's Bishop off the diagonal from his K B sq to Q R 6.
(g) Not K to B sq because then P to K 5 regains the piece.
(h) If 14. . . . Kt to K 5, then 15. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 16. Q to B 7 followed, if 16. . . . R to K B sq, by 17. Q takes P, Q B takes Kt; 18. P to K 6.
(i) Not 15. . . . Kt to K 5 because of 16. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 17. Q to R 4, ch. If 15. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 16. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 17. B to Kt 5, ch, K to B 2; 18. Q R to B sq, ch. If, instead, 15. . . . Kt to K Kt sq, then 16. B to Kt 5, ch, Kt to K 2 (best); 17. P to Q 5, B takes Kt; 18. P to Q 6, B to Kt 5; 19. B takes Kt, ch, R takes B; 20. P takes R, ch and Black has a difficult game.
(j) Not 16. . . . B takes Q P because of 17. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 18. B to Kt 5, threatening either P to B 7, ch or Q R to Q sq. 16. . . . B takes Kt P is, however, a good alternative to the text-move.
(k) This loses. Black should, instead, play R to K Kt sq. White's best continuation appears to be B to R 6.
(l) If 18. . . . Kt takes Kt; 19. P takes Kt, B takes P, then 20. R to Q sq, ch, B to Q 5; 21. Q to R 4, ch.
(m) If 19. . . . Kt takes P, then 20. B to Kt 5, ch, K to B 2; 21. B to B 4 (threatening P to Kt 8—Q), Q to Q 5; 22. Q to Kt 3, R to K 2; 23. Q R to K sq leads to the gain of the Knight.
(n) If B to K 3, then Q takes B. If, instead, R to K 3, then Q takes P.
(o) If Kt to K 4, then Q takes P.
(p) If Q takes P, then Q takes P.

A CRUSHING DEFEAT

In the following game, played in a recent tournament at Amsterdam, some inferior play in the opening by Black allowed his opponent to make a pretty combination. Further inferior play by Black caused him to suffer a crushing defeat.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. H. Kmoch.	BLACK. L. Prins.	WHITE. H. Kmoch.	BLACK. L. Prins.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	10. P takes B	K takes P
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	11. B takes B (g)	Kt to B 3
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	12. B to K 3	Kt to Kt 5 (h)
4. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 2	13. Castles (K R)	Kt to B 7
5. Q to Kt 3	P takes P (b)	14. Q R to Q sq	Kt takes B
6. Q takes B P	Castles	15. P takes Kt	P to Q B 4(i)
7. P to K 4 (c)	P to Kt 3 (d)	16. Kt to K Kt 5 (j)	P to K 3 (k)
8. P to K 5 (e)	B to K 3 (f)		
9. P takes Kt	B takes Q	17. B takes P, ch	Resigns (l)

(a) The Grünfeld variation. Black plays P to Q 4 as soon as White threatens P to K 4.
(b) 5. . . . P to B 3 is better. If, in reply, 6. B to B 4, then 6. . . . P takes P; 7. Q takes B P, Q to Kt 3.
(c) White has now an advantage in the centre—the result of Black's 5th move.
(d) P to B 3 is better.
(e) Beginning a pretty combination.
(f) Kt to Kt 5, although not very inviting, is better. If, instead, 8. . . . Kt to K sq, then 9. Q to Q 5, Q takes Q; 10. Kt takes Q and Black cannot avoid the loss of a pawn for, if 10. . . . Kt to Q B 3, then 11. B to Q Kt 5.
(g) With three minor pieces and the superior position for Queen and pawn, White has the advantage.
(h) Kt to R 4 is better.
(i) A bad move.
(j) To this move Black has no satisfactory reply. The best move to prolong the game is 16. . . . Q to Q 2.
(k) This loses at once.
(l) If 17. . . . R takes B, then 18. Kt takes P, ch and wins. If 17. . . . K to R sq, then 18. R takes P, ch, K to Kt sq; 19. B takes P, ch and wins. If 17. . . . K to R 3, then 18. R takes P, ch, K takes Kt; 19. P to R 4, ch, K to Kt 5 (if K to B 3, then R to B sq, mate); 20. R to K 2, ch. R to B 6 (if K to B 4, then R to B sq, mate. If, instead, K to Kt 6, then Kt to K 4, mate); 21. B takes R, ch, K to B 4 (if K to Kt 6, then Kt to K 2 or K 4, mate); 22. R to B 7, ch, Q to B 2; 23. P to Kt 4, mate.

PROBLEM No. 4060

By B. EIGH.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at Q R 5, Queen at K 7, Rooks at K B 2 and Q B 8, Bishop at K sq, Knights at Q 6 and K B 6, Pawns at Q Kt 4, K 6 and Q 7.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at K 4, Rook at K R 4, Knights at Q B 2 and K Kt 8, Pawns at Q R 3, Q Kt 4, Q 5 and K B 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Deutsche Schachblätter*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4059

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 562

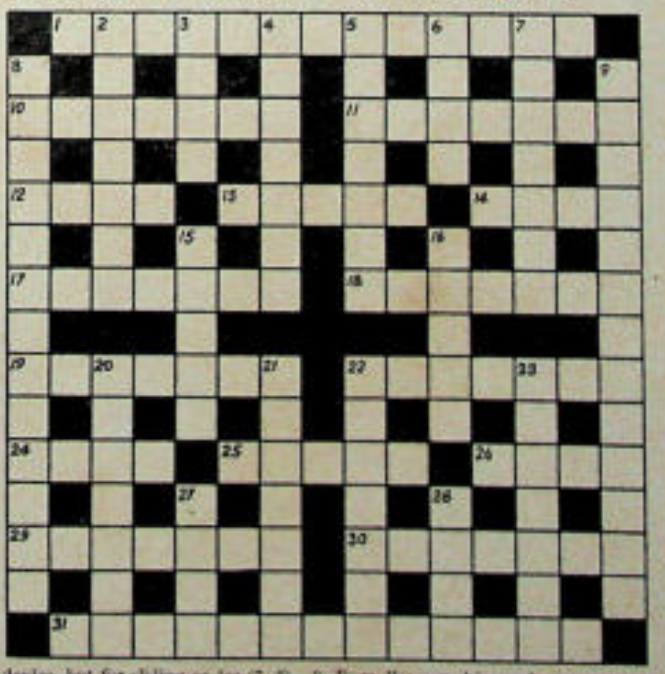
ACROSS.—1. This seaside resort hasn't much rationed food to start with, but plenty eventually (13). 10. Even if correct, their decisions are sometimes "out" (7). 11. A sort of row easy to re-set (7). 12. Just the bird for a spree! (4). 13. This fling has a sheepish look (5). 14. Often seen in courts when plain (4). 17. It's patent there's no spirit in this medicine (7). 18. One aunt has turned back to the car (7). 19. A country has been upset by their article for this dog (7). 22. Shows a racing dog only gets a penny for tea if beaten (7). 24. He puts back nearly all the divot (4). 25. A famous London lane (5). 26. A fair return for a jail-bird (4). 29. Pride in one's relations? (7). 30. Sheep are often quite a feature in a hut (7). 31. It might give you creeps in a lock (6, 7).

DOWN.—2. Gives the little rascal his cunning ways (7). 3. Was this Biblical town often blown up? (4). 4. Food is to be found in this part of London (4, 3). 5. Neck and neck revealing a more tender part of the anatomy (7). 6. The way over the range, perhaps (4). 7. This right is much exercised in the soccer field (7). 8. Not a new hairdressing device, but for sliding on ice (7, 6). 9. Dogs discovered in modern countries? (13). 15. Court proceedings, paradoxically, may lead to its being held up (5). 16. Stain (anag.) (5). 20. It appears in a toga players might consider far from flowing (7). 21. This man should make a good bit (7). 22. Had they aspiration, they would have part of a factory in this Notts town (7). 23. It's plain this tract has an atmosphere of its own (7). 27. Does the farmer get it in his back after hay-making? (4). 28. Vegetable familiar to many when old (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 561

Published March 23rd

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

How to Preserve Natural Flies.—You will require two solutions, one for hardening, and the other for keeping the flies permanently. For the latter use 2 per cent. formalin (one part commercial 40 per cent. solution to 19 parts water). Before putting them into this solution harden off for a day in a weaker solution; two parts of the 2 per cent. solution and one part alcohol. Drop the flies into this when catching them. If you only need the flies for identification purposes you can mount them dry like butterflies.—*G. P., Lewes.*

What Weed should be Planted in a Fishing Lake?—It depends very largely on whether the water is hard (calcareous) or soft. The danger with hard water is over-growth with consequent choking of the pond; with soft (acid) water it is often difficult to get weed to grow satisfactorily at all. For a chalky water try water buttercup (if the depth is not great). *Ranunculus drouetti* is best for ponds; mare's tail and hornwort are good aerators but need watching to avoid unduly luxuriant growth.—*R. H., Radnor.*

Cards

"Psychic" Bids.—Any "psychic" bid that succeeds is called outrageous by opponents; and any "psychic" bid that fails is called outrageous by partner. In reality, a "psychic" bid can be judged by no standard except whether it succeeds or not. As your "psychic" bid succeeded it can only be called a good bid; and your argument in favour of it is logical.

But as you were not prepared to double West's bid of "Three Hearts," your bid of "three Clubs" availed little; for you scored only 400 points, against which you missed game and rubber, which you would have made if you had made the orthodox bid of "Three Spades."—*A. C. P., Sussex.*

Country House

Sunflower Seeds for Poultry.—The sunflower seeds should not exceed 5 per cent. of the feed—roughly four to five seeds to each bird. More is injurious.—*A. H., Essex.*

Farm

Water for Calves.—Lack of water is more likely to be a cause of the calves being unthrifty rather than an abundant supply. At four months old calves will drink up three gallons of water a day, and they should have water always before them. Dusty hay, which you mention, cannot be doing them good, and it would pay you to buy some first-quality meadow hay for them. The ration of linseed cake, maize flakes and bran should be satisfactory.—*O. B., Aberdeen.*

Beans in Stock Feeding.—Beans or bean meal make a heavy food which should be given with lighter ingredients in the ration. Suitable admixtures are flaked maize, crushed oats or bran. Kibbled beans are suitable for suckling ewes, fed with an equal part of crushed oats. This would give an entirely home-grown ration as desired.—*L. D., Hereford.*

Garden

Pruning for Apples.—Root pruning for your apples was correct, but, in addition, last summer the new growths should have been pinched back instead of waiting till spring. The best you can do now is to prune hard back to rather below the required height, and the new shoots must be pinched out to two buds when they have made their summer growth. This will have the beneficial effect of throwing back the sap. Nothing will stop the tree making fresh growths, but by this means they will be reduced to small weak growths each year.—*F. L., Berwick.*

Kennel

Death of Labrador Puppy.—Without having seen the dog it is impossible to suggest what may have been the cause of his death. With inflammation of the bowels we should expect previous signs of pain and discomfort, and usually diarrhœa. The trouble might have arisen from eating unwholesome and indigestible food or a chill. We have had a young dog die as suddenly of ptomaine poisoning, but he was in acute pain and had diarrhœa badly.—*V. L. F., Eire.*

Pedigree of Retriever.—When a dog is registered, a three generation pedigree may be had from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, London, W.1, on payment of 5/-. If the alleged sire is a well-known dog it should be possible to ascertain from his owner if the bitch visited him at the proper time. Pedigrees are sometimes so faked that they cannot be checked in any other way, but if you are dealing with a reputable person there should be nothing wrong.—*S. K. D., Glos.*

Welsh Corgi.—Welsh corgis usually make very satisfactory housedogs, being intelligent and hardy. They are of a handy size and distinctive in appearance. Prices are usually moderate. Most of the breeders are in the south or west, but perhaps you could get a dog from Mrs. E. S. Harrison, Red House, Fairmoor, near Morpeth. Other breeders are Mrs. Gray, Gaulbrook House, Betchworth, Surrey; Mr. C. Lister-Kaye, Walliswood, Ockley, Surrey; Mrs. P. Croysdale, Gays House, Holyport, Berks.—*H. L. F., Halifax.*

Books Wanted.—*The Dog's Medical Dictionary*, by Sewell & Cossons (Routledge), price 7/6, gives comprehensive advice on the care of bitches during whelping, and is altogether very practical. For cocker breeding you could not do better than get *The Popular Cocker Spaniel*, by H. S. Lloyd ("Our Dogs" Publishing Co., Manchester), price 5/4 post free. As regards the price of kennel runs, you should apply to manufacturers such as Spratt's Patent and Boulton & Paul. All the bigger shows have been discontinued since the outbreak of war, but some of the smaller are still being held, and are advertised in *Our Dogs* and the *Dog World* every week.—*J. M. L., Derbyshire.*

Legal

Upkeep of Boundary.—The general rule is that, in the absence of covenants or agreement, no one is bound to fence his land or to repair his fence. But there is another rule. The occupier of land (unless such land is enclosed common) has a claim for damage done by straying cattle. If, however, your lease or agreement obliges you to repair the iron railings in question you will have no claim if your landlord's cattle get on to your land by reason of their non-repair.—*D. J., Bucks.*

Naturalist

To Destroy Rooks or Crows.—You do not say whether you mean carrion crows, hooded crows or possibly rooks. Carrion crows and hooded crows, so far as we know, can only be trapped to a bait. As regards rooks, we have seen a considerable number trapped by game farmers by feeding within a large wire cage to which there is an entrance something on the lines of a lobster trap. In Northumberland again, we believe that rooks have been caught by a species of long net arranged to fall on them while feeding on grain laid in a line. Both of these methods are, however, complicated and uncertain; they are also cruel, and we would not recommend their adoption. On the whole the old-fashioned method of scaring by means of a boy or with a gun is probably the most economical method of dealing with this nuisance.—*J. R., Carnarvon.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Tuberculosis Suspected in a Guinea Pig.—Examination of the animal's viscera failed to show any sign of the disease suspected.—*H. C., Surrey.*

A Grouse barely able to Fly.—We could find no evidence to support your suspicion as to the cause of the bird's condition. The appearance of the cæca were unlike those of a bird affected with strongylosis, and an examination of their contents revealed very few of the worms associated with this disease. If the lacerations in the pectoral muscles were caused by the dog he must have been very rough indeed.—*L. T., Cumberland.*

Death of a Rabbit.—Internal hæmorrhage due to a rupture of a large blood vessel in the abdomen was the cause of the animal's death. No sign of injury was detected.—*J. A., Kent.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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